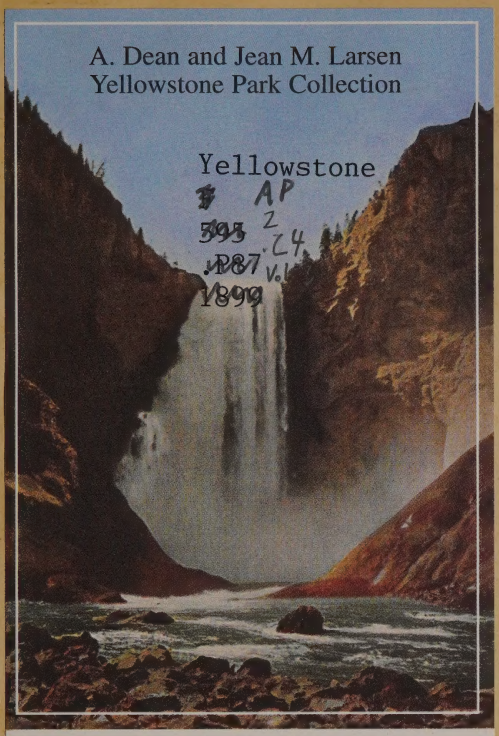
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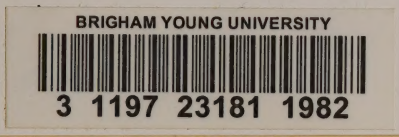
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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR THE PEOPLE.

CONDUCTED BY

J. G. HOLLAND.

FROM NOV. 1871, TO APRIL, 1872.

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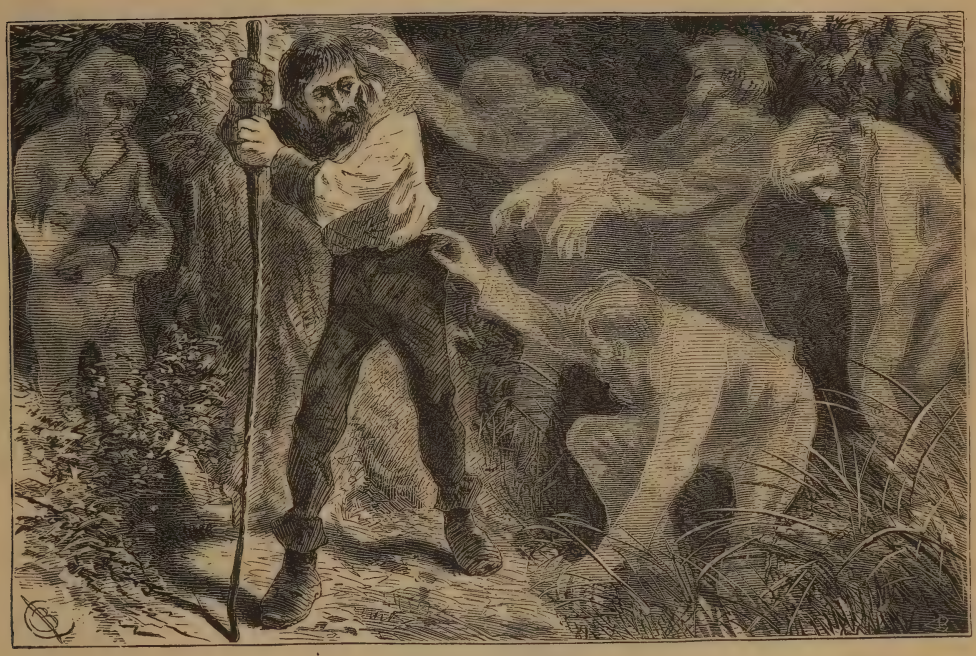
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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. III. NOVEMBER, 1871. NO. 1.

THIRTY-SEVEN DAYS OF PERIL.



IMAGINARY COMPANIONS.

I HAVE read with great satisfaction the excellent descriptive articles on the wonders of the Upper Yellowstone, in the May and June numbers of your magazine. Having myself been one of the party who participated in many of the pleasures, and suffered all the perils of that expedition, I can not only bear testimony to the fidelity of the narrative, but probably add some facts of experience which will not detract from the general interest it has excited.

A desire to visit this remarkable region, of which, during several years' residence in Montana, I had often heard the most marvelous accounts, led me to unite in the expedition of August last. The general character of the stupendous scenery of the Rocky Mountains prepared my mind for giving credit to all the strange stories told of the Yellowstone, and I felt quite as certain of the existence of the physical phenomena of that country, on the morning that our company started from Helena, as when I afterwards beheld it. I engaged in the enterprise with enthusiasm, feeling that all the hardships and exposures of a month's horseback travel through an unexplored region would be more than compensated by the grandeur and novelty of the natural objects with which it was crowded. Of course, the idea of being lost in it, without any of the ordinary means of subsistence, and of wandering for days and weeks, in a famishing condition, alone, in an unfrequented wilderness, formed no part of my contemplation. I had dwelt too long amid the mountains not to know that such a thought, had it occurred, would have been instantly rejected as improbable; nevertheless, "man proposes and God disposes," a truism which found a new and ample illustration in my wanderings through the Upper Yellowstone region.

My friend Langford has so well described

the scenery and physical eccentricities of the country, that I should feel that any attempt to amplify it would be to

"Gild refined gold and paint the lily."

My narrative must, therefore, be strictly personal.

On the day that I found myself separated from the company, and for several days previous, our course had been impeded by the dense growth of the pine forest, and occasional large tracts of fallen timber, frequently rendering our progress almost impossible. Whenever we came to one of these immense windfalls, each man engaged in the pursuit of a passage through it, and it was while thus employed, and with the idea that I had found one, that I strayed out of sight and hearing of my comrades. We had a toilsome day. It was quite late in the afternoon. As separations like this had frequently occurred, it gave me no alarm, and I rode on, fully confident of soon rejoining the company, or of finding their camp. I came up with the pack-horse, which Mr. Langford afterwards recovered, and tried to drive him along, but failing to do so, and my eyesight being defective, I spurred forward, intending to return with assistance from the party. This incident tended to accelerate my speed. I rode on in the direction which I supposed had been taken, until darkness overtook me in the dense forest. This was disagreeable enough, but caused me no alarm. I had no doubt of being with the party at breakfast the next morning. I selected a spot for comfortable repose, picketed my horse, built a fire, and went to sleep.



"THE LAST I EVER SAW OF HIM."

The next morning I rose at early dawn, saddled and mounted my horse, and took my course in the supposed direction of the camp. Our ride of the previous day had been up a peninsula jutting into the lake, for the shore of which I started, with the expectation of finding my friends camped on the beach. The forest was quite dark, and the trees so thick, that it was only by a slow process I could get through them at all. In searching for the trail I became somewhat confused. The falling foliage of the pines had obliterated every trace of travel. I was obliged frequently to dismount, and examine the ground for the faintest indications. Coming to an opening, from which I could see several vistas, I dismounted for the purpose of selecting one leading in the direction I had chosen, and leaving my horse unhitched, as had always been my custom, walked a few rods into the forest. While surveying the ground my horse took fright, and I turned around in time to see him disappearing at full speed among the trees. That was the last I ever saw of him. It was yet quite dark. My blankets, gun, pistols, fishing tackle, matches—everything, except the clothing on my person, a couple of knives, and a small opera-glass were attached to the saddle.

I did not yet realize the possibility of a permanent separation from the company. Instead of following up the pursuit of their camp, I engaged in an effort to recover my horse. Half a day's search convinced me of its impracticability. I wrote and posted in an open space several notices, which, if my friends should chance to see, would inform them of my condition and the route I had taken, and then struck out into the forest in the supposed direction of their camp. As the day wore on without any discovery, alarm took the place of anxiety at the prospect of another night alone in the wilderness, and this time without food or fire. But even this dismal foreboding was cheered by the hope that I should soon rejoin my companions, who would laugh at my adventure, and incorporate it as a thrilling episode into the journal of our trip. The bright side of a misfortune, as I found by experience, even under the worst possible circumstances, always presents some features of encouragement. When I began to realize that my condition was one of actual peril, I banished from my mind all fear of an unfavorable result. Seating myself on a log, I recalled every foot of the way I had traveled since the separation from my friends, and the most probable opinion I could form of their whereabouts was, that

they had, by a course but little different from mine, passed by the spot where I had posted the notices, learned of my disaster, and were waiting for me to rejoin them there, or searching for me in that vicinity. A night must be spent amid the prostrate trunks before my return could be accomplished. At no time during my period of exile did I experience so much mental suffering from the cravings of hunger as when, exhausted with this long day of fruitless search, I resigned myself to a couch of pine foliage in the pitchy darkness of a thicket of small trees. Naturally timid in the night, I fully realized the exposure of my condition. I peered upward through the darkness, but all was blackness and gloom. The wind sighed mournfully through the pines. The forest seemed alive with the screeching of night birds, the angry barking of coyotes, and the prolonged, dismal howl of the gray wolf. These sounds, familiar by their constant occurrence throughout the journey, were now full of terror, and drove slumber from my eye-lids. Above all this, however, was the hope that I should be restored to my comrades the next day.

Early the next morning I rose unrefreshed, and pursued my weary way over the prostrate trunks. It was noon when I reached the spot where my notices were posted. No one had been there. My disappointment was almost overwhelming. For the first time, I realized that I was lost. Then came a crushing sense of destitution. No food, no fire; no means to procure either; alone in an unexplored wilderness, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest human abode, surrounded by wild beasts, and famishing with hunger. It was no time for despondency. A moment afterwards I felt how calamity can elevate the mind, in the formation of the resolution "not to perish in that wilderness."

The hope of finding the party still controlled my plans. I thought, by traversing the peninsula centrally, I would be enabled to strike the shore of the lake in advance of their camp, and near the point of departure for the Madison. Acting upon this impression, I rose from a sleepless couch, and pursued my way through the timber-entangled forest. A feeling of weakness took the place of hunger. Conscious of the need of food, I felt no cravings. Occasionally, while scrambling over logs and through thickets, a sense of faintness and exhaustion would come over me, but I would suppress it with the audible expression, "This won't do; I *must* find my company." Despondency would sometimes strive with resolution for the mastery of my thoughts. I would think of home—of my daughter—and of the possible chance of starvation, or death in some more terrible form; but as often as these gloomy forebodings came, I would strive to banish them with reflections better adapted to my immediate necessities. I recollect at this time discussing the question, whether there was not implanted by Providence in every man a principle of self-preservation equal to any emergency which did not destroy his reason. I decided this question affirmatively a thousand times afterwards in my wanderings, and I record this experience here, that any person who reads it, should he ever find himself in like circumstances, may not despair. There is life in the thought. It will revive hope, allay hunger, renew energy, encourage perseverance, and, as I have proved in my own case, bring a man out of difficulty, when nothing else can avail.

It was mid-day when I emerged from the forest into an open space at the foot of the peninsula. A broad lake of beautiful curvature, with magnificent surroundings, lay before me, glittering in the sunbeams. It was full twelve miles in circumference. A wide belt of sand formed the margin which I was approaching, directly opposite to which, rising seemingly from the very depths of the water, towered the loftiest peak of a range of mountains apparently interminable. The ascending vapor from innumerable hot springs, and the sparkling jet of a single geyser, added the feature of novelty to one of the grandest landscapes I ever beheld. Nor was the life of the scene less noticeable than its other attractions. Large flocks of swans and other water-fowl were sporting on the quiet surface of the lake; otters in great numbers performed the most amusing aquatic evolutions; mink and beaver swam around unscared, in most grotesque confusion. Deer, elk, and mountain sheep stared at me, manifesting more surprise than fear at my presence among them. The adjacent forest was vocal with the songs of birds, chief of which were the chattering notes of a species of mocking-bird, whose imitative efforts afforded abundant merriment. Seen under favorable circumstances, this assemblage of grandeur, beauty, and novelty would have been transporting; but, jaded with travel, famishing with hunger, and distressed with anxiety, I was in no humor for ecstasy. My tastes were subdued and chastened by the perils which environed me. I longed for food, friends, and protection. Associated with my thoughts,

however, was the wish that some of my friends of peculiar tastes could enjoy this display of secluded magnificence, now, probably, for the first time beheld by mortal eyes.

The lake was at least one thousand feet lower than the highest point of the peninsula, and several hundred feet below the level of Yellowstone Lake. I recognized the mountain which overshadowed it as the landmark which, a few days before, had received from Gen. Washburn the name of Mount Everts; and as it is associated with some of the most agreeable and terrible incidents of my exile, I feel that I have more than a mere discoverer's right to the perpetuity of that christening. The lake is fed by innumerable small streams from the mountains, and the countless hot springs surrounding it. A large river flows from it, through a cañon a thousand feet in height, in a southeasterly direction, to a distant range of mountains, which I conjectured to be Snake River; and with the belief that I had discovered the source of the great southern tributary of the Columbia, I gave it the name of Bessie Lake, after the

"Sole daughter of my house and heart."

During the first two days, the fear of meeting with Indians gave me considerable anxiety; but, when conscious of being lost, there was nothing I so much desired as to fall in with a lodge of Bannacks or Crows. Having nothing to tempt their cupidity, they would do me no personal harm, and, with the promise of reward, would probably minister to my wants and aid my deliverance. Imagine my delight, while gazing upon the animated expanse of water, at seeing sail out from a distant point a large canoe containing a single oarsman. It was rapidly approaching the shore where I was seated. With hurried steps I paced the beach to meet it, all my energies stimulated by the assurance it gave of food, safety, and restoration to friends. As I drew near to it it turned towards the shore, and oh! bitter disappointment, the object which my eager fancy had transformed into an angel of relief stalked from the water, an enormous pelican, flapped its dragon-wings as if in mockery of my sorrow, and flew to a solitary point farther up the lake. This little incident quite unmanned me. The transition from joy to grief brought with it a terrible consciousness of the horrors of my condition. But night was fast approaching, and darkness would come with it. While looking for a spot where I might repose in safety, my attention was attracted to a small green plant of so lively a hue as to form a striking contrast with the deep pine foliage. For closer examination I pulled it up by the root, which was long and tapering, not unlike a radish. It was a thistle. I tasted it; it was palatable and nutritious. My appetite craved it, and the first meal in four days was made on thistle-roots. Eureka! I had found food. No optical illusion deceived me this time; I could subsist until I rejoined my companions. Glorious counterpoise to the wretchedness of the preceding half-hour!

Overjoyed at this discovery, with hunger allayed, I stretched myself under a tree, upon the foliage which had partially filled a space between contiguous trunks, and fell asleep. How long I slept I know not; but suddenly I was roused by a loud, shrill scream, like that of a human being in distress, poured, seemingly, into the very portals of my ear. There was no mistaking that fearful voice. I had been deceived by and answered it a dozen times while threading the forest; with the belief that it was a friendly signal. It was the screech of a mountain lion, so alarmingly near as to cause every nerve to thrill with terror. To yell in return, seize with convulsive grasp the limbs of the friendly tree, and swing myself into it, was the work of a moment. Scrambling hurriedly from limb to limb, I was soon as near the top as safety would permit. The savage beast was snuffing and growling below, apparently on the very spot I had just abandoned. I answered every growl with a responsive scream. Terrified at the delay and pawing of the beast, I increased my voice to its utmost volume, broke branches from the limbs, and, in the impotency of fright, madly hurled them at the spot whence the continued howlings proceeded.

Failing to alarm the animal, which now began to make the circuit of the tree, as if to select a spot for springing into it, I shook, with a strength increased by terror, the slender trunk until every limb rustled with the motion. All in vain. The terrible creature pursued his walk around the tree, lashing the ground with his tail, and prolonging his howlings almost to a roar. It was too dark to see, but the movements of the lion kept me apprised of its position. Whenever I heard it on one side of the tree I speedily changed to the opposite—an exercise which, in my weakened state, I could only have performed under the impulse of terror. I would alternately sweat and thrill with horror at the thought of being torn to pieces and devoured by this formidable monster. All my attempts to frighten it seemed unavailing. Disheartened at its persistency, and expecting every moment it would take the deadly leap, I tried to

collect my thoughts, and prepare for the fatal encounter which I knew must result. Just at this moment it occurred to me that I would try silence. Clasping the trunk of the tree with both arms, I sat perfectly still. The lion, at this time ranging round, occasionally snuffing and pausing, and all the while filling the forest with the echo of his howlings, suddenly imitated my example. This silence was more terrible, if possible, than the clatter and crash of his movements through the brushwood, for now I did not know from what direction to expect his attack. Moments passed with me like hours. After a lapse of time which I cannot estimate, the beast gave a spring into the thicket and ran screaming into the forest. My deliverance was effected.



THE MOUNTAIN LION.

Had strength permitted, I should have retained my perch till daylight, but with the consciousness of escape from the jaws of the ferocious brute came a sense of overpowering weakness which almost palsied me, and made my descent from the tree both difficult and dangerous. Incredible as it may seem, I lay down in my old bed, and was soon lost in a slumber so profound that I did not awake until after daylight. The experience of the night seemed like a terrible dream; but the broken limbs which in the agony of consternation I had thrown from the tree, and the rifts made in the fallen foliage by my visitant in his circumambulations, were too convincing evidences of its reality. I could not dwell upon my exposure and escape without shuddering, and reflecting that probably like perils would often occur under less fortunate circumstances, and with a more fatal issue. I wondered what fate was in reserve for me—whether I would ultimately sink from exhaustion and perish of starvation, or become the prey of some of the ferocious animals that roamed these vast fastnesses. My thoughts then turned to the loved ones at home. They could never know my fate, and would indulge a thousand conjectures concerning it, not the least distressing of which would be that I had been captured by a band of hostile Sioux, and tortured to death at the stake.

I was roused from this train of reflections by a marked change in the atmosphere. One of those dreary storms of mingled snow and rain, common to these high latitudes, set in. My clothing, which had been much torn, exposed my person to its "pitiless peltings." An easterly wind, rising to a gale, admonished me that it would be furious and of long duration. None of the discouragements I had met with dissipated the hope of rejoining my friends; but foreseeing the delay, now unavoidable, I knew that my escape from the wilderness must be accomplished, if at all, by my own unaided exertions. This thought was terribly afflicting, and brought before me, in vivid array, all the dreadful realities of my condition. I could see no ray of hope. In this condition of mind I could find no better shelter than the spreading branches of a spruce tree, under which, covered with earth and boughs, I lay during the two succeeding days; the storm, meanwhile, raging with unabated violence. While thus exposed, and suffering from cold and hunger, a little benumbed bird, not larger than a snow-bird, hopped within my reach. I instantly seized and killed it, and, plucking its feathers, ate it raw. It was a delicious meal for a half-starved man.

Taking advantage of a lull in the elements, on the morning of the third day I rose early and started in the direction of a large group of hot springs which were steaming under the shadow of Mount Everts. The distance I traveled could not have been less than ten miles. Long before I reached the wonderful cluster of natural caldrons, the storm had recommenced. Chilled through, with my clothing thoroughly saturated, I lay down under a tree upon the heated incrustation until completely warmed. My heels and the sides of my feet were frozen. As soon as warmth had permeated my system, and I had quieted my appetite with a few thistle-roots, I took a survey of my surroundings, and selected a spot between two springs sufficiently asunder to afford heat at my head and feet. On this spot I built a bower of pine branches, spread its incrusted surface with fallen foliage and small boughs, and stowed myself away to await the close of the storm. Thistles were abundant, and I had fed upon them long enough to realize that they would, for a while at least, sustain life. In convenient proximity to my abode was a small, round, boiling spring, which I called my dinner-pot, and in which, from time to time, I cooked my roots.

This establishment, the best I could improvise with the means at hand, I occupied seven days—the first three of which were darkened by one of the most furious storms I ever saw. The vapor which supplied me with warmth saturated my clothing with its condensations. I was enveloped in a perpetual steam-bath. At first this was barely preferable to the storm, but I soon became accustomed to it, and before I left, though thoroughly parboiled, actually enjoyed it.

I had little else to do during my imprisonment but cook, think, and sleep. Of the variety and strangeness of my reflections it is impossible to give the faintest conception. Much of my time was given to devising means for escape. I recollected to have read, at the time of their publication, the narratives of Lieutenant Strain and Doctor Kane, and derived courage and hope from the reflection that they struggled with and survived perils not unlike those which environed me. The chilling thought would then occur, that they were not alone. They had companions in suffering and sympathy. Each could bear his share of the burden of misery which it fell to my lot to bear alone, and make it lighter from the encouragement of mutual counsel and aid in a cause of common suffering. Selfish as the thought may seem, there was nothing I so much desired as a companion in misfortune. How greatly it would alleviate my distress! What a relief it would be to compare my wretchedness with that of a brother sufferer, and with him devise expedients for every exigency as it occurred! I confess to the weakness, if it be one, of having squandered much pity upon myself during the time I had little else to do.

Nothing gave me more concern than the want of fire. I recalled everything I had ever read or heard of the means by which fire could be produced; but none of them were within my reach. An escape without it was simply impossible. It was indispensable as a protection against night attacks from wild beasts. Exposure to another storm like the one just over would destroy my life, as this one would have done, but for the warmth derived from the springs. As I lay in my bower anxiously awaiting the disappearance of the snow, which had fallen to the depth of a foot or more, and impressed with the belief that for want of fire I should be obliged to remain among the springs, it occurred to me that I would erect some sort of monument, which might, at some future day, inform a casual visitor of the circumstances under which I had perished. A gleam of sunshine lit up the bosom of the lake, and with it the thought flashed upon my mind that I could, with a lens from my opera-glasses, get fire from Heaven. Oh, happy, life-renewing thought! Instantly subjecting it to the test of experiment, when I saw the smoke curl from the bit of dry wood in my fingers, I felt, if the whole world were offered me for it, I would cast it all aside before parting with that little spark. I was now the happy possessor of food and fire. These would carry me through. All thoughts of failure were instantly abandoned. Though the food was barely adequate to my necessities—a fact too painfully attested by my attenuated body—I had forgotten the cravings of hunger, and had the means of producing fire. I said to myself, "I will not despair."

My stay at the springs was prolonged several days by an accident that befell me on the third night after my arrival there. An unlucky movement while asleep broke the crust on which I reposed, and the hot steam, pouring upon my hip, scalded it severely before I could escape. This new affliction, added to my frost-bitten feet, already festering, was the cause of frequent delay and unceasing pain through all my wanderings. After obtaining fire, I set to work making preparations for as early departure as my condition would permit. I had lost both knives since parting



THE FIRST FIRE.

from the company, but I now made a convenient substitute by sharpening the tongue of a buckle which I cut from my vest. With this I cut the legs and counters from my boots, making of them a passable pair of slippers, which I fastened to my feet as firmly as I could with strips of bark. With the ravelings of a linen handkerchief, aided by the magic buckle-tongue, I mended my clothing. Of the same material I made a fish-line, which, on finding a piece of red tape in one of my pockets better suited to the purpose, I abandoned as a "bad job." I made of a pin that I found in my coat a fish-hook, and, by sewing up the bottoms of my boot-legs, constructed a very good pair of pouches to carry my food in, fastening them to my belt by the straps.

Thus accoutered, on the morning of the eighth day after my arrival at the springs I bade them a final farewell, and started on my course directly across that portion of the neck of the peninsula between me and the south-east arm of Yellowstone Lake. It was a beautiful morning. The sun shone bright and warm, and there was a freshness in the atmosphere truly exhilarating. As I wandered musingly along, the consciousness of being alone, and of having surrendered all hope of finding my friends, returned upon me with crushing power. I felt, too, that those friends, by the necessities of their condition, had been compelled to abandon all efforts for my recovery, The thought was full of bitterness and sorrow. I tried to realize what their conjectures were concerning my disappearance; but could derive no consolation from the long and dismal train of circumstances they suggested. Weakened by a long fast, and the unsatisfying nature of the only food I could procure, I know that from this time onward to the day of my rescue, my mind, though unimpaired in those perceptions needful to self-preservation, was in a condition to receive impressions akin to insanity. I was constantly traveling in dream-land, and indulging in strange reveries such as I had never before known. I seemed to possess a sort of duality of being, which, while constantly reminding me of the necessities of my condition, fed my imagination with vagaries of the most extravagant character. Nevertheless, I was perfectly conscious of the tendency of these morbid influences, and often tried to shake them off, but they would ever return with increased force, and I finally reasoned myself into the belief that their indulgence, as it afforded me pleasure, could work no harm while it did not interfere with my plans for deliverance. Thus I lived in a world of ideal happiness, and in a world of positive suffering at the same time.

A change in the wind and an overcast sky, accompanied by cold, brought with them a need of warmth. I drew out my lens and touchwood, but alas! there was no sun. I sat down on a log to await his friendly appearance. Hours passed; he did not come. Night, cold, freezing night, set in, and found me exposed to all its terrors. A bleak hill-side sparsely covered with pines afforded poor accommodations for a half-clad, famishing man. I could only keep from freezing by the most active exertion in walking, rubbing, and striking my benumbed feet and hands against the logs. It seemed the longest, most terrible night of my life, and glad was I when the approaching dawn enabled me to commence retracing my steps to Bessie Lake. I arrived there at noon, built my first fire on the beach, and remained by it, recuperating, for the succeeding two days.

The faint hope that my friends might be delayed by their search for me until I could rejoin them now forsook me altogether. I made my arrangements independent of it. Either of three directions I might take would effect my escape, if life and strength held out. I drew upon the sand of the beach a map of these several courses with reference to my starting-point from the lake, and considered well the difficulties each would present. All were sufficiently defined to avoid mistake. One was to follow Snake River a distance of



A NIGHT OF TERROR.

one hundred miles or more to Eagle Rock bridge; another, to cross the country between the southern shore of Yellowstone Lake and the Madison Mountains, by scaling which I could easily reach the settlements in the Madison Valley; and the other, to retrace my journey over the long and discouraging route by which I had entered the country. Of these routes the last-mentioned seemed the least inviting, probably because I had so recently traversed it, and was familiar with its difficulties. I had heard and read so much concerning the desolation and elemental upheavals and violent waters of the upper valley of the Snake, that I dared not attempt to return in that direction. The route by the Madison Range, encumbered by the single obstruction of the mountain barrier, was much the shortest, and so, most unwisely as will hereafter appear, I adopted it.

Filling my pouches with thistle-roots, I took a parting survey of the little solitude that had afforded me food and fire the preceding ten days, and with something of that melancholy feeling experienced by one who leaves his home to grapple with untried adventures, started for the nearest point on Yellowstone Lake. All that day I traveled over timber-heaps, amid tree-tops, and through thickets. At noon I took the precaution to obtain fire. With a brand which I kept alive by frequent blowing, and constant waving to and fro, at a late hour in the afternoon, faint and exhausted, I kindled a fire for the night on the only vacant spot I could find amid a dense wilderness of pines. The deep gloom of the forest, in the spectral light which revealed on all sides of me a compact and unending growth of trunks, and an impervious canopy of somber foliage; the shrieking of night-birds; the supernaturally human scream of the mountain lion; the prolonged howl of the wolf, made me insensible to all other forms of suffering.

The burn on my hip was so inflamed that I could only sleep in a sitting posture. Seated with my back against a tree, the smoke from the fire almost enveloping me in its suffocating folds, I vainly tried, amid the din and uproar of this horrible serenade, to woo the drowsy god. My imagination was instinct with terror. At one moment it seemed as if, in the density of a thicket, I could see the blazing eyes of a formidable forest monster fixed upon me, preparatory to a deadly leap; at another I fancied that I heard the swift approach of a pack of yelping wolves through the distant brushwood, which in a few moments would tear me limb from limb. Whenever, by fatigue and weakness, my terrors yielded to drowsiness, the least noise roused me to a sense of the hideousness of my condition. Once, in a fitful slumber, I fell forward into the fire, and inflicted a wretched burn on my hand. Oh! with what agony I longed for day!

A bright and glorious morning succeeded the dismal night, and brought with it the conviction that I had been the victim of uncontrollable nervous excitement. I resolved

henceforth to banish it altogether; and, in much better spirits than I anticipated, resumed my journey towards the lake. Another day of unceasing toil among the tree-tops and thickets overtook me, near sunset, standing upon a lofty headland jutting into the lake, and commanding a magnificent prospect of the mountains and valley over an immense area. In front of me, at a distance of fifty miles away, in the clear blue of the horizon, rose the arrowy peaks of the three Tetons. On the right, and apparently in close proximity to the eminence I occupied, rolled the picturesque range of the Madison, scarred with clefts, ravines, gorges, and cañons, each of which glittered in the sunlight or deepened in shadow as the fitful rays of the descending luminary glanced along their varied rocky irregularities. Above where I stood were the lofty domes of Mounts Langford and Doane, marking the limits of that wonderful barrier which had so long defied human power in its efforts to subdue it. Rising seemingly from the promontory which favored my vision was the familiar summit of Mount Everts, at the base of which I had dwelt so long, and which still seemed to hold me within its friendly shadow. All the vast country within this grand enclosure of mountains and lake, scarred and seamed with the grotesque ridges, rocky escarpments, undulating hillocks, and miniature lakes, and steaming with hot springs, produced by the volcanic forces of a former era, lay spread out before me like a vast panorama.

I doubt if distress and suffering can ever entirely obliterate all sense of natural grandeur and magnificence. Lost in the wonder and admiration inspired by this vast world of beauties, I nearly forgot to improve the few moments of remaining sunshine to obtain fire. With a lighted brand in my hand, I effected a most difficult and arduous descent of the abrupt and stony headland to the beach of the lake. The sand was soft and yielding. I kindled a fire, and removing the stiffened slippers from my feet, attached them to my belt, and wandered barefoot along the sandy shore to gather wood for the night. The dry, warm sand was most grateful to my lacerated and festering feet, and for a long time after my wood-pile was supplied, I sat with them uncovered. At length, conscious of the need of every possible protection from the freezing night atmosphere, I sought my belt for the slippers, and one was missing. In gathering the wood it had become detached, and was lost. Darkness was closing over the landscape, when, sorely disheartened with the thought of passing the night with one foot exposed to a freezing temperature, I commenced a search for the missing slipper. I knew I could not travel a day without it. Fearful that it had dropped into the lake, and been carried by some recurrent wave beyond recovery, my search for an hour among fallen trees and bushes, up the hill-side and along the beach, in darkness and with flaming brands, at one moment crawling on hands and feet into a brush-heap, another



THE BURNING FOREST.

peering among logs and bushes and stones, was filled with anxiety and dismay. Success at length rewarded my perseverance, and no language can describe the joy with which I drew the cause of so much distress from beneath the limb that, as I passed, had torn it from my belt. With a feeling of great relief, I now sat down in the sand, my back to a log, and listened to the dash and roar of the waves. It was a wild lullaby, but had no terrors for a worn-out man. I never passed a night of more refreshing sleep. When I awoke my fire was extinguished save a few embers, which I soon fanned into a cheerful flame. I ate breakfast with some relish, and started along the beach in pursuit of a camp, believing that if successful I should find directions what to do, and food to sustain me. The search which I was making lay in the direction of my pre-arranged route to the Madison Mountains, which I intended to approach at their lowest point of altitude.

Buoyed by the hope of finding food and counsel, and another night of undisturbed repose in the sand, I resumed my journey along the shore, and at noon found the camp last occupied by my friends on the lake. I struck their trail in the sand some time before I came to it. A thorough search for food in the ground and trees revealed nothing, and no notice to apprise me of their movements could be seen. A dinner-fork, which afterwards proved to be of infinite service in digging roots, and a yeast-powder can, which would hold half a pint, and which I converted into a drinking-cup and dinner-pot, were the only evidences that the spot had ever been visited by civilized man. "Oh!" thought I, "why did they forget to leave me food!" it never occurring to me that they might have cached it, as I have since learned they did, in several spots nearer the place of my separation from them. I left the camp in deep dejection, with the purpose of following the trail of the party to the Madison. Carefully inspecting the faint traces left of their course of travel, I became satisfied that from some cause they had made a retrograde movement from this camp, and departed from the lake at a point farther down stream. Taking this as an indication that there were obstructions above, I commenced retracing my steps along the beach. An hour of sunshine in the afternoon enabled me to procure fire, which, in the usual manner, I carried to my camping-place. There I built a fire, and to protect myself from the wind, which was blowing violently, lashing the lake into foam, I made a bower of pine boughs, crept under it, and very soon fell asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was aroused by the snapping and cracking of the burning foliage, to find my shelter and the adjacent forest in a broad sheet of flame. My left hand was badly burned, and my hair singed closer than a barber would have trimmed it, while making my escape from the semicircle of burning trees. Among the disasters of this fire, there was none I felt more seriously than the loss of my buckle-tongue knife, my pin fish-hook, and tape fish-line.

The grandeur of the burning forest surpasses description. An immense sheet of flame, following to their tops the lofty trees of an almost impenetrable pine forest, leaping madly from top to top, and sending thousands of forked tongues a hundred feet or more athwart the midnight darkness, lighting up with lurid gloom and glare the surrounding scenery of lake and mountains, fills the beholder with mingled feelings of awe and astonishment. I never before saw anything so terribly beautiful. It was marvelous to witness the flash-like rapidity with which the flames would mount the loftiest trees. The roaring, cracking, crashing, and snapping of falling limbs and burning foliage was deafening. On, on, on traveled the destructive element, until it seemed as if the whole forest was enveloped in flame. Afar up the wood-crowned hill, the overtopping trees shot forth pinnacles and walls and streamers of arrowy fire. The entire hill-side was an ocean of glowing and surging fiery billows. Favored by the gale, the conflagration spread with lightning swiftness over an illimitable extent of country, filling the atmosphere with driving clouds of suffocating fume, and leaving a broad and blackened trail of spectral trunks shorn of limbs and foliage, smoking and burning, to mark the immense sweep of its devastation.

Resolved to search for a trail no longer, when daylight came I selected for a landmark the lowest notch in the Madison Range. Carefully surveying the jagged and broken surface over which I must travel to reach it, I left the lake and pushed into the midst of its intricacies. All the day, until nearly sunset, I struggled over rugged hills, through windfalls, thickets, and matted forests, with the rock-ribbed beacon constantly in view. As I advanced it receded, as if in mockery of my toil. Night overtook me with my journey half accomplished. The precaution of obtaining fire gave me warmth and sleep, and long before daylight I was on my way. The hope of finding an easy pass into the

valley of the Madison inspired me with fresh courage and determination; but long before I arrived at the base of the range, I scanned hopelessly its insurmountable difficulties. It presented to my eager vision an endless succession of inaccessible peaks and precipices, rising thousands of feet sheer and bare above the plain. No friendly gorge or gully or cañon invited such an effort as I could make to scale this rocky barrier. Oh for the faith that could remove mountains! How soon should this colossal fabric open at my approach! What a feeling of helpless despair came over me with the conviction that the journey of the last two days had been in vain! I seated myself on a rock, upon the summit of a commanding hill, and cast my eyes along the only route which now seemed tenable—down the Yellowstone. How many dreary miles of forest and mountain filled the terrible panorama! I thought that before accepting this discouraging alternative I would spend a day in search for a pass. Twenty miles at most would take me into the Madison Valley, and thirty more restore me to friends who had abundance. Supposing that I should find plenty of thistles, I had left the lake with a small supply, and that was entirely spent. I looked in vain for them where I then was.



THE GHOSTLY COUNSELLOR.

While I was thus considering whether to remain and search for a passage or return to the Yellowstone, I experienced one of those strange hallucinations which many of my friends have misnamed insanity, but which to me was Providence. An old clerical friend, for whose character and counsel I had always cherished peculiar regard, in some unaccountable manner seemed to be standing before me, charged with advice which would relieve my perplexity. I seemed to hear him say, as if in a voice and with the manner of authority:—

"Go back immediately, as rapidly as your strength will permit. There is no food here, and the idea of scaling these rocks is madness."

"Doctor," I rejoined, "the distance is too great. I cannot live to travel it."

"Say not so. Your life depends upon the effort. Return at once. Start now, lest your resolution falter. Travel as fast and as far as possible—it is your only chance."

"Doctor, I am rejoiced to meet you in this hour of distress, but doubt the wisdom of your counsel. I am within seventy miles of Virginia. Just over these rocks, a few miles away, I shall find friends. My shoes are nearly worn out, my clothes are in tatters, and my strength is almost overcome. As a last trial, it seems to me I can but attempt to scale this mountain or perish in the effort, if God so wills."

"Don't think of it. Your power of endurance will carry you through. I will accompany you. Put your trust in Heaven. Help yourself and God will help you."

Overcome by these and other persuasions, and delighted with the idea of having a traveling companion, I plodded my way over the route I had come, intending at a certain point to change it so as to strike the river at the foot of the lake. Stopping after a few miles of travel, I had no difficulty in procuring fire, and passed a comfortable night. When I resumed my journey the next day the sun was just rising. Whenever I was disposed, as was often the case, to question the wisdom of the change of routes, my old friend appeared to be near with words of encouragement, but his reticence on other subjects both surprised and annoyed me. I was impressed at times, during the entire journey, with the belief that my return was a fatal error, and if my deliverance had failed should have perished with that conviction. Early this day I deflected from my old route and took my course for the foot of the lake, with the hope, by constant travel, to reach it the next day. The distance was greater than I anticipated. Nothing

is more deceptive than distance in these high latitudes. At the close of each of the two succeeding days, my point of destination was seemingly as far from me as at the moment I took leave of the Madison Range, and when, cold and hungry, on the afternoon of the fourth day, I gathered the first food I had eaten in nearly five days, and lay down by my fire near the debouchure of the river, I had nearly abandoned all hope of escape.

At day-break I was on the trail down the river. The thought I had adopted from the first, "I will not perish in this wilderness," often revived my sinking spirits, when, from faintness and exhaustion, I felt but little desire for life. Once, while struggling through a field of tangled trunks which seemed interminable, at one of the pauses I found myself seriously considering whether it was not preferable to die there than renew the effort to proceed. I felt that all attempt to escape was but a bitter prolongation of the agony of dissolution. A seeming whisper in the air, "While there is life there is hope; take courage," broke the delusion, and I clambered on. I did not forget to improve the mid-day sun to procure fire. Sparks from the lighted brands had burned my hands and crisped the nails of my fingers, and the smoke from them had tanned my face to the complexion of an Indian. While passing through an opening in the forest I found the tip of a gull's wing; it was fresh. I made a fire upon the spot, mashed the bones with a stone, and consigning them to my camp kettle, the yeast-powder box, made half a pint of delicious broth. The remainder of that day and the night ensuing were given to sleep.

I lost all sense of time. Days and nights came and went, and were numbered only by the growing consciousness that I was gradually starving. I felt no hunger, did not eat to appease appetite, but to renew strength. I experienced but little pain. The gaping sores on my feet, the severe burn on my hip, the festering crevices at the joints of my fingers, all terrible in appearance, had ceased to give me the least concern. The roots which supplied my food had suspended the digestive power of the stomach, and their fibres were packed in it in a matted, compact mass.

Not so with my hours of slumber. They were visited by the most luxurious dreams. I would apparently visit the most gorgeously decorated restaurants of New York and Washington; sit down to immense tables spread with the most appetizing viands; partake of the richest oyster stews and plumpest pies; engage myself in the labor and preparation of curious dishes, and with them fill range upon range of elegantly furnished tables until they fairly groaned beneath the accumulated dainties prepared by my own hands. Frequently the entire night would seem to have been spent in getting up a sumptuous dinner. I would realize the fatigue of roasting, boiling, baking, and fabricating the choicest dishes known to the modern *cuisine*, and in my disturbed slumbers would enjoy with epicurean relish the food thus furnished even to repletion. Alas! there was more luxury than life in these somnolent vagaries.

It was a cold, gloomy day when I arrived in the vicinity of the falls. The sky was overcast and the snow-capped peaks rose chilly and bleak through the biting atmosphere. The moaning of the wind through the pines, mingling with the sullen roar of the falls, was strangely in unison with my own saddened feelings. I had no heart to gaze upon a scene which a few weeks before had inspired me with rapture and awe. One moment of sunshine was of more value to me than all the marvels amid which I was famishing. But the sun had hid his face and denied me all hope of obtaining fire. The only alternative was to seek shelter in a thicket. I penetrated the forest a long distance before finding one that suited me. Breaking and crowding my way into its very midst, I cleared a spot large enough to recline upon, interlaced the surrounding brushwood, gathered the fallen foliage into a bed, and lay down with a prayer for sleep and forgetfulness. Alas! neither came. The coldness increased through the night. Constant friction with my hands and unceasing beating with my legs and feet saved me from freezing. It was the most terrible night of my journey, and when, with the early dawn, I pulled myself into a standing posture, it was to realize that my right arm was partially paralyzed, and my limbs so stiffened with cold as to be almost immovable. Fearing lest paralysis should suddenly seize upon the entire system, I literally dragged myself through the forest to the river. Seated near the verge of the great cañon below the falls, I anxiously awaited the appearance of the sun. That great luminary never looked so beautiful as when, a few moments afterwards, he emerged from the clouds and exposed his glowing beams to the concentrated powers of my lens. I kindled a mighty flame, fed it with every dry stick and broken tree-top I could find, and without motion, and almost without sense, remained beside it several hours. The great falls of the Yellowstone were roaring within three hundred yards, and the awful cañon

yawned almost at my feet; but they had lost all charm for me. In fact, I regarded them as enemies which had lured me to destruction, and felt a sullen satisfaction in morbid indifference.

My old friend and adviser, whose presence I had felt more than seen the last few days, now forsook me altogether. But I was not alone. By some process which I was too weak to solve, my arms, legs, and stomach were transformed into so many traveling companions. Often for hours I would plod along conversing with these imaginary friends. Each had his peculiar wants which he expected me to supply. The stomach was importunate in his demand for a change of diet—complained incessantly of the roots I fed him, their present effect and more remote consequences. I would try to silence him with promises, beg of him to wait a few days, and when this failed of the quiet I desired, I would seek to intimidate him by declaring, as a sure result of negligence, our inability to reach home alive. All to no purpose—he tormented me with his fretful humors through the entire journey. The others would generally concur with him in these fancied altercations. The legs implored me for rest, and the arms complained that I gave them too much to do. Troublesome as they were, it was a pleasure to realize their presence. I worked for them, too, with right good will, doing many things for their seeming comfort which, had I felt myself alone, would have remained undone. They appeared to be perfectly helpless of themselves; would do nothing for me or for each other. I often wondered, while they ate and slept so much, that they did not aid in gathering wood and kindling fires. As a counterpoise to their own inertia, whenever they discovered languor in me on necessary occasions, they were not wanting in words of encouragement and cheer. I recall as I write an instance where, by prompt and timely interposition, the representative of the stomach saved me from a death of dreadful agony. One day I came to a small stream issuing from a spring of mild temperature on the hillside, swarming with minnows. I caught some with my hands and ate them raw. To my taste they were delicious. But the stomach refused them, accused me of attempting to poison him, and would not be reconciled until I had emptied my pouch of the few fish I had put there for future use. Those that I ate made me very sick. Poisoned by the mineral in the water, had I glutted my appetite with them as I intended, I should doubtless have died in the wilderness, in excruciating torment.

A gradual mental introversion grew upon me as physical weakness increased. The grand and massive scenery which, on the upward journey, had aroused every enthusiastic impulse of my nature, was now tame and spiritless. My thoughts were turned in upon myself—upon the dreadful fate which apparently lay just before me—and the possible happiness of the existence beyond. All doubt of immortality fled in the light of present realities. So vivid were my conceptions of the future that at times I longed for death, not less as the beginning of happiness than as a release from misery. Led on by these reflections, I would recall the varied incidents of my journey—my escape from the lion, from fire, my return from the Madison Range—and in all of them I saw how much I had been indebted to that mysterious protection which comes only from the throne of the Eternal. And yet, starving, foot-sore, half blind, worn to a skeleton, was it surprising that I lacked the faith needful to buoy me above the dark waters of despair, which I now felt were closing around me?

In less serious moods, as I struggled along, my thoughts would revert to the single being on whom my holiest affections centred—my daughter. What a tie was that to bind me to life! Oh! could I be restored to her for a single hour, long enough for parting counsel and blessing, it would be joy unspeakable! Long hours of painful travel were relieved of physical suffering by this absorbing agony of the mind, which, when from my present stand-point I contrast it with the personal calamities of my exile, swells into mountains.

To return from this digression. At many of the streams on my route I spent hours in endeavoring to catch trout, with a hook fashioned from the rim of my broken spectacles, but in no instance with success. The tackle was defective. The country was full of game in great variety. I saw large herds of deer, elk, antelope, occasionally a bear, and many smaller animals. Numerous flocks of ducks, geese, swans, and pelicans inhabited the lakes and rivers. But with no means of killing them, their presence was a perpetual aggravation. At all the camps of our company I stopped and recalled many pleasant incidents associated with them.

One afternoon, when approaching "Tower Falls," I came upon a large hollow tree, which, from the numerous tracks surrounding it, and the matted foliage in the cavity, I recognized as the den of a bear. It was a most inviting couch. Gathering a needful

supply of wood and brush, I lighted a circle of piles around the tree, crawled into the nest, and passed a night of unbroken slumber. I rose the next morning to find that during the night the fires had communicated with the adjacent forest, and burned a large space in all directions, doubtless intimidating the rightful proprietor of the nest, and saving me from another midnight adventure.

At "Tower Falls" I spent the first half of a day in capturing a grasshopper, and the remainder in a fruitless effort to catch a mess of trout. In the agony of disappointment, I resolved to fish no more. A spirit of rebellion seized me. I determined that thistles should thenceforth be my only sustenance. "Why is it," I asked of myself, "that in the midst of abundance, every hour meeting with objects which would restore strength and vigor and energy, every moment contriving some device to procure the nourishment my wasting frame required, I should meet with these repeated and discouraging failures? Thoughts of the early teaching of a pious mother suppressed these feelings. Oh! how often have the recollections of a loved New England home, and the memories of a happy childhood, cheered my sinking spirits, and dissipated the gathering gloom of despair! There were thoughts and feelings and mental anguishes without number, that visited me during my period of trial, that never can be known to any but my God and myself. Bitter as was my experience, it was not unrelieved by some of the most precious moments I have ever known.

Soon after leaving "Tower Falls," I entered the open country. Pine forests and windfalls were changed for sage brush and desolation, with occasional tracts of stinted verdure, barren hillsides, exhibiting here and there an isolated clump of dwarf trees, and ravines filled with the rocky *débris* of adjacent mountains. My first camp on this part of the route, for the convenience of getting wood, was made near the summit of a range of towering foot-hills. Towards morning a storm of wind and snow nearly extinguished my fire. I became very cold; the storm was still raging when I arose, and the ground white with snow. I was perfectly bewildered, and had lost my course of travel. No visible object, seen through the almost blinding storm, reassured me, and there was no alternative but to find the river and take my direction from its current. Fortunately, after a few hours of stumbling and scrambling among rocks and over crests, I came to the precipitous side of the cañon through which it ran,



DESCENDING THE PRECIPICE.

and with much labor, both of hands and feet, descended it to the margin. I drank copiously of its pure waters, and sat beside it for a long time, waiting for the storm to abate, so that I could procure fire. The day wore on, without any prospect of a termination to the storm. Chilled through, my tattered clothing saturated, I saw before me a night of horrors unless I returned to my fire. The scramble up the side of the rocky cañon, in many places nearly perpendicular, was the hardest work of my journey. Often while clinging to the jutting rocks with hands and feet, to reach a shelving projection, my grasp would unclose and I would slide many feet down the sharp declivity. It was night when, sore from the bruises I had received, I reached my fire; the storm, still raging, had nearly extinguished it. I found a few embers in the ashes, and with much difficulty kindled a flame. Here, on this bleak mountain side, as well as I now remember, I must have passed two nights beside the fire, in the storm. Many times during each night I crawled to the little clump of trees to gather wood, and brush, and the broken limbs of fallen tree-tops. All the sleep I obtained was snatched from the inter-

vals which divided these labors. It was so harassed with frightful dreams as to afford little rest. I remember, before I left this camp, stripping up my sleeves to look at my shrunken arms. Flesh and blood had apparently left them. The skin clung to the bones like wet parchment. A child's hand could have clasped them from wrist to shoulder. "Yet," thought I, "it is death to remain; I cannot perish in this wilderness."

Taking counsel of this early formed resolution, I hobbled on my course through the snow, which was rapidly disappearing before the rays of the warm sun. Well knowing that I should find no thistles in the open country, I had filled my pouches with them before leaving the forest. My supply was running low, and there were yet several days of heavy mountain travel between me and Boteler's ranch. With the most careful economy, it could last but two or three days longer. I saw the necessity of placing myself and imaginary companions upon allowance. The conflict which ensued with the stomach, when I announced this resolution, required great firmness to carry through. I tried wheedling and coaxing and promising; failing in these, I threatened to part company with a comrade so unreasonable, and he made no further complaint.

Two or three days before I was found, while ascending a steep hill, I fell from exhaustion into the sage brush, without the power to rise. Unbuckling my belt, as was my custom, I soon fell asleep. I have no idea of the time I slept, but upon awaking I fastened my belt, scrambled to my feet, and pursued my journey. As night drew on I selected a camping-place, gathered wood into a heap, and felt for my lens to procure fire. It was gone. If the earth had yawned to swallow me I would not have been more terrified. The only chance for life was lost. The last hope had fled. I seemed to feel the grim messenger who had been so long pursuing me knocking at the portals of my heart as I lay down by the side of the wood-pile, and covered myself with limbs and sage brush, with the dreadful conviction that my struggle for life was over, and that I should rise no more. The floodgates of misery seemed now to be opened, and it rushed in living tide upon my soul. With the rapidity of lightning, I ran over every event of my life. Thoughts doubled and trebled upon me, until I saw, as if in vision, the entire past of my existence. It was all before me, as if painted with a sunbeam, and all seemingly faded like the phantoms of a vivid dream.

As calmness returned, reason resumed her empire. Fortunately, the weather was comfortable. I summoned all the powers of my memory, thought over every foot of the day's travel, and concluded that the glass must have become detached from my belt while sleeping. Five long miles over the hills must be retraced to regain it. There was no alternative, and before daylight I had staggered over half the distance. I found the lens on the spot where I had slept. No incident of my journey brought with it more of joy and relief.

Returning to the camp of the previous night, I lighted the pile I had prepared, and lay down for a night of rest. It was very cold, and towards morning commenced snowing. With difficulty I kept the fire alive. Sleep was impossible. When daylight came, I was impressed with the idea that I must go on despite the storm. A flash—momentary but vivid—came over me, that I should be saved. Snatching a lighted brand, I started through the storm. In the afternoon the storm abated and the sun shone at intervals. Coming to a small clump of trees, I set to work to prepare a camp. I laid the brand down which I had preserved with so much care, to pick up a few dry sticks with which to feed it, until I could collect wood for a camp-fire, and in the few minutes thus employed it expired. I sought to revive it, but every spark was gone. Clouds obscured the sun, now near the horizon, and the prospect of another night of exposure without fire became fearfully imminent. I sat down with my lens and the last remaining piece of touchwood I possessed to catch a gleam of sunshine, feeling that my life depended on it. In a few moments the cloud passed, and with trembling hands I presented the little disk to the face of the glowing luminary. Quivering with excitement lest a sudden cloud should interpose, a moment passed before I could hold the lens steadily enough to concentrate a burning focus. At length it came. The little thread of smoke curled gracefully upwards from the Heaven-lighted spark, which, a few moments afterwards, diffused with warmth and comfort my desolate lodgings.

I resumed my journey the next morning, with the belief that I should make no more fires with my lens. I must save a brand, or perish. The day was raw and gusty; an east wind, charged with storm, penetrated my nerves with irritating keenness. After walking a few miles the storm came on, and a coldness unlike any other I had ever felt seized me. It entered all my bones. I at-



THE RESCUE.

tempted to build a fire, but could not make it burn. Seizing a brand, I stumbled blindly on, stopping within the shadow of every rock and clump to renew energy for a final conflict for life. A solemn conviction that death was near, that at each pause I made my limbs would refuse further service, and that I should sink helpless and dying in my path, overwhelmed me with terror. Amid all this tumult of the mind, I felt that I had done all that man could do. I knew that in two or three days more I could effect my deliverance, and I derived no little satisfaction from the thought that, as I was now in the broad trail, my remains would be found, and my friends relieved of doubt as to my fate. Once only the thought flashed across my mind that I should be saved, and I seemed to hear a whispered command to "Struggle on." Groping along the side of a hill, I became suddenly sensible of a sharp reflection, as of burnished steel. Looking up, through half-closed eyes, two rough but kindly faces met my gaze.

"Are you Mr. Everts?"

"Yes. All that is left of him."

"We have come for you."

"Who sent you?"

"Judge Lawrence and other friends."

"God bless him, and them, and you! I am saved!" and with these words, powerless of further effort, I fell forward into the arms of my preservers, in a state of unconsciousness. I was saved. On the very brink of the river which divides the known from the unknown, strong arms snatched me from the final plunge, and kind ministrations wooed me back to life.

Baronet and Prichette, my two preservers, by the usual appliances, soon restored me to consciousness, made a camp upon the spot, and while one went to Fort Ellis, a distance of seventy miles, to return with remedies to restore digestion and an ambulance to convey me to that post, the other sat by my side, and with all the care, sympathy, and solicitude of a brother, ministered to my frequent necessities. In two days I was sufficiently recovered in strength to be moved twenty miles down the trail to the cabin of some miners who were prospecting in that vicinity. From these men I received every possible attention which their humane and generous natures could devise. A good bed was provided, game was killed to make broth, and the best stores of their larder placed at my command. For four days, at a time when every day's labor was invaluable in their pursuit, they abandoned their work to aid in my restoration. Owing to the protracted inaction of the system, and the long period which must transpire before Prichette's return with remedies, my friends had serious doubts of my recovery.

The night after my arrival at the cabin, while suffering the most excruciating agony, and thinking that I had only been saved to die among friends, a loud knock was heard at the cabin door. An old man in mountain costume entered—a hunter, whose life was spent among the mountains. He was on his way to find a brother. He listened to the story of my sufferings, and tears rapidly coursed each other down his rough, weather-beaten face. But when he was told of my present necessity, brightening in a moment, he exclaimed:

"Why, Lord bless you, if that is all, I have the very remedy you need. In two hours' time all shall be well with you."

He left the cabin, returning in a moment with a sack filled with the fat of a bear which he had killed a few hours before. From this he rendered out a pint measure of oil. I drank the whole of it. It proved to be the needed remedy, and the next day, freed from pain, with appetite and digestion re-established, I felt that good food and plenty of it were only necessary for an early recovery.

In a day or two I took leave of my kind friends, with a feeling of regret at parting, and of gratitude for their kindness as enduring as life. Meeting the carriage on my way, I proceeded to Boseman, where I remained among old friends, who gave me every attention until my health was sufficiently restored to allow me to return to my home at Helena.

My heartfelt thanks are due to the members of the Expedition, all of whom devoted seven, and some of them twelve days to the search for me before they left Yellowstone Lake; and to Judge Lawrence, of Helena, and the friends who co-operated with him in the offer of reward which sent Baronet and Prichette to my rescue.

My narrative is finished. In the course of events the time is not far distant when the wonders of the Yellowstone will be made accessible to all lovers of sublimity, grandeur, and novelty in natural scenery, and its majestic waters become the abode of civilization and refinement; and when that arrives, I hope, in happier mood and under more auspicious circumstances, to revisit scenes fraught for me with such thrilling interest; to ramble along the glowing beach of Bessie Lake; to sit down amid the hot springs under the shadow of Mount Everts; to thread unscared the mazy forests, retrace the dreary journey to the Madison Range, and with enraptured fancy gaze upon the mingled glories and terrors of the great falls and marvelous cañon, and to enjoy, in happy contrast with the trials they recall, their power to delight, elevate, and overwhelm the mind with wondrous and majestic beauty.

WAITING.

I know it will not be to-day;
I know it will not be to-morrow;
Oh, half in joy and half in sorrow,
I watch the slow swift hours away;
I bid them haste, then bid them stay,
I long so for the coming day.

I long so I would rather wait;
Each hour I see the unseen comer;
Each hour turns ripe in secret summer
The joys which I anticipate.
Oh, precious feet, come slow, come late!
I long so, it is bliss to wait!

Ah, sweet sad life, so far to-day!
Ah, sweet sad life, so near to-morrow!
Can joy be joy when we miss sorrow?
When earth's last sun has rolled away
In tideless time, and we can say
No more, "To-morrow," or "To-day?"

PRISCILLA.

THE trained novel-readers, those who have made a business of it (if any such should honor this poor little story with their attention), will glance down the opening paragraphs for a description of the heroine's tresses. The opening sentences of Miss Braddon are enough to show how important a thing a head of hair is in the getting up of a heroine for the popular market. But as my heroine is not gotten up for the market, and as I cannot possibly remember even the color of her hair or her eyes as I recall her now, I fear I shall disappoint the "professionals," who never feel that they have a complete heroine till the "long waving tresses of raven darkness, reaching nearly to the ground, enveloping her as with a cloud," have been artistically stuck on by the author. But be it known that I take Priscilla from memory, and not from imagination. And the memory of Priscilla, the best girl in the school, the most gifted, the most modest, the most gentle and true, is a memory too sacred to be trifled with. I would not make one hair light or dark, I would not change the shading of the eye-brows. Priscilla is Priscilla forever, to all who knew her. And as I cannot tell the precise color of her hair and eyes, I shall not invent a shade for them. I remember that she was on the blonde side of the grand division line. But she was not blonde. She was—Priscilla. I mean to say that since you never lived in that dear old-fogy Ohio River village of New Geneva, and since, consequently, you never knew our Priscilla, no words of mine can make you exactly understand her. Was she handsome? No—yes. She was "jimber-jawed," that is, her lower teeth shut a little outside her upper. Her complexion was not faultless. Her face would not bear criticism. And yet there is not one of her old schoolmates that will not vow that she was beautiful. And indeed she was. For she was Priscilla. And I never can make you understand it.

As Priscilla was always willing to oblige any one, it was only natural enough that Mrs. Leston should send for her to help entertain the Marquis. It was a curious chance that threw the young Marquis d'Entremont for a whole summer into the society of our little village. His uncle, who was his guardian, a pious *abbé*, wishing to remove him from Paris to get him out of socialistic influences, had sent him to New Orleans, consigned to the care of the great banking-house of Challeau, Lafort et Compagnie. Not liking to take the chances of yellow-fever in the summer, he had resolved to journey to the north, and as Challeau, Lafort et Cie. had a correspondent in Henry Leston, the young lawyer, and as French was abundantly spoken in our Swiss village of New Geneva, what more natural than that they should dispatch the Marquis to our pleasant town of vineyards, giving him a letter of introduction to their attorney, who fortunately spoke some book French. He had presented the letter, had been invited to dinner, and Priscilla Haines, who had learned French in childhood, though she was not Swiss, was sent for to help entertain the guest.

I cannot but fancy that d'Entremont was surprised at meeting just such a girl as Priscilla in a rustic village. She was not abashed at finding herself *vis-à-vis* with a nobleman, nor did she seem at all anxious to attract his notice. The vanity of the Marquis must have been a little hurt at finding a lady that did not court his attention. But wounded vanity soon gave place to another surprise. Even Mrs. Leston, who understood not one word of the conversation between her husband, the Marquis, and Priscilla, was watching for this second surprise, and did not fail to read it in d'Entremont's eyes. Here was a young woman who had read. She could admire Corinne, she could oppose Saint Simon. The Marquis d'Entremont had resigned himself to the *ennui* of talking to Swiss farmers about their vineyards, of listening to Swiss grandmothers telling stories of their childhood in Neufchatel and Berne. But to find in this young village school-teacher one who could speak, and listen while he spoke, of his favorite writers, was to him very strange. Not that Priscilla had read many French books, for there were not many within her reach. But she had read some, and she had read Ste. Beuve and Grimm's Correspondence, and he who reads these two has heard the echo of all the great voices in French literature. And while David Haines had lived his daughter had wanted nothing to help her to the highest culture.

But I think what amazed the Marquis most was that Priscilla showed no consciousness of the unusual character of her attainments. She spoke easily and naturally of what she knew, as if it were a matter of course that the teacher of a primary school should have read Corneille, and should be able to combat Saint Simonism. As the dinner drew to a close, Leston lifted his chair round where his wife sat and interpreted the brilliant conversation at the other side of the table

I suspect that Saint Simon had lost some of his hold upon the Marquis since his arrival in a country where life is more beautiful and the manner of thought more practical. At any rate, he dated the decline of his socialistic opinions from his discussion with Priscilla Haines.

The next Sunday morning he strolled out of the Le Vert House, breathing the sweet air perfumed with the blossoms of a thousand apple-trees. For what yard is there in New Geneva that has not apple-trees and grapevines? And every family in the village keeps a cow, and every cow wears a bell, and every bell is on a different key; so that the three things that penetrated the senses of the Marquis on this Sunday morning were the high hills that stood sentinels on every hand about the valley in which New Geneva stood, the smell of the apple-blossoms, and the *tinkle* and *tankle* and *tonkle* of hundreds of bells on the cows grazing on the "commons," as the open lots were called. On this almost painfully quiet morning, d'Entremont noticed the people going one way and another to the Sunday-schools in the three churches. Just as he came to the pump that stood in front of the "public square," he met Priscilla. At her heels were ten ragged little ruffians, whom she was accustomed to have come to her house every Sunday morning and walk with her to Sunday-school.

"You are then a Sister of Charity also," he said in French, bowing low with sincere admiration as he passed her. And then to himself the young Marquis reflected: "We Saint Simonists theorize and build castles in Spain for poor people, but we do not take hold of them." He walked clear round the square, and then followed the steps of Priscilla into the little brick Methodist church, which in that day had neither steeple nor bell, which had nothing church-like about it except the two arched front windows. There was not even a fence to enclose it, nor an evergreen nor an ivy about it; only a few black locusts. For the Congregational puritanism of New England was never so hard a puritanism as the Methodist puritanism of a generation ago in the West—a puritanism that forbade jewelry, that stripped the artificial flowers out of the bonnets of country girls, that expelled and even yet expels a country boy for looking with wonder at a man hanging head downward from a trapeze in a circus tent. No other church, not even the Quaker, ever laid its hand more entirely upon the whole life of its members. The dead hand of Wesley has been stronger than the living hand of any pope.

Upon the hard, open-backed, unpainted and unvarnished oak benches, which seemed devised to produce discomfort, sat the Sunday-school classes, and upon one of these, near the door, d'Entremont sat down. He looked at the bare walls, at the white pulpit, at the carpetless floors, at the general ugliness of things, the box stove, which stood in the only aisle, the tin chandeliers with their half burned candles, the eight-by-ten lights of glass in the windows, and he was favorably impressed. With a quick conscience he had often felt the frivolous emptiness of a worldly life, and had turned toward the religion of his uncle the *abbé* only to turn away again disgusted with the frivolity of the religious pomp that he saw. But here was a religion not only without the attractions of sensuous surrounding, but a religion that maintained its vitality despite a repelling plainness, not to say a repulsive ugliness in its external forms. For could he doubt the force of a religious principle that had divested every woman in the little church of every ornament? Doubtless he felt the narrowness that could read the Scriptural injunction so literally, but none could doubt the strength of a religious principle that submitted to such self-denial. And then there was Priscilla, with all her gifts, sitting in the midst of her boys, gathered from that part of the village known as "Slabtown." Yes, there must be something genuine in this religious life, and its entire contrast to all that the Marquis had known and grown weary of attracted him.

As eleven o'clock drew on, the little church filled with people. The men sat on one side the aisle and the women on the other. The old brethren and sisters, and generally those who prayed in prayer-meeting and spoke in love-feast sat near the front, many of them on the cross-seats near the pulpit, which were thence said by scoffers to be the "Amen corners." Any one other than a leader of the hosts of Israel would as soon have thought of taking a seat in the pulpit as on one of these chief seats in the synagogue. The Marquis sat still and watched the audience gather, while one of the good brethren led the congregation in singing,

"When I can read my title clear,"

which hymn was the usual voluntary at the opening of service. Then the old minister said, "Let us continue the worship of God by singing hymn on page 554." He "lined" the hymn, that is, he read each couplet before it was sung. With the coming in of hymn-books and other new-fangled things

the good old custom of "lining the hymn" has disappeared. But on that Sunday morning the Marquis d'Entremont thought he had never heard anything more delightful than these simple melodies sung thus lustily by earnest voices. The reading of each couplet by the minister before it was sung seemed to him a sort of recitative. He knew enough of English to find that the singing was hopeful and triumphant. Wearied with philosophy and *blasé* with the pomp of the world, he wished that he had been a villager in New Geneva, and that he might have had the faith to sing of the

"—land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,"

with as much earnestness as his friend Priscilla on the other side of the aisle. In the prayer that followed d'Entremont noticed that all the church-members knelt, and that the hearty *amens* were not intoned, but were as spontaneous as the rest of the service. After reverently reading a chapter the old minister said: "Please sing without lining,

"'A charge to keep I have,'"

and then the old tune of "Kentucky" was sung with animation, after which came the sermon, of which the Marquis understood but few words, though he understood the pantomime by which the venerable minister represented the return of the prodigal and the welcome he received. When he saw the tears in the eyes of the hearers, and heard the half-repressed "Bless the Lord" of an old brother or sister, and saw them glance joyfully at each other's faces as the sermon went on, he was strangely impressed with the genuineness of the feeling.

But the class-meeting that followed, to which he remained, impressed him still more. The venerable Scotchman who led it had a face that beamed with sweetness and intelligence. It was fortunate that the Marquis saw so good a specimen. In fact, Priscilla trembled lest Mr. Boreas, the stern, hard-featured "exhorter," should have been invited to lead. But as the sweet-faced old leader called upon one and another to speak, and as many spoke with streaming eyes, d'Entremont quivered with sympathy. He was not so blind that he could not see the sham and cant of some of the speeches, but in general there was much earnestness and truth. When Priscilla rose in her turn and spoke, with downcast eyes, he felt the beauty and simplicity of her religious life. And he rightly judged that from the soil of a *culte* so severe there must grow some noble and heroic lives.

Last of all the class-leader reached the Marquis, whom he did not know.

"Will our strange brother tell us how it is with him to-day?" he asked.

Priscilla trembled. What awful thing might happen when a class-leader invited a marquis, who could speak no English, and who was a disciple of Saint Simon, to tell his religious experience, was more than she could divine. If the world had come to an end in consequence of such a concatenation, I think she would not have been surprised. But nothing of the sort occurred. To her astonishment the Marquis rose and said:—

"Is it that any one can speak French?"

A brother who was a member of one of the old Swiss families volunteered his services as interpreter, and d'Entremont proceeded to tell them how much he had been interested in the exercises; that it was the first time he had ever been in such a meeting, and that he wished he had the simple faith which they showed.

Then the old leader said, "Let us engage in prayer for our strange brother."

And the Marquis bowed his knees upon the hard floor.

He could not understand much that was said, but he knew that they were praying for him; that this white-haired class-leader, and the old ladies in the corner, and Priscilla, were interceding with the Father of all for him. He felt more confidence in the efficacy of their prayers than he had ever had in all the intercessions of the saints of which he was told when a boy. For surely God would hear such as Priscilla!

It happened not long after this that d'Entremont was drawn even more nearly to this simple Methodist life, which had already made such an impression on his imagination, by an incident which would make a chapter if this story were intended for the *New York Weekly Dexter*. Indeed, the story of his peril in a storm and freshet on Indian Creek, and of his deliverance by the courage of Henry Stevens, is so well suited to that periodical and others of its class, that I am almost sorry that Mrs. Eden, or Cobb, Jr., or Optic, were not the author of this story. Either of them could make a chapter which would bear the title of "A Thrilling Incident." But with an unconquerable aversion to anything and everything "thrilling," this present writer can only say in plainest prose and without a single startling epithet that this incident made the young Marquis the everlasting friend of his deliverer, Henry Stevens, who happened to be a zealous Methodist, and about his own age.

The effort of the two friends to hold intercourse was a curious spectacle. Not only did they speak different languages, but they lived in different worlds. Not only did d'Entremont speak a very limited English while Stevens spoke no French, but d'Entremont's life and thought had nothing in common with the life of Stevens, except the one thing that made a friendship possible. They were both generous, manly men, and each felt a strong drawing to the other. So it came about that when they tired of the Marquis's English and of the gulf between their ideas, they used to call on Priscilla at her home with her mother in the outskirts of the village. She was an interpreter indeed! For with the keenest sympathy she entered into the world in which the Marquis lived, which had always been a sort of intellectual paradise to her. It seemed strange indeed to meet a living denizen of a world that seemed to her impossible except in books. And as for the sphere in which Stevens moved, it was her own. He and she had been schoolmates from childhood, had looked on the same green hills, known the same people, been moulded of the same strong religious feeling. Nothing was more delightful to d'Entremont than to be able to talk to Stevens, unless it was to have so good an excuse for conversation with Priscilla; and nothing was so pleasant to Henry Stevens as to be able to understand the Marquis, unless it was to talk with Priscilla; while to Priscilla those were golden moments, in which she passed like a quick-winged messenger between her own native world and the world that she knew only in books, between the soul of one friend and that of another. And thus grew up a triple friendship, a friendship afterward sorely tried. For how strange it is that what brings together at one time may be a wall of division at another.

I am not writing an essay on Christian experience. I cannot pretend to explain just how it came about. Doubtless Henry Stevens's influence had something to do with it, though I feel sure Priscilla's had more. Doubtless the Marquis was naturally susceptible to religious influences, and I cannot but feel that after all he was led by the gentle drawings of the Divine Oracle in his own breast. But the erratic opinions, never very deeply rooted, and at most but a reaction from a religion of "postures and impostures," disappeared, and there came a sense of unworthiness and a sense of trust. They came simultaneously, I think; certainly d'Entremont could never give any chronological order to the two experiences. At any rate, he was drawn to the little class-meeting, which seemed to him so simple a confessional that all his former notions of "liberty, fraternity, and equality" were satisfied by it. I believe he became a "probationer," but his creed was never quite settled enough for him to accept of "full membership."

Some of the old folks could not refrain from expressions of triumph that "the Lord had got a hold of that French infidel;" and old Sister Goodenough seized his hand, and, with many sighs and much upturning of the eyes, exhorted him: "Brother Markus! Give up everything! Give up everything, and come out from the world and be separated!" Which led d'Entremont to remark to Stevens as they walked away that "Madame Goodenough was vare curus indeed!" And Brother Boreas, the exhorter, who had the misfortune not to have a business reputation without blemish, but who made up for it by rigid scruples in regard to a melodeon in the church, and by a vicarious conscience which was kindly kept at everybody's service but his own,—old Brother Boreas always remarked in regard to the Marquis, that "as for his part he liked a deeper repentance and a sounder conversion." But the gray-haired old Scotch class-leader, whose piety was at a premium everywhere, would take d'Entremont's hand and talk of indifferent subjects while he *beamed* on him his affection and Christian fellowship.

To the Marquis, Priscilla was a perpetual marvel. More brilliant women he had known in Paris, more devout women he had seen there, but a woman so gifted and so devout, and above all a woman so true, so modest, and of such perfect delicacy of feeling he had never known. And how poorly these words describe her! For she was Priscilla; and all who knew her will understand how much more that means than any adjectives of mine. Certainly Henry Stevens did, for he had known her always, and would have loved her always had he dared. It was only now, as she interpreted him to the Marquis and the Marquis to him, idealizing and elevating the thoughts of both, that he surrendered himself to hope. And so, toward the close of the summer, affairs came to this awkward posture that these two sworn friends loved the same woman.

D'Entremont discovered this first. More a man of the world than Henry Stevens, he read the other's face and voice. He was perturbed. Had it occurred two years before he might have settled the matter easily by a duel, for instance. And even now his passion got the better for a while of all his good

feelings and Christian resolutions. When he got back to the Le Vert House with his unpleasant discovery, he was burning like a furnace. In spite of a rain-storm just beginning and a dark night, he strode out and walked he knew not whither. He found himself, he knew not how, on the bank of the river. Seizing an old board for a paddle, he unloosed a skiff and pushed out into the river. How to advance himself over his rival was his first thought. But this darkness and this beating rain and this fierce loneliness reminded him of that night when he had clung desperately to the abutment of the bridge that spanned Indian Creek, and when the courage and self-possession of Henry Stevens had rescued him. Could he be the rival of a man who had gone down into that flood that he might save the exhausted Marquis?

Then he hated himself. Why had he not drowned that night on Indian Creek? And with this feeling of self-disgust added to his general mental misery and the physical misery that the rain brought to him, there came the great temptation to write "*Fin*" in French fashion, by jumping into the water. But something in the influence of Priscilla and that class-meeting caused him to take a better resolution, and he returned to the hotel.

The next day he sent for Henry Stevens to come to his room.

"Henry, I am going to leave to-night on the mail-boat. I am going back to New Orleans, and thence to France. You love Priscilla. You are a noble man; you will make her happy. I have read your love in your face. Meet me at the river to-night. When you are ready to be married, let me know, that I may send some token of my love for both. Do not tell mademoiselle that I am going; but tell her good-by for me afterwards. Go now, I must pack."

Henry went out stupefied. What did it mean? And why was he half-glad that d'Entremont was going? By degrees he got the better of his selfishness. In fact, he had the habit of keeping his selfishness under in little things, so that the victory in a great thing was not so difficult.

"Marquis d'Entremont," he said, breaking into his room, "you must not go away. You love Priscilla. You have everything—learning, money, travel. I have nothing."

"Nothing but a good heart, which I have not," said d'Entremont.

"I will never marry Priscilla," said Henry, "unless she deliberately chooses to have me in preference to you."

My readers will say that this incident, of two men unselfish in an affair of this sort is impossible. I should never have written it but that this incident is fact.

To this arrangement, so equitable, the Marquis consented, and the matter was submitted to Priscilla by letter. Could she love either, and if either, which? She asked a week for deliberation.

It was not easy to decide. By all her habits of thought and feeling, by all her prejudices, by all her religious life, she was drawn toward the peaceful and perhaps prosperous life that opened before her as the wife of Henry Stevens, living in her native village, near to her mother, surrounded by her old friends, and with the best of Christian men for a husband. But by all the clamor of her intellectual nature for something better than her narrow life—by all her joy in the conversation of d'Entremont, the only man her equal in culture she had ever known, she felt drawn to be the wife of the Marquis. But if there were roses, there were thorns in such a path. The village girl knew that *Madame la Marquise* must lead a life very different from any she had known. She must bear with a husband whose mind was ever in a state of unrest and skepticism, and she must meet the great world.

In truth there were two Priscillas. There was the Priscilla that her neighbors knew, the Priscilla that went to church, the Priscilla that taught Primary School No. 3. There was the other Priscilla, that read Chaucer and Shakespeare, Molière and De Staël. With this Priscilla New Geneva had nothing to do. And it was the doubleness of her nature that aggravated her indecision.

Then her conscience came in. Because there might be worldly attractions on the one side, she leaned to the other. To reject a poor suitor and accept a rich and titled one, had something of treason in it.

At the end of a week she sent for them both. Henry Stevens's flat-boat had been ready to start for New Orleans for two days. And Challeau, Lafort & Co. were expecting the Marquis, who was in some sort a ward of theirs. Henry Stevens and the Marquis Antoine d'Entremont walked side by side, in an awkward silence, to the little vine-covered cottage. Of that interview I do not know enough to write fully. But I know that Priscilla said such words as these:—

"This is an awful responsibility. I suppose a judge trembles when he must pass sentence of death. But I must make a decision that involves the happiness of both my friends and myself. I cannot do it now.

God does not give me to see my duty clearly, and nothing but duty should speak in making such a decision. Will you wait until you both return in the spring? I have a reason that I cannot explain for wishing this matter postponed. God will decide for me perhaps."

I do not know that she said just these words, and I know she did not say them all at once. But so they parted. And Miss Nancy More, who retailed ribbons and scandal, and whose only effort at mental improvement had been the plucking out of the hairs contiguous to her forehead, that she might look intellectual—Miss Nancy More from her look-out at the window descried the two friends walking away from Mrs. Haines's cottage, and remarked, as she had often remarked before, that it was "absolutely scandalious for a young woman who was a professor to have two beaux at once, and such good friends, too!"

I have noticed that gifted girls like Priscilla have a back-ground in some friend, intelligent, quiet, restful. Anna Poindexter, a dark, thoughtful, and altogether excellent girl, was sometimes spoken of as "Priscilla's double"; but she was rather Priscilla's opposite: all her gifts were complementary to those of her friend. The two were all but inseparable; and so, when Priscilla found herself the next evening on the bank of the river, she naturally found Anna with her. Slowly the flat-boat of which Henry Stevens was owner and captain drifted by, while the three or four men at each long oar strode back and forward on the deck as they urged the boat on. Henry was standing on the elevated bench made for the pilot, holding the long "steering-oar" and guiding the craft. As his manly form in the western sunlight attracted their attention, both the girls were struck with admiration for the noble fellow. Both waved their handkerchiefs, and Henry returned the adieu by swinging his hat. So intent was he on watching them that he forgot his duty, and one of the men was obliged to call out: "Swing her round, Captain, or the mail-boat 'll sink us."

Hardly was the boat swung out of the way when the tall-chimneyed mail-boat swept by.

"See the Marquis," cried Anne, and again adieux were waved. And the Marquis stepped to the guard and called out to Henry, "I'll see you in New Orleans," and the swift steamer immediately bore him out of speaking distance. And Henry watched him disappear, with a choking feeling that thus the nobleman was to outstrip him in life.

"See!" said Anne, "you are a lucky girl. You have your choice; you can go through life on the steamboat or on the flat-boat. Of course you'll go by steam."

"There are explosions on steamboats some times," said Priscilla. Then turning, she noticed a singular expression on Anna's face. Her insight was quick, and she said, "Confess that *you* would choose the flat-boat." And Anna turned away.

"Two strings to her bow, or two beaux to her string, I should say," and she did say it, for this was Miss More's comment on the fact which she had just learned, that Miss Haines had received letters from "the lower country," the handwriting on the directions of which indicated that she had advices from both her friends. But poor Miss More, with never a string to her bow and never a beau to her string, might be forgiven for shooting arrows that did no harm.

There was a time when Priscilla had letters from only one. Henry was very sick, and d'Entremont wrote bulletins of his condition to Priscilla and to his family. In one of these it was announced that he was beyond recovery, and Priscilla and Anna mingled their tears together. Then there came a letter that he was better. Then he was worse again. And then better.

In those days the mail was brought wholly by steamboats, and it took many days for intelligence to come. But the next letter that Priscilla had was from Henry Stevens himself. It was filled from first to last with praises of the Marquis: how he had taken Henry out of his boarding-place, put him in his own large room in the St. Charles; how he had nursed him with more than a brother's tenderness, scarcely sleeping at all; how he had sold his cargo, relieved his mind of care, employed the most eminent physicians, and anticipated his every want—all this and more, the letter told.

And the next steamboat brought Henry, well-nigh restored, and his noble nurse. Both were impatient to learn the decision of Priscilla; each was sure the other was to carry off the prize.

And so they walked together, the day after their arrival, to the little cottage. The conversation was begun by each of the gentlemen expressing his conviction that her decision was against him, and offering to retire.

Priscilla leaned her head on her hand a minute. Then she began: "I told you, my friends, that I thought God would decide for me. He has. I can marry neither of you."

The two friends looked at one another in doubt and amazement.

"Three sisters, four brothers, and my father

died of pulmonary disease. Of eight children I only am left, and in three months my mother will be childless. God has decided for me. Why should I give either of you pain by making a decision."

For the first time, in the imperfect light, they noticed the flushed cheeks, and for the first time they detected the quick breathing. It was a sad hour, and when they walked away the two friends were nearer than ever, for nothing brings souls together so much as a common sorrow.

And as day after day the two friends visited her in company, the public, and particularly that part of the public which peeped out of Miss Nancy More's windows, was not a little mystified. Miss More thought a girl who was drawing near to the solemn and awful realities of eternal bliss should let such worldly vanities as Markusses alone!

A singular change came over Priscilla in one regard. As the prospect of life faded out, she was no longer in danger of being tempted by the title and wealth of the Marquis. She could be sure that her heart was not bribed. And when this restraint of a conscience abnormally sensitive was removed, it became every day more and more clear to her that she loved d'Entremont. Of all whom she had ever known, he was a companion. And as he brought her choice passages from favorite writers every day, and as her mind grew with unwonted rapidity under the influence of that strange disease which shakes the body down while it ripens the soul, she felt more and more that she was growing out of sympathy with all that was narrow and provincial in her former life, and into sympathy with God's great world, and with Antoine d'Entremont who was the representative of the world to her.

This rapidly growing gulf between his own intellectual life and that of Priscilla, Henry Stevens felt keenly. But there is one great compensation for a soul like Henry's. Men and women of greater gifts might outstrip him in intellectual growth. He could not add one cell to his brain, or make the slightest change in his temperament. But neither the Marquis nor Priscilla could excel him in that gift of noble generosity which does not always go with genius, and which is not denied to the man of the plainest gifts. He wrote to the Marquis :—

"My Dear Friend :—You are a good and generous friend. I have read in her voice and her eyes what the decision of Priscilla must have been. If I had not been blind, I ought to have seen it before in the difference between us. Now I know that it will be a comfort to you to have that noble woman die your wife. I doubt not it will be a comfort to her. Do you think it will be any consolation to me to have been an obstacle in the way? I hope you do not think so meanly of me, and that you and Priscilla will give me the only consolation I can have in our common sorrow—the feeling that I have been able to make her last days more comfortable and your sorrow more bearable. If you refuse, I shall always reproach myself. Henry."

I need not tell of the discussions that ensued. But it was concluded that it was best for all three that Priscilla and the Marquis should be married, much to the disgust of Miss Nancy More, who thought that "she'd better be sayin' her prayers. What good would it do to be a March-oness and all that when she was in her coffin."

A wedding in prospect of death is more affecting than a funeral. Only Henry Stevens and Anna Poindexter were to be present. Priscilla's mother had completed the arrangements, blinded by tears. I think she could have dressed Priscilla for her coffin with less suffering. The white dress looked so like a shroud, under those sunken cheeks as white as the dress! Once or twice Priscilla had drawn her mother's head to her bosom and wept.

"Poor mother!" she would say, "so soon to be alone. But Antoine will be your son."

There was one more at the wedding than was intended. The family physician was there. For just as the dressing of the pale bride was completed, there came one of those sudden break-downs to which a consumptive is so liable. The doctor said that there was internal hemorrhage, and gave but a few hours of life. When the Marquis came he was heart-broken to see her lying there, so still, so white—dying. She took his hand. She beckoned to Anna and Henry Stevens to stand by her, and then, with tear-blinded eyes, the old minister married them for eternity! Then the door opened, and the ten little Sunday-school boys from Slabtown marched in. Each of them had a bouquet provided by Henry Stevens for the wedding. When the leader of the file saw her so sick he began to cry. She took his bouquet and kissed him. Then the little fellow rushed out, weeping piteously. Each of the others followed his example.

Feeling life ebbing, she took the hand of the Marquis. Then, holding to the hand of d'Entremont, she beckoned Henry to come near. As he bent over her she said, looking significantly at the Marquis, "Henry, God bless you, my noble-hearted friend." And as Henry turned away, the Marquis put

his arm about him, and said gratefully, "Henry, God *will* bless you."

Priscilla's nature abhorred anything dramatic in dying, or rather she did not think of effect at all. So she made no fine speeches. But when she had ceased to breathe, the old preacher said, "The bridegroom has come." And he was more eloquent than he knew.

She left an envelope for Henry. What it had in it no one but Henry ever knew. I have heard him say that it was one word, which became the key to all the happiness of his after-life. Judging from the happiness he has in his home with Anna, his wife, it would not be hard to tell what the word was. The last time I was at his house I noticed that their eldest child was named Priscilla, and that the boy who came next was Antoine. Henry told me that Priscilla left a sort of "will" for the Marquis, in which she asked him to do the Christian work that she would have liked to do. Nothing could have been wiser if she had only sought his own happiness, for in activity for others is the only safety for a restless and skeptical mind. He had made himself the special protector of the ten little Slabtown urchins.

Henry told me in how many ways, through Challeau, Lafort & Co., the Marquis had contrived to contribute to his prosperity without offending his delicacy. He found himself possessed of practically unlimited credit through the guarantee which the great New Orleans banking-house was always ready to give.

"What is that fine building?" I said, pointing to a picture on the wall.

"O! that is the 'Hospice de Sainte Priscille,' which Antoine has erected in Paris. People there call it 'La Marquise.'"

"By the way," said Priscilla's mother, who sat by, "Antoine is coming to see us next month, and is to look after his Slabtown friends when he comes. They used to call him at first 'Priscilla's Frenchman.'"

And to this day Miss More declares that Markusses is a thing she can't no ways understand.

ALBATROSS.

TIME cannot age thy sinews, nor the gale
Batter the network of thy feathered mail,
  Lone sentry of the deep!
Among the crashing caverns of the storm,
With wing unfettered, lo! thy frigid form
  Is whirled in dreamless sleep!

Where shall thy wing find rest for all its might?
Where shall thy lidless eye, that scours the night,
  Grow blank in utter death?
When shall thy thousand years have stripped thee bare,
Invulnerable spirit of the air,
  And sealed thy giant-breath?

Not till thy bosom hugs the icy wave—
Not till thy palsied limbs sink in that grave,
  Caught by the shrieking blast,
And hurled upon the sea with broad wings locked
On an eternity of waters rocked,
  Defiant to the last!

HALLOWEEN; OR, CHRISSIE'S FATE.

"Some merry, friendly, country-folks
Together did convene
To burn their nits, and pou their stocks
And haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night."—*Burns.*

It was a merry band that trooped into the square hall of the great comfortable homestead at The Grove that bright October afternoon, and the mellow light of the setting sun made a glory about the bright young heads, and lit the laughing, girlish eyes with yet greater brilliancy. Rich chestnut braids, bright golden coils, and raven bands, were alike radiant for the moment.

I—serene spinster—had been wheedled and coaxed until I stood committed to give these madcaps a "Halloween" frolic. To tell the truth, my scruples were not very obstinate, for I hoped these merry young voices would dispel the shadow that was falling on the dear old home whence all had passed—to the altar, to other homes, and to heaven—save just my lonely self; and from sheer force of habit I clung to the homestead hearth, propping my drooping spirits with frequent visits from cheery young relations, and the determination that the old house should be "kept up" for the holiday gathering. For at Thanksgiving and the "Christmas Week" the home band rallied from all points of the compass, and the ties of kinship gathered new strength.

So it came to pass that my niece Kitty Coles was spending the month with me, and having happened upon an old book upon "The Supernatural," had become imbued with a frantic desire to test some of her new-found theories on the approaching "Halloween." Now, as I was altogether too sedate for such pranks, she had found some fellow-conspirators of her own age, and the time was at hand which was to test my hospitality, as well as their ingenuity and nerve. And how jolly it was, to be sure, to see the graceful forms and bright young faces flitting about, preparing the night's mysteries. I soon learned that my principal *rôle* was Lady Bountiful—in other words, to place house and substance (*pro tem.*) at the disposal of the marauders. Their preparations were soon completed, and after tea the girls drew about the ample fireplace to watch "the melting of the lead," in a little old iron skillet which they had unearthed from some unknown quarter—for youth seems to possess a magician's charm of intuition if not of creation, and those girls certainly made discoveries that were new to my gray hairs even. From my chair in the corner I had the privilege of a spectator, and watched with curiosity as Kitty hurried in from the kitchen regions with a tin basin of clear water in one hand and a rusty iron spoon in the other. Depositing the basin on the hearth, she knelt before it, and with a—"Now, girls, who comes first?" plunged her spoon into the glowing embers for the necessary heating. Responding to my look of inquiry, Madge Milton enlightened me with, "You see, Miss Jeannette, we must drop the melted lead into the water, and whatever form it takes will show the occupation of our future husband. I'm awfully curious," said Madge, "so I think I'll take my turn, since you're all so modest about speaking." Dipping up a little of the molten metal, she dropped it in a diffusive sort of way into the water. The sharp hiss and sputter brought an immediate "cloud of witnesses" and a puzzled silence, which was soon broken by merry queries.

"Why, Madge, it looks like a pulpit—hope you're not going to marry a missionary!"

"Indeed, no, dear; it is much more like a beer-mug. Guess it's a German student."

"Well, it's obscure enough to be anything," said Madge, in a tone of dissatisfaction. "I'm not one whit wiser for *that* venture. Who'll spoon next?"

With "I believe I'm your next neighbor," Netta Fane consulted the fiery oracle; and peals of laughter arose as one and another traced resemblances, until Kitty sprang from her post with flushed face and burning fingers, and the declaration that it was time for something new.

"*I* conclude from this trick that we shall just all marry *tinkers*. Where are the chestnuts, Auntie? Frances, just skip into the kitchen and bring that long-handled shovel that stands by the 'Dutch oven;' there's a lambkin, for I don't propose to sacrifice my poor hands further in this cause."

Again they drew about the fire with mock anxiety, and gazed steadily upon the chestnuts that bore their names and hopes as they were placed in couples on the hot shovel, each fair lassie with a favored swain. Miss Kitty (by proxy) coquetted in a very characteristic way—fizzing and hopping—until in a burst of generosity and enthusiasm she revealed entirely her white heart. Madge sputtered and hissed, and finally left her lover altogether, in a mad leap into the flames, while demure little Daisy Burns sighed her life away nestling close beside her stolid choice. Netta Fane skipped

about in an uncertain sort of manner, first to one lover and then to another, until she finally edged into a cold corner, quite alone.

The pleasures of "popping" being exhausted, several other experiments were proposed which I was obliged to veto, as all included out-door expeditions, and one involved my winter's supply of cabbages. So my plea of icy dews and uncertain routes in the darkness prevailed, and the wonder-book was scanned anew.

"There, we forgot the herrings we were to bring from the village! What shall we do? Miss Jeannette, that's such a fine trick! You must swallow a salt herring in three bites, bones and all, and not drink a drop till the apparition of your future spouse comes in the night to offer you a glass of water. We *must* have that. Haven't you a herring in the house, no matter if it's ever so dry?"

I racked my brains in vain, but could find no compromise between codfish and sardines. But meanwhile they had turned to fresh fields and pastures new. I need hardly enumerate the various experiments, though they were many and ludicrous. But finally came the most momentous and inspiring of all, that which was to show the true metal.

"My dears," announced Kitty, in a serious, dignified tone, "buckle on your armor now, for I am about to propose what demands Spartan courage. Leading from the library next us is a covered way, which communicates directly with an old summer-house, which was inclosed to serve as a study for grandfather, when he was a young man. It is just the place for our last, most important charm. One of us must take a candle and an apple, and having first let down her hair, must pace along this lonely corridor, enter this ruined temple, and there find a mirror, before which she must seat herself; and as the clock strikes twelve, must eat her apple and comb out her hair. She will be rewarded by seeing the face of her future lover and husband reflected in the glass as though he were looking over her shoulder."

Kitty delivered herself of this harangue with great gusto, adding, "Now I don't mind telling you, girls, that *I* leave the field clear to the rest of you; for nothing could induce me to take that terrible promenade, though I *did* hang a mirror out there this afternoon for any one who chooses to tempt Providence." There was quite a pause when she finished, and for the moment curiosity as to the relative courage of the pretty group before me kept back the command which I meant to give against this expedition. The girls looked curiously into one another's faces, but all seemed to shrink from the ordeal, until Chrissie Marstone turned and said, with an odd laugh, "Well, girls, I've made up my mind that *I'll* do it, just for the fun of the thing."

"O Chrissie, *dare* you?" burst in a sort of half-protest from all, and I think this settled brave Chris. She was a handsome blonde, a trifle haughty perhaps, yet with a ravishing smile that belied her stately mien, for she carried her seventeen years like a society queen. I should have refused any other, I think, but I liked Christabel, and I knew, too, that opposition would be useless if she was really determined. "It is half-past eleven now, *chéries*, and Lady Macbeth demands her lamp, with the rest of her paraphernalia, for I must be in time to meet my gallant lover," pursued brave Chris, undauntedly.

"We shall all wait for you in the library," we said, and the lamps were forthcoming as well as the candle. "And then we'll go directly to bed, if you please, my dears," I was obliged to add. Chrissie sat by the fire, unwinding the golden glory of her hair, which rippled in radiant waves from her crown to her knees. It was the "Marstone hair," the traditional pride of her house, and seemed almost too much for her slight, graceful form. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her eyes glistened and danced, and her lovely mouth was tremulous with unspoken thoughts. I think I never realized her beauty before; but she seemed lovely then beyond compare.

Throwing a shawl about her shoulders, she took the candle, the apple (which Kitty considerately took care should be small), and her comb, and with rapid step and not a word of good-bye sped swiftly down the "corridor," as Kitty had romantically termed it. As I watched her all the ludicrousness of the scene vanished. She looked like some sweet saint framed in the nimbus of her shining hair,—like Beatrice going to her dungeon.

She soon disappeared from our sight in a bend of the passage-way, and the group of half-frightened girls huddled together in a hushed crowd of scared faces upturned to me with a half-query and half-protest. "We ought not to have let her go—how long will she stay?" As none could answer, they tried to divert themselves from foolish fears. Kitty was studying the clock face and winking hard over "three doses of salt, administered two minutes apart." In spite of all attempts at amusement it seemed an age, although it was really five minutes after twelve. Still the corridor was dark and silent, and I had almost made up my mind to break the spell

and go to meet her, when the pale light flickered once more at the end of the passageway. As she came nearer, it seemed as though she was very white—else it was the sickly glare of the candle, but as she crossed the threshold her fingers relaxed, the candle fell, and she threw herself upon my neck with a burst of hysterical sobs. The nervous strain had been too much, and I led her into the parlor again, and, drawing her down on the broad divan, tried to soothe her. But she sprang up in a moment and said, "Girls, don't ever try that experiment—for it's true. I've seen him—I've seen him—and I'm *sure* it's true!"

"Who—*who?*—*do* tell us all about it," and the astonished girls drew back in a half-horror as they looked upon Chrissie's unnatural pallor and restless, trembling fingers. Drawing her down once more, and clasping my warm hands over her cold ones, I soon calmed her sufficiently for the narration of her story.

"After I left you I walked fast, because it was chilly, and although I was not afraid, I felt excited. Of course all was quiet when I entered the old study. I found Kitty's mirror, and seating myself before it, fell to quietly musing, forgetting my apple and comb, when I suddenly heard a stealthy footstep near. As I was about to turn my head quickly, thinking some of you meant to play a joke upon me, my uplifted eyes encountered in the mirror the reflection of a handsome, smiling face—that of a gentleman.

"It was quite as life-like as my own, and seemed to be peering over my shoulder. It was the face of a man of twenty-five, I should judge, with dark hair and merry brown eyes, a clear, rich complexion and a saucy mouth, half-hidden by a long, full moustache. It was a face I had never seen before, and I was spell-bound—too fascinated to move a muscle. With a half-bow and a whole smile, disclosing fine teeth, it or he, or whatever it was, disappeared. The revulsion of feeling the moment it was gone was terrible. Such a horrible fright came over me as I turned and saw that everything was unchanged—not a trace of humanity near—that I clutched my light with a desperate grip and flew into the entry! How I reached you all I shall never know, for I felt as if I was suffocating."

"O Auntie! what *could* it have been?" gasped Kitty.

"It is impossible, my child, that it could have been anything but an over-excited fancy, and you must all forget it now and get ready for bed."

"No, Miss Jeannette, I *know*, and shall always affirm to my dying day that my senses were clear, and I did indeed see another face in the glass beside my own," answered Christabel, in a tone of such earnest conviction that I was staggered for a moment. The girls, rallying from their scare, insisted it was a "true sign, and now that Chrissie had seen *her* lover, they would make one more effort." So Daisy went to bed faithfully obeying the directions :—

> "Turn your boots toward the street,
> Leave your garters on your feet,
> Put your stockings on your head,
> You'll dream of the one you're going to wed!"

—while Kitty, pursuant to her "salt charm"—having successfully accomplished the three swallows—went to bed backward, and lay down upon her right side, determined to sleep without stirring till morning. As my room was separated only by a thin partition from the larger one which the girls had improvised into a dormitory for the sake of being together, I had the benefit of Kitty's martyrdom. After they had chatted some time, I heard her voice mournfully exclaim, "Oh dear! if I only could stir enough to have a drink! I'm *dying* of thirst!" yet refusing all offers of relief, determined not to spoil her charm. Then—

"Oh girls! *how* I pity Lot's wife. I should think she would have swallowed the Dead Sea."

And again: "This is *ever* so much worse than having your 'photo' taken, because you *can* wink then; besides, if you do spoil it, you can have another one taken."

Thus through the watches of the night came the lamentations of this small Jeremiah, till suddenly there was a bound upon the floor, and a burst of laughter, as poor parched Kitty made an attack on the pitcher, and between swallows announced that she was "cured in every sense of the word;—catch her in such a pickle again, if she never got married," which was the last sound I heard from my dove-cote.

The morning dawned clear and fresh, and November seemed to borrow her first day from her predecessor, to get a good start as it were, and I found my birds could be larks as well as owls; for ere my own toilet was complete I heard the rustling and nestling and twittering, which finally merged into a general gossiping, and the click of little heels across the floor. This assured me that my breakfast preparations could proceed, for neither superstition nor sentiment can exist without food, I find. Poor Daisy was in great distress when

on rising, she found her tiny boots staring at the barn instead of streetward, and she was quite sure

"Some elfin sprite
On mischief hight"

had turned them. Wonderful visions were related at the table, in which hobgoblins and knights seemed to have an even chance of it, while Kitty's demands on my coffee-pot betrayed her briny condition. Chrissie was still a trifle pale and preoccupied.

And thus ended, or seemed to end, the Halloween Frolic.

As the last blue veil whisked out of sight down the road, I heartily wished them all back. But the sunlight and laughter lingered long in the old house, cheering me until the Thanksgiving preparations commenced, when Kitty was with me again; and while I was engaged in preparing "divers and sundries" of sweets and pastes, flesh and fowl, her nimble, tasteful fingers were beautifying the rooms with festoons and garlands and bright bouquets. Her blithe young friends hunted through highway and woodland for leaves and moss, grasses and pines, and came in laden. For several days the great hall was piled with a beautiful confusion of dark evergreens, trailing Princess Pine, smoky wreaths of graceful clematis, great clusters of the scarlet and orange bitter-sweet, and the dazzling globes of the snowberry. Baskets of ferny moss too, and sprays of wild cranberry! Wasn't it a lovely frame for beautiful faces and graceful forms? Can you wonder the old home was transfigured under the magic of such influences, and that a proud hostess greeted the new-comers, as by twos and tens they all gathered under the roof-tree? Every nook was filled, from the great "spare-chamber"—double-bedded for the occasion—to the old mahogany crib for Baby Maud!

Well, all went on finely, till just as we were about to march in grand procession to the Thanksgiving-feast, the door burst open, and, to our great surprise, merry Rollie Haydon, my young nephew, in all the pride and promise of a nearly attained majority, walked in, with—

"How are you all, good kinsfolk, and my blessed Auntie? I was determined to come, 'if it took a leg,' and though it was hard to get off, I did it; and here's my chum, Mr. Richard Delamore, whom I insisted upon bringing to see a genuine Thanksgiving. He protested, but I knew you'd give him a hearty welcome, and we could find a shake-down somewhere, in barn or cellar. So make yourself at home, Dick." Whereat the audacious youth pirouetted across the room and demanded a cousin's right from all the feminines present, young and old; in the midst of which confusion I went to greet and welcome our new guest, who was a self-possessed, handsome fellow, with a singularly attractive expression.

He was soon on an easy footing with all, and we were delighted at the pleasant accession to our numbers. His conversational powers were brought into exercise at table, and a very merry feast we had, for our young people were many, and the elders were rejuvenated by the spirit of the day and hour. Rollie and Mr. Delamore were studying law in the same office, and seemed to feel greater zest for merriment after a season of Blackstone and Barbour. There was no end of jokes and repartee; and when all rose from the table, Rollie caught blushing Miss Kitty about the waist and waltzed down the long dining-room into the parlor. Dick looked very much as though he would like to follow, but contented himself with offering his arm to a fair neighbor and walking rapidly after them.

"I say, let's have a walk," said Rollie. "Come, girls, get your wraps, and let us have a little tramp to settle our dinner. We gentlemen can't smoke here, and we don't care to lose your charming society, so it's but fair you should join us. Aunt Jeannette, I speak for you and Kitty for my escorts; who'll follow my lead?" The proposition was met by a general stampede for wraps, which was evidence plain that it received approval; and after keeping my nose so long in the kitchen fire, I was glad enough to sniff the crisp, clear air. So we strolled off by twos and threes, wheresoever we listed. Rollie ahead, with Kitty in a bewitching little turban, with its saucy red wing perked on one side, and the most jaunty jacket of glossy seal-skin, while sober I hung on for ballast to this giddy young couple.

"Oh, Aunt Jean, this is perfectly jolly!" and the dear, daft fellow evidently thought I fancied it an all-abroad remark, referring to earth and sky, when I knew very well it was solely stimulated by the bright brown eyes, the glowing cheek, and dainty mouth of the charmer beside him. Ah! did I not see the soft little hand that nestled on his arm drawn closer as the frosty breezes blew the fleecy chestnut curls against his coat, and for one look at me Kitty had threescore and ten. But I enjoyed it all, and wondered if the trio behind us were getting on as well, for Dick had a lady fair on each arm, and was skimming on after us. As we turned a sharp cor

ner I heard a suppressed exclamation ahead of me, and looking up beheld Chrissie Marstone *vis-à-vis*, looking straight through me, apparently, at some one in the rear. Her dilated eyes and flushed cheeks astonished me; but she quickly rallied, and after greeting us, said hurriedly, in response to Kitty's invitation to join us, "I can't, I'm going to grandfather's with a message."—"But, dearie, I was just going to stop at your gate and ask you to come up this evening. We are going to have lots of fun; say you will." After a moment's hesitation she consented, and left us. I was somewhat surprised to see her frequent glances at Mr. Delamore while Kitty was speaking, and almost feared, from the conscious blush and drooping eyelids, that our sweet Chris was an incipient flirt. Rollie, too, seemed struck with it, for as she disappeared he said, "Dick, my boy, I fear you've smitten that beauty, whoever she is."—"Exactly my query," responded Dick, ignoring the first clause. "May I ask who your beautiful friend is, Miss Coles?"

"Certainly; she is my dearest friend, and I'm glad you like her, for she *is lovely*," was Kitty's enthusiastic answer.

"Well, I must say that either black is very becoming to her, or she *is* an uncommonly handsome girl, though I am not so partial to blondes as my friend there," affirmed Rollie.

"My friend" seemed lost in thought, and I fancied his ladies fair were rather disgusted at the turn things had taken, and were ready enough to face homeward.

Most had arrived before us, and the remaining hours of the afternoon were spent in chatting and music. After tea, Rollie and Kitty started off for Christabel, and I was rather amused to hear Mr. Delamore's offer in the hall to accompany them "just to even matters coming home, chum—" he explained. I smiled when they had gone, thinking he would prove Monsieur de Trop, and fell to speculating over Chrissie's odd manner in the afternoon. She was a favorite with me, and after the death of her mother—some years back—I took the child close to my heart, for she had very little sympathy in the cold, still house where, being the only child, she had no companion but her father, who was absorbed in his books, and her grim aunt, who hadn't a thought beyond her housekeeping. Christabel's nature was as quaint and sweet as her name, and very womanly withal, and she clung to Kitty and me with a fervor that seemed odd to one who did not understand the force of her character. But since the night of the Halloween mystery she had seemed dreary and preoccupied; and although she never referred to it again in my presence, seeming to avoid the subject, I still felt sure that she brooded over it. Meditating thus, I strolled back to my room, and was putting the finishing touch to my coiffure, when Kitty's voice started me from my revery.

She burst into my room, dragging Chrissie fairly off her feet, and closing the door, clasped my waist, and whirling me about the room exclaimed: "O Aunt Jean, Aunt Jean, isn't it grand—I'm *so* happy—*so* happy." When I recovered my breath I held the crazy witch fast, and said:

"Child! what possesses you—what *is* the matter?"

"Oh, do sit down here, and I'll tell you all about it. Chris, come here and hold her other hand. You see, Auntie, Mr. Dick *would* come with us, and kept asking me about Chrissie all the way; and when we got to the house and they were introduced, they acted *so* funny, I was completely puzzled. Chrissie kept turning red and white, and Mr. Dick looked at her in a kind of daze. It was such an evident case of love at first sight, that Rollie and I considered it best to let him escort her," (profound Kitty!), "and they walked just ahead of us. Well, as we were coming up the avenue—suddenly Mr. Dick said 'By Jove' again, just as he did this afternoon, you remember; and I was about to rejoin him, when he added, 'I have it—I have it,' and looked so straight at Chrissie that she dropped her head on his arm, and I was sure he must be mad to make love so violently. Of course we asked him *what* he 'had' (I privately suspected it was Chrissie's hand), and then he said that about a month ago he was riding across the country near here, and on a strange road he lost his way. It was very late, nearly midnight, so he resolved to stop at the first house where he saw a light, and ask shelter or further direction. Soon after he came upon a large building, and in a small one close by was a pale light. Tying his horse, he hurried toward it, and, seeing the door slightly ajar, was about to enter, when he saw the figure of a woman with long golden hair seated before a table with her back to him. At first he thought she was praying; but, with his usual love of adventure, he determined to see her face. So he stepped noiselessly behind her and saw that she was before a mirror. That moment she raised her eyes—such *heavenly* eyes, he said—and looked at his face in the glass, peering from behind the golden veil of her beautiful hair; and as she looked not a sound came from her, but every trace of color died

out of her face, leaving it like marble; and fearing to frighten her more, he gave a reassuring smile, and quietly withdrew as he came. Until he was fairly in the saddle again and some distance on, he did not once think of his errand, so enraptured was he with the beautiful vision; but he rode on until he came to a village, and finding a hotel, stopped long enough for a few hours' rest, and was off at dawn. Since that time those eyes have followed him in dreams, and come between him and all duty."

"O Kitty, don't!" pleaded Christabel, as she hid her crimson face in my lap.

"Why, darling, I'm just repeating his own words, only I can't tell it as splendidly as he did. Well, any way, he never thought about the locality when Roland asked him to come here; and so when he came on Chrissie this afternoon, her face seemed like a dream to him, and he could not help that exclamation. Still he wasn't at all sure about her; yet when he saw her again, by lamp-light, the resemblance was startling. But he thought it must be his fancy until, as we came into the grounds, he looked up suddenly toward the house, and it all flashed across his mind in a moment,—the large building looming out of the darkness, and the smaller one with a light moving about in it—for I suppose some of the folks are prowling around. Chrissie made us hurry into the house, but promised she would explain *her* part to him by-and-by; and I think it would be *so* romantic if she would only go out into the old study with him and tell him all about it there. Isn't it splendid to think it was all true, after all, Aunt Jean?" And Kitty paused, quite out of breath. For answer I raised Chrissie's face and head between my two palms, while I asked, "And what does my Christabel say to all this? Did she recognize her midnight lover this afternoon?"

"Yes, Auntie," she responded, in a low tone, "I knew the face the moment I saw it, but I dared not say a word, I knew you would all quiz me so; and it all seemed so mysterious till he explained it. But it seems as though I must have known him all this time."

"Well, my darling, I hope it will all come right. I hardly know what to say." But I had an uncomfortable sense that things were settled in one direction already. Chrissie had a new shyness, and seemed reluctant, yet anxious, to go down-stairs. As we entered the parlor, I saw our little romance was still a secret among us five, and would remain so. During a pause in the games, Chrissie whispered quietly to me, "Auntie, Mr. Delamore is impatient to have me keep my promise, and Kitty has put it into his head that the story must be told in that very room. I have agreed, if Kitty and Mr. Haydon and yourself will go with us."

"Go into the library, dear, all of you, and stay till I can slip away unperceived."

Which I soon did, and in solemn file, with triumphal torches we marched down the corridor into the grim, musty little study, where we received a chrism of cobweb by way of baptism, in this new Lovers' Bower. Rollie perched on the desk, Dick leaned near him, and Kitty nestled in my lap, while Christabel stammered out the story of her ordeal, which the irreverent Rollie received with a shout of amusement. But the delighted hero looked as though he would like then and there to assure her of the faithfulness of the prophecy. Kitty suddenly sprang from my knee, exclaiming:

"There! I've been wondering how that door came to be open. I remember now; that was the way I came in to bring the mirror, for I had a horror of that pokey old passage!"

Things were getting a little awkward, and I proposed a return to the parlor, lest we should be missed, magnanimously leading the procession this time.

With a wooing so mysteriously and romantically begun, can you doubt the sequel? Mr. Dick found my old home very attractive long after the family dispersed, and the "strange road" became a highway to happiness with him. This is an age of progress. The wooing sped so well that I placed June roses in my cap for the double wedding, for willful Kitty determined to have things her own way. We fitted up the old study as a little chapel, and the dainty brides made dainty wives where Chrissie "met her Fate."

"TOO WISE FOR LOVE."

I.

A BLUE-BIRD sang through glen and grove—
"The world has grown too wise for Love!"

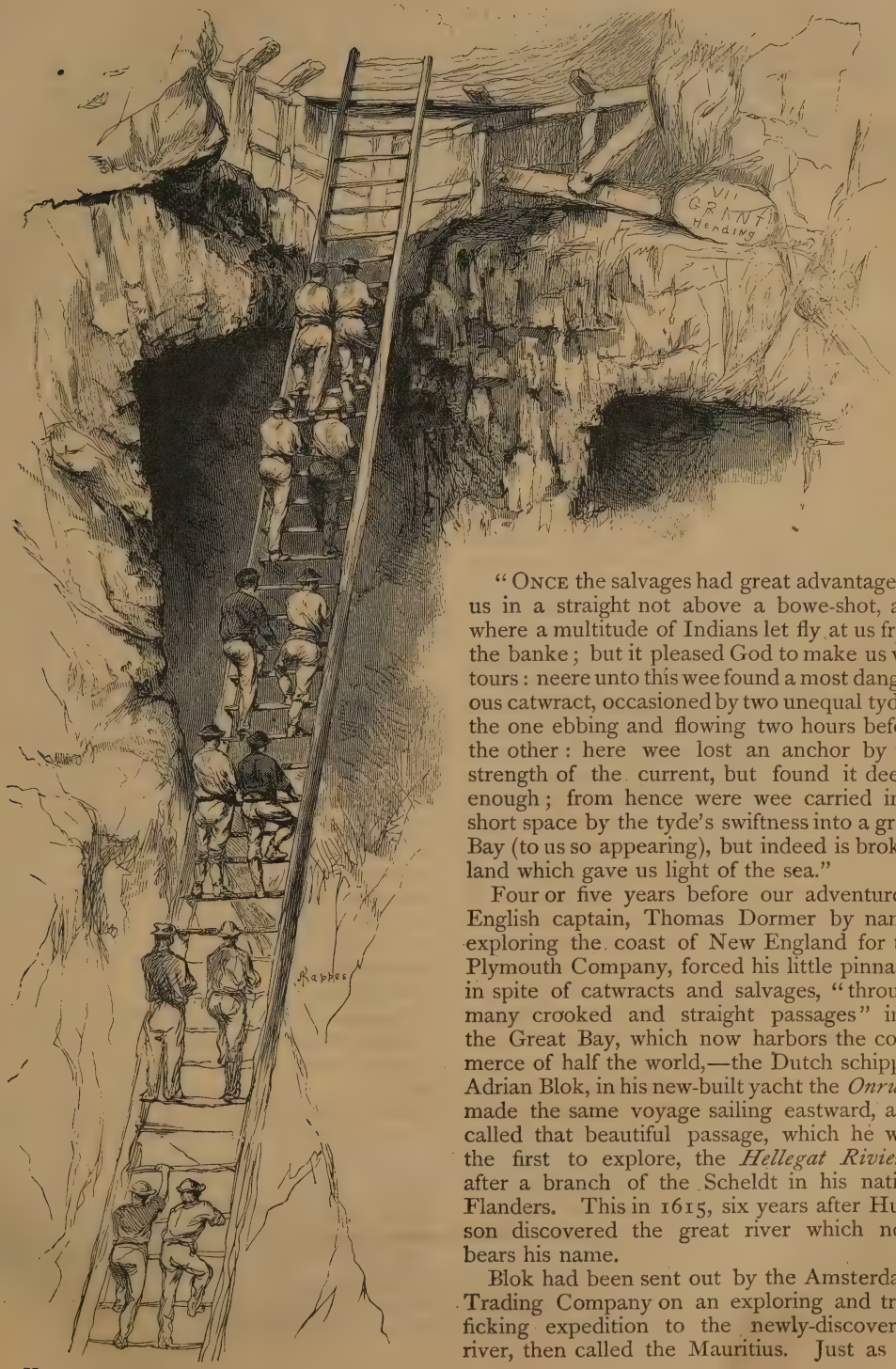
"Too wise for Love!" O eyes of men!
Ye scarcely turn to look again,
Though tangling in the wayside press
Float airy phantasies of dress,
And blonde hair's witching loveliness.
Vain all the shy, delaying arts:
Ye look straight on. O manly hearts!
Ye were not wont to beat so slow
Where Beauty's footsteps come and go.
At some new altars do ye bow?
New Platos con with bloodless brow?—
Or thin-lipped schoolmen, armed to spy
Chemic equivalents of a sigh,
And say what royal gases speak
Their secrets in a blush-warm cheek?
On summer shores, by sea-winds blown,
The white-armed maidens walk alone;
Long grasses choke your trysting-grove;
The world has grown too wise for Love.

II.

"Too wise for Love!" O woman-souls,
Round you the same chill current rolls.
Your ancient landmarks, thrust aside,
Float downward on the dizzying tide.
Ah, ruthless Change! No longer waits
The queen within her palace gates.
With lips grown tired—too tired to kiss—
Discoursing of what thing Love is;
With hands that cling not any more,
For grasping pen, and rein, and oar;
Forth fares she on the common way.
Ah, lingering Theban of our day,
Promised, as erst of old, to him
Who reads the Sphinx's riddle grim,
Your rallying song rings out amain,
And this the burden of your strain:
"O, Love was sweet, but Love is past!
Not sweetest things may longest last;
Now Wisdom cometh from afar,
And blazing o'er her silver car,
Lo, *Freedom*—bright and morning star!'

And still around, below, above,
The blue-bird sang—"Too wise for Love—
The world has grown too wise for Love!"

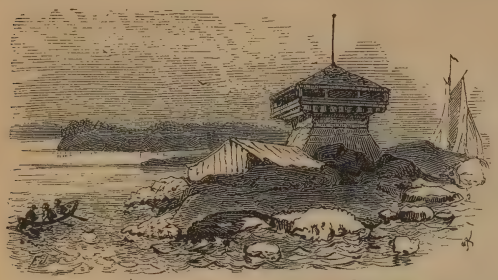
THE UNBARRING OF HELL GATE.



"ONCE the salvages had great advantage of us in a straight not above a bowe-shot, and where a multitude of Indians let fly at us from the banke; but it pleased God to make us victours: neere unto this wee found a most dangerous catwract, occasioned by two unequal tydes, the one ebbing and flowing two hours before the other: here wee lost an anchor by the strength of the current, but found it deepe enough; from hence were wee carried in a short space by the tyde's swiftness into a great Bay (to us so appearing), but indeed is broken land which gave us light of the sea."

Four or five years before our adventurous English captain, Thomas Dormer by name, exploring the coast of New England for the Plymouth Company, forced his little pinnace, in spite of catwracts and salvages, "through many crooked and straight passages" into the Great Bay, which now harbors the commerce of half the world,—the Dutch schipper Adrian Blok, in his new-built yacht the *Onrust*, made the same voyage sailing eastward, and called that beautiful passage, which he was the first to explore, the *Hellegat Riviere*, after a branch of the Scheldt in his native Flanders. This in 1615, six years after Hudson discovered the great river which now bears his name.

Blok had been sent out by the Amsterdam Trading Company on an exploring and trafficking expedition to the newly-discovered river, then called the Mauritius. Just as he



BLOCK-HOUSE ON MILL ROCK, 1814.

was about to return, in the fall of 1614, his little ship, the *Tigre*, caught fire and was destroyed. Nothing daunted by the mishap, he set to work to build another, which, with the assistance of the admiring natives, he finished the following spring. His new craft, the first bit of naval architecture launched on Manhattan waters, was a yacht of sixteen tons burden, 38 feet keel and 11½ feet beam. He christened it the *Onrust*, in English *Restless*—a name peculiarly appropriate for the first of the multitudinous shipping to hail from the same port. It was significant, too, that the first voyage of the *Restless* should be through the channel destined, in after years, when its turbulence had been quelled, to become the main gateway to the harbor of Manhattan, itself the portal of a new world won to civilization.

Fifty years after the adventure of Captain Dormer, another Englishman wrote a description of the place called Hell Gate: "which being a narrow passage there runneth a violent stream both upon flood and ebb, and in the middle lyeth some Islands of rocks which the current sets so violently upon that it threatens present shipwreck; and upon the flood is a large whirlpool which continually sends forth a hideous roaring, enough to affright any stranger from passing that way, and to wait for some Charon to conduct him through: yet to those who are well acquainted, little or no danger; yet a place of great defence against any enemy coming in that way, which a small fortification would absolutely prevent."

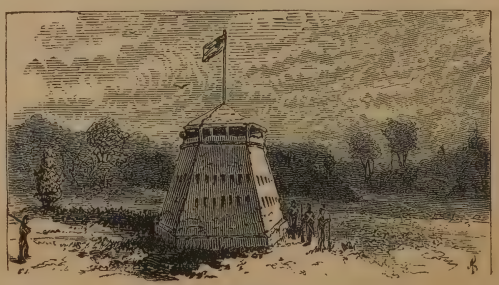
Thus early, it appears, the name *Hellegat*, —originally applied to the whole of what is now East River,—had been restricted to Captain Dormer's "dangerous catwract," and warped from its poetical meaning, *beautiful pass*, as Judge Benson translates it, to something savoring of the infernal: not solely through English perverseness, however; for, as De Laet's *Inferni os* implies, the Dutch themselves must speedily have forgotten the origin of the name, and begun to give it a meaning more appropriate to the limited space to which they had come to apply it.

The readers of Cooper will remember the headlong chase of the Water-Witch through this critical pass, pursuer and pursued each in too imminent danger to think of hurting the other as they whirled through the boiling eddies.

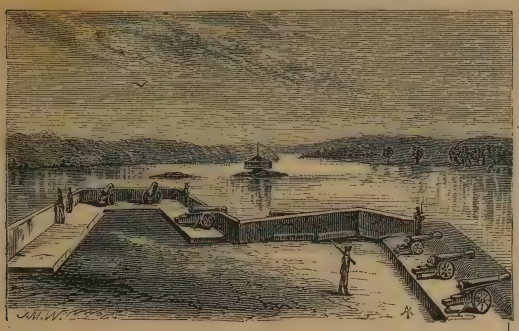
The novelist's description of the passage has all the rush and excitement of the place itself. Irving's is humorously whimsical; yet no one could excel him in fidelity to Nature when he tells how the current is violently compressed between shouldering promontories and horribly perplexed by rocks and shoals. "Being at the best of times a very violent and impetuous current, it takes these impediments in mighty dudgeon; boiling in whirlpools; brawling and fretting in ripples; raging and roaring in rapids and breakers; and, in short, indulging in all kinds of wrong-headed paroxysms. At such times, woe to any unlucky vessel that ventures within its clutches. This termagant humor, however, prevails only at certain times of tide. At low water, for instance, it is as pacific a stream as you would wish to see. But as the tide rises it begins to fret; at half-tide it roars with might and main, like a bull bellowing for more drink; but when the tide is full, it relapses into quiet, and for a time sleeps as soundly as an alderman after dinner. In fact, it may be compared to a quarrelsome toper, who is a peaceable fellow enough when he has no liquor at all, or when he has a skinful, but who, when half-seas over, plays the very devil."

The violent currents that traverse East River and make it so dangerous to shipping, arise from contrasts of elevation between two tidal waves—one entering from the Sound, the other by way of Sandy Hook entrance. These two waves meet and struggle for the mastery between Forty-second street and Pot Rock, the greatest disturbance of level occurring in the immediate vicinity of Hell Gate, and in a space of less than 4,000 feet.

The eastwardly or *flood* current begins to run about fifty minutes after the restoration of level between the waters on the two sides



TOWER ON HALLET'S POINT, 1814.



FORT STEVENS IN 1814.

of the Gate. The *ebb*, or westwardly current, follows slack water at a smaller interval. The flood tide flows at a lower stage than the ebb, and is consequently much the stronger. The bewildering whirls of the currents at this stage of the tide are attributed by the Chief Hydrographer of the Coast Survey, not so much to the uneven channel and obstructing rocks as to the abrupt changes of course at the point of greatest fall.

The main ship-channel is the best at all stages of tide, having the deepest water and the slowest current. Through this channel the water runs from two to two and a half miles an hour; through the middle channel, from four to seven miles; through the eastern channel, about three miles. Off Hallet's Point the tide sweeps at the fearful rate of eight or nine miles an hour; between Shell Drake Rock and Holme's Rock, from four to eight miles; below Pot Rock, from two to five. Unless favored with a commanding breeze, the early navigator found it impossible to control his vessel when once fairly caught in these furious currents, which were made tenfold more perilous by cross-currents and countless circular eddies running into and overlying each other. "To steer a vessel through these intricate passages, through which the water runs with such speed, breaks noisily even in the calmest times upon the rocky shores and islands, and whirls in a thousand dizzying eddies, requires," says the Government surveyor, "a cool head and a steady hand, even with the superior help of steam. But in a sailing-vessel the greatest skill and self-possession, without a commanding wind, prove insufficient to guard against certain danger." More harm is suffered and more risks incurred here in a space of 2,000 yards, than in all the rest of the navigable waters this side of New York to the farthest extremity of the Sound. Before any improvement was made in the channel, a thousand vessels a year were wrecked or seriously damaged by collision with its projecting rocks. Even now it is no uncommon thing to see two or three vessels go ashore, or come to grief on Frying-Pan, Gridiron or some other of its treacherous reefs, in the course of a single day.

But it is not so much the damage done to the light coasters that frequent the passage, as the exclusion of larger craft from this much-needed entrance to the harbor of New York, that makes the bars of Hell Gate so hurtful to our commerce. The fleets of ships and steamers that do our European carrying trade are now compelled to enter by way of Sandy Hook. The approaches to this entrance are stormy and perilous. The entrance is obstructed by a sand-bar, over which vessels of large draught cannot cross except at high tide, causing constant, vexatious, and expensive delays. The inner channel is crooked, shallow, and subject to shifting shoals, which make the passage uncertain and troublesome, if not dangerous. It was natural that the master-minds of our commercial interests should covet the shorter and safer entrance through the Sound, so provokingly barred at Hell Gate. These obstructions once removed, a hundred miles of exposure to a dangerous coast would be shunned and an equal distance of smooth sailing gained; the route to Europe would be shortened by fifty miles; the tedious waiting for high water at Sandy Hook would be avoided, and a full day's time gained on every voyage. The far-reaching importance of these advantages, and the possible effect of them on the future of the city and country are simply incalculable. The more they were considered, the more urgent appeared the necessity of their realization. But how could the channel be cleared? An enterprise of the kind so vast in scope and so difficult in character had never yet been undertaken. The problem was a new one to submarine engineering, with conditions peculiarly difficult. Whoever



A DUTCH VIEW OF HELL GATE; (FROM AN OLD PRINT).



HELL GATE FROM NEGRO POINT.

undertook its reduction would have to invent both means and processes; and there were few engineers who did not seriously doubt the possibility of dislodging by human agencies those solid barriers which had so long withstood the terrific force of the tides sweeping over and around them, and which were accessible only for a few minutes at slack water each day. The uncertainty of the problem was heightened by the lack of any accurate knowledge of the obstacles to be removed. Hell Gate had not even been surveyed when, in 1845, the much-canvassed assault upon it began to show signs of passage from words to deeds, at which time, under the leadership of David Hall, the merchants of New York began their appeals to Congress for an appropriation for the improvement of the channel. These petitions and memorials seemed to have no effect; yet when the Coast Survey Office was reorganized in 1847, under the superintendence of Professor Bache, the first local field-work undertaken was an examination of this most important and most perilous channel on our coasts. The first survey was made under the supervision of Lieut. (now Rear Admiral) Chas. H. Davis, U. S. N., in the winter of 1847–48. The report of Lieut. Davis, made in February, 1848, gave a minute description of the rocks and currents of the Gate, and suggested a plan of blasting and docking by which the more serious obstructions might be removed or shorn of their dangerous character. The plan thus recommended was promptly approved by the New York Chamber of Commerce, and Congress was again appealed to for an appropriation for carrying on the work. The only effect was an order for a re-survey of the channel. The work was committed to Lieut. (now Admiral) David D. Porter, who, in the fall of 1848, reaffirmed the observations of Lieut. Davis, reviewed somewhat more minutely the obstructions of the channel, and expressed the opinion that where the interests of so many were at stake the want of attention to the navigation of Hell Gate appeared like culpable neglect. After describing particularly the perils of the passage, and speaking of the great numbers of vessels that went ashore from month to month, he concluded by expressing the conviction that if the measures proposed by Lieut. Davis were carried out, "not one vessel would be lost in five years."

Encouraged by this report, the merchants of New York renewed their appeals to Congress, with no other result than an order for a new survey. Another naval officer attached to the Coast Survey, Lieut. M. Woodhull, was sent to repeat the work, which he did in 1849, making a full report, and, like his predecessors, recommending immediate action. One excellent result of these surveys was a fine chart of Hell Gate and its approaches, with elaborate sailing directions, first issued from the office of the Coast Survey in 1851. Our map is a photographic copy in miniature of that part of the Coast Survey chart which covers the Gate, with the soundings omitted. It shows far better than any verbal description the order and grouping of the obstructions.

While Lieut. Woodhull was engaged in his survey, there appeared upon the field of action a volunteer, a French



MAP OF HELL GATE.

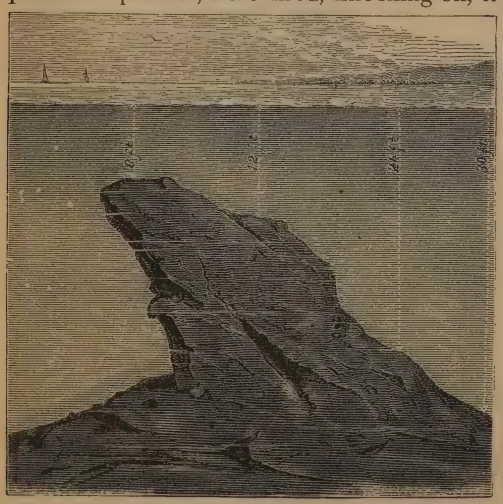
engineer, Mons. Maillefert by name, who declared himself able and willing to undertake the Herculean task of clearing the Gate, at a cost surprisingly small. His plan was entirely new. He dispensed with the slow and costly process of drilling—a process that seemed well-nigh impracticable in the furious tides of Hell Gate—and exploded his charges against instead of within the rocks to be broken up. When exploded in open air, gunpowder, it is well known, flashes upward and outward, doing little or no harm to bodies beneath. Under water the action is different. The superincumbent stratum offers such resistance to the passage of the gas evolved, that the shock of the explosion is determined in all directions, making it possible to shatter subaqueous rocks by surface concussion. The process was remarkably simple, and within certain limits quite successful, as its employment in the harbor of Nassau and elsewhere, under Mons. Maillefert's supervision, had sufficiently demonstrated.

Lieut. Woodhull, to whom Mons. Maillefert applied for employment, had no authority beyond the exigencies of the survey. Yet the proposed plan appeared so feasible and inexpensive, that he interested himself so far as to aid Mons. Maillefert in bringing his project before the leading merchants of the city, in connection with the well-known scientist, Mr. E. Merriam, of Brooklyn. Nothing was accomplished, however, until March, 1851, when, despairing of any action by Congress, Mr. Henry Grinnell offered to subscribe $5,000 toward giving the new plan a trial. Shortly after Mons. Maillefert submitted to the Chamber of Commerce an offer to remove three small but dangerous reefs—Pot Rock, Frying-Pan, and Way's Reef—for the sum of $15,000, which proposition was formally accepted on the 18th of June following. The first blast was made on Pot Rock on the 19th of August, knocking off some four feet from its highest projection. Originally this obstruction rose to within eight feet of the surface at low water, and stretched like a dam across the Gate, broadside to the current, at an average depth of ten feet, for a distance of 130 feet. At the depth of 24 feet the reef was 250 feet long and 75 feet wide, the strata vertical and trending north and south like all the other rocks of Hell Gate. At the least depth the rock was about six feet square, deepening to fourteen feet on the east and west, and suddenly to 24 feet on the north and south. At a short

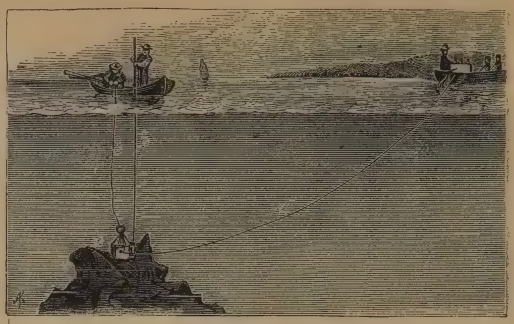
distance on either side the soundings show from 50 to 75 feet of water, increasing to 115 feet off Woolsey's Bath-House. Standing thus in the very middle of the channel, and swept by a current rushing from five to eight miles an hour, this obstruction was of the most formidable character. Its removal, Lieut. Porter believed, would lessen the dangers of the passage by one-half.

Frying-Pan was a narrow ledge, approaching within nine feet of the surface and running north and south, a part of the chain of rocks extending from Hog's Back to Hallet's Point. This rock out of the way, vessels would always drift through the main ship-channel. The difficulty of removing it was considered by Lieut. Porter to be much greater than with any other rock in the Gate. Way's Reef comprised two rocks, one conical, with five feet of water, the other twenty yards north, a flat bed ten feet square, with fourteen feet of water. A strong current setting over Way's Reef made it very dangerous.

Mons. Maillefert's operations were continued intermittently, as funds were forthcoming, until March 26th, 1852, when, by a misplacing of battery connections, a canister of powder was exploded under his boat, instantly killing three men and disabling their chief. During this period 284 charges, containing in all 34,231 pounds of powder, were exploded on Pot Rock, removing, according to Lieut. Bartlett of the Coast Survey, 12½ feet, and giving a depth of 20½ feet. Subsequent and more accurate, possibly more honest, surveys showed the least depth on Pot Rock to be only 18 feet. On Frying-Pan and Way's Reef, 240 charges, containing nearly 27,926 pounds of powder, were fired, knocking off, it



PROFILE OF POT ROCK.



MAILLEFERT'S PLAN.
a, Powder Canister; *b*, Iron Rod for placing Charge; *c*, Rope; *d*, Conducting Wire; *e*, Battery.

was claimed, 9½ feet from each, and giving them a depth of water of 18½ and 14½ feet respectively. These results also appear to have been greatly exaggerated, as later surveyors found but 9½ feet on the former and 13 feet on the latter. Six discharges of 125 pounds each reduced Shell Drake from eight to seventeen feet. A single discharge on Bald-Headed Billy, a small but dangerous boulder, dry at low water, was sufficient to dislodge it, when it was split by drilling, and the two parts separately removed. Mons. Maillefert also destroyed, by eight discharges, two other small rocks in the neighborhood of Woolsey's Bath-House. The cost of these operations was about $13,000, a small sum for the great improvement effected in the channel. The principal result came from the removal of the projection of Pot Rock. That secured a safe way for vessels drawing sixteen feet of water, and gave such increased facility for the passage of the rapid flood-current that the violent boiling of the pot was greatly reduced, and the destructive whirlpool almost completely disappeared. "Hell Gate has lost its terrors," was the jubilant report of Mons. Maillefert and his Danish copartner, Captain Raasloff, in August, 1852, adding that it might be made the safest entrance to the harbor of New York, "if the necessary means be found to continue operations, which, from the very outset, have given such beautiful and important results."

Shortly after this appeal an appropriation of $20,000 was made by Congress for carrying on the work under the supervision of Lieut. Bartlett, and subsequently of Major Fraser, of the Engineer Corps. This fund was soon exhausted, together with Mons. Maillefert's private capital, and the work came to an end.

In 1857 General Totten, Chief Engineer U. S. Army, A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and Commander Charles H. Davis, U. S. Navy, were appointed Advisory

Council to the Commissioners relative to the encroachments and preservation of the harbor of New York. In their report, based on the survey of Hell Gate by Lieut. Craven, of the Coast Survey, made in 1856, they recommended the removal of Pot Rock, Frying-Pan, Way's Reef, and certain smaller rocks, by blasting; the building of stone piers with spring fenders on Hog's Back, the Gridiron, and Bread and Cheese; the closing of the channel between the latter reef and the head of Blackwell's Island, and the erection of a beacon on Rylander's Reef. But their recommendation ended with itself, no action being taken to carry it into effect.

For the next ten years the affairs of the nation were so absorbing that local interests were left perforce in the background. As soon, however, as the war was over, the conversion of Hell Gate into a safe highway for commerce was again demanded: and the demand was so urgent, and so reasonable withal, that it could not be denied.

In the summer of 1866, Brevet Major-General Newton was assigned by the War Department to the duty of examining these obstructions, with a view to their removal. His first report was made in January, 1867, giving elaborate estimates of the work required to make the channel what it should be,—a safe passage-way for all shipping, not a mere coaster's channel. Three plans of operation were suggested.

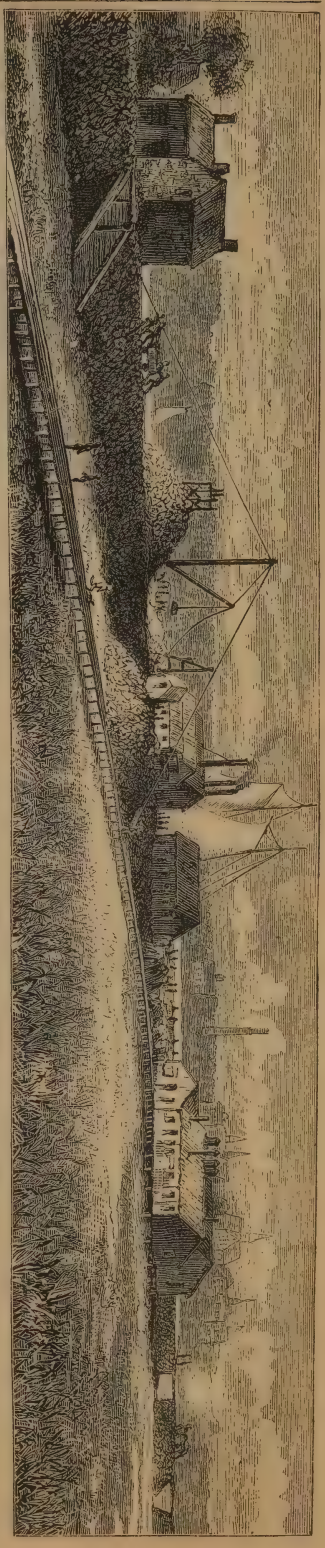
The first project comprised the blasting and removal of rock from Pot Rock, Frying-Pan, Way's Reef, Shell Drake, Heeltap Rocks, Negro Point, Scaly Rock, Hallet's Point, and certain small detached rocks; and the erection of a series of sea-walls along Hen and Chicken, Flood Rock, the Gridiron, Hog's Back, Holme's Rock, and on the exposed sides of the other reefs of the channel. Rock to be removed to 24 or 26 feet below mean low water; time, six years; estimated cost for the greater depth, $6,000,000.

The second project included the foregoing with the removal of Negro Head, Flood Rock, Hen and Chicken, and the Gridiron, with the omission of the sea-walls, thereby made unnecessary. Time, ten years; cost, $9,000,000.

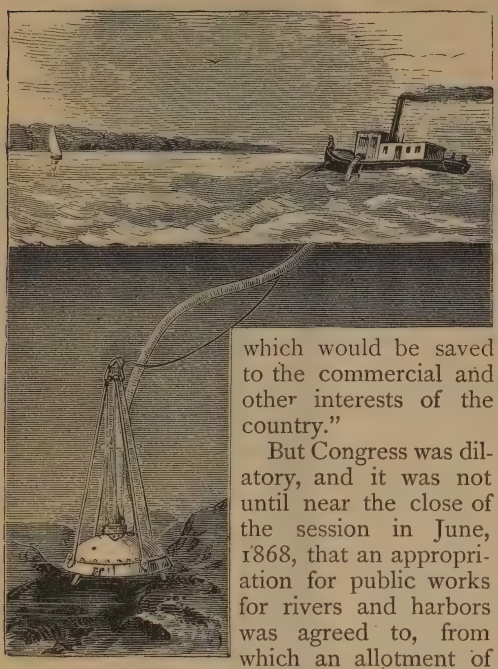
The third project omitted all improvement of the middle channel, and, with the addition of Hallet's Point, was essentially that recommended by the Advisory Council in 1857. Time, four years; cost about $3,000,000.

The third project was recommended by the U. S. Chief of Engineers, on account of its moderate cost. A subsequent reduction of the estimated expense removed the only objection to including the Gridiron in the plan of operation, and the scope of the work was consequently extended to include that most formidable and destructive reef in the channel.

While General Newton was making his surveys and preparing his estimate, Congress was importuned by ship-masters and merchants impatient for visible results. The actual loss by the obstruction of Hell Gate, it was asserted in a petition presented in October, 1867, amounted to between one and a half and two million dollars a year, during the time when our commerce was suffering from the "war-blight;" with returning prosperity the losses would be proportionally increased. The cost of the desired improvements, it was urged, "would be not at all proportioned to the amount



GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS AT HALLET'S POINT, SHOWING OFFICES, SHOPS, STONE REMOVED FROM TUNNELS, ETC.



MUSHROOM DRILL.

which would be saved to the commercial and other interests of the country."

But Congress was dilatory, and it was not until near the close of the session in June, 1868, that an appropriation for public works for rivers and harbors was agreed to, from which an allotment of $85,000 was made for the needs of Hell Gate. In August, advertisements were inserted in the leading papers, calling for bids for the removal of Pot Rock and Frying-Pan. When publicly opened, September 21, the bids were found to range from $38,000 to $500,000, the time asked varying from three months to time unlimited. The great disparity in these bids was evidence enough of the experimental and problematic character of the work to be done. The lowest bidder was Mr. Sidney F. Shelbourne, of New York, to whom the contract was awarded in October. Mr. Shelbourne proposed to do the work by drilling and blasting, the machinery to be placed on the bottom and driven by a steam pump placed on a vessel above. The rock was to be pierced by a rotating diamond drill driven by a small turbine wheel enclosed in a turtle-shaped chamber, blasted by charges of nitroglycerine, and the *débris* removed by a grappling machine. The current of water by which the first drill was driven did not give power enough on trial, and the drill was abandoned for a larger one—the "Mushroom," of similar construction, driven by steam. This drill was tried with partial success on Frying-Pan, but it proved too delicate and uncertain of continuous action under the trying requirements of the rough work at Hell Gate, and one of entirely different construction was substituted.

Speaking of these experiments, in his report dated December 19, 1868, Gen. Newton said: "The removal of rocks in Hell Gate is attended with peculiar difficulty. The current is extremely rapid, so that divers could not be sent down, in most places, to regulate and set the drills, except at slack water. This fact requires that the drill should act independently of manual assistance, and therefore peculiar and ingenious devices are required. But the more formidable evil is the chance, unavoidable in the long run, of being collided with, from the number of vessels, daily increasing, which frequent this narrow pass." This danger Mr. Shelbourne soon had experience of, to his cost.

The impossibility of placing the "Mushroom" satisfactorily on jagged rocks swept by violent currents, caused Mr. Shelbourne to discard the rotating principle of the diamond drill, substituting a striking drill. This machine was 35 feet high, 27 feet in diameter at the base, and weighed 28 tons. The drilling engine was above water, the rock being pierced by the continual falling of a heavy drill-bar. The preliminary trial of this drill was entirely successful. When placed on Frying-Pan it stood firmly on the rock, unmoved by the current, until the necessary preparations were made for putting it in operation. But that very day it was run down by a brig, a tug, and a canal-boat, and completely demolished. The time of Mr. Shelbourne's contract had been twice extended. As the final period expired three days after the destruction of the last drill, no application for renewal was made. Mr. Shelbourne had labored faithfully and well: but luck was against him, his last misfortune leaving him some twenty thousand dollars out of pocket, and the public so much the richer for the experiments he had made.

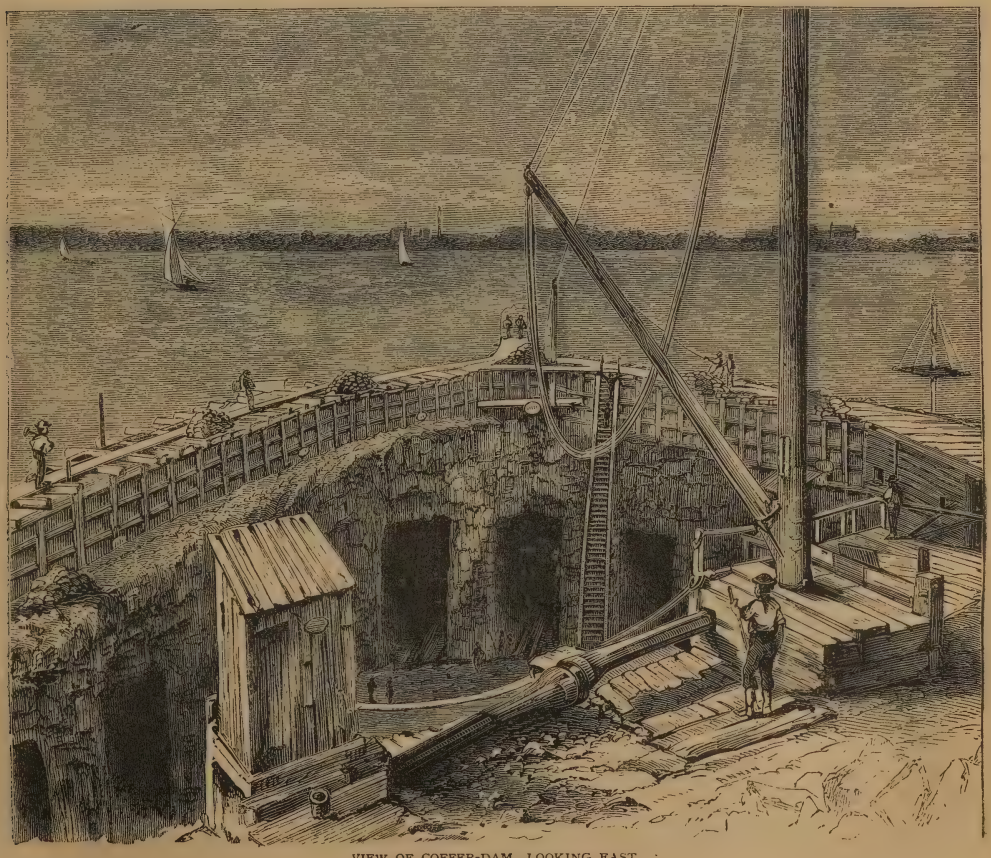
While Mr. Shelbourne's large drill was building, the removal of Pot Rock was withdrawn from his contract, and awarded to Mons. Maillefert, together with Way's Reef and Shell Drake. The time of completing the reduction of these rocks to the depth of 25 feet, mean low water, was limited to December 1, 1869. Mons. Maillefert began operations about the first of August, employing his process of surface blasting. He succeeded only in demonstrating, at his own expense, the inefficiency of the process for removing solid bed-rock. So long as the rock was found in isolated pinnacles, great effects were produced; but when the projecting points had been knocked away, and the rock reduced to a large, smooth surface, progress became slow, doubtful, and

costly. For example, the narrow ledge of Pot Rock was reduced about nine feet in height by 284 discharges; subsequently 900 charges, from 75 to 100 pounds each, exploded under the supervision of Major Fraser, removed but little over a foot, the rate of gain decreasing with great rapidity with each discharge. At the close of Mons. Maillefert's last operations on Way's Reef and Shell Drake, they showed a depth of water of $17\frac{1}{2}$ and $18\frac{4}{5}$ feet respectively.

While these unsuccessful but not fruitless experiments were making, the General in charge became convinced that the work could be done more economically if conducted directly on behalf of the Government, instead of through contractors as heretofore. It was evident that new plans would have to be tried, and new machinery invented, requiring outlays that a contractor could not afford to make while uncertain of a successful bid under succeeding appropriations. To contract with one party for the whole work, payments to be made as appropriations were granted, would, on the other hand, be inordinately expensive. In estimating for his bid the contractor would have to allow a wide margin for possible losses by delays and failures by Congress to appropriate, and no allowance could be made for the improvements in means and methods of working, sure to be devised from time to time, as the requisite experience should be gained.

Taking all things into account, General Newton believed it possible to perform the work at a great saving if allowed to do it in his own way. His opportunity came when the allotment for Hell Gate ($178,200) was made from the general appropriation for river and harbor improvements granted April 10, 1869; and, without waiting for the expiration of the contracts then running, he proceeded to lay out the work under the direct supervision of the War Department.

The removal of Hallet's Point was the largest and most pressing operation thus far authorized. Projecting three hundred feet into the stream in such a way as to throw the Sound tide straight upon the Gridiron, over which it breaks with destructive violence, this



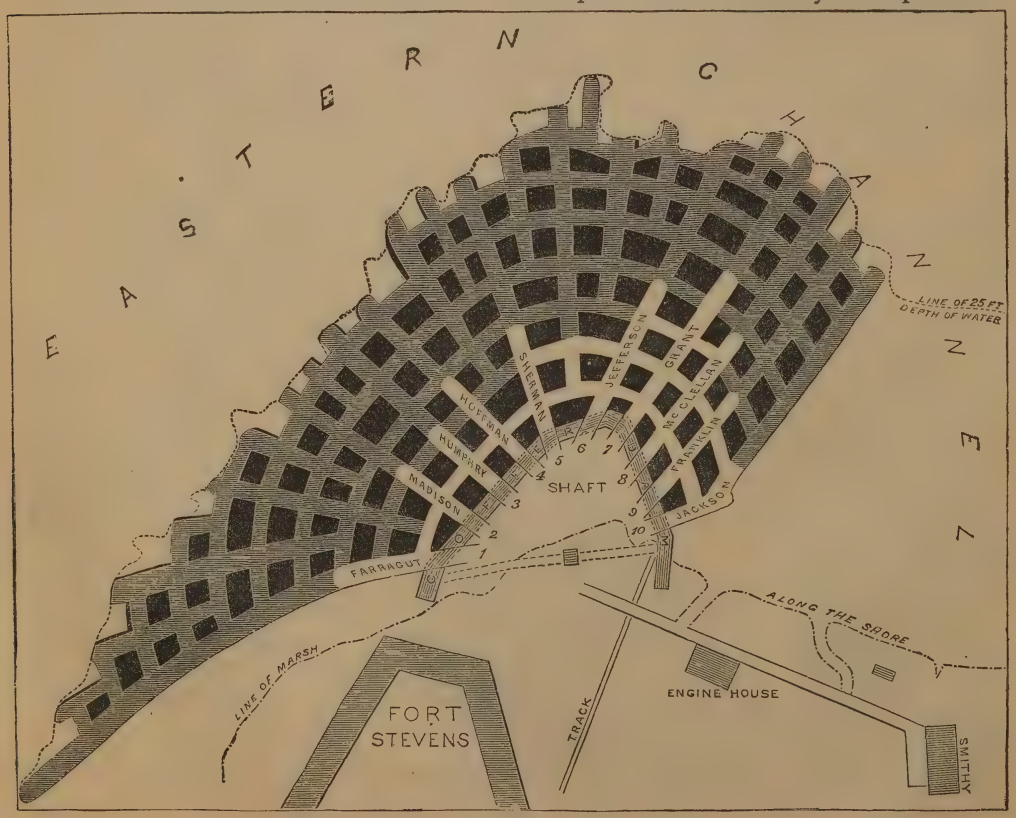
VIEW OF COFFER-DAM, LOOKING EAST.

spur of rock stands squarely in the way of shipping coming in from the eastward. To escape the Gridiron such vessels have to shave the point as closely as possible, so that any apparatus placed above the reef would inevitably be run down and disposed of as unceremoniously as Mr. Shelbourne's, on Frying-Pan. The only feasible plan of operation was to work from the shore by sinking a shaft, out of the way of shipping, and, after undermining the reef with radiating headings connected by concentric galleries, and removing all the rock that could be safely taken out, blow up the roof and its supporting columns at a single explosion, the *débris* to be either buried in the excavation or removed by grappling, as might be most economical.

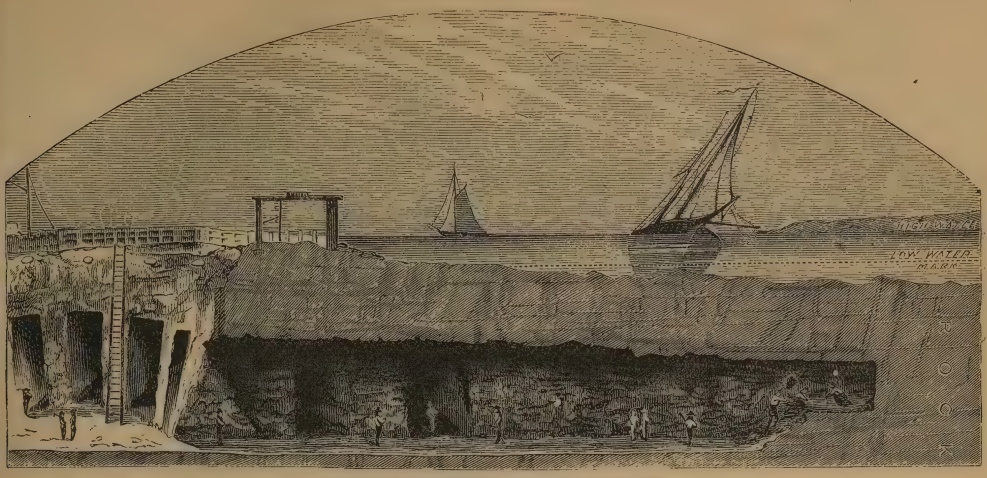
This plan had the advantage of being known and tried. The only risk was the possible flooding of the mine through fissures in the roof; but even if such an accident should occur, and the completion of the work by dry blasting prevented, every foot of rock taken out would be so much gained; and what remained could be removed without increased difficulty by whatever process might be adopted for the removal of the channel rocks.

The first step was to construct between high and low water around the mouth of the proposed shaft a strong coffer-dam, 310 feet in length, extending along four sides of an irregular pentagon, the fifth, or shore line, of which was about 145 feet. This dam consisting of a double shield of heavy timbers securely fastened to the rocks by bolts passing through the structure, the space between the walls filled water-tight with sand and clay, was completed and pumped out, so that operations could be begun in the interior, about the first of November, since which time—save for a short period last fall, when the available funds ran out—the work has been pushed rapidly and successfully, at a cost that amply demonstrated the economy of the plan.

The place is well worth visiting. A slender causeway leads to it across the salt-marsh back of the Point. A huge pile of rock to the right of Fort Stevens, now in ruins, indicates the mouth of the shaft. The long embankments stretching across the marsh and along the water-side hint of the capacity of the excavation, and give rise to speculations in regard to the time it would require to remove an equal amount of rock by the vaporous de-



GROUND PLAN OF OPERATIONS AT HALLET'S POINT.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF GRANT HEADING.

trition of surface-blasting. We open the gate at the end of the walk, pass the Surveyor's office and the smithy on the right, and enter the Superintendent's office to present our credentials—not because of any "No Admittance Except on Business"—it is a public work, and every sovereign citizen enters by virtue of proprietorship,—but because we have special favors to ask.

With cordial courtesy, the Superintendent, Mr. G. C. Reitheimer (whose operations at Holy Head and elsewhere have given him a world-wide reputation as a mining engineer), supplies the information desired, exhibits a plan of the work, explains its scope and purpose, and enlarges upon the peculiar difculties and interesting features of the undertaking. Front of his desk lies a pile of specimens from the various strata opened up in the progress of the work: nodules of clay from the surface, enclosing fossil hickory-nuts floated down ages ago, perhaps, from *Nutten Eilandt* (which we call Governor's), buried in the clay, and slowly turned to stone; a fine specimen of iron pyrites dropped probably from some passing vessel; a fragment of pine honey-combed by the *Teredo Navalis*, and petrified like the hickory-nuts; a great variety of simple minerals and gneissoid compounds, not the least interesting of which is a fragment enclosing grains of gold. Here is a block of quartz from a two-foot vein; there a chunk of mica-schist, rusty and rotten. You can crumble it in your hand, or cut it like cheese; a month hence it will be as hard as granite. Yonder white and friable "chamber" stone, that can hardly hold itself together, was once the hardest gneiss; the intense heat of exploding nitro-glycerine has completely disintegrated it.

But we are curious to see the place whence these stones have come, and peer anxiously in that direction through the little window of the slight board building that does duty as the office.

Before we go the Superintendent must have his little joke, which he enjoys immensely.

A group of cartridges, with fuses for their explosion, hang upon the wall. Samples of the various explosives used are near at hand. For the first time we look upon and gingerly handle the harmless-looking but terrific agents that modern science has invented to rival gunpowder. The portable friction-battery for exploding them stands on the table,—a simple box enclosing an insulated glass disk, turned by a crank.

"I take this exploder," the Superintendent says in German-English, showing a little box-wood cylinder with two rubber-covered wires attached, "place it in the cartridge, connect one wire with the positive pole of the battery, the other with the negative pole; turn the crank *so;* the electric current passing from pole to pole fuses the bit of platinum connecting the wires within the exploder; the ignited platinum fires the fulminating powder surrounding it; the fulminate fires the nitro-glycerine, dynamite, or whatever composes the charge, the explosion takes place, and the rock is thrown down as desired.

"Now, if you please" (with an air of serious devotion to science), "we will see if your lungs are sound, by firing an exploder with a spark passed through your bodies. It won't hurt you. Electricity is——" the subject of many curious and amusing remarks, while preparations for the experiment are making. The exploder is connected with the battery

and adroitly slipped under an empty powder-keg to increase the detonation. All join hands, assured that if either has defective lungs no explosion is possible. The right-hand man grasps the free wire of the exploder, the crank is turned, the left-hand victim brings his forefinger hesitatingly to the innocent looking negative pole, and quick as flash, a shock, a sharp report, and a variety of comic attitudes ensue, to the intense delight of the operator.

While elbows are rubbed and eyes and mouths brought gradually into normal shape and position, the startled seekers for pathological information are overwhelmed with congratulations. "Perfectly healthy, perfectly healthy! Your lungs are in an ad-mi-ra-ble condition!"

The new building on the right, as we pass from the Superintendent's office, contains the boilers, air-compressers, and receiver, for running the Burleigh drills, soon to be employed in driving forward the headings. On the left is the carpenter-shop, and farther along the engine-room of the steam-pumps and the hoisting-machine, and the miners' dressing-room.

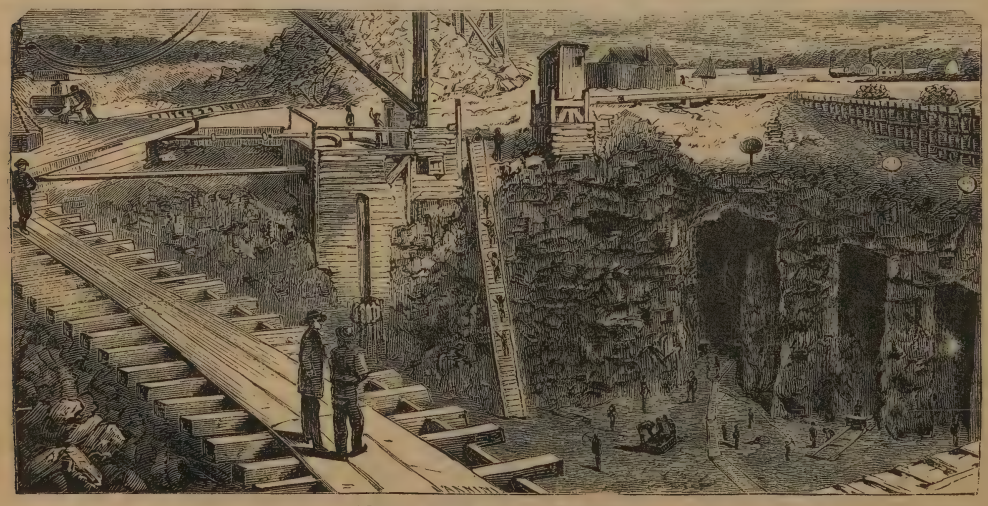
Past these, the first object that attracts attention is a long, rufous Yankee, who stands at the foot of the derrick throwing his arms about after a fashion not laid down by Delsarte. Directly a load of rock heaves in sight, and in obedience to a gesture the car swings over to the truck waiting to receive the load, discharges its contents, and surges back to the unseen depths.

We draw nigh, and grasping the hand-rail, look down. The huge pile of broken stone behind us, and the long embankments stretching across the marsh are accounted for. The tunnels piercing the farther wall under the river suggest a subterranean, or sub-marine, "Mugby Junction," an impression that is not lessened by the loads of rock shooting into the central light from out the darkness penetrated by a dozen radiating tramways, the dripping water below, and the rushing tide above whitening the reef, that stretches out like a dam into the stream.

A steamer, black with passengers, swings round the bend of the river, and careening in the eddies, breasts the tide that breaks in foam high on her bow; tug-boats come puffing in with their tows; a fleet of coasters with all sails set gain slowly on the current; while a deeply-laden sloop drifting out with the tide is caught in the remnant of the whirlpool, and swung completely round before the light breeze stiffens enough to give the helmsman control of his craft. Lucky for her, the once formidable Pot Rock no longer rears its head to stave her bottom. A less fortunate craft lies on the Gridiron, burned almost to the water's edge—a schooner, stranded last night on that treacherous reef, and fired by the flooding of her cargo of lime. Farther east, the projecting masts of another victim tell an "o'er true" tale of the dangers of the passage.

Will we go down?

Our gesticulating friend stops a descending car, we step over its shallow sides, and clinging to the chains are swung over the depths. Emulating the *nonchalance* of our conductor, we look about us, and soon begin to enjoy the novel motion. The moment we touch bottom, a swarm of grimy and dripping miners rush from the headings and make for the car.



VIEW OF SHAFT FROM COFFER-DAM.



DRILLING.

A lot of freshly-sharpened drills came down with us, and for these the miners are speedily pushing and scrambling, like school-boys after a foot-ball.

"All our work is done by the day," the Superintendent explains; "and as a day's work means so many feet forward for each man, according to the nature of the rock, the possession of sharp tools is a matter of no slight moment."

Below, the pit seems deeper than we had judged. From the bottom of the coffer-dam the depth is thirty-two feet. The dam adds considerably to the height on the water side, while the elevation landward, and the platforms atop, make the real depth of the pit nearer fifty feet. The rock is mainly a dark hornblendic gneiss. The dripping water stripes it with the vivid green of slimy vegetation, and the rusty yellow of iron-oxyde, on which the sunlight produces effects that would delight a painter. On the west the rock lies in horizontal strata. At the axis of the reef—along Grant Heading—a sudden twist occurs, beyond which to the eastward the strata are vertical. Several of the headings follow strongly marked lines of vertical stratification, greatly reducing the cost of excavation, and securing without effort perpendicular walls as regular as if smoothed by hand.

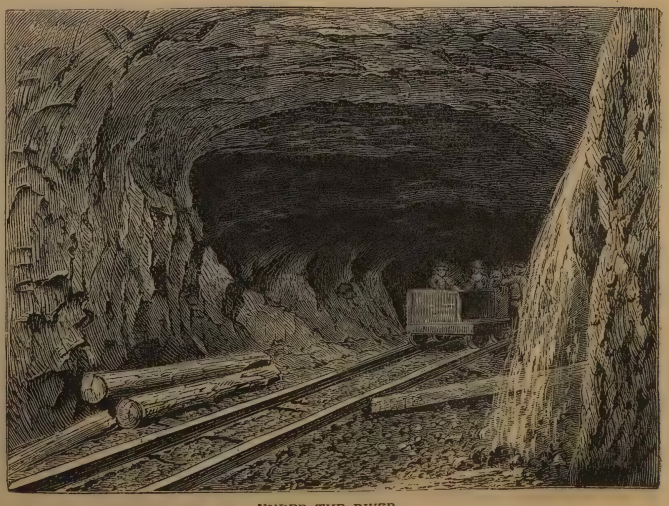
We pass under the river, following first the heading that prolongs the shore-line eastward. Jackson Heading it is called. Cornish miners are as little pleased with numerical designations as the most whimsical Labor Reformer. For their satisfaction, each heading has its proper name, No. 1 being christened in honor of Farragut; the others in order after Madison, Humphry, Hoffman, Sherman, Jefferson, Grant, McClellan, Franklin, and Jackson.

Jackson Heading led off due east. For awhile this direction was maintained, but under steadily increasing difficulties. The rock became micaceous, seamy, and full of iron, causing rapid disintegration. Water poured in through fissures; and when test-holes were driven forward, the in-rushing water drove the drills from the miners' hands, and spouted forty feet into the mine. The course of the heading had to be changed; and now, to keep sufficient strength of rock above, the miners are driving the heading several feet below the general level of the pit.

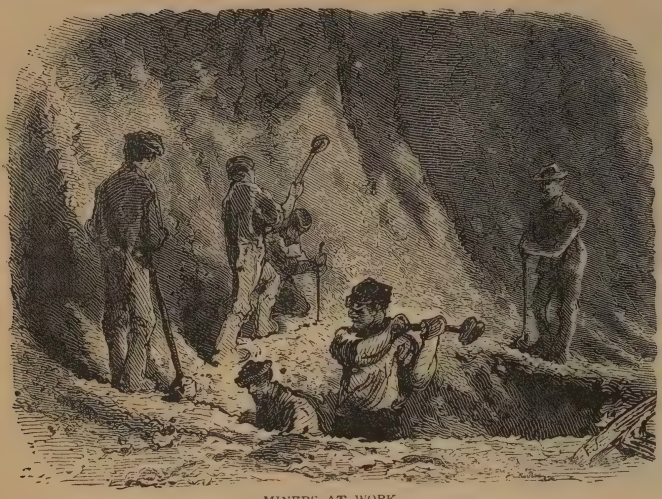
As the headings are driven forward, they are connected by transverse galleries, leaving only so much rock standing in columns as shall insure stability to the shell above. Dodging as we may the water that filters through from the river overhead, we pass from heading to heading through the archways of the galleries. The alternations of bright light and heavy shadow make the view through these galleries peculiarly impressive. The effect will be grand indeed when the entire reef is undermined.

"What a splendid place for storing lager-bier," exclaims a portly brewer, gazing with rapture on this subterranean labyrinth;

> And his eye is lit
> With a speculative ray,



UNDER THE RIVER.



MINERS AT WORK.

as he conceives the grand idea of buying the mine.

"What will the Government do with the work when it is finished?" he asks.

"Blow it up."

"*What?*"

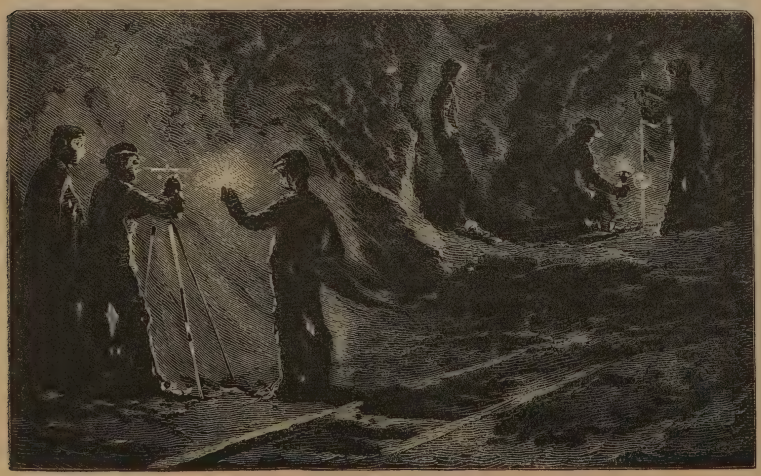
With professional pride the Superintendent explains how the roof and its supporting columns are to be charged with so many thousand pounds of nitro-glycerine, and broken up by a single grand explosion.

"And spoil all these fine cellars!"

From the extremities of the headings we hear the ringing clink of hammers and drills, keeping time to the monotonous chant of the Cornish miners, the only workmen who can endure the discomforts of mining like this. They are seldom dry while at work, and during the cold weather of the past winter their clothing was often sheeted with ice.

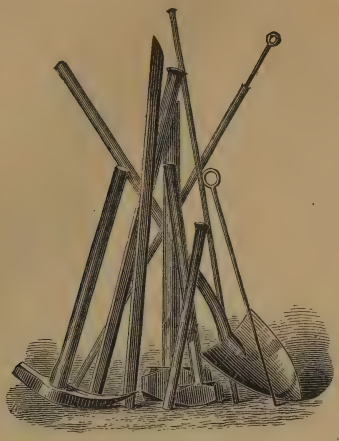
The drilling has thus far been done mainly by hand; but preparations are now making for the employment of Burleigh drills, driven by compressed air, in connection with a diamond prospecting drill.

Mining under water requires peculiar care. Every inch of the way must be critically explored. The rock at Hell Gate contains seams of decomposed mica, through which the water is pressed as through a sieve. In Humphrey Heading (No. 3) the miners came upon a horizontal stratum of this sort, fourteen feet wide and two feet thick. The water poured in at the rate of six hundred gallons a minute, and before the flow could be checked the workmen stood waist-deep in water. When small horizontal fissures are struck, the water is stopped by driving in wedges of dry wood. Vertical fissures are closed with clay thrown in at low water over the seam. Bags of clay, for this purpose, are piled on the coffer-dam over each heading. Sometimes holes are drilled on either side and charged with a slow-burning "carbolic" powder, which on exploding produces a strong and steady pressure, and closes the seam without fracturing the rock. In the case of No. 3, none of these expedients would suffice. A strong shield had to be built and fitted to the opening, into which three hundred weight of oakum was driven, and backed with ten barrels of Roman cement. The heading was then carried below and worked by "gravity," as it is technically called.



LEVELLING.

The floor of the mine follows thus far a level about thirty feet below low-water line. As the excavation approaches the outer edge of the reef, the headings will have to be sunk deeper to preserve the requisite thickness of the "crust." Extra steam pumps are now being put in to remove the water that collects in the lower levels. The roof of the mine follows necessarily the general contour of the



MINERS' TOOLS.

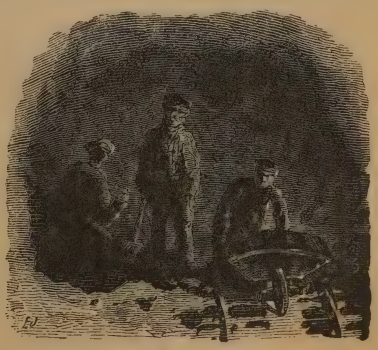
reef. To determine this, mere soundings of the ordinary sort are not to be depended on, since the rock, except on the crest of the reef, is covered by a deposit of boulders, marl, and organic matter from the city sewers, sometimes to the depth of ten or twelve feet. As the exact profile of the live-rock above each heading must be known before the miners can safely proceed, the surveyor and his assistants are kept pretty constantly employed. Every sounding—and upwards of 15,000 have been made up to the time of this writing—requires quite a series of careful observations. The sounding apparatus consists of a float supporting a "guillotine motion," by which a three-inch iron tube is driven through the overlying matter to the bed-rock, by a weight striking like a pile-driver. After the contents of the tube have been pumped out, the surveyor passes in an iron rod to determine the nature of the rock hit upon. If a boulder, a dull thud is heard, and there is no rebound of the rod. Live-rock returns a sharp clink, and the rod springs back. The bearings of the tube are then taken by instruments at two fixed points on the shore, to ascertain the exact position of the sounding; the tide-gauge shows the level of the water; and a few simple measurements determine the thickness of the superficial deposit, and the depth of the rock below low-water line.

The work goes on day and night. The miners are divided into three shifts, each working eight hours a day, so that three days' work is accomplished every twenty-four hours. About two hundred men are employed in all. Good wages are paid, and to ensure a fair day's work from every man, miners using one-hand tools—holding the drill-bar in one hand and striking with the other—are expected to furnish five feet gauging at a shift, in average rock. For second-size tools, worked by two men on face or bench, seven feet are required; and an equal depth for third-size tools, worked by three men. This is the general standard, the exact amount being graded from day to day, according to the density and hardness of the rock, which varies considerably.

From eight to twelve drills are blunted in sinking a one-and-a-half inch hole one foot in the softer micaceous rock; in gneiss of medium hardness, from twelve to twenty drills are required per foot, and in the hardest, from twenty to twenty-six. All the drills are made and repaired on the premises.

While we are watching the work, the strikers lay aside their sledges and prepare for a blast. Cartridges are distributed, placed, and tamped with wet clay. Meanwhile the stagings are removed, tools are put into sheltered places out of the way of flying rock, and the tramways are covered with scantling. The captain of the adits sees that everything is ready. The mine is vacated, and as it is time for the mid-day shift, the most of the miners scramble up the huge ladder, two or three abreast, rejoicing that their day's work is done.

"All ready!" shouts the captain, who with a small firing party has stayed below. The gong sounds, and all hands retire to places of safety. A moment's silence, then a series of reverberating discharges follow, with a perceptible interval between each discharge and the crash of falling rock. A second period of silence succeeds while the fuses are lighted in the heading in which the firing party had taken refuge; then another series



OPENING A GALLERY.

of explosions, and the cry, "All is over!" comes up through the wreathing smoke.

The usual charges are two ounces of nitro-glycerine. Dynamite was used for a time, but the detonation was found to be too great, the effect being to start the seams in the



THE SHAFT, LOOKING EAST.

river-bed above, and threaten the flooding of the mine. The electric exploder is used only when a simultaneous firing of a large number of charges is desired; for example, in cutting the archways of the galleries. In case of a misfire, a new hole is drilled by the side of the old one, the disturbing of a charge when once placed being positively prohibited.

The only serious accident that has occurred came through a disobedience of this order. A miner thought it would be cheaper to clear out an old hole than to drill a new one. His rashness cost him an arm and other injuries, which effectually prevented his repeating the experiment.

All the cartridges are made and filled on the spot, and only so much explosive material as is required from day to day is kept on hand. The "Laboratory," extemporized from an old boat-house, stands apart. A bench covered with dry plaster-of-Paris to render inert any accidental drops of nitro-glycerine, an ice-box, a few cans, a quantity of cartridge-cases, made of stout Manilla paper coated with a water-tight composition, and some simple chemical apparatus, completes the furniture.

We wish to see what a little of the harmless-looking compound can do.

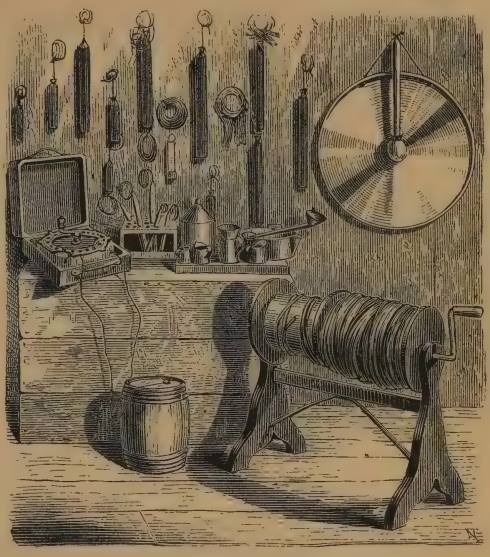
A few spoonfuls are put into a paper bag, a fuse is inserted and lighted, and our accommodating manipulator of liquid destruction walks deliberately along the tramway and lays his "charge" on a block of gneiss. A minute after, a bright flash is followed by a sharp detonation, and fragments of the rock are seen flying in all directions. Part of the stone is literally ground to powder, as though struck with the hammer of Thor.

Gunpowder exploded thus loosely in the open air would have had no effect on the rock. Its combustion is comparatively slow, and the gas evolved finds easy escape through the air. Not so with nitro-glycerine. Its decomposition is instantaneous, and the volume of gas so great that the air reacts almost as though it were solid.

As soon as Congress makes the requisite appropriation, the obstructions lying between Eastern and Middle Channel, and covering an area of about ten acres, will be attacked on the same general plan as the work at Hallet's Point. Two shafts will probably be sunk: one from the surface of Flood Rock, now occupied by a powder magazine; the other through the water on the Gridiron, five or six hundred feet distant. These shafts will be connected by a grand tunnel, from which headings will be run to the extremities of the reef. The removal of this grand obstruction will give the deepest-draught vessels an easy entrance twelve hundred feet wide, sweeping with a gentle curve from Negro Point to the deep channel west of Blackwell's Island.

For the removal of the smaller channel rocks, too far out to be reached by tunneling from the shore, and swept by currents too powerful to allow the sinking of a caisson, a special and entirely novel apparatus had to be invented. Mr. Shelbourne's experiments had determined with discouraging exactness the elements of the problem to be solved. The first was a drilling-machine, capable of successful operation under the most adverse conditions of time and tide; the second was a boat for moving the drilling apparatus readily from place to place, as the daily exigencies of the work should require; the third and all-important requisite was suitable provision against the destruction of the machine by the collisions inevitable in a narrow and crooked channel, swept by powerful and ever-varying currents, and crowded with shipping.

To the solution of this problem, involving some of the most difficult points of mining, mechanical and marine engineering, General Newton set himself as soon as the conduct of the work was given entirely into his hands. Old principles had to be applied to new processes, and familiar means to novel uses, calling into requisition a wide range and nice adjustment of inventive skill and mechanical achievement. Upwards of a year was spent

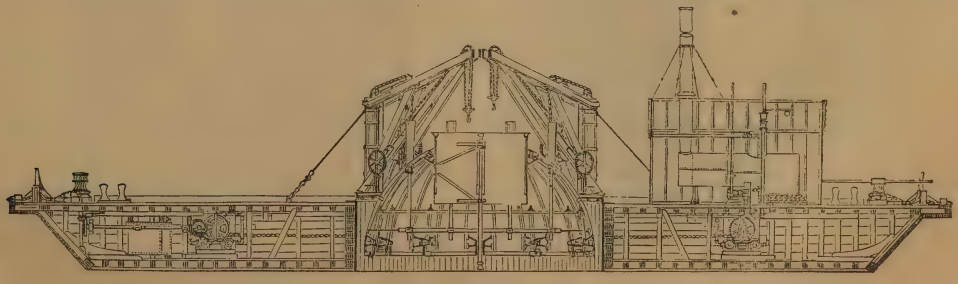


BATTERY, CARTRIDGES, CONDUCTING CABLE, ETC.

in developing and perfecting the machinery, with a scow for its transportation and protection—a time that will not seem long when we remember that the problem had baffled the ingenuity of engineers for a quarter of a century.

To witness the operation of this unique machine, we shall have to leave the modern Hell Gate for that part of the stream which first received the name—the western extremity of East River.

Lying in the channel between Governor's Island and the Battery is a bed of rock, 366 feet long and 255 feet broad at its widest part, known as Diamond Reef. Farther up the stream, about two hundred yards from Pier 8, is Coentie's Reef, mainly loose rock, 250 feet long, with a maximum width of 130 feet. These obstructions lie in the busiest part of the Harbor, directly in the track of the numerous ferry-boats plying between New York and Brooklyn, and are not only troublesome, but very dangerous, especially at low water. Their removal has long been de-



SECTION OF THE SCOW.

Length, 128 ft. Diameter of Well-Hole, 32 ft. Breadth, 56 ft. Diameter of Dome, 30 ft.

manded by the merchants and ship-owners of the city, the growing needs of this part of the channel making its clearing not less urgent than the improvement of Hell Gate. A good deal of powder was burned at different times on Diamond Reef by Mons. Maillefert, knocking off the projecting points and deepening the channel somewhat, but leaving the great body of the reef untouched.

Other parties have attempted to remove the rocks by drilling and blasting, but little was accomplished until Gen. Newton's machine was brought to bear last spring.

With a pass from Headquarters we signal the scow as she lies on Coentie's Reef, whither she was towed in the early part of June, after a month's successful operation on Diamond Reef.

Fortunately, the Superintendent, Mr. Pearce, is just leaving the pier to go aboard. The wind is high, and the tide will not wait for ceremony. None is needed. Men of the open air, whose lives are spent in daily conflict with the elements, acquire a breezy, off-hand affability that wastes no time on idle formalities.

"Just in time to see a blast: jump in!" and the outstretched hand gives a hearty grasp as it steadies us to a seat in the light skiff that dances on the swells.

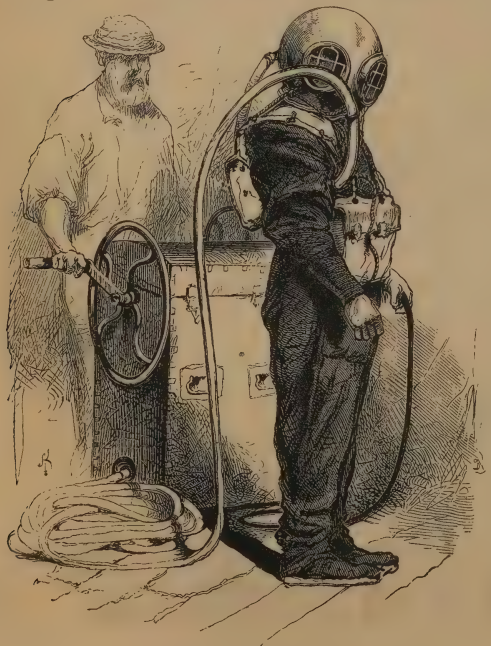
Five minutes' vigorous rowing—the tide runs like a mill-race, and progress is slow—brings us to the scow, a dark, low-lying, box-like craft, with a confusion of timbers, ropes, chains, and machinery surrounding a huge dome in the center.





PUTTING IN THE CHARGES.

"We have just completed a round of holes," the Superintendent remarks, "and have hauled off the reef to put in the charges. When the drills are working the dome is down, out of sight, and the machinery that now seems 'all in a heap' is ranged in order, level with the deck."



READY TO GO DOWN.

Stepping on board, the broad dimensions of the scow seem less surprising than its immobility. The heavy swells from a passing steamer strike its side as against a wharf. Its massive anchors would hold it taut even if struck by the steamer herself, while its solid structure and projecting guards would make the collision a serious matter to the steamer.

The general plan of the scow is quickly seen and comprehended. Its purpose is to guard the drilling machinery while at work, to transport it from place to place, and to support the engines for running the drills. In the center is an octagonal well, thirty-two feet in diameter, in which is suspended a wrought-iron dome for protecting the divers. At the top of the dome is a "telescope" twelve feet in diameter, with a rise and fall of six feet to adapt its height to the various stages of the tide. When the dome is in working position, it stands clear of the scow, resting on self-adjusting legs which adapt themselves to the inequalities of the reef. The drilling engines, nine in number, are supported by movable bridges,—thrown back when the dome is up,—the drill-bars working within stout iron tubes passing through the dome, one at the center, the others ranged in a circle about twenty feet in diameter.

When down, the dome rests on the bottom

as nearly as the contour of the reef will permit, and serves to break the force of the current, so that the divers can go down at any stage of the tide to regulate the motion of the drills or to repair any damages that may occur to them. Without this protection the divers could not maintain their position under water except during the brief periods of slack-water. The drilling engines are run by steam from a 52-inch locomotive tubular boiler, which also furnishes steam for the four engines for hoisting and lowering the dome. The devices for regulating the "feed" of the drills, and their adjustment so as to work steadily in spite of the rising and falling of the engines with the tide and independent of the unavoidable swaying of the scow by heavy swells or collisions, are extremely ingenious and successful. The rock is pierced by the dropping stroke of the heavy drill-bars, falling sixteen inches clear, and penetrating from six inches to two feet an hour, according to the hardness of the rock.

While we are gathering these facts the little "Shoo Fly" arrives from the nitro-glycerine factory, towing a small boat which flies the red-flag of danger. The boat contains the explosive to be used in the approaching blast.

"Tide turns in half an hour," reports the diver. The tide, in his affairs, must be taken at the *slack*, and he is anxious to be on the spot for timely operation.

The float has already been hauled alongside the scow. The air-pump and the diver's armor are put on board. The electric-battery with its conducting cable follows, together with the lantern for warming the rubber to be used in insulating the connection of the ex-



THE BLAST.

ploders with each other and with the battery cable. The cartridge-cases, tin cans like mammoth candle-moulds, ten feet long and from four to five inches in diameter, complete



NITRO-GLYCERINE FACTORY.

the requirements for putting down and firing the blast. As we wish to witness the operation closely, we will risk the certain headache that nitro-glycerine gives to those who are not used to handling it, and the possibility of an untimely explosion that may leave us no head to ache, and accompany those who are to take part in the work.

While the scow was in position on the reef, the holes that had been drilled were closed to keep out silt, and to the cords connecting the plugs a line was attached, to serve as a guide to the place when the time should come for putting in the charges. Holding this guide-line, the captain of the float gives the order for hauling the float to the point of operation on the reef. The tide is still running swiftly. Heavy swells roll in from the lower harbor, and are cross hatched by waves from passing steamers, giving the little craft a jerky motion somewhat trying to a landsman's legs. Half a dozen stout seamen make the patent capstan spin round like a whirligig, steadily widening the distance between us and the scow, while orders that none but sailors understand are shouted back and forth. Suddenly the hauling ceases and the shouting is redoubled.

"The guide-rope's fouled."

All attempts to clear it prove fruitless, and the order is given for the diver to make ready to go down. Hastily the close-fitting rubber suit is drawn on and fastened with thumb-screws to the metal shoulder-piece. Canvas overalls are donned for the protection of the armor; and while one man buckles on the clumsy shoes, weighted with fifteen pounds of lead apiece, another fastens the heavy sinkers "fore and aft." Then the pot-like helmet is screwed on, after giving each window a dab of vinegar to keep it clear; a few turns are

given to the air-pump to see that all is working well, and Captain Quinn is ready to go down. In a moment he is swung overboard with a splash, and a stream of bubbles marks his progress along the guide-rope to the point of fouling. Soon he signals to be hauled in; and before the front window of his helmet is unscrewed, so that he can explain how the rope had caught under a loose rock thrown up at a preceding blast, the capstan is at work and the float is drawing near its destination. Not a moment is to be lost, for the period of slack-water, short at best, has been seriously encroached upon by the delay.

Glycerine Jack is ordered up with his dangerous cargo, and by the time the float has been made fast in position, the cans of explosive oil are on board and the red flag flying to warn off shipping to a respectful distance. Meanwhile the cartridge-cases have been made ready for filling; the nitro-glycerine is weighed and poured in, and by the time the diver has sent up the first plug and signaled for a cartridge, the case is filled and sealed to prevent spilling, and fastened to the rope ready to be passed down. For a while all goes smoothly and rapidly; then comes a hitch, and the diver signals to be hauled in.

The tide has begun to run, and he is completely exhausted by the labor of handling the long cartridges in the swift current. After a brief rest he goes down again, and slowly gets in two more charges. By this time the tide sweeps him off his feet, and leaving two holes uncharged, he is forced to abandon the unequal task.

As soon as the connecting wires of the exploders can be joined to the battery cable and the connection securely insulated, the



GRAPPLING MACHINE.

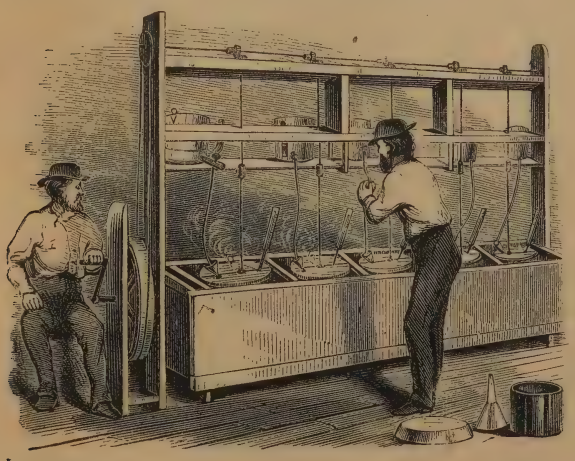
float drops down with the tide, a hundred yards or so, out of the way of flying rock from the expected explosion. Passing vessels are warned away. Then, at the word "ready," a few rapid turns of the friction-battery are followed by two muffled explosions (air and water telling each a separate tale), and on the instant a huge column of water, broken to white foam on all sides, and dark with mud and shattered rock within, bursts hissing into the air. There is a spiteful suddenness to exploding nitro-glycerine that allows no time for swelling curves. The water is heaved in a volume perhaps fifty feet into the air; then, through the mass, jets of water are shot in right-lines upwards and outwards two or three times farther, breaking at last into streams of mist, while fragments of rock flying off on lines of least resistance are hurled obliquely to long distances from the point of disturbance.

The water subsides quickly. The first surprise is scarcely over before the place of the explosion is a level expanse of discolored water, contrasting strongly with the rough clear water around. As the tide drifts the turbid water towards us, shoals of unlucky fish, shocked beyond recovery, turn their white bellies to the surface, or dart in zig-zag mazes, flashing the sunlight from their bright scales.

"You have seen what nitro-glycerine can do," says one of the manufacturers, Mr. Warren, as the "Shoo Fly" steams alongside the float. "Would you like to see how we make it?"

Exacting a promise to be excused from any closer exhibition of its explosive power, we board the little craft and are soon puffing our way towards Jersey flats, where the factory stands.

For submarine work nitro-glycerine is unquestionably the best explosive known. Its supposed instability as a compound, and the fact that the causes of its accidental explosion have gener-



MAKING NITRO-GLYCERINE.

ally been unexplained or unexplainable, have led many to regard its use as exceedingly hazardous. But such is not the case when it is carefully compounded with pure materials, kept free from conditions unfavorable to its stability, and used immediately. That which is used in the Government operations at Hell Gate and in East River is prepared expressly for the work, under the supervision of Mr. Pearce, superintendent of the drilling scow. It is never kept more than a few days, and always at a temperature slightly above freezing-point.

An accident that occurred on the drilling scow last May affords strong evidence of the safety of the compound when made and used in this manner. A fulminating cap exploded while being inserted into a cartridge of nitroglycerine. The cartridge was broken and its contents scattered about; but though there were nearly two hundred pounds of the explosive close by, no harm was done. If the cartridge had contained gunpowder a disaster would have been inevitable. The fulminating caps have since been discarded, and the charges are fired by electricity, the exploders containing simply rifle-powder.

The manufactory stands at a distance from the shore, in shallow water, a mile or two south of Communipaw. The location was chosen by General Newton for its convenience and safety. Being accessible to boats, the explosive can be distributed directly from the factory to the points where it has to be used; and being surrounded by only four feet of water, large vessels cannot approach it, while its distance from shore amply insures the safety of persons and property on land in case of an accidental explosion. The apparatus used was designed by Mr. Pearce, assisted by Mr. Paul Marcelin, who, in connection with Mr. Warren, conducts the manufacture.

When we return to the scow the divers are busy examining the site of the blast, and surveying the reef to discover a suitable place for sinking the dome for another round of holes. To select a proper place for a blast in utter darkness, under water, and encumbered with heavy armor, is a task that requires the judgment of an educated miner, as well as the skill of a diver. When the divers had done their best, their reports were often so vague and conflicting, that the superintendent of the scow was at last compelled to add diving to his other accomplishments, and do his own submarine surveying. After a new position has been selected, as near the preceding blast as practicable, its place is marked by a weight, with a line attached, and the line brought up inside the well. The scow is then moved until this line plumbs in the center of the dome, which is then lowered for drilling. At each blast the rock is broken up to the depth required, over an area of four or five hundred square feet. When the whole reef has been gone over, so that there is no place for setting the dome, the scow is hauled off and the broken rock removed by a huge grappling machine.

Both reefs have been pretty thoroughly blasted; whether sufficiently to give the requisite depth of channel, cannot be told until all the *débris* is removed.

More than enough has been done to demonstrate the efficiency of the machine. It is not impossible that its economy and success may work a revolution in the art of mining under water.

The ability of the scow to withstand collision has been tried many times; in one instance at least, to the destruction of the colliding vessel. There is every reason to believe that it will acquit itself as honorably when transferred to Hell Gate.

As both plans of operation have long passed the experimental stage, final and complete success is assured.

When?

That depends on the action of Congress. If the needed appropriations are not withheld, a very few years will see the consummation so devoutly wished by all the commercial interests of New York, to say nothing of the East Side Association, whose prophetic vision sees Harlem the center of our foreign commerce. The most visionary expectations are distanced sometimes by the logic of events. They may be in this case.

LOW LIFE IN NATURE.

Not many years ago good Fredrika Bremer wrote a book under the title of *New Homes*, amusing, because it gratified those who like to know how they appear in the eyes of outsiders, and still more so because of the boundless *naïveté* with which the old lady opened the doors and windows of these new homes, and let all the world see what her friends in America ate and drank, and did in the intimacy of their private life. No such indiscretion is to be feared in the most minute description of the dwellings of our humbler brethren in nature, who, according to Darwin, have not yet climbed to the top of the ladder on which we proudly stand, but are closely following our footsteps. When, therefore, an able and well-informed author like the Rev. J. G. Wood presents us with another charming volume, on *Insects at Home*, he does not hesitate to describe, besides the outward appearance of their dwellings, also their passions and their emotions, and opens new and most valuable mines of interesting knowledge. All lovers of nature are well repaid if they follow him, as we propose doing now, in his walks through field and forest, especially if they bear in mind the links that connect his special pets, Insects, with their fellow-beings in the great kingdom of Animal Nature.



PLATE I.

He is much inclined to claim that his friends, the Beetles, are always in good odor, and mentions with special emphasis the Great Tigers, several of which may be seen on the lower part of Plate I., with their larvæ beneath in their cosy burrows. This beetle carries with it the odor of sweet-brier, and transfers it by the touch to its captor. Where beetles are endowed with a bad smell, the poor creatures employ it mainly in self-de-

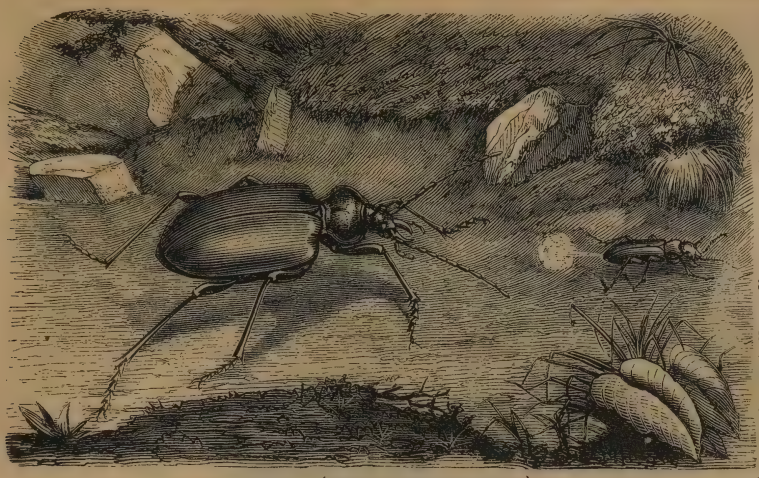


PLATE II.; (BEETLE AND BOMBARDIER.)

the upper corner on the right hand of Plate III., in the act of winging its flight to a mushroom, is of classic celebrity, for ancient authors, who speak of it as "the beetle that walks about with its tail in the air," call it also Cæsareus, in allusion to the blood-red spots on its body, which resembled the "dotted-blood" purple of Cæsar's imperial mantle. A near cousin, equally endowed with a villainous smell and formidable weapons, appears on the same Plate, in the lower right-hand corner, in its favorite threatening attitude. This is nothing less than the Devil's Coach-Horse, by many estimable entomologists considered the very ugliest insect known in nature. It cannot be denied that its dull, dead-black color, its flat eyes, with a cold, cruel look about them, and its tail, raised menacingly like that of the scorpion, exuding a most horrible stench, entitle it fairly to that distinction. It is as fierce and brave as it is hideous, and, seemingly born without fear, will show fight to any adversary, whatever may be his size or his weapons.

fense, for their enemies are many. This is most strikingly exhibited in a little sad-colored Brachinus, called the explosive one, because it discharges its artillery, a small quantity of offensive fluid, violently at the aggressor.

The latter, generally, as in Plate II., a larger beetle, stops in the most ludicrous manner, as if startled beyond measure, and backs away from the tiny blue cloud, while the Bombardier, as the fugitive is familiarly called, throws its antennæ back, as a dog takes its tail between its legs, and runs away in great haste. He has, however, quite a provision of his strange means of defense, and can discharge twenty shots in succession, while his instinct is so strong that at the sound of a shot from one Bombardier, all others in the vicinity prepare for action, and keep up a running fire along the line. Another Carabus, or garden beetle, very useful as a destroyer of cockchafers, has, like many beetles, an unpleasant way of pouring from its mouth a blackish fluid, which stains the fingers, and rivals the odor of a polecat. Even this, however, is surpassed by the really formidable secretion which some of the so-called cocktail beetles exude from the end of their tails. It is well known that these active creatures, as swift on foot as on wing, have a curious habit of bending their bodies upwards when alarmed, which in the larger species has so threatening an aspect that many persons are literally afraid to touch so extraordinary an insect. In some cases this attitude involves the turning up of their pointed tail, and this is the source of the intense pain which so-called black flies—in reality Rove Beetles—cause to the eye into which they find their way accidentally on fine summer evenings.

A larger variety of these Rovers, seen in

It is a pleasure to revert from such extreme ugliness to a little beetle who unites with a pleasing form, and a coat of golden green or rich bronzed blue, a scent so sweet and so



PLATE VIII.; (THE HERMIT CRAB.)



PLATE III.

pleasant as to have won for it the name of the Musk Beetle. His scent is so enduring that if the insect be held with a gloved hand, or wrapped in a handkerchief, it will impart its odor to the kid or the cambric, and they will retain it for a long time. The fact that the Musk Beetle has been observed to emit a stronger scent in the breeding season than at other times, teaches us anew the wonderful provision of nature in endowing these despised creatures with a special power to find their mates in the hours of darkness; and we cannot doubt that other beetles also emit scents perceptible to their sharper senses, though too faint to be perceived by our nostrils. While some, as Darwin tells us, are directed in the choice of their future helpmates by the beauty of their garb and the richness of colors, others light up a bright lamp, and thus allure their lovers, while our friends the Musk Beetles perfume the air around them, and thus win affection by the most subtle of all senses.

It would be a great mistake, however, to imagine that the life of these humble insects is one of pleasure only: many of them, as we have recently learned, are eminently useful to the great household of Nature; others, no doubt, perform duties which have so far escaped our observation, and still others endure silently privations the severity of which we can hardly appreciate. Thus it is one of the most beautiful provisions of Nature that as hyenas and vultures dispose of the surplus of animal life where it prevails on a larger scale, the world of insects also has its own scavengers, represented by a class of swift-winged, powerful

beetles, known as Sextons. Wherever a bird or a frog, or even a larger animal, like a hare, ends his brief life, these wonderful beetles appear, rendering themselves useful in so many ways that we cannot help marveling at the Supreme Wisdom, which here also has vouchsafed to change labor into a delight. These little creatures not only bury, with perfectly amusing rapidity, a dead animal, thus removing decaying matter from the surface of the earth, but they fertilize the latter at the same time, by burying it below the surface; they obtain their reward instantly by feeding upon the carrion and by laying their eggs in it, thus securing a feast for themselves and a provision for their future descendants.

On Plate III. a number of them may be seen in the act of thus burying a dead bird; their busiest scene is, however, the "Keeper's Tree" of England, a large oak or beech, on which the game-keeper of some well-stocked estate nails the carcasses of owls, weasels, magpies, and ravens, in his mistaken enmity against these useful birds. Entomologists love to disturb the apparent peace of these trophies: a net is held under them, a few taps are given, and "out of death cometh life," for instantly a whole host of larvæ and beetles drop into the net, and among them hundreds of Sextons. In Russia these indefatigable laborers, jet black with two bands of brilliant orange across the back, are over an inch long; they swarm by thousands in the evening, over the burying-places, invited by the sad, slovenly manner of burying the poor of that country, who are placed between four boards roughly nailed together, and interred only a few inches below the ground.

We are naturally less familiar with the purposes fulfilled by beetles that live in the water, where much of their activity escapes our observation. In order to watch them with success, the eye must either be submerged in the water, when all objects below the surface may be distinctly seen, or it must be aided by a so-called water-telescope, a tube open at the upper end and closed with a glass below.



PLATE IV.

Thus entomologists have watched the gradual development of water-insects, some of which pass in their short life through as many and as amusing changes as the Harlequin of our pantomimes. Perhaps the most familiar of these is the Whirligig or Whirlwig, as the ignorant are apt to call it, for it frequents every pond and pool, every ditch and dyke, being capable of flying quite far, and seeking new pastures when it has exhausted the old. It has an amusing way of crawling up a reed or water-plant, to gain space for the spreading of its beautiful wings; it generally flies at night, and when it reaches a newly formed puddle, it closes its wings high in the air and falls like a stone into the water. There it begins at once its fierce, predatory life, attacking every living creature it can master, not sparing its own kindred, as unmerciful to the opposite sex as to its own, and fearless enough even to attack the gold-fish in our aquaria. A fine specimen may be seen on Plate IV. in the water, and another flying through the air, with its wings spread, while below its hideous larva is seen in the act of seizing its prey.



PLATE V.

Among the apparently neglected children of Nature, none is perhaps more curiously treated than the common May Fly, belonging to a class of insects known as Ephemeridæ, because of their short lives. A specimen of these may be seen in Plate V., above the Dragon Fly. They have no mouth! The parts of the mouth are there, but even when the May Fly is in its perfect state, they are so rudimentary that they serve no purpose, and the insect hence, during the time of its existence, neither eats nor requires food. It has altogether a hard time of it on earth,—for first it spends two years in the water and the wet mud; then it emerges into the open air, its skin splits, and the gradually unfolded wings enable it to fly to some tree or post, where it rests after its exertions.

A little time later the poor creature's skin splits once more, the

wings assume a more airy form, and the May Fly, now perfect, launches into the air to dance away its life. For all this weary waiting, all these painful operations seem to serve only to fit the insect for a few hours' life, during which it joins large swarms and with them flutters up and down in restless, merry dance. And yet, as Nature is always as great in small things as in her largest offspring, she here also makes amends for tiny size and short life by creating the May Fly in such vast numbers that in many parts of Europe their bodies are collected in heaps and used for manuring the fields!



PLATE VI.

On the same Plate (V.) may be seen several varieties of the familiar Dragon Fly, known in England and in some parts of our country as Horse-Stingers, from an absurd notion that they sting horses. Perhaps of all insects the most beautiful in Nature, endowed with huge powerful wings and magnificent clusters of eyes, through which the light plays with matchless splendor, it is punished apparently for this excess of beauty by the curse of insatiable hunger. Eating seems to be the one object of its life; it devours whatever comes in its way, from tiny flies to colossal spiders, and hardly is its meal finished than it darts off again with incredible swiftness, apparently as hungry as if it had starved for a long time. Fortunately, Nature has endowed it with a power of flight such as alone can enable it to chase and catch its prey: it has the power of suddenly reversing the stroke of its wings, so that it can stop in full career or fly backwards with considerable speed.

It is a near relative of this Dragon Fly, one variety of which is by the French gallantly called Demoiselle, in a previous state of existence, which bears the familiar and formidable name of Ant-Lion, on account of the carnage it makes among ants. Delighting in the rays of a burning sun, this larva is not found in England, but abounds on our own continent, and its ingeniously formed traps

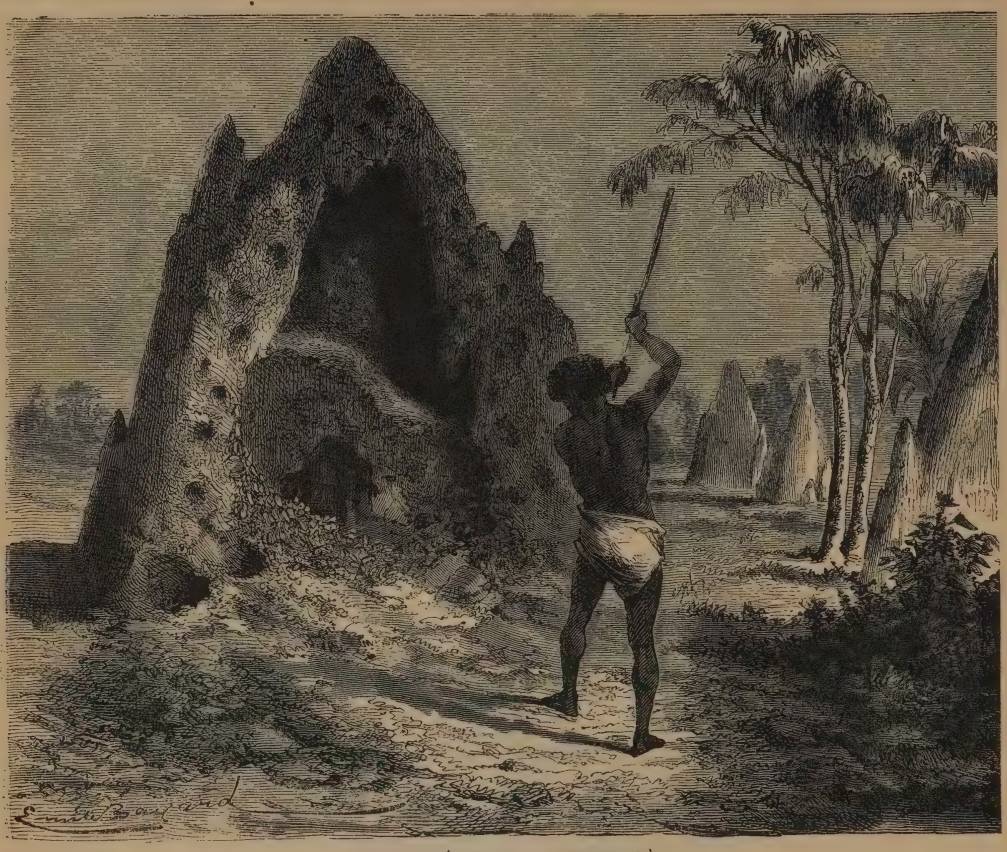


PLATE VII.: (HOMES OF THE TERMITES.)

may be found almost wherever dry, fine sand prevails in the soil. Out on the arid plain, or between two paving-stones in a populous city, everywhere the formidable though tiny lion scoops out with great labor and marvelous skill its regular round funnel; lifting its little load with its head, it toils up to the surface, shakes off the particles of sand, and returns so swiftly to its task that the sand forms almost a continuous jet. At last the sides are so smooth and sloping that no living creature can climb up, and now the Ant-Lion takes its place at the bottom, burying itself in the sand, so that only the mandibles stand open, ready to devour the prey that unwarily approaches the edge and instantly rolls helplessly down into the jaws of its enemy. If the animal be larger than an ant, the lion keeps in its retreat, but covers its captive with incessant showers of sand, till it rolls down the treacherous slopes, and once at the bottom of the gulf, falls a ready prey to the owner of the funnel. The same head which has so indefatigably labored to construct the funnel then falls to work to rid it of the débris: by a powerful effort it launches them into the air, so that they fall several inches from the edge, and no longer frighten the more wary passers-by. Thus on Plate VI. the neighborhood of the funnel may be seen strewn with the corpses of its victims.

In return, insects seem to be in the greater and more constant peril of life the lower they descend in the scale of their countless family. While larger and more powerful members rove about freely and live by robbery on land and piracy on water, the smaller and more helpless are in unceasing fear and anguish. Some rarely venture from their hiding-place, and others can wound an aggressor only at the cost of their own life; but no fact shows the terror in which these poor persecuted creatures live forever more clearly than the amazing stoicism with which they feign death, resisting every temptation and every torture. Some insects will allow themselves to be rolled about, punctured and pinched, singed and drowned, rather than show a sign of life when they have once determined to appear lifeless; and a few actually submit to being torn to pieces without moving a muscle, and may be burnt alive without making an attempt to escape.

Great, however, as the difference is in the manner of living, the catching of prey, and the provision for future generations in the various classes of the lower kingdom, the homes which they inhabit are perhaps even more varied in their construction and their adornments. There is no part of nature which does not serve as the home of some living creature; no work of man's hand escapes their irresistible inroads, and flesh and blood themselves harbor their inmates by thousands. No wonder, then, that some—and often the tiniest of insects—erect huge structures rivaling the boasted achievements of man, while others, like many of us, have to dwell all their life long in hired lodgings, for which they make it a point to forget to pay the rent.

Among the former none are more remarkable than the Termites—often erroneously called white ants, as they do not belong to the family of our ants—who build themselves homes of prodigious height and amazing solidity. In Africa these pyramid-shaped dwellings—such as may be seen on Plate VII.—often are twenty feet high, and, as they are apt to be built near each other, assume the appearance of a village of natives. Although they are slowly and laboriously built up by tiny beings able to carry but a small particle of clay at a time, their strength, when completed, is so great that the wild cattle can climb upon them to stand there as sentinels, while the interior is large enough to shelter a dozen of men, and often serves hunters as lodgings while lying in wait for their game.

While these Neuroptera delight in erecting colossal structures with airy chambers, vast passages, and countless nurseries, an animal of far larger size and greater power is left homeless and helpless, as far as its own protection is concerned. This is the well-known Hermit Crab of our Southern shores, which has to seek a shelter for its soft and unprotected body, but instead of making a cell its home, after the manner of pious hermits of old, it looks around for the owner of a comfortable house, a mollusk or a brother-hermit, and after having eaten the occupant, ensconces itself snugly in its new abode. As these robbers grow larger, they leave their modest domicile and dislodge the proprietor of a more roomy dwelling, which they drag about with them, sheltering themselves like soldiers in a sentry-box, and presenting only their formidable arms at the entrance. (See Plate VIII.) The contrast between the size of the shell and that of the owner is often ludicrous in the extreme; but they are not fastidious in the choice of their hermitage, and even the bowl of an earthenware pipe has been known to be used for the purpose.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

ARISE, come forth, O heart, thou art not dead!
'Twas but the jeering falsehood of Despair;—
Earth bourgeons bright for thee,—the skies are fair,
And Hope, to greet thee, lifts her shining head.
But, coming, fail not thou with awe to tread
The path of darkness, royal highway where,
All round thee and above, thou shalt be 'ware
That thy most loving Lord for thee had spread
The curtains of His own pavilion, fold
On fold all costliest broideries of grace,—
Designs of mercy, cunning work of old—
Heavily hiding. Walk with veilèd face,
With bowed head, reverently, till thou behold
His unveiled glory in the eternal place!

MOMMA PHŒBE.



Ef my hah is de colo' o' silbah,
I aint mo' d'n fifty yea' ole ;
It tuck all dat whiteness f'om mo'nin',
An' weepin', an' tawtah o' soul.
Faw I los' bofe my dahlin' men-child'en—
De two hev done gone to deh res'—
My Jim, an' my mist'ess' Mahs' William,
De pah dat hev nussed at my breas'.

Miss' Lucy she mawied in Ap'il,
An' I done got mawied in May ;
An' bofe o' ow beautiful child'en
Wah bo'n de same time to a day.
But while I got bettah an' strongah,
Miss' Lucy got weakah an' wuss ;
Den she died, an' dey guv me de baby,
De leetle Mahs' William, to nuss.

De two boys weh fotch up togeddah,
Miss' Lucy's alongside o' mine ;
Ef one got his se'f into mischief,
De uddah wah not fuh behine.
When Mahs' William he went to de college,
Why nuffin on ahf den wou' do,
But Jeemes, his milk-bruddah, faw sahb
Mus' git, an' mus' go wid him too.

Dey come back in fo' yea' faw to stay yeh—
I allow 'twas de makin' o' Jim ;
Setch a gemplum, de young colo'd women
Got pullin' deh caps dah faw him.

But he wasn't a patch to Mahs' William,
Who'd grown up so gran' an' so tall ;
An' he hadn't fo'got his ole momma,
Faw he hugged me, he did, fo' dem all.

Den Mahs' Dudley was tuck wid de fevah,
An' I nussed him, po' man, to de las' ;
An' my husban', Ben Prossah, he cotch it ;
An' bofe from dis life dey done pas'.
Mahs' William, he run de plantation,
But de niggahs could easy fool him ;
An' de place would hev all come to nuffin',
Ef 'twant faw ole momma an' Jim.

Well, at las'—I dunno how dey done it—
Aw jes' what de fightin' was faw ;
But de No'f an' de Souf got a quawlin,
An' Mahs' William 'd go to de waw.
De folks roun' about, raised a squad'on,
An' faw cap'en de boys 'lected him ;
I prayed he'd stay home wid his people,
But he went, an' o' co'se he tuck Jim.

It was gran' faw to see all dem hossmen
Dat numbah'd a hund'ed an' fo',
As dey sot up so straight in deh saddles,
An' rid in fo' rows by de do'!
An' Mahs' William he sed as he pas' me,
An' me a'most ready to cry—
"Take good cah o' youse'f, Momma Phœbe—
Jim an' I 'll be along yeh, bime-by !"

We hea' bout dem two sets a fightin',
I reckon faw mo' d'n fo' yea';
An' bime-by we la'nt dat de Yankees
Wid deh ahmy was comin' quite nea'.
An' den deh was fit a great battle,
Jes' ovah dat hill dat you sees;
We could hea' all deh cannons a boomin',
An' see de smoke obah dem trees.

I sot in my cabin a prayin'—
I tought o' my two boys dat day—
An' de noise it went fudda an' fudda,
'Tell all o' it melted away.
An' de sun it sot awful an' bloody,
An' a great pile o' fi' in de sky;
An' beyond was de dead men a lyin,
An' de wounded agwine faw to die.

Den I riz, an' I called faw ole Lem'el,
An' a couple o' mo' o' de boys;
An' s'I—"Now you saddle de hosses,
An' be kehful an' don't make no noise.
An' we'll go to de fiel' o' de battle,
Afo' de las' bit o' de beams
O' daylight is gone, an' we'll look dah
Faw ow young Mahs' William an' Jeems."

An' dey say—"Dey aint dah, faw sahtin·
Deh's nuffin de mattah, faw sho'!
But seein' it's you, Momma Phœbe,
O' co'se all de boys yuh'll go."
An' dey saddled an' bridled de hosses—
De bes' had been all tuck away—
An' we retched to de place o' de fightin',
Jes' on de heels o' de day.

An' oh! what a sight deh wah, honey!
A sight you could nevvah fo'git;
De piles o' de dead an' de dyin'—
I see um afo' me eyes yit.

An' de blood an' de gashes was ghas'ly,
An' shibbèd de soul to see,
Like de fiel' o' de big Ahmageddon,
Which yit is agwine faw to be.

Den I hea'd a woice crying faw "watah!"
An' I toted de gode to de place,
An' den, as I guv him de drink dah
My teahs dey fell obah his face.
Faw he was shot right froo de middle,
An' his mastah lay dead dah by him;
An' he sed, s'e, "Is dat you dah, momma?"
An' I sed, s'I, "Is dat you dah, Jim?"

"It's what deh is lef' o' me, momma;
An' young Mahs' William's done gone;
But I foun' de chap dat had killed him,
An' he lies dah, clove to de bone.
An' po' young Mahs' William, in dyin',
Dese wah de words dat he sed:
'Jes you tell you' momma, Mom' Phœbe'"—
Den I scream, faw de dahlin fell dead.

All batte'd an' shatte'd wid bullets,
An' hacked wid de bayonet an' swo'd;
An' bleedin', an' cut up, an' mangled,
An' dead on de meadow so broad.
But what dah was lef' o' de bodies,
I tuck um, an' washed um, an' dres';
Faw I membe'd de deah blessed babies
Dat once drawed de milk f'om my breas'.

Den on to de ole plantation
We toted de cawpses dat night,
An' we guv um a beautiful beryum,
De colo'd as well as de white.
An' I shall be jined to dem child'en,
When de jedgmen'-day comes on;
Faw God 'll be good to Mom' Phœbe
When Gab'el is blowin' his ho'n.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 650.)



WILFRID AND MARY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ONLY A LINK.

It may be said of the body in regard of sleep as well as in regard of death, "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." For me, the next morning, I could almost have said, "I was sown in dishonor and raised in glory." No one can deny the power of the wearied body to paralyze the soul; but I have a correlate theory which I love, and which I expect to find true—that, while the

body wearies the mind, it is the mind that restores vigor to the body, and then, like the man who has built him a stately palace, rejoices to dwell in it. I believe that, if there be a living, conscious love at the heart of the universe, the mind, in the quiescence of its consciousness in sleep, comes into a less disturbed contact with its origin, the heart of the creation; whence, gifted with calmness and strength for itself, it grows able to impart comfort and restoration to the weary frame. The cessation of labor affords but the necessary occasion; makes it possible, as it were, for the occupant of an outlying station in the wilderness to return to his father's house for fresh supplies of all that is needful for life and energy. The child-soul goes home at night, and returns in the morning to the labors of the school. Mere physical rest could never of its own negative self build up the frame in such light and vigor as come through sleep.

It was from no blessed vision that I woke the next morning, but from a deep and dreamless sleep. Yet the moment I became aware of myself and the world, I felt strong and courageous, and I began at once to look my affairs in the face. Concerning that which was first in consequence, I soon satisfied myself: I could not see that I had committed any serious fault in the whole affair. I was not at all sure that a lie in defense of the innocent, and to prevent the knowledge of what no one had any right to know, was wrong—seeing such involves no injustice on the one side, and does justice on the other. I have seen reason since to change my mind, and count my liberty restricted to silence—not extending, that is, to the denial or assertion of what the will of God, inasmuch as it exists or does not exist, may have declared to be or not to be fact. I now think that to lie is, as it were, to snatch the reins out of God's hand.

At all events, however, I had done the Brothertons no wrong.

"What matter, then," I said to myself, "of what they believe me guilty, so long as before God and my own conscience I am clear and clean?"

Next came the practical part:—What was I to do? To right myself, either in respect of their opinion or in respect of my lost property, was more hopeless than important, and I hardly wasted two thoughts upon that. But I could not remain where I was, and soon came to the resolution to go with Charley to London at once, and taking lodgings in some secure recess near the inns of court, there to give myself to work, and work alone, in the foolish hope that one day fame might buttress reputation. In this resolution I was more influenced by the desire to be near the brother of Mary Osborne, than the desire to be near my friend Charley, strong as that was; I expected thus to hear of her oftener, and even cherished the hope of coming to hear from her—of inducing her to honor me with a word or two of immediate communication. For I could see no reason why her opinions should prevent her from corresponding with one who, whatever might or might not seem to him true, yet cared for the truth, and must treat with respect every form in which he could descry its predominating presence.

I would have asked Charley to set out with me that very day, but for the desire to clear up the discrepancy between the date of my ancestor's letters, all written within the same year, and that of the copy I had made of the registration of their marriage—with which object I would compare the copy and the original. I wished also to have some talk with Mr. Coningham concerning the contents of the letters which at his urgency I had now read. I got up and wrote to him therefore, asking him to ride with me again to Umberden Church as soon as he could make it convenient, and sent Styles off at once on the mare to carry the note to Minstercombe and bring me back an answer.

As we sat over our breakfast, Charley said suddenly,

"Clara was regretting yesterday that she had not seen the Moat. She said you had asked her once, but had never spoken of it again."

"And now I suppose she thinks, because I'm in disgrace with her friends at the Hall, that she mustn't come near me," I said, with another bitterness than belonged to the words.

"Wilfrid!" he said reproachfully; "she didn't say anything of the sort. I will write and ask her if she couldn't contrive to come over. She might meet us at the park gates."

"No," I returned; "there isn't time. I mean to go back to London—perhaps tomorrow evening. It is like turning you out, Charley, but we shall be nearer each other in town than we were last time."

"I am delighted to hear it," he said. "I had been thinking myself that I had better go back this evening. My father is expected home in a day or two, and it would be just like him to steal a march on my chambers. Yes, I think I shall go to night."

"Very well, old boy," I answered. "That will make it all right. It's a pity we couldn't take the journey together, but it doesn't mat-

ter much. I shall follow you as soon as I can."

"Why can't you go with me?" he asked.

Thereupon I gave him a full report of my excursion with Mr. Coningham, and the after-reading of my letters, with my reason for wishing to examine the register again; telling him that I had asked Mr. Coningham to ride with me once more to Umberden Church.

When Styles returned, he informed me that Mr. Coningham at first proposed to ride back with him, but probably bethinking himself that another sixteen miles would be too much for my mare, had changed his mind and sent me the message that he would be with me early the next day.

After Charley was gone, I spent the evening in a thorough search of the old bureau. I found in it several quaint ornaments besides those already mentioned, but only one thing which any relation to my story would justify specific mention of—namely, an ivory label, discolored with age, on which was traceable the very number Sir Giles had read from the scabbard of Sir Wilfrid's sword. Clearly then my sword was the one mentioned in the book, and as clearly it had not been at Moldwarp Hall for a long time before I lost it there. If I were in any fear as to my reader's acceptance of my story, I should rejoice in the possession of that label more than in the restoration of sword or book; but amidst all my troubles, I have as yet been able to rely upon her justice and her knowledge of myself. Yes—I must mention one thing more I found—a long, sharp-pointed, straight-backed, snake-edged Indian dagger, inlaid with silver—a fierce, dangerous, almost venomous-looking weapon, in a curious case of old green morocco. It also may have once belonged to the armory of Moldwarp Hall. I took it with me when I left my grannie's room, and laid it in the portmanteau I was going to take to London.

My only difficulty was what to do with Lilith; but I resolved for the mean time to leave her, as before, in the care of Styles, who seemed almost as fond of her as I was myself.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A DISCLOSURE.

Mr. Coningham was at my door by ten o'clock, and we set out together for Umberden Church. It was a cold, clear morning. The dying autumn was turning a bright, thin, defiant face upon the conquering winter. I was in great spirits, my mind being full of Mary Osborne. At one moment I saw but her own ordinary face, only, what I had used to regard as dullness I now interpreted as the possession of her soul in patience; at another I saw the glorified countenance of my Athanasia, knowing that beneath the veil of the other, this, the real, the true face ever lay. Once in my sight, the frost-clung flower had blossomed; in full ideal of glory it had shone for a moment, and then, folding itself again away, had retired into the regions of faith. And while I knew that such could dawn out of such, how could I help hoping that from the face of the universe, however to my eyes it might sometimes seem to stare like the seven-days dead, one morn might dawn the unspeakable face which even Moses might not behold lest he should die of the great sight? The keen air, the bright sunshine, the swift motion—all combined to raise my spirits to an unwonted pitch; but it was a silent ecstasy, and I almost forgot the presence of Mr. Coningham. When he spoke at last, I started.

"I thought from your letter you had something to tell me, Mr. Cumbermede," he said, coming alongside of me.

"Yes, to be sure. I have been reading my grannie's papers, as I told you."

I recounted the substance of what I had found in them.

"Does it not strike you as rather strange that all this should have been kept a secret from you?" he asked.

"Very few know anything about their grandfathers," I said; "so I suppose very few fathers care to tell their children about them."

"That is because there are so few concerning whom there is anything worth telling."

"For my part," I returned, "I should think any fact concerning one of those who link me with the infinite past out of which I have come, invaluable. Even a fact which is not to the credit of an ancestor may be a precious discovery to the man who has in himself to fight the evil derived from it."

"That, however, is a point of view rarely taken. What the ordinary man values is also rare; hence few regard their ancestry, or transmit any knowledge they may have of those who have gone before them to those that come after them."

"My uncle, however, I suppose, told *me* nothing because, unlike the many, he prized neither wealth nor rank; nor what are commonly considered great deeds."

"You are not far from the truth there," said Mr. Coningham in a significant tone.

"Then *you* know why he never told me anything!" I exclaimed.

"I do—from the best authority."

"His own, you mean, I suppose."

"I do."

"But—but—I didn't know you were ever—at all—intimate with my uncle," I said.

He laughed knowingly.

"You would say, if you didn't mind speaking the truth, that you thought your uncle disliked me—disapproved of me. Come now—did he not try to make you avoid me? You needn't mind acknowledging the fact, for when I have explained the reason of it, you will see that it involves no discredit to either of us."

"I have no fear for my uncle."

"You are honest, if not over polite," he rejoined. "You do not feel so sure about my share. Well, I don't mind who knows it, for my part. I roused the repugnance, to the knowledge of which your silence confesses, merely by acting as any professional man ought to have acted—and with the best intentions. At the same time, all the blame I should ever think of casting upon him is, that he allowed his high-strung, saintly, I had almost said superhuman ideas to stand in the way of his nephew's prosperity."

"Perhaps he was afraid of that prosperity standing in the way of a better."

"Precisely so. You understand him perfectly. He was one of the best and simplest-minded men in the world."

"I am glad you do him that justice."

"At the same time I do not think he intended you to remain in absolute ignorance of what I am going to tell you. But you see, he died very suddenly. Besides, he could hardly expect I should hold my tongue after he was gone."

"Perhaps, however, he might expect me not to cultivate your acquaintance," I said, laughing to take the sting out of the words.

"You cannot accuse yourself of having taken any trouble in that direction," he returned, laughing also.

"I believe, however," I resumed, "from what I can recall of things he said, especially on one occasion on which he acknowledged the existence of a secret in which I was interested, he did not intend that I should always remain in ignorance of everything he thought proper to conceal from me then."

"I presume you are right. I think his conduct in this respect arose chiefly from anxiety that the formation of your character should not be influenced by the knowledge of certain facts which might unsettle you, and prevent you from reaping the due advantages of study and self-dependence in youth. I cannot, however, believe that by being open with you I shall now be in any danger of thwarting his plans, for you have already proved yourself a wise, moderate, conscientious man, diligent and pains-taking. Forgive me for appearing to praise you. I had no such intention. I was only uttering as a fact to be considered in the question, what upon my honor I thoroughly believe."

"I should be happy in your good opinion, if I were able to appropriate it," I said. "But a man knows his own faults better than his neighbor knows his virtues."

"Spoken like the man I took you for, Mr. Cumbermede," he rejoined gravely.

"But to return to the matter in hand," I resumed: "what can there be so dangerous in the few facts I have just come to the knowledge of, that my uncle should have cared to conceal them from me? That a man born in humble circumstances should come to know that he had distinguished ancestors, could hardly so fill him with false notions as to endanger his relation to the laws of his existence."

"Of course—but you are too hasty. Those facts are of more importance than you are aware—involve other facts. Moldwarp Hall is *your* property, and not Sir Giles Brotherton's."

"Then the apple was my own, after all!" I said to myself exultingly. It was a strange fantastic birth of conscience and memory,—forgotten the same moment, and followed by an electric flash—not of hope, not of delight, not of pride, but of pure revenge. My whole frame quivered with the shock; yet for a moment I seemed to have the strength of a Hercules. In front of me was a stile through a high hedge: I turned Lilith's head to the hedge, struck my spurs into her, and over or through it, I know not which, she bounded. Already, with all the strength of will I could summon, I struggled to rid myself of the wicked feeling; and although I cannot pretend to have succeeded for long after, yet by the time Mr. Coningham had popped over the stile, I was waiting for him, to all appearance, I believe, perfectly calm. He on the other hand, from whatever cause, was actually trembling. His face was pale, and his eye flashing. Was it that he had roused me more effectually than he had hoped?

"Take care, take care, my boy," he said, "or you won't live to enjoy your own. Permit me the honor of shaking hands with Sir Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll."

After this ceremonial of prophetic investiture we jogged away quietly, and he told me a long story about the death of the last pro-

prietor, the degree in which Sir Giles was related to him, and his undisputed accession to the property. At that time, he said, my father was in very bad health, and indeed died within six months of it.

"I knew your father well, Mr. Cumbermede," he went on, "—one of the best of men, with more spirit—more ambition than your uncle. It was *his* wish that his child, if a boy, should be called Wilfrid,—for though they had been married five or six years, their only child was born after his death. Your uncle did not like the name, your mother told me, but made no objection to it. So you were named after your grandfather, and great-grandfather, and I don't know how many of the race besides.—When the last of the Darylls died—"

"Then," I interrupted, "my father was the heir."

"No; you mistake: your uncle was the elder—Sir David Cumbermede Daryll, of Moldwarp Hall and The Moat," said Mr. Coningham, evidently bent on making the most of my rights.

"He never even told me he was the eldest," I said. "I always thought, from his coming home to manage the farm when my father was ill, that he was the second of the two sons."

"On the contrary, he was several years older than your father—so that you mustn't suppose he kept you back from any of your rights. They were his, not yours, while he lived."

"I will not ask," I said, "why he did not enforce them. That is plain enough from what I know of his character. The more I think of that, the loftier and simpler it seems to grow. He could not bring himself to spend the energies of a soul meant for higher things on the assertion and recovery of earthly rights."

"I rather differ from you there; and I do not know," returned my companion, whose tone was far more serious than I had ever heard it before, "whether the explanation I am going to offer will raise your uncle as much in your estimation as it does in mine. I confess I do not rank such self-denial as you attribute to him so highly as you do. On the contrary, I count it a fault. How could the world go on if everybody was like your uncle?"

"If everybody was like my uncle, he would have been forced to accept the position," I said; "for there would have been no one to take it from him."

"Perhaps. But you must not think Sir Giles knew anything of your uncle's claim He knows nothing of it now."

I had not thought of Sir Giles in connection with the matter—only of Geoffrey; and my heart recoiled from the notion of dispossessing the old man, who, however misled with regard to me at last, had up till then shown me uniform kindness. In that moment I had almost resolved on taking no steps till after his death. But Mr. Coningham soon made me forget Sir Giles in a fresh revelation of my uncle.

"Although," he resumed, "all you say of your uncle's indifference to this world and its affairs is indubitably correct, I do not believe, had there not been a prospect of your making your appearance, that he would have shirked the duty of occupying the property which was his both by law and by nature. But he knew it might be an expensive suit—for no one can tell by what tricks of the law such may be prolonged—in which case all the money he could command would soon be spent, and nothing left either to provide for your so-called aunt, for whom he had a great regard, or to give you that education which, whether you were to succeed to the property or not, he counted indispensable. He cared far more, he said, about your having such a property in yourself as was at once personal and real, than for your having any amount of property out of yourself. Expostulation was of no use. I had previously learned—from the old lady herself—the true state of the case, and, upon the death of Sir Geoffrey Daryll, had at once communicated with him—which placed me in a position for urging him, as I did again and again, considerably to his irritation, to assert and prosecute his claim to the title and estates. I offered to take the whole risk upon myself; but he said that would be tantamount to giving up his personal liberty until the matter was settled, which might not be in his life-time. I may just mention, however, that besides his religious absorption, I strongly suspect there was another cause of his indifference to worldly affairs: I have grounds for thinking that he was disappointed in a more than ordinary attachment to a lady he met at Oxford—in station considerably above any prospects he had then. To return: he was resolved that whatever might be your fate, you should not have to meet it without such preparation as he could afford you. As you have divined, he was most anxious that your character should have acquired some degree of firmness before you knew anything of the possibility of your inheriting a large property and

historical name; and I may appropriate the credit of a negative share in the carrying out of his plans, for you will bear me witness how often I might have upset them by informing you of the facts of the case."

"I am heartily obliged to you," I said, "for not interfering with my uncle's wishes, for I am very glad indeed that I have been kept in ignorance of my rights until now. The knowledge would at one time have gone far to render me useless for personal effort in any direction worthy of it. It would have made me conceited, ambitious, boastful: I don't know how many bad adjectives would have been necessary to describe me."

"It is all very well to be modest, but I venture to think differently."

"I should like to ask you one question, Mr. Coningham," I said.

"As many as you please."

"How is it that you have so long delayed giving me the information which on my uncle's death you no doubt felt at liberty to communicate?"

"I did not know how far you might partake of your uncle's disposition, and judged that the wider your knowledge of the world, and the juster your estimate of the value of money and position, the more willing you would be to listen to the proposals I had to make."

"Do you remember," I asked, after a canter, led off by my companion, "one very stormy night on which you suddenly appeared at the Moat, and had a long talk with my uncle on the subject?"

"Perfectly," he answered. "But how did you come to know? *He* did not tell of my visit!"

"Certainly not. But, listening in my night-gown on the stair, which is open to the kitchen, I heard enough of your talk to learn the object of your visit—namely, to carry off my skin to make bagpipes with."

He laughed so heartily that I told him the whole story of the pendulum.

"On that occasion," he said, "I made the offer to your uncle, on condition of his sanctioning the commencement of legal proceedings, to pledge myself to meet every expense of those and of your education as well, and to claim nothing whatever in return, except in case of success."

This quite corresponded with my own childish recollections of the interview between them. Indeed, there was such an air of simple straightforwardness about his whole communication, while at the same time it accounted so thoroughly for the warning my uncle had given me against him, that I felt I might trust him entirely, and so would have told him all that had taken place at the Hall, but for the share his daughter had borne in it, and the danger of discovery to Mary.

CHAPTER L.

THE DATES.

I HAVE given, of course, only an epitome of our conversation, and by the time we had arrived at this point, we had also reached the gate of the churchyard. Again we fastened up our horses; again he took the key from under the tomb-stone; and once more we entered the dreary little church, and drew aside the curtain of the vestry. I took down the volume of the register. The place was easy to find, seeing, as I have said, it was at the very end of the volume.

The copy I had taken was correct: the date of the marriage in the register was January 15, and it was the first under the year 1748, written at the top of the page. I stood for a moment gazing at it; then my eye turned to the entry before it, the last on the preceding page. It bore the date December 13—under the general date at the top of the page, 1747. The next entry after it was dated March 29. At the bottom of the page, or cover rather, was the attestation of the clergyman to the number of marriages in that year; but there was no such attestation at the bottom of the preceding page. I turned to Mr. Coningham, who had stood regarding me, and, pointing to the book, said—

"Look here, Mr. Coningham. I cannot understand it. Here the date of the marriage is 1748; and that of all their letters, evidently written after the marriage, is 1747."

He looked, and stood looking, but made no reply. In my turn I looked at him. His face expressed something not far from consternation; but the moment he became aware that I was observing him, he pulled out his handkerchief, and wiping his forehead with an attempt at a laugh, said—

"How hot it is! Yes; there's something awkward there. I hadn't observed it before. I must inquire into that. I confess I cannot explain it all at once. It does certainly seem queer. I must look into those dates when I go home."

He was evidently much more discomposed than he was willing I should perceive. He always spoke rather hurriedly, but I had never heard him stammer before. I was certain that he saw or at least dreaded something fatal in the discrepancy I had pointed out

As to looking into it when he got home, that sounded very like nonsense. He pulled out a note-book, however, and said:

"I may just as well make a note of the blunder—for blunder it must be—a very awkward one indeed, I am afraid. I should think so—I cannot—But then—"

He went on uttering disjointed and unfinished expressions, while he made several notes. His manner was of one who regards the action he is about as useless, yet would have it supposed the right thing to do.

"There!" he said, shutting up his note-book with a slam; and turning away he strode out of the place—much, it seemed to me, as if his business there was over for ever. I gave one more glance at the volume, and replaced it on the shelf. When I rejoined him, he was already mounted and turning to move off.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Coningham," I said. "I don't exactly know where to put the key."

"Fling it under the grave-stone, and come along," he said, muttering something more, in which perhaps I only fancied I heard certain well-known maledictions.

By this time my spirits had sunk as much below their natural level, as, a little before, they had risen above it. But I felt that I must be myself, and that no evil any more than good fortune ought for a moment to perturb the tenor of my being. Therefore, having locked the door deliberately and carefully, I felt about along the underside of the grave-stone until I found the ledge where the key had lain. I then made what haste I could to mount and follow Mr. Coningham, but Lilith delayed the operation by her eagerness. I gave her the rein, and it was well no one happened to be coming in the opposite direction through that narrow and tortuous passage, for she flew round the corners—"turning close to the ground, like a cat when scratchingly she wheels about after a mouse," as my old favorite Sir Philip Sidney says. Notwithstanding her speed, however, when I reached the mouth of the lane, there was Mr. Coningham half across the first field, with his coat-tails flying out behind him. I would not allow myself to be left in such a discourteous fashion, and gave chase. Before he had measured the other half of the field I was up with him.

"That mare of yours is a clever one," he said, as I ranged alongside of him. "I thought I would give her a breather. She hasn't enough to do."

"She's not breathing so *very* fast," I returned. "Her wind is as good as her legs."

"Let's go along then, for I've lost a great deal of time this morning. I ought to have been at Squire Strode's an hour ago. How hot the sun is, to be sure, for this time of the year!"

As he spoke he urged his horse, but I took and kept the lead, feeling, I confess, a little angry, for I could not help suspecting he had really wanted to run away from me. I did what I could, however, to behave as if nothing had happened. But he was very silent, and his manner towards me was quite altered. Neither could I help thinking it scarcely worthy of a man of the world, not to say a lawyer, to show himself so much chagrined. For my part, having simply concluded that the new-blown bubble-hope had burst, I found myself just where I was before—with a bend sinister on my scutcheon, it might be, but with a good conscience, a tolerably clear brain, and the dream of my Athanasia.

The moment we reached the road, Mr. Coningham announced that his was in the opposite direction to mine, said his good morning, shook hands with me, and jogged slowly away. I knew that was not the nearest way to Squire Strode's.

I could not help laughing—he had so much the look of a dog with his tail between his legs, or a beast of prey that had made his spring and missed his game. I watched him for some time, for Lilith being pulled both ways—towards home, and after her late companion—was tolerably quiescent, but he never cast a glance behind him. When at length a curve in the road hid him from my sight, I turned and went quietly home, thinking what the significance of the unwelcome discovery might be. If the entry of the marriage under that date could not be proved a mere blunder, of which I could see no hope, then certainly my grandfather must be regarded as born out of wedlock, a supposition which, if correct, would account for the dropping of the *Daryll*.

On the way home, I jumped no hedges.

Having taken my farewell of Lilith, I packed my "bag of needments," locked the door of my uncle's room, which I would have no one enter in my absence, and set out to meet the night mail.

CHAPTER LI.

CHARLEY AND CLARA.

On my arrival in London I found Charley waiting for me, as I had expected; and with his help soon succeeded in finding, in one of the streets leading from the Strand to the river, the accommodation I wanted. There

I settled, and resumed the labor so long and thanklessly interrupted.

When I recounted the circumstances of my last interview with Mr. Coningham, Charley did not seem so much surprised at the prospect which had opened before me as disappointed at its sudden close, and would not admit that the matter could be allowed to rest where it was.

"Do you think the change of style could possibly have anything to do with it?" he asked, after a meditative silence.

"I don't know," I replied. "What change of style do you mean?"

"I mean the change of the beginning of the year from March to January," he answered.

"When did that take place?" I asked.

"Some time about the middle of the last century," he replied; "but I will find out exactly."

The next night he brought me the information that the January which according to the old style would have been that of 1752, was promoted to be the first month of the year 1753.

My dates then were, by several years, antecedent to the change, and it was an indisputable anachronism that the January between the December of 1747 and the March of 1748 should be entered as belonging to the latter year. This seemed to throw a little dubious light upon the perplexity: the January thus entered belonged clearly to 1747, and therefore was the same January with that of my ancestors' letters. Plainly, however, the entry could not stand in evidence, its interpolation at least appearing indubitable, for how otherwise could it stand at the beginning of the new year instead of towards the end of the old, five years before the change of style? Also, I now clearly remembered that it did look a little crushed between the heading of the year and the next entry. It must be a forgery—and a stupid one as well, seeing the bottom of the preceding page, where there was a small blank, would have been the proper place to choose for it—that is, under the heading 1747. Could the 1748 have been inserted afterwards? That did not appear likely, seeing it belonged to all the rest of the entries on the page, there being none between the date in question and March 29, on the 25th of which month the new year began. The conclusion lying at the door was, that some one had inserted the marriage so long after the change of style that he knew nothing of the trap there lying for his forgery. It seemed probable that, blindly following the letters, he had sought to place it in the beginning of the previous year, but, getting bewildered in the apparent eccentricities of the arrangement of month and year, or, perhaps, finding no other blank suitable to his purpose, had at last drawn his bow at a venture. Neither this nor any other theory I could fashion, did I however find in the least satisfactory. All I could be sure of was, that here was no evidence of the marriage—on the contrary, a strong presumption against it.

For my part, the dream in which I had indulged had been so short that I very soon recovered from the disappointment of the waking therefrom. Neither did the blot with which the birth of my grandfather was menaced affect me much. My chief annoyance in regard of that aspect of the affair was in being *so* related to Geoffrey Brotherton.

I cannot say how it came about, but I could not help observing that, by degrees, a manifest softening appeared in Charley's mode of speaking of his father, although I knew that there was not the least approach to a more cordial intercourse between them. I attributed the change to the letters of his sister, which he always gave me to read. From them I have since classed her with a few others I have since known, chiefly women, the best of their kind, so good and so large-minded that they seem ever on the point of casting aside the unworthy opinions they have been taught, and showing themselves the true followers of him who cared only for the truth; and yet holding by the doctrines of men, and believing them to be the mind of God.

In one or two of Charley's letters to her I ventured to insert a question or two, and her reference to these in her replies to Charley gave me an opportunity of venturing to write to her more immediately, in part defending what I thought the truth, in part expressing all the sympathy I honestly could with her opinions. She replied very kindly, very earnestly, and with a dignity of expression as well as of thought which harmonized entirely with my vision of her deeper and grander nature.

The chief bent of my energies was now to vindicate for myself a worthy position in the world of letters; but my cherished hope lay in the growth of such an intimacy with Mary Osborne as might afford ground for the cultivation of far higher and more precious ambitions.

It was not, however, with the design of furthering these that I was now guilty of what will seem to most men a Quixotic action enough.

"Your sister is fond of riding—is she not?"

I asked Charley one day, as we sauntered with our cigars on the terrace of the Adelphi.

"As fond as one can possibly be who has had so little opportunity," he said.

"I was hoping to have a ride with her and Clara the very evening when that miserable affair occurred. The loss of that ride was at least as great a disappointment to me as the loss of the sword."

"You seem to like my sister, Wilfrid," he said.

"At least I care more for her good opinion than I do for any woman's—or man's either, Charley."

"I am so glad!" he responded. "You like her better than Clara, then?"

"Ever so much," I said.

He looked more pleased than annoyed, I thought—certainly neither the one nor the other entirely. His eyes sparkled, but there was a flicker of darkness about his forehead.

"I am very glad," he said again, after a moment's pause. "I thought—I was afraid—I had fancied sometimes—you were still a little in love with Clara."

"Not one atom," I returned. "She cured me of that quite. There is no danger of that any more," I added—foolishly, seeing I intended no explanation.

"How do you mean?" he asked, a little uneasily.

I had no answer ready, and a brief silence followed. The subject was not resumed.

It may well seem strange to my reader that I had never yet informed him of the part Clara had had in the matter of the sword. But, as I have already said, when anything moved me very deeply, I was never ready to talk about it. Somehow, whether from something of the cat-nature in me, I never liked to let go my hold of it without good reason. Especially I shrunk from imparting what I only half comprehended; and besides, in the present case, the thought of Clara's behavior was so painful to me still, that I recoiled from any talk about it—the more that Charley had a kind and good opinion of her, and would, I knew, only start objections and explanations defensive, as he had done before on a similar occasion, and this I should have no patience with. I had therefore hitherto held my tongue. There was, of course, likewise the fear of betraying his sister, only the danger of that was small, now that the communication between the two girls seemed at an end for the time; and if it had not been that a certain amount of mutual reticence had arisen between us, first on Charley's part and afterwards on mine, I doubt much whether, after all, I should not by this time have told him the whole story. But the moment I had spoken as above, the strangeness of his look, which seemed to indicate that he would gladly request me to explain myself but for some hidden reason, flashed upon me the suspicion that he was himself in love with Clara. The moment the suspicion entered, a host of circumstances crystallized around it. Fact after fact flashed out of my memory, from the first meeting of the two in Switzerland down to this last time I had seen them together, and in the same moment I was convinced that the lady I saw him with in the Regent's Park was no other than Clara. But if it were so, why had he shut me out from his confidence? Of the possible reasons which suggested themselves, the only one which approached the satisfactory was, that he had dreaded hurting me by the confession of his love for her, and preferred leaving it to Clara to cure me of a passion to which my doubtful opinion of her gave a probability of weakness and ultimate evanescence.

A great conflict awoke in me. What ought I to do? How could I leave him in ignorance of the falsehood of the woman he loved? But I could not make the disclosure now. I must think about the how and the how much to tell him. I returned to the subject which had led up to the discovery.

"Does your father keep horses, Charley?"

"He has a horse for his parish work, and my mother has an old pony for her carriage."

"Is the rectory a nice place?"

"I believe it is, but I have such painful associations with it that I hardly know."

The Arab loves the desert sand where he was born; the thief loves the court where he used to play in the gutter. How miserable Charley's childhood must have been! How *could* I tell him of Clara's falsehood?

"Why doesn't he give Mary a pony to ride?" I asked. "But I suppose he hasn't room for another."

"Oh yes, there's plenty of room. His predecessor was rather a big fellow. In fact, the stables are on much too large a scale for a clergyman. I dare say he never thought of it. I must do my father the justice to say there's nothing stingy about him, and I believe he loves my sister even more than my mother. It certainly would be the best thing he could do for her to give her a pony. But she will die of religion—young, and be sainted in a two-penny tract, and that is better than a pony. Her hair doesn't curl—that's the only objection. Some one has remarked that all the good children who die have curly hair."

Poor Charley! Was his mind more healthy then? Was he less likely to come to an early death? Was his want of faith more life giving than what he considered her false faith?

"I see no reason to fear it," I said, with a tremor at my heart as I thought of my dream.

That night I was sleepless — but about Charley—not about Mary. What could I do?—what ought I to do? Might there be some mistake in my judgment of Clara? I searched, and I believe searched honestly, for any possible mode of accounting for her conduct that might save her uprightness, or mitigate the severity of the condemnation I had passed upon her. I could find none. At the same time, what I was really seeking was an excuse for saying nothing to Charley. I suspect now that had I searched after justification or excuse for her from love to herself, I might have succeeded in constructing a theory capable of sheltering her; but as it was, I failed utterly; and turning at last from the effort, I brooded instead upon the Quixotic idea already adverted to, grown the more attractive as offering a good excuse for leaving Charley for a little.

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT NOT TO VOTE.

Eve nas some cause to look twice at a plausible proffer of advantage. Her children have double cause to watch with jealous anxiety her deliberations in such a case. She cannot act for herself, for she incloses the race. All the types of destiny are shaped in the matrix of her decisions.

It would not be very fanciful to describe the present as the crisis of a Second Temptation. The bauble of power now bends to the same hand as did the fruit of knowledge, and "Ye shall be as gods," is again the assurance of the tempter. The iron subjection and sorrow into which the first counsel of ambition beguiled the common mother has been borne for sixty centuries, and at last the emancipator stands before her, ready to strike off the chain and bid her accept at once equality, freedom, and power.

We do not overstate the liberal purpose of the age. Christ's own mission "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," is not broader (temporally) than the theory of equality which has become the Gospel's grandest offshoot in its second spring. No such thing as arbitrary privilege or privation has a living root left in the future. Man alone is crowned, and his accidents, birth, wealth, learning, color, sex, are everywhere getting ready to cast their crowns at his feet. In all prerogative, he must increase, they must decrease. For there is recognized in the soul itself that which is above all it has done. It inherits of the dignity of its Author, and can have no other superior. To define the *jure divino* sovereign of this world, it is only necessary to ascertain who is a Man. We may safely assume this as the fundamental political criterion of the world that is to be. No matter if the weight of opinion be still in favor of the doctrine that political power is a providential trust, never to be conceded to others but in extremity or on sound considerations of public good. Regardless of authority and expediency, the democratic mass of mankind everywhere feels that the common birthright of equal liberty involves equal prerogatives of power, and is a gift of too high origin and quality for man to confer or withhold. It follows that the natural right of any human being to take part in political elections can be challenged only on the ground of incompleteness in manhood. The practical right can be denied only in the case of one alien to the community and interests concerned, or in some way presumably incapable of performing the intelligential act of election.

Considering, therefore, that equality has fought its decisive battle and is the established creed of the future, it is not too much to say that the temptation of power approaches the female sex as closely and as plausibly as did that of forbidden knowledge. It comes in as a necessary incident of the progress of political equity: the most perilous career into which mankind have ever launched, insomuch as the powers and possibilities of abuse, which it brings indiscriminately to all, are unprecedented and enormous. It matters not whether the proposition be ultimately put to a direct vote of women, as seems to be anticipated by many, or whether it shall be decided through the votes of men alone. Whether in their own persons, or through the agency of their brothers, as hitherto, women will participate in the decision of this question and all other questions in which their rights and interests are concerned. It is too late in the day to think of carrying measures or sustaining laws in which women

are especially concerned, over the heads of women, if indeed such a thing were ever possible under Christian civilization. All who are exercised concerning real or supposed wrongs of women, such as legislation or public opinion can reach, may make themselves easy. No public wrong whatever can now long withstand the forces of discussion and organization, wielded by or in behalf of any important fraction of the body politic. And above all other possible fractions, that, to men at least, emphatically better half of mankind—the female sex—must not, cannot, be permanently wronged or dissatisfied by the arrangements of society. Wielding always, in this country at least, a power in all departments which, if conscious of itself, could but smile at the feeble alliance of the ballot, women will have this additional power very easily as soon as they conclude to take it.

The only question remaining, therefore, and the only inquiry here proposed, is this: What is the interest, honor, and duty of women, in regard to assuming an identical position with men? The question is evidently a question for women. It is certainly time for women to take it up seriously, consider it thoroughly, and express themselves upon it authentically. There are persons who assume to deliver the opinion and demand of the female sex. Women, it is true, reject for themselves, and justly, the common rule that silence gives consent. It is their right not to be forced to speak. Still, the determined effort to personate them in most important relations, by individuals whose sex is suspected to be rather a disguise, requires the principals compromised by the proceedings to scrutinize and dispose of them in a way of unmistakable authority. They begin to recognize this necessity. A very few have led forward in behalf of their sex, and if in some way the expense of canvassing and organizing the silent sentiment of women were but provided for, very instructive and indeed convincing developments might be realized. Perhaps this will come of itself soon enough, and in a way of its own. Discussion, meanwhile, is yet needed, to give consciousness, consistency, and decision to the sentiments of right-minded women. It is superfluous to add that we address ourselves to women in what we have to advance on this subject. Everything that is said upon the subject is necessarily addressed to women, mediately or immediately, and from them must get its answer in the end.

The right to vote, then, need detain us no longer The question is on the right not to vote. Allowing the vote to stand for all the various masculine functions which women are invited to assume, this title is broad enough to cover the whole debate. Have women such negative right, and is it for their interest, honor, and usefulness to waive it, or to insist upon it?

There is certainly no such right for men. Men must vote, as soldiers must fight. Popular suffrage is an arsenal thrown open to the public enemy. It compels good citizens to arm likewise, in defense. The worst of it is that the modern repeating arms are for the public enemy exclusively. So far, women on both sides are non-combatants. Throw open the arsenal to them also, and you at once put another hostile army in the field as strong as the first (for every bad man has somewhere a bad woman for his mate), and every virtuous woman then must fight by the side of every loyal man. Have they not a right to decline this necessity while they may? Women, good and bad, now stand paired off. Their common abstinence does not affect the vote either way. Shall the zeal or ambition of a minority be allowed to break this truce, and plunge the whole sex, against their will, into a conflict from which none can be exempt and which never will end?

It must be conceded that women have a right to consider this question in the light of their own general interests, and to decide for themselves, as a body, whether they will be made voters, and otherwise masculine, or not. The natural right of the individual must be subordinated here, as everywhere, to the paramount rights of the whole. No individual right can be exercised to the injury of another, and much less to the injury of the many. There is no right in the world which is not subject to this limitation. The question must, therefore, be submitted to the decision of the majority, at least of women themselves. Not a woman can be allowed to commit the sex to a political career by her individual assumption of the right until the whole have decided to submit to the change. Nobody will dispute this position who is not prepared for absolute individualism and anarchy.

Is it best for women, as a body, to accept and assume an identical position with men, in each or any of the three great spheres of life, social, civil, and political? The social sphere we shall understand to include all relations between human beings which are not established by law. Conventional agreement, or public opinion, is the law of this sphere. Here women are nearly omnipotent. Whatever conventional rules or prejudices restrain them

are their own. Men themselves learn all their views of feminine propriety ultimately from women. The sex will therefore approach this part of the question in a peculiarly independent, or say rather sovereign, attitude. Whatever they agree to will be accomplished in the act of agreement. And the power and efficacy of social action immeasurably transcends that of all civil and political processes combined. The latter absolutely proceed from the former. The man is not more effectively shaped in the womb and in the home than the parts and processes of the public organism are shaped in the vital stir of private society or personal intercourse. How far will the position of women be improved by exchanging it for that of men, or assimilating it to that of men, in society?

The material peculiarities which distinguish the social position of men from that of women resolve themselves into these two: (1) the burden of supporting themselves and families; and (2) the burden of carrying on the public, professional, and material business of the world. For the bulk of this work men alone generally have by nature the proper faculties, such at least as physical strength, boldness, and enterprise. But for all of it, the law of self-dependence peculiar to them as men is a necessary condition, as enforcing the life-long application which is in most cases indispensable to success.

In exceptional cases, women voluntarily embrace this self-dependence for life, in preference to such proposals of protection as happen to them. Nearly all women, however, have preferred husbands and children, such as they could get, to all other objects. From this thorough experiment, elucidated by what we have been able to learn of their nature, we (men) feel warranted in the comfortable, not to say flattering, expectation that women will generally continue to give us the preference, and to yield their indispensable good-will to the perpetuation of our species, to the end of time. Could we even waive the solaces of home and children and woman's love, yet the conception of a planet depopulated and left to wiser animals, that the mother of men might dedicate herself to the production of laws, books, arts, and works of art, for which, alas, their dumb inheritors would have no use, is a conception too repugnant to all rational ends of creation and providence to be possible. We mention this, and with the utmost seriousness, because it is too often forgotten that the balance between births and deaths is getting to be a delicate one in civilized countries; that in many places it is already on the side of death; and that as a small change in the inclination of the earth's axis would convert our blooming lands into lifeless wastes of perpetual ice and snow, so a little general shifting of the burdens of active life upon our women would depress procreative action sufficiently to extinguish our own branch of the race, at least, within a moderate period of time. We conclude, therefore, that self-dependence will not become the rule for women until it shall be the pleasure of Providence to exterminate us, and that women will be the least willing executioners of such a decree. Until then, the imperative condition of success in all arts, professions, and businesses —that is, self-dependence, forcing an unalterable and undivided application for life—will be exceptional among women, as now. The cause which makes many employments masculine in practice, which are not distinctively such in character, is this necessity of a more than temporary prosecution of them, in order to succeed in competition with those who can and must give their lives to them. Exceptional women are often found to break the ice of precedent and custom in such matters, and to make for themselves a place among men by a man-like choice and endeavor. But nothing less than a general compulsion to self-support, which if inflicted upon women would be equivalent to the extinction of civilized man, can ever naturalize in the sex any of the learned professions or of the more difficult arts, handicrafts and commercial employments, to such extent that a female *expert* will be less than a prominent exception. Such a general compulsion of women to self-support would be a return to heathen barbarism of the most brutal type.

Possibly the ladies may correct us, but to our own humble perception there is, after this single remark, nothing left of apparent interest or honor to the female sex in the transfer of the arts and professions to their side, or rather in the transfer of the female sex to the arts and professions. Not even the honor of earning their own living independently, of which so much is said by some. There is no peculiar honor in independence. There is something quite the contrary, in fact. The only honor that belongs to independence is that of being useful to others in due proportion to what we receive from them, or in common language, paying one's way. No one enjoys that honor more perfectly than a good wife, mother, or daughter, who never touched a penny of wages or profit in her life. But a further honor is enjoyed in those positions of a nature which mankind have always

agreed to regard as the highest they can bestow. Royalty, priesthood, and official station are honored with support at public expense. These conditions are imperfectly honored, however, in this way, because services are exacted as an equivalent for support. The relation partakes of that of a hireling, in which the absence of honor is absolute. But when the never-to-be-recompensed services of a great soldier, in the crisis of his country's fate, are to be recognized, there is no consideration of what is to be got from him in return for his pension or salary. His services may be nominal, or *nil*, but his public support is (or should be) princely; not so much for his own sake as for the sake of public virtue and of humanity. Now this sort of position alone bears an analogy to that of the woman in the family. There is enough of coarseness, grudging, and haggling debate about what is yielded in Congress to the national benefactors, and in the family to the wife and mother: there is enough of all this in the manner, and enough of uttermost stinginess in the matter, of what is done in both cases, to disgust the benefactors and disgrace the beneficiaries, and in a superficial point of view almost to pervert the whole tribute to an insult. But the bottom fact remains that an obligation is recognized, however shabbily. Homage is paid perforce to a right of unconditional support; and if there is any higher or deeper homage than this expressed or expressible by human society (save that obedience which is due only to God), we know not what can be the form of it. The individual man may contemn and oppress his wife; but society commands him to support her, irrespective of her usefulness to him, and in effect authorizes her to take her support, according to his ability, wherever she can get it, from his substance or his credit, whether she *does* anything to deserve it or not. It is enough that she is a wife: that of itself is her plenary title. In so requiring, Christian society recognizes in wifehood a dignity such as it recognizes nowhere else on earth. In that very dependence (as contempt prefers to put it) which some inconsiderate women resent so loudly, Christian society exalts the wife and her office above every other human character and station. It expresses in its broad, rough-hewn phrase of fact the sincere homage which takes living form in every manly heart and crowns the wife and mother as the highest earthly object of reverence and love; shedding its exuberant halo so far around her as to invest her daughters with a secondary sanctity. All genuine manhood has a jealous repugnance to the soiling of a wife's or daughter's hand with hire. And of all the aristocracies, where is that which the supposed degradation of self-support cuts so keenly, so universally, as the aristocracy of domestic womanhood? Yet where is the democracy whose voluntary service is so cheerful, so lowly, even extreme, as that of the same proud caste? Long may this pride flourish! We can half forgive, though we would not excuse, the folly of daughters who so commonly carry their sense of womanly dignity to the false extreme of feeling ashamed to work for wages when paternal poverty renders it needful, dutiful, and hence honorable. Though a mistaken or even hateful sentiment, it has its root in a genuine instinct of woman's dignity and "woman's rights."

The ideals of society are far above the statutes in which they are imperfectly suggested. Statutes are framed for the worse part of men, and necessarily enforce but a minimum standard of morality. The theory of Christian law is very high; and although its statutory development steadily tends to higher forms, the theory must not be sought on the actual low level of the statutes or of the vulgar usage. We have, therefore, no more than justly, resorted to the better sentiment of men, for the true interpretation of their meaning in binding themselves to the support of women, and we have found this interpretation decisively confirmed by the nature of the provisions they have made for their purpose. On the same ground we deny the crude theory that support is exacted for wives, as for children or slaves, because their civil existence is merged alike in that of the husband, father, or master, so that the law looks to him, as the only responsible party whom it knows, to prevent them from becoming a public charge. There may be truth in this aspect of the case, but it is only a small part of the truth. The provision made for the wife is far too broad and free to be covered by this explanation, or to be compared with that of children or slaves. It is also steadily growing broader and freer (as there is admitted room for it to do) by the vital efficacy of the principle we have attributed to it. Besides this, there are no counter provisions, as with children and slaves, for enforcing subjection and service upon the wife which shall make good the expense of her support. Duties on her part, to husband and family, are indeed recognized, as Heaven forbid they should not be; but no other means of enforcing such duties are given by law to the husband than to the wife, save as they may linger, like tenacious roots and stumps

of pre-Christian barbarism, in the more backward political communities. A man may lawfully chastise his son, or bind him out to a master, to enforce his service in recompense for his support. Or he may bring him before a magistrate and have him punished for contumacy, or for larceny of anything the father chooses to forbid to him. Or he may expel him from his house, and the son will have no direct remedy at law. All this is disallowed by the law in respect to a wife. He may not, without cause, even go away from her peaceably, leaving her in his own house to enjoy it alone.

The superior happiness and dignity of marital rather than independent support for women being established, as well as its absolute necessity to the race from the lowest to the highest considerations—a necessity we must leave our readers to consider for themselves—we return to the question, or rather to the form of the question, which still remains and chiefly exercises earnest minds, viz.: How to deal with the exceptional cases, the unmarried, the unmarriageable, and the unwilling to marry. The trials of these classes originate most of the agitation. There are always on hand, too, a large class of active and ardent spirits who take it for granted that for every wrong and infelicity there must be somewhere a remedy. Nothing but experiment can satisfy a philanthropist of this kind that a law aimed at an evil will fail to reach it, or will overturn with the evil a greater good, or will establish in exchange for the first evil another still worse. It is necessary to realize that evil and sore evil is incurable in an evil world, and that beyond very narrow limits the utmost that is left us to effect is the exchange of one evil for another, and the choice of the least. So it is in the matter of providing for single women. The gravest evil connected with single women is their singleness, for it implies single men, and both together, on a large scale, constitute one of the most unhealthy conditions of society. Could we remedy this!—but at least we must not aggravate this. The most of mankind would sooner punish than encourage bachelors; but we all sympathize with single women, and, so far as they are concerned, would gladly make their lot as independent as it is inconvenient. But in this kind impulse, is it worth while to forget that, could we satisfy it, we should instantly multiply *both* the classes of single persons whose singleness is the greatest of misfortunes at once to themselves and to society? We do not refer to recruits of celibacy who would otherwise have been constrained by its terrors to submit to ineligible marriages. We have no desire to keep up arrangements for forcing women to accept husbands. But independence and the processes of independence do even more to render women ineligible for marriage than indifferent to it. It is unnecessary here to inquire whether this ought to be or not to be. It is the fact to be met. Be it a true instinct or a discreditable weakness, it is certain that all men find a charm in girlish simplicity and softness, while they shrink from the self-poised and self-sufficing woman of affairs, with something akin to preternatural dread. The slightest tinge of business in a woman's air demagnetizes her. It is useless to reason or to rail: this weakness, or whatever it be, is chronic and hopeless. Throughout the vicissitudes of society and the changing phases of human nature, men have given no sign of amendment in this respect; and, bad as it is, we really think the women might do worse than to take them as they are, and give up reforming them.

At this point our sex-reformers exhibit to advantage that remarkable unconsciousness of the higher characteristics of men as well as of women, which distinguishes them at all times. Those ladies are far from masculine, or even remotely acquainted with the masculine nature, we should say (unless in its baser forms), who take it for granted and steadily assure us that women will better their prospects of marriage by proving their capacity to take care of themselves and their husbands too. They may be as well qualified as anybody to argue the abstract question whether woman ought to be supported by man, and they are entitled to their individual preference on the same point, so far as they are personally concerned. But they lack the first condition for a practical argument—acquaintance with the primary facts of the case—if they do not know that Nature has certified *her* intention in this matter by endowing the adult male portion of mankind not only with ample ability to support all the rest, women and children, but with a spontaneous impulse to do so, and even to insist on doing so, which is one of the most remarkable facts in human nature. We shall probably be told that this, too, is a perversion. If so, it is a perversion nourished by Christianity and enjoined by its apostles. It is a perversion most perfect wherever the sexual attraction in men is purest, gentlest, most ennobled, and is wholly imperceptible only under the brutal phase of savageism—to which we should speedily descend, without further motive, under a system of sex independence and equality which gave women no unconditional right to support in

the conjugal relation. The women who decry sentiments of generosity between the sexes, and cry mightily for justice as something more sacred and more serviceable, would, like another noted lover of justice, if they had their way, find justice more than they desired. The man who married an Irish servant to save hiring one, illustrated the peculiar advantage to be expected in matrimony by the independent woman, and the style of husband her business qualities are likely to win—yes, and to develop, on a general scale, proportioned to the extent of self-dependence among women. On the other hand, wherever a genuine specimen of natural manly affection for woman can be taken, it will be found upon strict analysis that the master impulse is that of protection rather than possession, while considerations of advantage are held in utter contempt. The chief happiness of the lover and of the husband alike is expected and found in the strange pleasure of carrying a certain woman and her children in ease through life by his own life-long toil. It was a home-thrust of some cynical wit who rallied our young men upon their overmastering desire to pay for some young woman's board. This noble rage is said to have fallen of late years, at least relatively to the rising board and dress bills, and the flood of independent oratory with which women are deluging us does not a little, doubtless, towards extinguishing it.

But do we really wish to extinguish it? It is thoroughly woman-like to toss the head at masculine help when put as a consideration *per se*—as much so as it is to receive it with delight in the acceptable form of courtesy or love. But, rising above personal feeling (for the question is not here put to any woman as a personal one), will our women soberly consent, in their regard for the true welfare and nobleness of their brothers, husbands, and sons, to do anything which shall tend to educate them to a less generous sentiment or habit of mind in this matter? Our sincerest natural sentiments are products of social culture, in their perfection, and are capable, like other growths, of perishing under adverse influences or neglect. The ruder sort of men in a Christian community, ignorant it may be of any chivalrous sentiment toward women, are nevertheless unconsciously impressed by such a sentiment in others, and are ofter found, in fact, as decided as their betters in preferring wives for whom they must earn, to wives who will earn for them.

It may be taken for granted, without argument, that the interest of marriage is the fundamental interest of society, to which all individual or exceptional considerations must bow. In considering what shall be done for single women or single men, or any other class of human beings related as a class to the family or marriage state, we must rule out of consideration in advance whatever will discourage or deteriorate matrimony on the general scale, and we must be extremely careful, in choosing modes of amelioration for abnormal conditions, to avoid if possible whatever tends to extend such conditions. We should aim to apply to the celibacy of women a double remedy, ameliorating it by means which will tend at the same time to diminish it, rather than a palliative which will re-invigorate the disorder in its cause. Now that cause is plainly and simply the indisposition of a large proportion of men to fulfill the relation for which Nature designs the nicely balanced numbers of the two sexes. The way to aggravate the evil is accordingly plain: anything that will diminish the charms of women in the eyes of men, and increase the dread or distrust of matrimony which now keeps so many bachelors useless in the world and so many spinsters forlorn. Equally simple, again, in general terms, is the remedy: Whatever exalts women in the estimation and affection of men rather than in their own conceit, whatever increases not their earnings but their charms, whatever gives them power not in markets and caucuses but in hearts, will improve the condition of the majority of single women in just the way they would prefer; will quite as much improve the condition of an equal number of single men; will make it easy for the inevitable remainder to provide for themselves; and will be a twofold benefit to society, by at once multiplying families and increasing their happiness. Since the attraction to marriage is generally dependent on the same qualities which make amiable companions in marriage, and the happy development of the feminine nature is especially dependent on marriage and maternity, the equation may be reduced to simple and correct terms by saying that the grand interest and vocation of women is to persuade men to marry. Society looks to them for this high service, and there is nobody else to perform it, for nature has placed the means entirely in their hands. The means placed in their hands are noble and beneficient also in themselves. Such is their beauty, which in its merely direct action is worth more to man than all the other beauty with which the Creator has adorned the world; and it is in their own hands more than they think, not

indeed to deface with pigments and other artificial contrivances, but to irradiate with health, culture, and grace. Such are their modesty, their purity, their gentleness, their tender ministries. Such, too, are their utilitarian virtues, domestic skill, taste, and economy, without the aid of which neither happiness, prosperity, nor virtue are practicable to the majority of men. These womanly powers control men by their feelings, reason, and interest at once. They not only induce marriage, but make it happy when contracted, give it a good report among them that are without, and certain of them (which is no small matter in these days) render it not impracticable for men to marry and support families. In all this woman is the artist of society, whose works are as far above art as a child is more and more beautiful than a picture of one. The instinctive study of women to attract the preference of men, and to make and keep for themselves a happy settlement in life, is worthy of all honor, so far as it is controlled by modesty and good sense, whether we consider its motive, its means, or its effect; and we are bound to say that the women who take so much pains to pour contempt upon this sort of husbandry, "speak evil of things which they understand not." To reduce the unmarried remnant of both sexes is an end worthy of statesmen and philanthropists, and why is it not worthy of a simple maiden, younger or older, we should like to know?

But while it is undoubtedly the first object set before every woman by nature and reason to achieve a husband, a home and a family for her own, the question still remains, what to do with those who must fail in this object, or who will not attempt it. Must they suffer as victims on the family altar? Or is there no way to better their condition apparently, without making it really worse? We purpose to answer this question both favorably and definitely. But first, there are two minor reasons to be added for rejecting the remedy by confiscation of masculine employments. Women and children are the chief stockholders, so to speak, who are to suffer in property by such confiscation. We cannot make additional places for the women who propose to enter the masculine callings: they must make room for themselves by displacing men. It would not be strange if the successful female physician, broker, or politician (supposing such a thing) were to make an old bachelor of the very man who would have sought her hand most acceptably if she had not thrust herself into his place and character. Undoubtedly, every such instance of success must thwart some woman's chance of domestic happiness or curtail its material resources. The general effect of the transfer of work must be to diminish marriages by diminishing the average of men's resources. Women will do with toil and solitude and sorrow the work that men would have been glad to do for them as wives, and so will have their labor and much worse for their pains.

In the second place, the enlargement of women's employment and remuneration has in very small proportion gone to better the condition of the votaries or victims of celibacy. It is a fact worthy of the most serious attention from such as take an interest in the condition of self-dependent women, that the bulk of all that is earned to-day by female labor in the shops and factories of our cities goes to girls who are not strictly in need of employment. Few, that is, comparatively, are orphans or adult single women, who have no other resource than their labor. A large majority are young girls living with their parents, and required to spend the years which might and should be devoted to education in earning their quota of the family support or savings. The philanthropy expended in devising employment for lone females goes, like alms given to juvenile beggars in the street, mainly to relieve unnatural parents of their natural obligations, and sometimes to support them in idle debauchery.

The true remedy for the destitution of single women should be one which is not to be wasted on a greedy crowd neither in need of it nor really benefited by it; one which will increase instead of further subdividing the total of skilled, honored, and respectably paid labor; one which will not diminish the ability of men to marry and support families in comfort, but will rather diminish the difficulty; one which will render women neither less susceptible nor less attractive to manly affection, but will, on the contrary, qualify them the better to appreciate and to fulfill the offices of domestic love; and finally, one which does not exact of them either arduous training or permanent establishment as a condition of success. It is to be presumed that the system of nature contains provisions or possibilities for each of its members which harmonize thus with the native adaptation, impulse, and peculiar interest of each, and consequently with the paramount interests of the whole. Let us arrange the demands of society in pursuance of this presumed method, leaving on one side whatever employments are unfavorable to the best development, exercise, and

opportunity of woman's peculiar excellences, as the genius and soul of domestic life, and reserving for special consideration and encouragement whatever pursuits promise satisfactory support to women temporarily or permanently single, while educating them, more or less, toward those vital arts which devolve upon them exclusively, and in which, it is certain, every one of them is needed. Whoever goes out of the family, leaves a gap with nobody to fill it.

It will be sufficient to pass very lightly over the negative side of this examination. It would be superfluous to point out the life-long and arduous exactions or the unfeminine tendencies of the profession of law, of a public and comprehensive practice of medicine, of public preaching and lecturing, of politics, legislation, and administration, or of a business career in any department. The natural right of a woman to devote herself to any of these pursuits to which she may feel inclined is not to be resisted. It may be well even to promote a free development of such exceptional vocation, in desperate cases. The question for women as a body is not that of individual liberty in these things. That is settled as soon as raised. The question still remaining, and the one of all importance to women, is whether the preponderance of masculine forces over feminine susceptibilities which determines the choice of a public over a domestic sphere, is the thing they should decide to praise and to foster, and to set before their daughters as the ideal of a useful, happy, and high womanhood. To state this question to women in general is sufficient. They can give it but one answer, so long as they are women.

The pursuits of art and literature are not so unfortunate for women, in that they do not involve any positively unfeminine tendency. At worst, they rob a woman of domestic life, and rob domestic life of a woman—two of the worst robberies, to be sure, that can be effected, either by selfish violence or misdirected views of good. There are cases, undoubtedly, in which the subject-matter of the fraud is too small on either part to be seriously regretted, and exceptional cases in which it is smaller than the compensation which art or literature returns. Leaving such cases, which sometimes will assert themselves, to take their own course, and that not without generous sympathy, it will be the care of women, if we mistake not the bent and force of nature, to make such cases, with all other aberrations from the vital sphere of society, as rare as pure womanly training at home and good advice from womanly public opinion can make them. For it is notorious that the women who return to domestic life after once achieving a subsistence for themselves in any profession, are too few to be worth taking into any statistical account.

Descending to the material avocations, it is worthy of passing note that nothing seems in practice to spoil the womanly with surer effect than commerce. Women ought, naturally, to be more successful sellers than men, especially to male purchasers. But the experience of merchants proves, and their practice testifies, the reverse. Saleswomen, although so much cheaper than salesmen, make little or no encroachment upon the employment of the latter in prosperous cities, and, strange to say, so far as they are employed, it is mostly in stores frequented only by female customers for small purchases. Now the cause of this is as plain as the fact, to any one who observes the prevailing destitution of courtesy in saleswomen. Complaisance and tact are the grand lubricants of trade; and it is very remarkable that these most feminine of traits, by which women in their own sphere rule the world, are the very traits that seem to be annihilated in them by the influence of any kind of sordid commerce. Many employers have renounced saleswomen, and even female waiters, for the avowed reason that they could not make them sufficiently civil to customers. To men they are especially disagreeable, because courtesy is so peculiarly essential to pleasant intercourse between individuals of opposite sex. The least taste of their sharpness is intolerable, as it would not be in a man. It is like taking vinegar in milk. But it is no discredit to the feminine type. Quite the contrary. The highest organic products are most delicate, most corruptible, and most offensive in corruption. So infallible is this law in the moral world also, that we may rest assured women will never be able to carry enough of their fine personal endowment over into the Wall-streets and Broadways of the world to create an alluring example of success.

Among mechanical employments there are many which naturally seek the aid of female fingers, and these, of themselves, generally offer little positive harm to the feminine nature, make no intolerable exactions upon it, and detract little from the ability of men to place it in a better sphere. But even here are sore evils to womanhood. The habit of domesticity is sacrificed, and a distaste for domestic life in any shape is a general trait which strikes all who have opportunity to observe the character of shop and factory girls.

Finally, to all resources for single women which must be abstracted from the resources of husbands and fathers, or of those who should be encouraged to become such—in other words, from the resources of their married state—there remains the universal and conclusive objection, that the number of single women they will provide for must always be less than the number of single women they will make; partly because the larger portion of the abstracted sustenance will go to those who do not naturally need it, having parents or husbands; and partly because self-dependence in women so powerfully tends to dissuade both sexes from marriage.

It remains to notice those more feminine arts which offer an almost unoccupied field for women, in which they can never be rivalled, in which they will displace no men from their posts of duty as supporters of women and children, which will neither predispose women to celibacy, nor petrify men against matrimony, but which will set the individual woman in the way of at once preparing for and attracting to herself the great opportunity of her social existence.

For the few women whom wise Nature spares from the fundamental interest of society for a separate and public life, there is the most ample and honorable scope which any of mankind can find in this world, in almost unoccupied feminine professions which wait for women, and women alone, to fill them. Not to speak of art, literature, and science, already fashionable pursuits for women, there are two of the highest spheres of usefulness open to them, in which further organization is demanded for the purposes of female votaries. We refer to the domestic practice of medicine and hygiene and the domestic ministry of the gospel. For medical instruction there is no provision adapted to women unless it be as yet in embryo. The serious objection to mixed classes will always exclude from existing medical institutions, no matter how liberal, such women as would very much grace the profession. Yet the ideal of the medical profession is too noble and beneficent not to attract a good proportion of those women who are exceptionally biased by nature or circumstances. Their sympathetic and religious nature is wanted here, and will find an ample range of service to which it is specially adapted, even while it disqualifies them to meet the severer exactions of a comprehensive practice. What we need throughout the greater part of our lives, rather than great medical skill in emergencies, is daily advice and supervision, more closely carried out than it can be by male physicians, especially as to children, household management, and the incipient stages of disease. We would bespeak consideration for three modes, in each of which at once an important reform might be set on foot with apparent ease and great promise. Presupposing a competent medical institution which modest women could enter, and from which modest women could graduate—the chief difficulty of the question—in the first place, let the lady practitioner be adopted by mothers as a daily domestic visitor and counselor, perhaps a supervising nurse, in health and sickness alike, without necessarily interfering with the office of the trusted family physician in more serious cases. In wealthy city society domestic female physicians might enjoy a satisfactory practice in this way, and would be exceedingly valued, without violating in any case the peculiar delicacy which ought to be inseparable from the very idea of a woman. Secondly, let physicians in large practice adopt such lady practitioners as professional partners through whom their own perhaps superior experience and abilities might act in multitudes of cases quite as effectively and more acceptably than in a direct manner, and who would take off their hands a large amount of detail, and better it, too, by better attention. Thirdly, let the profession of hygiene for children be united with that of teacher, including the charge not only of lessons, but of regimen, dress, exercise, play, and the premonitions and causes of illness.

The domestic ministry of the gospel, whenever the support of the gospel shall begin to be a prominent object with those who profess to be devoted to it, will open an ample and most appropriate sphere for all the noblest feminine faculties and aspirations that are and are to be. As to public ministrations of any kind, nothing less than high art, which vindicates all its own exceptions, has ever seemed to justify such individual publicity in women. To call the public together to listen to one's talk, is the farthest stretch of self-assertion in an individual of either sex. If not justified by the indisputable necessity and authority of the message delivered, it can only be regarded as the most impudent of the forms of egotism. At the present day, moreover, when the press affords the best of mediums for addressing the intelligent world, a gratuitous appearance upon the rostrum, *i.e.*, one not called for by some kind of customary public appointment, adds the disgrace of a motive of personal vanity to that of presumption. For these reasons, emphasized by the finer modesty of the female sex, we do not believe that

the great conventional power administered by women will ever stamp women's preaching or lecturing to promiscuous audiences with approbation. Women can exercise the office of oral public instructors only by thrusting themselves into it; an insolence which is only worse in a woman than in a man. The thing is essentially different from publishing one's thoughts in print. In the latter there is no personal display, and no demand upon properly public attention, for the very book or newspaper is read, every copy of it, in privacy. If women should come to be appointed, not by small combinations of persons with peculiar views and objects, nor by managers in search of paying "sensations," but by the general consent of mankind, to teach orally and publicly, the stigma of vanity and presumption would no longer attach to the performance. They would then have only to consider whether they had anything to say, and any necessity for saying it *ore rotundo*, sufficient to justify them in overstepping the modesty of nature.

But the work of a domestic religious missionary can be performed incomparably better by women than by men, and myriads of women ought to be sustained in this office in all parts of the world by Christian churches. A woman has suggested that perhaps the reciprocal influence of the opposites in sex, now entirely one-sided in preaching, might, if brought into play from the female side also, prove a remedy for the present disparity of men in churches and worshiping congregations. It is hard to imagine a female preacher who could fascinate men—as preacher, at least. But the private influence of Christian women over the souls of men is peculiar and wonderful, though little exerted. If ever this magic of sex shall be consecrated in its finest forms to the winning of souls, the chief of apostles may be rivaled by a woman.

Whether the grand fields of purely feminine activity above glanced at will ever be made of much importance to women and by women or not, nobody can now safely prognosticate. The immediate interest of our inquiry centers on the proper arts of women in their own exclusive sphere. The domestic arts acquire a more commanding importance, on the whole, than any others, from their ancillary relation to woman's highest office—the highest in the world, both in its exactions and in its fruits. There is much in housekeeping which is as far as possible from sublime; but there is nothing in it which is not closely related and indispensable to the most sublime results of human existence. Its despised elements are the staple of our choicest fabric, the grammar of our highest eloquence, the mechanism of our grandest achievements. They therefore require the attention of the artists of society, precisely as the material, mechanical, or grammatical elements of any other art require to be first thoroughly mastered by its professors. The handling of the elements of any art conduces, by a mysterious effect of affinity, to a certain mastery of the art itself not otherwise attainable. Yet the elemental arts of society are turned over to our helots, and so utterly neglected that it would seem to most persons a misnomer to dignify them with the name of arts. "Women's arts for women" would be the motto of a true woman's labor reform. In them is room for all, whatever their condition or talents, with recompense fit, without prejudice to the prospect of marriage either by unfitting themselves or disabling men, but with precisely the contrary effect in every way. In this direction there is liberty indeed, for we shall not bring up against an impenetrable mass of competition, nor find that we are destroying on one side as much as we are making on the other. The only obstruction is want of education in the domestic arts, and of conventional respect for them. But of this worst injustice to women, strange to say, we hear no complaint. It is intolerable, we are told, for women to have no facilities for professional education, and to be threatened with social ostracism if they contrive to become lawyers or doctors. Yet these are the precise conditions under which women must acquire and practice the rudiments of their own noblest profession, if at all. They should labor for what they and the whole economic world most need and might most easily have: universities of a new type, comprehending, in a scientific and ennobling way, first the domestic arts, which are not above the humblest nor beneath the highest, and afterwards such other arts and professions as best suit the peculiar dignity of the womanly nature. It would be necessary that women of position, leaders of society, should interest themselves, not patronizingly, in such institutions, and give their own daughters the full share in their advantages which they need. There are benevolence, good sense and influence united in women in high places, sufficient, if properly organized, to make housekeeping in all its branches at once a fashionable accomplishment, a science, and a cultured profession, engaging talents and learning in its service, while lifting up millions of women out of want, or homeless and fruitless toil, to aug-

ment and share the happiness of millions of homes, besides making many new homes for themselves and others, that never would have existed but for their domestic accomplishments. Even under the present circumstances, we have known a small number of such women, self-made, and not peculiarly gifted, who, so far from having to dread the position of a menial in domestic service, were able to command at all times not only a choice among scores of applicant employers, but positions of unqualified respect and even friendship, in families of high social standing. There is probably no other service from women for which society would bid so high to-day, in both wages and personal consideration, as for accomplished and lady-like housekeeping, nursing, and sewing. In other words, almost every man in good circumstances would gladly support two ladies for one, if the second were satisfactory to the first (his wife), as assistant and delegate in household affairs; and for assistants of humbler pretensions still ampler room and proportional consideration are waiting, provided they be only qualified to command it by good-breeding and domestic skill.

Dropping here the subject of occupation, we must notice briefly three other questions pertaining to the conventional sphere, before passing on to the civil and political. Of these, the first is the proper ideal of education, and of mental honor and power, for women. The second is their proper position morally (*i.e.*, voluntarily) in marriage. The third is their proper position relative to proposals of marriage. We notice these points particularly, not only because of their actual prominence in the present agitation, but also because they offer lessons of fundamental importance in the new branch of science upon which mankind have entered by instigation to which we referred in an opening paragraph. It was said long ago that the proper study of mankind is man. Just now, there is no doubt, the proper study of womankind is woman. Women have yet to learn to appreciate themselves with discrimination; that is, in a conscious or deliberative way. The intuitive sense answers practical purposes so long as it is pure and unmixed, as in the unthinking animals, or in the unthinking stage of human nature. But the moment we begin to think we begin to blunder, and continue floundering in 'ragged notions and babblements,' until mature discussion brings out into mature consciousness the truth we once had unconsciously in nature. While women loved and served in the simplicity of nature, looking only for the other love and service their nature craved from men; while they gave unreasoning admiration to powers they lacked, enjoying an unreasoned but delightful homage in exchange—they never learned to grudge or to envy, to make comparisons or to raise questionings. When querulous sciolism breaks the spell, impeaching the *rationale* of wifely subjection and marital responsibility, and of reciprocal homage between weakness and strength, it is no wonder if the crude answer be confusion,—perhaps hasty recantation. Vital action is a complex and paradoxical thing everywhere. It works well, let alone, but it often does not read well, superficially. Crude criticism can only make the Creator a fool. Since we will criticise, we must go to the bottom. Having bitten the tree of knowledge, there is nothing for it now but to eat it through.

We anticipate from the accurate analysis of this subject, in the end, a new conception of honor and power, immeasurably higher than has heretofore prevailed in the world. Men and women alike bring to this discussion a brutal criterion pre-imposed upon their minds. We admire the muscularity of intellect with precisely the same ignorant reverence which savages yield to corporeal superiority, and for the same reason—because we can see it work. We are able to smile at the contempt of the rude man for woman's inferior size and strength. She sees that he plumes himself upon a brutal distinction, and she is disposed neither to contest it nor to be mortified by it. But when he boasts vigor to floor her in a wrestle of logic, or to surpass her in grasp of affairs, the force being by one attenuation higher, and only indirectly palpable to the senses, is mistaken for power of a higher origin, and she now feels herself disparaged. Blindly conscious that she cannot be an inferior creature, however, it seems to her that there must be some mistake about this. It is not strange if she concludes that she could become a match for him with like training, and that equity for her sex demands it. It would be substantially as reasonable and as dignified an aspiration for her to insist on training her delicate form to be a match for the male athlete. She cannot see the substantial identity of the two objects—and as little can the conceited Intelligence which looks down upon her—because neither has been taught to recognize the brute community and correlation of all natural forces, from brawn to brain. Neither has learned that the dignity of man resides in a moral nature which is superior both to his logical

and to his physical powers; that in both these classes of faculty alike he shares with the animals, excelling them only as to variety and quantity; and that hence the boast of superior logical force is but another brutal distinction. We need to learn that the moral nature is the only seat of power and worth, and that the mind, like the body, is but its servile instrument, whether for good or evil, having dignity or ability of its own in no other sense than the hulk of an elephant or a case of nitroglycerine. In this way we disparage neither intellectual nor physical instruments. We give them precisely their due appreciation as useful means, useful in proportion to their kind and force, for the ends of the moral nature. Means to be cultivated and employed, but certainly not to the praise of the owner, more than a steam-engine or a good horse.

Where and how does real and originating power show itself? Not in mind or in matter, but in that which moves, sways, impels, and governs both. "Why, gentlemen of the jury," said a Vermont lawyer, commenting on the evidence in a certain case, "J. J. was a man who could have kept a whole village of people like this witness revolving around him all their lives, unconscious of the power that moved them." Here was a good illustration of true personal power. That subtle intelligence we call tact (in which the female sex naturally excels), perhaps had not a little part in it, and so far it was not power, but a forcible instrument. But above and beyond all the forces employed was the inscrutable Power that employed them not only, but the employers of them, the moral natures of other men, in orbits controlled by its massive solar attraction. And not the least common illustrations of this solar power to be found in human life are women, often of little logical or forensic ability, and even uneducated, making instruments of men with all their powers, to whom in the entire range of merely natural or visible forces they would seem to be hopelessly inferior. Precisely thus, too, men of ordinary intellectual parts and no culture, men who could not put together a grammatical sentence or the shortest chain of reasoning, are found dominating their superiors in these respects, by a power which no intellect has ever been able to define or to trace. In the passive form of this power, *i.e.*, endurance—which is its highest test, as silent standing under fire is the highest test of the *morale* of the soldier—women have always been unapproachable. It is their peculiar forte; their moral force having been withdrawn by nature mainly from the offensive and concentrated on the defensive line.

Is, then, the native admiration of women for masculine qualities fallacious? Not for its own purpose. It expresses a legitimate satisfaction for them. It proves that relatively to theirs the masculine is a complemental, not in itself a better, nature. It is true for its own purpose and purport, but no farther. The same may perhaps be said of the mutual complacency on both sides. The impartial umpire finds the truth midway in the equation of both.

After all, it will be extremely difficult for women with a little more than feminine intellectual impulse to be persuaded that there is not something better in that direction than can be found in their own peculiar dower. They will still insist that great efforts ought to be made to educate the logical faculty in women to a par with that of men. We could name a woman of so logical mind as to be capable of keeping to the point in an argument, and by virtue of that unfeminine aberration, inconsolably conscious of inability to sustain an argument with men who acknowledged her as an equal. Attributing the defect to her education, she rushed to mathematics to obtain power with men; unconscious that all she really lacked in argument was a disposition to avoid it, and that a simple opinion, enforced only by womanly tact and weight of character, has an unacknowledged power with most men which the reasoning of a Bacon, if she attained it, would displace but never replace. Men are most commonly persuaded without being convinced, and convinced without being persuaded, and nine times in ten it is a woman who does the former thing and a man who does the latter. A little use of this masculine weapon in practical life teaches every man that logic is a morally impotent thing. Its use is not to create convictions, but to define and fortify convictions already embraced. For example, it were no modesty or disparagement to admit that this little argument on the Right Not to Vote is uncalculated to change the persuasion of a single reader. Its only possible mission is to aid in developing and fixing sentiments already in harmony with its general principles. As a positive organ of truth, the intuitions of the moral nature are infinitely more trustworthy, and more potent too, than the manliest powers of argumentation. The latter find their place in the conduct of affairs, which thus falls to men. Women were not made for argument, for hardiment, or for government, for the reason that they are

wanted in a more spiritual sphere, closer to the fountain-head of power, for which the coarse faculties that make the noise of the world would only disqualify.

Of education proper, or the faculty of acquiring knowledge, there is little danger in these days that even men will get an unfeminine depth and severity. Women need masculine studies, masculine teachers, and masculine society, not to make men of them, but women. There is little danger of perverting the type by sterling culture. Spurious culture at the hands of undisciplined writers and lecturers of either sex is more likely to do it. Frivolous vacuity and street life will be favorable to it. But nothing that a woman's mind can healthfully crave and digest will be dangerous to her womanliness. It is the adaptive quality of the nature that determines the product of nourishment. Doves fed upon flesh will not assimilate alarmingly to birds of prey. Mixed colleges would have almost everything to recommend them, if only the difficulty arising from inferior physical stamina in girls could be overcome.

Yet, if we have not misstated the nature of the highest ability, women have it of themselves, without colleges, and the problem of higher education for them is of but illusory importance. Any well-constituted and well-nurtured girl, graduated by a good mother, exhibits in all personal relations a dignity and strength to which the wisest men bow with genuine deference. It is miraculous how much they make of a little education—so much, that a great deal more makes very little difference, nothing of the difference it makes between men. If we look for the indispensable men, we must look mainly among the pre-eminent intellects and the masters in departments of knowledge. Not so among women: "She that gathered much had nothing over, and she that gathered less had no lack." The eminently intellectual and educated among them yield in personal influence and weight of character, as a rule, to the unsophisticated. Ah! how wise they are, these girls, in their simple, unerring instincts: how their perfect presence levels before it the intellectual distinctions which stand so well between men, taking our profoundest homage by the pure majesty of the soul! The wisdom of women is that of a direct insight, which belongs to the moral nature, and is identified with their virtue. It is a significant implication in the very growth of language, that broadest and surest of generalizations, that for a woman to be pure is to be, as in English, discreet, or as in French, *sage*. Discretion, or sound judgment, is an intuitive power, making no use of logic, and therefore acting unconsciously, always undervalued by the young, but discovered in mature life, often with surprise, to be the highest gift of human nature, and the highest power in human affairs. It is common to lament that the best female education seems to sink as it were into the sand, and disappear with the girl from the stage of her last school-examination, leaving little trace in her after-life, or even in her memory. We suspect that this is, after all, nearly as it should be, and that cherished intellectual contents and ascendant intellectual methods in a woman's mind would displace far higher powers, which it is happy that benign and mighty Nature can in most cases successfully assert against even the "best" education.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO MRS. SCUDAMORES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

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CHAPTER I.

SCUDAMORE PARK is in Berkshire, in the heart of one of the leafiest and greenest of English counties. There is nothing very beautiful in the house itself. It is of the time of Queen Anne, with red birch gables and gleaming lines of windows straight and many. The center of the *corps de logis* is crowned with a pediment, and the house stands upon a broad green terrace broken by flights of white stone steps.

The garden surrounding one wing has been kept up in the old-fashioned trim which belonged to the period in which it was made. There are clipped yews and formal parterres, however, which can scarcely be called more formal than the ribbon beds of the modern pleasure-garden at the other end of the house.

The Park has always been kept up in the very best style, and the newest and most fashionable kind of gardening is to be found there. Whatever the Scudamores may have sacrificed, however they may have wasted

their goods, they have never been indifferent to their "place," and on the summer day when this story begins it was in its full beauty. The lovely green lawn stretched from the foot of the terrace till it disappeared in the woodland scenery of the Park. On the terrace great rustic baskets of flowers were standing all ablaze with red and yellow; the windows were open, the white curtains blowing softly in the breeze. The air was sweet with the delicate perfumes of the limes and with the sound of bees. Except that sound, everything was still in the languid afternoon. The prospect from those open windows was of nothing but greenness and luxuriance. The lines of trees thickened and deepened, from the feathery-footed limes close at hand, to the great oak standing with "knotted knees" "muffled deep in fern," in the distance. Afternoon was in the languid sounds and sights, and it is in such a place that the languor of the afternoon is most sweet.

But the last ornament which had been adopted at Scudamore was one which hung suspended from the front of the house,—a doleful decoration,—the hatchment which announced to all the world that the lord of the place had betaken himself to another; and the family in the great drawing-room were all in deep mourning.

There were but three of them,—the mother, a handsome woman about forty, a son of twenty and a daughter of eighteen,—all in sorrowful black, weighted with the still more sombre darkness of crape. The white cap which marked Mrs. Scudamore's widowhood was the most cheerful article of toilette among them. They were very still, for the man whom they mourned had not been more than a fortnight in his grave, and Mrs. Scudamore, who had been ill of exhaustion after his death, had resumed the old habits of her life only that day. She was seated with a book in her hand in a great chair, but the book was a pretense, and her attention wandered far away from it. With eyes which saw nothing, she gazed into the Park among the great trees. In that stillness she was going over her life.

But there was not much in this widow's look of the prostration and despondency common to most women when they face existence for the first time by themselves, after a long life spent in conjunction with that of another. Mrs. Scudamore had a vague sense of exhaustion about her—the exhaustion of great and long-continued fatigue and endurance. Nobody quite knew how much she had borne during that last illness.

The dead Scudamore had not been a good man, and he was not a good husband. During all the earlier years of her married life he had neglected her; more than this, he had outraged her in the way women feel most deeply. She had acted like a stoic or a heroine throughout; having once made up her mind that it was not for her children's advantage or her own that she should leave him, she had remained at Scudamore, making no complaints, guarding her children from the contamination of his habits, and overawing him into decency. His extravagances and wickedness, after a while, were confined to his expeditions to town, in which she did not accompany him, but remained at home as he grew older and his son approached manhood.

Mr. Scudamore was understood to have sown his wild oats, and to have become a respectable member of society. People even blamed his wife, when a passing rumor of his dissipations in London was brought down to the country, for not going with him and "keeping him straight." And nobody realized that *that* had happened to Mrs. Scudamore which does happen much oftener than the world wots of—she had become disgusted with her husband. Love can support a great deal, but love in the mind of a woman can rarely support that vast contempt of love which lies at the bottom of systematic immorality. In this case the man had disgusted the woman: and he suspected it. This is the last offense of which a woman is capable towards a man—that she should find him otherwise than personally agreeable whenever he chooses to come back from whatsoever scenes he comes, is a sin with which the best-tempered of sinners could scarcely be expected to put up.

And Mr. Scudamore was not good-tempered. His wife did all that a high-spirited woman could do to conceal the impression he had made upon her, but he discerned it, and though not a word was said between them on the subject, it filled him with a sort of frenzy. His temper, everybody said, grew worse and worse before he died, especially to her; yet he would not suffer her to be absent from him, and made incessant demands upon her with the most fretful irritability. He thus deprived her even of the softening impressions which a long illness often brings. He would not allow her to forget the troubles he had brought her by his sick-bed, but carried on the struggle to the very edge of the grave. Her strength had been so strained that when the necessity for exertion was over she had fallen like one dead, and for days after had

lain in a strange dreamy peacefulness, in which something that was not quite sorrow, but sufficiently like it to answer the requirements of her position, mingled.

She was sad, not for his loss, but for him; profoundly sad to think that the man was over and ended for this world, and that nothing better had come of him; and self-reproachful, as every sensitive spirit is, wondering, wistfully, could she have done more for him; had she fulfilled her duty? But underneath this sadness was that sense of relief which breathed like balm over her, which she blamed herself for, and which she tried to ignore, but which was there notwithstanding, dwelling like peace itself. Her struggle was over. She had her life and her children's lives as it were in her hands, to mould to better things. This was what she was thinking, with a faint, exquisite sense of deliverance, as she sat gazing out dreamily over the Park.

Mrs. Scudamore had been an heiress, and all through her married life had felt the additional pang of inability to perform the duties she owed to her own people. Now that was removed, and in some rare fit of better judgment her husband had made her guardian of the children, and left everything under her control. Her only partner in the guardianship of her children was the family lawyer, who had known her all his life, and who had never yet got over his astonishment that the girl whom he recollected so well should have grown so clever, and so able to understand business. In his hands she was very safe. She had now power for the first time in her life. True, as far as the entailed portion of the Scudamore estates went, that could only last till Charles was twenty-one, an event not much more than a year off. But even then more than half the property would still be in her hands. It would be hard to say that it was happiness that was stealing into her heart as she sat there in her crape and widow's cap, and yet it was strangely like happiness, notwithstanding that the gravity of her face and the subdued stillness of her thoughts made it possible for her to receive condolences without any apparent break in the ordinary proprieties.

"Mrs. Scudamore looks exactly as a person in her position ought to look," was what Mr. Pilgrim, her fellow-executor, said. "We cannot expect her to be overwhelmed with grief." And yet in its heart the world objected to her that she was not overwhelmed with grief, and offered her heaps of consolation, such as it offers to the broken-hearted. They said to her:—"It is sad for you, but oh, think what a blessed change for him." They adjured her to remember that such partings were not forever (which made the poor woman shudder), and when they had left her they shook their heads and said:—"She is very composed; I don't think she feels it very much."—"Feels it! She feels nothing; I always said she had not a bit of heart."—"But, then, she was always a quiet sort of woman." This was what the world said, half condemning, and nobody but old Miss Ridley ventured to say:—"What a blessed riddance for her, poor soul!"

While she sat thus dreamily looking out, with her new life floating as it were about her, Charlie and Amy went out without disturbing their mother. There were only these two, and two very small girls in the nursery. The long gap between meant much to Mrs. Scudamore, but to no one else, for the little hillocks in the church-yard bore little meaning to the children. The brother and sister were great companions—more so than brother and sister usually are, and the delight of having Charlie home from Oxford had soon dried up the few fresh youthful tears which Amy wept for her father.

They strolled out arm in arm by the open window upon the green terrace. Charlie had a book in his hand, the last new poem he had fallen into enthusiasm with, and Amy read it over his shoulder with both her arms clasped through his. It would have been difficult to find a prettier picture. The boy was very slight and tall, not athletic as his father wished, but fond of poetry and talk, and full of enthusiasm after a fashion which has almost died out, the fashion of a time before athletics had begun to reign. The girl was slim and straight too, as a girl ought to be, but more developed than her brother, though she was two years younger. Her hair was brighter than his, her complexion sweeter. She was an out-of-door girl and he had been an in-door young man, but yet the likeness was great between them.

Amy leant half across him, hanging with all her weight upon his arm, her bright face bent upon the book which he was reading aloud. "Is not that glorious; is that not fine?" he asked, his cheek flushing and his eye sparkling; while Amy, intent with her eyes upon the book, ran on with it while he stopped and rhapsodized.

They were standing thus when they attracted the notice of some people in a carriage which was driving up the avenue. There was no door in the terrace front of the house, but the avenue ran past it under the lime-trees, giving a passing peep of the house. Two people were in this carriage, one a lady in deep mourn-

ing, the other a man with a keen sharp face. The sound of their passage did not disturb the young people, but the travelers looked out at them with eager interest. The lady was a pale little woman between forty and fifty, wearing a widow's cap like Mrs. Scudamore; she was in a tearful condition, and leant half out of the window. "Oh, Tom! Tom, there are the children, you may be sure, and how can I do it! how can I do it," she said with excitement. "Nobody wants you to do it; you must keep still and keep your papers ready, and I'll look after the rest" said her companion. He was a man of about thirty, rather handsome than otherwise, but for the extreme sharpness of his profile. He too was in mourning, and in his hand he carried a little letter-case which he gave the lady as they alighted at the door. He had to give her his arm at the same time, to keep her from falling, and he pulled down her crape veil almost roughly to conceal her tears, which were falling fast. She was very much frightened and quite dissolved in weeping. Her poor little dim eyes were red, and so was her nose. "Oh, please don't make me! for the last time, Tom dear, don't make me!" she cried as she stumbled out of the carriage. He seemed to give her a little shake as he drew her hand through his arm.

"Now, Auntie," he said in her ear, "if there is any more of this nonsense I shall just go right away and leave you here; how should you like that? You foolish woman, do you care nothing for your rights?"

"Oh, Tom!" was all the answer she made, weeping. This conversation was not audible to the servant, who stood amazed watching their descent, but he could not help seeing the little conflict; it gave him time to recover his wits, which had been confused by the novelty of this unlooked-for arrival. When he had watched the two unknown visitors descend from the green vehicle, which was the only hackney carriage of the neighborhood, he made a step in advance and said calmly: "Missis receives no visitors at present. Not at home, Sir," and held the door as with intention to close it in the new-comers' faces.

"Your mistress will receive this lady," said the stranger, pushing unceremoniously into the hall. "There, there, I understand all about it. Go and tell her that a lady wishes to see her on very particular business—*must* see her, in short—on business connected with the late Mr. ——"

"Oh, Tom, don't say that, please."

"Your late master," said the stranger. "Now come, quick; the lady can't wait, do you understand? and if you keep her waiting it will be the worse for you. Tell your mistress, your present mistress, that we must see her at once."

"Oh, Tom, don't be so—My good man, if you will be so good as to give the message, we can wait here."

"You shall not wait here," said the other. "Show us in somewhere; your late master would never have forgiven you for leaving this lady in the hall, neither would your present mistress, you may be sure. Show us into some room or other; now look sharp. Do you think we can be kept waiting like this?"

Jasper was a young footman not long entered upon his office, and he turned from the strange man to the weeping lady with absolute bewilderment; and probably if the butler had not at this time made his solemn appearance, he would still have been standing between the two in consternation. But Woods, who was the butler, was a very serious and indeed alarming person, and I have always thought that the sharp stranger took him for the moment for a clergyman visiting at the house, which subdued him at once. Woods received their message very gravely, and then without a word, with only a move of his majestic hand, put them into a little room off the hall and shut the door upon them.

His gesture and look were so serious that the lady shook more than ever; she turned about in alarm when Woods shut the door. "Oh," she said with a start, "he has locked us in; what are we to do?"—"Hold your tongue," said Tom, "and take care of your papers and keep up your courage. Well, I must say it's worth a little struggle to have such a place as this. What use you will be able to be of to all your relations—Hallo! there are the pictures of the two we saw on the lawn."

The lady turned with an exclamation of interest to two small photographs which hung over the mantel-piece. As she gazed at them the tears came trooping down her pale cheeks. "Oh Tom! and I never had any children; I never had any children," she said, looking affectingly into his face.

"So much the more reason to be spiteful at this one," said the man roughly. "She has everything she wants, money, comfort, good reputation, and the children besides. By Jove, Auntie, if it was me I'd flash up and pluck a spirit from the sight."

"Oh Tom! how little you understand," said the poor lady; and she was standing thus in spite of all his endeavors to seat her majestically in a chair, gazing at the photographs with the tears upon her cheeks, when the door opened and Mrs. Scudamore, like a white ghost

enveloped in her mournings, came into the room.

CHAPTER II.

"A LADY and gentleman?" Mrs. Scudamore had said, starting from her revery. "Who are they, Woods? Did you say I saw no one?"

"They were positive, ma'am, as you'd see *them*," said Woods, solemnly. "I think I would see them, ma'am, if it wasn't too much trouble. I was to tell you it was something about my master—"

"Mr. Scudamore, Woods?"

"My late master, ma'am. I would see 'em, ma'am, if I might dare to give an advice. Master had to do with a many things that had best be seen to by one of the family, and Master Charlie is so young—not meaning no offense."

A momentary flush of irritation rose to Mrs. Scudamore's face, but it passed away almost as quickly as it came. "I will see them," she said, "in a moment," waving him away with her hand. But when he had gone she sat still in her chair, holding her book with a strange reluctance to move. In a moment a cloud seemed to have sprung up over her firmament, which looked so peaceful just now. What did she fear? She feared nothing—her thoughts took no shape—she only felt that some new and unknown calamity was coming. She had thought her troubles were over, and with a bitterness which she could not have put into words, she felt she had mistaken.

Here was something new—something he had left behind him for her to bear. After a while she gathered herself up painfully out of her chair, she put away the book carefully into the place it belonged to, and then she went to the window, she did not know why, and looked out upon her children.

They were both seated upon the grass, Amy talking eagerly, with her animated face bent forward—her brother putting up his hands laughingly, as if to put her away; they were disarming the poem which he held open in his hand. Never was there a prettier picture of the sweet idleness and peacefulness of youth. Mrs. Scudamore looked at them a full minute, and then she turned slowly and went to her visitors. When she entered the little room she was very dignified, very pale and still. She had not the least idea what she was going to meet there, but she felt that it was certainly pain and trouble. These as a matter of course, but what else she could not tell. She was tall, with a handsome, colorless face; a woman of no small resolution, as it was easy to see; and there was something even about the crispness of the crape, and the spotless purity of the long white pendants of tarlatan from her cap, which imposed upon the little weeping, disheveled woman to whom she addressed herself.

This unhappy stranger turned with a start and a little cry from the contemplation of the photographs, wiped her tears with a crumpled handkerchief, and did her best, though she trembled, to meet the lady of the house with something like composure. But she shook so that her pretense was a very poor one indeed, and at sight of the humble little figure and deprecating looks Mrs. Scudamore recovered her courage—nothing very tragical, she felt, could be involved. A smile even came to her face.

"You wished to see me," she said, with grave politeness; "I do not receive any one at present, except my old friends; but as I hear it is on business—"

"Business of the most important kind," said the man, of whom Mrs. Scudamore had taken no notice. She turned now and looked at him, and somehow her very glance, the quiet grace with which she heard and accepted what he said, irritated him almost beyond bearing. He was the sort of man of whom people of Mrs. Scudamore's breeding say: "He is not a gentleman." He might have been much poorer, less educated, lower in the social scale, and yet not have called forth that verdict; he was himself so conscious of the fact, and so determined to screen it with audacity and pretension, that he saw the words on everybody's lips and resented them to begin with. When the lady turned from him, and with her own hand gave the insignificant little woman a chair before she herself sat down, he felt already that there was some plot against him. "By Jove! she's begun her little game too soon. She thinks she can do anything with Auntie," he said to himself. As for Auntie, she looked more and more ready to drop as she received this simple courtesy. She sat down a very image of guilt and suffering, her eyes red, her nose red, her handkerchief too damp to be graceful, or even useful, in her hand, and from time to time lifted her weeping eyes with a deprecating glance to the stately Mrs. Scudamore's face.

"Might I ask you to tell me what the business is," said that lady politely. "I need not say that in my present circumstances I refer to my lawyer everything that does not require my immediate attention."

"I am quite willing to refer it to your law-

yer," said the man. "Perfectly willing—indeed, he is the proper person. We don't come as beggars, ma'am, I assure you. Our rights are very clear indeed. It was solely, I believe, out of consideration for your feelings—"

"Oh, don't, Tom, don't!"

"I must take my own way, if you please. We thought it best and wisest—and kindest—to come to you first—feeling that there was some hardship in the circumstances, and that something might be done to soften the blow; but if you don't wish to be troubled, of course the simplest course is the solicitor—I am a solicitor myself."

Mrs. Scudamore looked from him to his aunt, and then at him again. The cloud returned to her with a vague gloom, and yet it seemed impossible that any serious evil, any real harm could come to her from the homely little personage sobbing under her breath in the chair beside her, or from this underbred man. The woman even, she felt sure, had no evil intention; and as for the man, what power could he have? It was money, no doubt; some old debt, some liability more or less disgraceful, but which might be disposed of.

She said, "Go on, please, I am ready to hear," with the faintest little tone of weariness in her voice. But the weariness disappeared from her face as he went on. The man with his underbred air, his pretension and audacity, became to her like one of the terrible Fates. After the first flush of instinctive rage and indignation with which she refused to believe, the certainty that, horrible as it was, it was the truth, sunk into her very soul and overpowered her. She preserved her immovable resolute face, and heard him to an end—heard the documents which he read—saw these documents carefully collected and replaced in the case—saw the miserable little woman, the wretched creature who was the cause of it all, weeping over that case which she held in her hand; and then rose majestic to reply. To them she seemed the very personation of indignant unbelief and scorn, but the firmness that inspired her, that gave power to her voice and majesty to her figure as she turned to them, was sheer and conscious despair.

"Is that all?" she said. "Now I have heard you to an end, may I ask what you have come here for, and what you mean to do?"

"What we have come here for?" said the man with an assumption of surprise.

"Yes," Mrs. Scudamore said quickly, feeling that her sight and voice began to fail her. "What have you come here for? You must feel that we cannot remain under one roof if your story is true—not even for an hour. If your story is true—I need not say that I give it no credit, that I—refuse—to believe."

She had got as far as this when the sight and the voice both failed, a sound as of a hundred rushing wheels came over her brain, and everything else died out of her consciousness. She dropped on the floor before the two who had been looking at her almost with awe, so proudly strong had she looked up to the very moment when she fell. The woman gave a great cry and ran to her. The man sprang up with a loud exclamation. "Ring the bell, for God's sake—get water—call some one," said she. He, half frightened, but resolute to do nothing that was suggested to him, stood still and gazed. "She'll come round—never fear, she'll come round," he said. "By Jove, Auntie, that proves she felt it more than she would allow."

"Ring the bell! ring the bell!" said the woman. The servants, however, outside had heard the fall and the cry, and came rushing in without being called—Mrs. Scudamore's maid, hastily called by Jasper, following the butler into the room. They lifted her upon a sofa,—the visitor taking command of the situation, as if it had been natural to her. This little weeping woman, so helpless before, was at once elevated into a rational being by the emergency. "Lay her head down flat; take away the pillow, poor dear, poor dear!" she murmured, keeping her place beside the sufferer. "Give me the water—oh, quickly, quickly—give it to me."

"Aunt, come away, this is not your place—let her come to herself," said the man. She turned round upon him with a certain momentary fury in her poor, red, tear-worn eyes. She stamped her foot at him, as she stood with the *eau de Cologne* in her hand. "Go away, sir; it's all your doings," she said in a sharp, high-pitched voice—"go away."

And he was so completely taken by surprise that he went away. He had not known that it was possible for his poor little aunt, whom everybody snubbed and ordered about as they would, to turn upon any one so. She had been absent from her family most of her life, and now when she came back it had been in all the excitement of a great discovery. The man was so bewildered that he went out and stayed about in the hall, with his hat on, looking curiously at everything.

While he was thus occupied, Charlie and Amy came in, and gazed at him with wondering eyes. He returned their look with a

stare; but either some tradition of good-breeding, or else Amy's fresh young beauty moved him. He took off his hat with a kind of stupid instinct. The two young people, who did not know there was anything amiss, had a momentary consultation with each other. "Nothing of the sort," said the brother, turning his back. "Then I will," said the girl, and before either knew what she was about, she made a sudden step towards the stranger. "Did you want mamma?" she said, with her soft child-like smile, looking fearlessly into his face. "Perhaps my brother or I would do instead; mamma is not well; she has been very much tired and worn out. Is it anything, please, that you could say to me?"

Anything that he could say to her! He was not sensitive, but a thrill went through the man, proving at least that he was human. Say it to her? He shrank back from her with an agitation which he could not account for. Amy's utter ignorance of any reason, however, made her slow to perceive the effect of her words upon him; and before she could repeat her question, Jasper rushed forward with that zeal to communicate evil tidings which belongs to the domestic mind. "If you please, miss, your mamma's took very bad and fainted, in the little library."—"Mamma! fainted?" said Amy, and she rushed into the little room, forgetting all about the stranger, who, however, did not forget her. He stood half bewildered, looking after her. He was a young man, and the sight of the girl, her sweet courtesy to the enemy she did not know, the look she had given him, her innocent question had moved him as he never had been moved before. He was vulgar, pretentious, and mercenary, but still he had blood left in his veins, and something that did duty for a heart. He stood looking after her till Charlie turned round upon him, a very different antagonist.

"May I ask if you are waiting for any one?" he said, with some superciliousness. He had not heard Jasper's message about his mother.

"Yes, sir, I am," said the stranger shortly.

"Oh, you are," said Charlie, somewhat discomfited, and then, not knowing what better to do, angry and suspicious he knew not why, he strolled into the great library, leaving the newcomer master of the field. He smiled as the lad went away. He was neither afraid of, nor affected by Charlie, who was to him simply a representative of the wealth and rank which he envied and which he hoped to grasp; but the other, the girl, to say what he had to say to her,—for the first time Mr. Tom Furness faintly realized what might be the effect upon others of a matter which he had regarded solely from his own side of the question. That girl! and then he drew a long breath, and the color flushed up on his cheek. It was a new thought which had gone through him like an arrow, piercing his sharp commonplace brain and the organ he supposed to be his heart.

Mrs. Scudamore was recovering from her faint when Amy rushed in and ran to the side of the sofa, pushing away, without perceiving her, the little woman with the bottle of *eau de Cologne* in her hand. "Oh, mamma dear! oh, Stevens, what is the matter?" cried Amy, appealing naturally to the maid; but to her astonishment a strange voice answered—"Don't ask any questions, my poor child; oh, my poor, dear child!" said the unknown speaker, and to her wonder Amy saw a pair of eyes gazing at her,—poor dim eyes, with a red margin round them and tears rising, but full of wistful kindness and pity, which she could not understand. She had not recovered from the shock of seeing some one whom she never saw before at her mother's side at such a moment, when Mrs. Scudamore herself, opening her eyes, stretched out a hand towards her. Amy tried to take her mother's hand and kiss it; but to her consternation her intended caress was rejected, the hand clutched at her dress and drew her close, turning her towards the strange woman. Looking at her mother's face, Amy saw with inconceivable surprise that she was not looking at her but at the stranger, and that some dreadful meaning, a meaning which she could not divine, was in her eyes. Mrs. Scudamore held her, presenting her as it were to this strange woman, whose eyes were red with crying. Then she spoke, with a voice which sounded wild to the amazed girl: "Look at this child," she said, dragging Amy into a position to confront the newcomer. The little woman began to cry. Then Mrs. Scudamore rose slowly from the sofa; she was ghastly pale, but had perfect command of herself. She waved them all away except the stranger. "Go! go!" she said imperiously. "Leave me; I have some business. Leave me, Amy, Stevens, go now. I have some business to do."

"Let me stay with you, mamma; oh, let me stay with you," said Amy; but even she was frightened by her mother's look.

"No: go, go all of you!" said Mrs. Scudamore, peremptorily. Then she raised herself with difficulty from the sofa, and tottering across the room, softly locked the door.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT passed within that locked door nobody knew. Amy would have remained in the hall to wait for her mother but for the presence of the stranger, who gazed at her with eager and intent eyes. But for his presence I fear the servants would have listened, though in that latter case the attempt would have been in vain, for the two women within spoke low, and had no intention of betraying themselves. Amy joined her brother in the great library. She did not know what she was afraid of, but she trembled. "Mamma looked so strange," she said; "not like herself; and there was such an odd, funny woman —no, not funny, Charlie; don't laugh; quite the reverse of funny—but so strange, with red eyes as if she had been crying. Oh, I don't know what to think."

"Don't think at all;" said Charlie, "that's the best thing for girls. My mother will tell you, I suppose, or at least she will tell *me*, if it is anything of consequence," said the young man, with a sense of his own importance which was beautiful to see. He was writing a letter, and he had not seen nor heard anything to alarm him, so he pursued his way with much calm. Amy stood by the window, or roamed about the room from book-case to book-case with an agitation she herself could not understand. Her mother's despair had communicated itself to her in some wonderful, unexplainable way. In the same mesmeric fashion a thrill of wonder and sharp curiosity had run through the entire house. Half the servants in it made furtive expeditions through the hall to see Mr. Tom Furness marching about with his hat on his head and a scowl on his face, looking at the various ornaments, the hunting trophy hung up on one wall, the pictures on another, the bits of old armor which Charlie had furbished up and arranged with his best skill, and of which he was so proud—all these things Mr. Furness scowled at; and then, to the horror and excitement of the household, he strode forward to the door of the little library and knocked loudly. There was no answer. He stood waiting for about five minutes, and then he knocked again. By this time Woods was roused to interfere. He came up with a look of solemnity which again for a moment impressed the stranger with the idea that he must be a dignified clergyman residing in the house, an impression unfortunately put to flight by his words. "Sir," said Woods, "begging pardon for the liberty, but Mrs. Scudamore is in that room, and I can't have m' missis disturbed."

"—— your missis," said Mr. Furness. It was perhaps just as well for him that the first word was quite inaudible; and he knocked again. This time there was an immediate reply. The door was opened slowly, and Mrs. Scudamore appeared. She had been pale before this, but her former paleness was rosy in comparison with the ghastly white of her countenance now. The little woman with the red eyes was clinging to her arm.

"We have kept you waiting," she said, with a calmness in which there was something terrible, "which I am sorry for, but I was faint. Woods, send the dog-cart and a man to the Three Miles Station for Mrs. Scudamore's luggage, and tell the housekeeper to get ready the West Room. As we have both been a good deal agitated with this meeting," she went on, turning to her strange companion, "perhaps you would like to rest before dinner. It would do you good to rest."

"Oh, yes, please," faltered the stranger, half hiding behind Mrs. Scudamore's shoulder, and casting glances of terror at her nephew's face.

Mr. Tom Furness looked on confounded—he gazed from one to the other with a face of consternation. "Oh," he said, "so you have made it all up between yourselves."

"Yes," said Mrs. Scudamore; she looked him full in the face, not flinching, and he regarded her with rising wonder and anger "Sold," he said to himself, and then he laid his hand roughly upon his aunt's arm. "Look here, this won't do," he said; "you can't keep me out of it—I don't go for nothing in this. I can tell you, Auntie, you had best not try to cast me off."

"Oh, Tom, Tom!"

"This lady is under my protection," said Mrs. Scudamore. "Leave her, please. She is a member of this family."

"Under *your* protection," said Furness, with a coarse laugh which brought the blood to the ghastly pale face of the woman he insulted. And then he added, with angry jocularity, "I should like to know since you are so ready to adopt her, what you mean to call her now."

Mrs. Scudamore made a momentary pause. It was so instantaneous that perhaps nobody observed it except Amy, who had come to the door of the great library when she heard her mother's voice. Then she answered firmly, "She is Mrs. Thomas Scudamore, my sister-in-law. I accept her on her own statement, which I have no doubt is true. We shall make all inquiries to substantiate it, of course, in which you, I am sure, can help us—"

"Mrs. Thomas Scudamore, her sister-in-law," said the man, and then he rushed at the unhappy little woman who was his aunt, and shook her violently before any one could interfere. "Do you mean to say it's a conspiracy," he said, "or—you—have you made a mistake?"

"Oh Tom," said the poor woman, "oh Tom, don't murder me! Oh, I beg your pardon! I beg you ten thousand pardons!—I have made——a mistake."

"It's a lie," he said with another oath.

Mrs. Scudamore put out her hand imperiously and pushed him away. "You will touch her again at your peril," she said. "There are men enough in the house to turn you out—"

At this the man grew furious. "To turn *you* out, you mean," he said, "you impostor—you——"

Here Amy appeared, pale and scared, with her hand held up as if to stop the words, whatever they might be. He stopped short, struck silent as by magic. His eyes fell before the bright, innocent, indignant eyes. Say it to her! How could he? for when all was said that could be said against him, he was still a man.—He stopped short, and Mrs. Scudamore took that moment to lead her faltering companion away.

"You have made a mistake," she said as she went, "what might have been a terrible mistake—but, thank Heaven, we have found it out——"

The spectators stood speechless, and watched her as she turned along the long corridor to the great drawing-room. This passage was very long, paved with tiles, and had a tall window at the end. The two figures were clearly outlined against the light: the one tall, straight, and full of elastic strength, as upright as an arrow, and as unwavering; the other hanging upon her, a limp heap of drapery. As if they had been under a spell—the man who was left in the lurch, the girl whose heart was beating with a sore sense of mystery, the gaping and wondering servants, stood silent, gazing after them till they disappeared; and then——

What Mr. Tom Furness might have done or said had he been left, it is impossible to say. Mrs. Scudamore, it was clear, had made up her mind to brave him, but chance had provided her with quite an unexpected auxiliary. His eyes, as he withdrew them from following the two, who moved like a procession against the light, encountered those of Amy. Hers turned to him almost appealingly. She seemed to ask—What is it? What do you think of it? She, except in that one moment when she had put up her hand to stop his words, had looked at him in no hostile way. Now there was nothing but wonder and uneasiness in her look. And that look seemed to appeal to him—to him, who knew himself the enemy of the house. He was vanquished; he could not tell how. He took off, with a muttered apology, the hat which all this while had been on his head.

"I suppose there is nothing left for me but to go away," he said bitterly, "and leave them to settle it their own way. By Jove, though ——"

"Mamma can never mean you to—to feel that there has been no courtesy, no—hospitality at Scudamore," said Amy. "I am sure that must be a mistake; she has been ill and something has agitated her. Would you mind staying here one moment till I—till I—call my brother?" said Amy.

To call her brother was the last thing to do, she felt convinced, but it was the first thing that it occurred to her to say. She ran into the great library where Charlie was sitting, rushed past him, paying no attention to his languid "What's the row, Amy?" and went out by the window which opened on the terrace. It took her but a moment to rush round to the drawing-room window, calling softly, Mamma! Mamma!

Amy knew very well that something was wrong, and her heart was aching with curiosity and pain. But she had forgotten that she was rushing into the heart of the mystery by thus following her mother. She was suddenly recalled to herself by hearing Mrs. Scudamore's voice in such a tone as she had never heard before—very low and passionate, almost too low to be audible, and yet with a force in it which could (it seemed to Amy) have extended the sound for miles.

"I put myself out of the question. For myself I can brave anything; but I have four children, and to save them from shame, look you, I will do anything—anything, lose my life, risk my soul—"

"Oh don't say so," said the other voice.

"I could, I will —— and you can save them."

Amy crept away. She could not face her mother after hearing these words. What did they, what could they mean? She stole back again, dispirited, to the hall in which that man still awaited her. He knew all about it; he could clear it up to her, whatever it was, if she dared ask. But Amy felt that the secret which was her mother's, her mother only must reveal. She went up to him timid-

ly, not knowing what excuse to make, and totally unaware that her pretty, embarrassed, troubled look was stealing to his very heart.

"I am so sorry," she said; "they are all so engaged I can't get hold of any of them. You are a friend of—of that lady who is with mamma, are you not?"

"Her nephew," he said.

"And can you tell me?—I have not a chance of speaking to mamma,—is she a relation of ours?"

He gazed at her with a look she did not understand; then catching once more her innocent, wondering gaze, grew confused—and red—and faltered. Say it to her he could not for his life.

"Your mother says so," he answered gloomily.

He was a young man, though Amy did not think so; he was not bad-looking, and his natural air of audacity and assumption had vanished in her presence. He stood softened almost into a gentleman by her side. Amy looked at him doubtfully. She had thought she saw him resisting her mother; the had heard him begin to say words that he ought not to have said. But he had stopped short, and he was injured, or seemed so, had been left here alone and neglected, and looked as if he wanted some notice to be taken of him. All the natural instincts of courtesy were strong in the girl; even if he were wrong he could not be allowed to leave the house with a sense of having been neglected; and then he was quite middle-aged, she was sure, thirty at least, and the nephew of some one who was a relation. When all this train of thought had passed through her mind, she felt that it was time for her to act. She could not help her mother, but she might do the duty she had no doubt her mother would have done, had her mind been sufficiently at leisure to think of it. "Mamma is occupied," she said simply, "and so is my brother—there is only me, but if I could show you the Park? or if you would take some luncheon?—I will do the best I can in mamma's absence—since you are a relation of our relation it does not matter," she said with her fresh sweet smile, "that we never saw each other before."

It would be impossible to describe the effect of this little girlish speech; it went through and through the person to whom it was addressed. The very different passions which had been strong in him were somehow lulled to sleep in a moment; he did not understand himself; the very purpose with which he had come to the house went out of his mind. "I will be proud if you will show me the—the grounds, Miss Scudamore," he said. In his soul he had fallen prostrate at Amy's feet.

And she went with him in her simplicity, leading him about the garden and the conservatories, and out to the Park to see the best views. She took him even to the terrace. Everywhere she led him about, half pleased after a time at the interest he took in all he saw, and which was indeed no simple sentiment, as she thought, but a maze of indescribable feeling which subdued and yet stirred him. The child did not know what she was doing. In her own consciousness she was but occupying a weary hour or two, which otherwise would have hung heavy on this visitor's hands, and making up for the something like rudeness which her mother had shown him. In reality she was winding about the man a whole magic web, the first dream of his life. When they had gone over everything and returned to the house there was still nobody to be seen, and Amy's wits were at full stretch to know what to do further with her strange guest. Should she ask him to stay to dinner?—what should she do? perhaps her mother would not like it—perhaps Charlie——

"Look here, Miss Amy, you have been very kind and nice to me," he said suddenly, "for your sake I'll go away. Tell your mother for me that I've gone away for your sake. I'll wait till I hear from her. If I don't hear from her I shall take my own way; but in the mean time I am not a worse man than other men, and I am going away for your sake."

"Oh that is very kind," Amy said unawares, and then she recollected that what she was saying sounded uncivil. "I mean it is very kind to say you will do anything for me, but I am sure mamma would never wish—"

"Tell her I'll wait to hear from her, or if not I'll take my own way, and warn my old fool of an aunt that she'll be sorry for her humbug—I don't believe a word of it, and I'll prove my position," he said with growing wrath; then added suddenly, dropping his voice, "but at present I'll go away—for your sake."

(To be continued.)

FROM SEA TO SEA.

I.

SHAKE hands! kiss hands in haste to the sea,
Where the sun comes in, and mount with me
The matchless steed of the strong New World,
As he champs and chafes with a strength untold,—
And away, to the West, where the waves are curled,
And kiss white palms to the capes of gold!
A girth of brass and a breast of steel,
A breath of fire and a flaming mane,
An iron hoof and a steel-clad heel,
A Mexican bit and a massive chain
Well tried and wrought in an iron rein;
And away! away! with a shout and yell
That had stricken a legion of old with fear,
That had started the dead in their graves whilere,
And startled the damned in Hades as well.

II.

Stand up! stand out! where the wind comes in,
And the wealth of the seas pours over you,
As its health floods up to the face like wine,
And a breath blows up from the Delaware
And the Susquehanna. We feel the might
Of armies in us, and blood leaps through
The frame with a fresh and a keen delight
As the Alleghanies have kissed the hair,
With a kiss blown far through the rush and din,
By the chestnut burs and through boughs of pine.

III.

O! seas in a land! O! lakes of mine!
By the love I bear and the songs I bring
Be glad with me! lift your waves and sing
A song in the reeds that surround your Isles!—
A song of joy for this sun that smiles,
For this land I love and this age and sign;
For the peace that is and the perils passed;
For the hope that is and the rest at last!

IV.

O heart of the world's heart! West! my West!
Look up! look out! There are fields of kine,
There are clover-fields that are red as wine;
And a world of kine in the fields take rest,
And ruminate in the shade of trees
That are white with blossoms or brown with bees.
There are emerald seas of corn and cane;
There are cotton-fields like a foamy main,
To the far-off South where the sun was born,
Where the fair have birth and the loves knew morn.
There are isles of oak and a harvest plain,
Where brown men bend to the bending grain;
There are temples of God and towns new-born,
And beautiful homes of beautiful brides;

And the hearts of oak and the hands of horn,
Have fashioned them all and a world besides. . . .
. . . . . A yell like the yell of the Iroquois,
And out of Eden,—and Illinois!

V.

A rush of rivers and a brush of trees,
And a breath blown far from Mexican seas,
And over the great heart-vein of earth!
. . . . . By the South-Sun-land of the Cherokee,
By the scalp-lodge of the tall Pawnee,
And up the La Platte. What a weary dearth
Of the homes of men! What a wild delight
Of space! of room! What a sense of seas,
Where the seas are not! What a salt-like breeze!
What dust and taste of quick alkali!
. . . . . Then hills! green, brown, then black like night,
All fierce and defiant against the sky!

VI.

At last! at last! O steed new-born,
Born strong of the will of the strong New World,
We shoot to the summit, with the shafts of morn,
Of the mounts of Thunder,* where the clouds are curled
Below in a splendor of the sun-clad seas;
And a kiss of welcome on the warm west breeze
Blows up with a smell of the fragrant pine,
And a faint, sweet fragrance from the far-off seas
Comes in through the gates of the great South Pass.
The hare leaps low in the storm-bent grass,
The mountain ram from his cliff looks back,
And the brown deer hies to the tamarack;
And afar to the South with a sound of the main,
Roll buffalo herds from the peaks to the plain.
We are over the summit and on again,
And down like the sea-dove the billow enshrouds,
And down like the swallow that dips to the sea,
We dart and we dash and we quiver and we
Are blowing to heaven white billows of clouds.

VII.

Thou "City of Saints!" O! antique men,
And men of the Desert as the men of old!
Stand up! be glad! When the truths are told,
When time has uttered his truths and when
His hand has lifted the things to fame
From the mass of things to be known no more;
When creeds have perished and have passed away
Opinions that lorded their little day,—
A monument set in the desert sand,
A pyramid reared on an island shore,
And their architects—shall have place and name.

* The telegraph poles along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, with scarce an exception, are splintered and torn by lightning.

O! sea, land lost! O! desolate land,
Made brown with grain, and made green with bay;
Let mock who will, gainsay it who may,
No little thing has it been to rear
A resting-place in the desert here,
For Fathers bound to a fatherland;
No little thing with a foe at hand
That has known no peace, save with these strong men,
And the peace unbroken with the blameless Penn.
Let the wise be just, let the brave forbear,
Forgive their follies, nor forget their care.

VIII.

The Humboldt desert and the Digger land,
And the seas of sage and of arid sand
That stretch away till the strained eye wearies
Are far in the rear, and the grand Sierras
Are under our feet, and the heart beats high,
And the blood comes quick, but the lips are still
With awe and wonder, and all the will
Is bowed with the grandeur that frets the sky.

IX.

A flash of lakes through the fragrant trees,
A song of birds and a sound of bees
Above in the boughs of the sugar-pine;
The pick-axe stroke in the placer mine,
And the boom of blasts in the gold-ribb'd hills,
The grizzly's growl in the gorge below
Are dying away, and the sound of rills
From the far-off shimmering crest of snow,
A yellow stream and a cabin's smoke,
And brown bent hills and the shepherd's call,
And hills of vine and of fruits, and all
The sweets of Eden are here, and we
Look out and afar to a limitless sea.

X.

We have lived an age in a half-moon-wane!
We have seen a world! We have chased the sun
From sea to sea, but the task is done,
And we descend to the great white main—
To the King of Seas; and with temples bare
And a tropic breath on the brow and hair,
All hushed with wonder, and apart: the knees
Go down in worship, on the golden sands;
With faces seaward, and with folded hands
We gaze on the beautiful Balboa seas.

NOT A PLEASANT STORY:

BEING PASSAGES FROM THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

SINCE you've been so good, sir, thank you. It's not over-often I get the chance. I like the Common too. It isn't so much the grass, nor it isn't the gravel, nor the water-spirts. It's the elbow-room. Why, when you come to see the world, as I did down to Virginny, then plump down in this town, leastways my parts of it, for a lifetime, sir, if there's any one thing more than any other thing a man's conscious of, it's elbows. Though maybe I might be taken a bit sensitive on that point, natural. It's the singular number that's the rough of life, to my thinking.

How did I lose the arm? One question to once, *if* you please, sir. I'm an aging man, and easy put awry in my mind in conversation. You'll remember that you settled for a morning's job,—very generous, sir,—and brought me here in the character of a Public Nuisance. Begging your pardon, maybe you didn't use them language exact: "How now?" says you; "shut up that instrument and come to the Common with me, and tell me, in Heaven's name, what you grind it for." That's all you says; but I see it in your eyes you'd take no grudge to see me shut up in it, and ground out of the way myself. No offense, sir. I'm used to't. Hear it off and on every day: "Public nuisance!" sometimes quite loud and meant for me to hear, and again soft-like and dainty, from gals in white fur wraps, and leaving little puffs of sweet smells along behind 'em. Sometimes from folks that pay me someat too, dropping in occasional a piece of currency, which isn't frequent, with their eyes looking straight ahead, as they didn't mean to see themselves caught in the act, with twitches about the mouth. Soldiers' friends, I take it. There's generally Andersonville or someat like that's to pay, there. Then there's 'tother kind that stops and says, "What's your tax-report?" says they, meaning, I make it, to mock me for a rich beggar, which Heaven knows isn't so agree'ble for an okkypation as to make it likely. I won't say but organ-grinders and easy cash (folks has said, wicked cash) have seen each other's faces, since that's the talk, and I'm not over-much acquainted in the trade myself personal. All is, fur's my experience goes, it's a g-r-i-n-d-i-n-g slow trade.

Blithe thinks so too. Blithe is smart to see pints of a thing. She'll talk betimes of setting me up in the candy line, but molasses is proper dear, and there is the sinking of the instrument, which we've got a mortgage on the cook-stove for, in which case, you see, you'd be under some difficulties in respect to boiling down of your stock in trade.

Blithe is my little gal.

Did you ever go out oyster-dredgin', sir? No? Well, you'd ought to. That's a line of business very well to take in a fancy way, say for an afternoon. I can't say as I'd recommend it from a perpetooal point of view. I owned an oyster-boat once.

That was nine—ten—that was eleven years ago. Now it seems to me every day of twenty-five. I wasn't a young man when I married; and if I was put to't to choose, sir, for aging, between merridge and rheumatism, I'd take my chance on rheumatiz any day. There's that pecoolarity about merridge to my mind.

Yes, sir, it was just eleven years ago this year I left the oyster-boat. This was the way of it.

There's times I think I'd like to go back. I declare I do. There's advantages about an oyster-boat, more especial when you come to live in it, as I did. I lived in my boat three years. She was nothing for craft, you know, a low-necked, clumsy creetur, with her cabin so small you had to go out to turn round in it; and a habit of taking fire in her middle whenever I broiled sarsingers. She did that reg'lar on sarsinger day, from the week I boarded till the week I cleared her. But I never laid it up agin her very much, for she was a water-tight, warm-ribbed, sensible kind of hulk, who understood her business, and held her anchor in a high tide anywheres down the flats you'd a mind to try her.

A lonesome way of life? Maybe. On the whole I don't know but it was. Seems so now. Seemed so then. But bless you! there's been times, a looking back on't, when it was a Paradise to think on. Sir, there was never a Paradise without its sword o' flames turning which way and what. If so be that the lay of it runs in a dredging-boat, turn your back on Paradise, and you've seen the last on't. You can't crawl in, nor you can't creep under, nor you can't hist over, nor you can't peek round. You've seen the end on't. Make your blunder and stick to't. Go your ways and bide by 'em. Hold your tongue, and heft up your heart, and work in the sweat of your brow, and keep your mind to yourself, sir, but never go sneaking back to beg into a garding as you've trod the flowers on, and

shut the gate on, and shook the dust from your feet upon, of your own free will and pleasure.

Not to say that a dredging-boat is so much like a garding as may be, but a cosy place, more especial in a storm, a oyster-boat is. What with a pipe, and the fleck of fire in the cook-stove, and your dreadnought hanging on the wall, and the cat—I kept a cat. Her name was Venus die Medicine; oncommon name for a cat, I thought; I got her from a house-and-sign painter who drowned himself, with a wife and nine small children, owing, they thought, to a sunstroke of a July day. So what with the cat a cleaning of the spider for you with her clean pink tongue (I washed it arterwards when I wasn't too busy), and the shade and warmness along in the corners of the cabin, and the stoopid, sleepy swashin to the boat. Considerin, too, that you hadn't hasped the cabin door, and that the tide splashed in, dropping down, and that the cat would leave the sarsinger dish to run and lick the drops up. Considerin a lurch to the old hulk now and then, heels over head like a tipsy log, and viewin the wind from a cheerful point.

I think, sir, I must be of a curious turn of mind. It used to trouble me now a great deal, in that boat, about the oysters. Not the dredging, by no means, for what would be the sense in being a oyster, if you *wasn't* dredged? It must be a great satisfaction, it seems to me, *being* a oyster, to live under a dredging-boat. But what, now, *is* the sense of being a oyster? If the Almighty made one set of living creeturs for no purpose nor no reason under the canopy of Heaven but to slip easy down another set of living creeturs' throats—but there, I've lost it; I had it once as slick as a whistle. I most forget the way it went. But it was a curious turn of mind, and made either me or the Almighty a sight of trouble; I don't clearly remember which.

Well, it come one night of a December. It was an ugly night, too; you don't often see an uglier, in a dredging-boat. It sleeted thick, and blew. It was dark as a pocket. My pipe got out and my fire got down, and it got wet and spattery below; and lonesome—well, yes; oncommon so. I'd come upon deck, and stuck myself into the storm for company; I was setting half over the gun'ale, looking down.

I was setting on the gun'ale, looking down, I know; for the tide was at the turn, and I was wondering about the oysters and how they took it in their minds of a stormy night; and considering the look of the town against the sleet. Ever notice it? Off the oyster-beds there, it spattered about, you might say, like the broken pieces of a great gilt chiny cup. Of a clear night, it winked.

How did it happen? The dark, I suppose, or the blow and noise, or all together but I never saw nor heard it till it came thud! against the boat's shoulder, me setting over the gun'ale there, and the sleet in my face and ears.

I'd rather the thing would have gone to hell than to have touched it; I jumped and said so, screechin.

Yet there's my arms up to the shoulder-blades in water after it, next minute. Maybe you can explain that, sir. I can't.

It slipped from me like an eel, sir; it squirmed and screwed; it wriggled in under the slimy boat. I never had hands on a uglier thing.

"I hope to God it's a puppy!" says I.

Well, sir, it wasn't; not to say that I haven't wished it had been, since; more than once I've wished it had been a stark dead puppy before ever I went over the gun'ale after it.

"I hope it may be a puppy!" says I. And that living minute there squirms through my fingers a great swash of limpsy, long hair.

With that I has it up on deck before you could say Jack Robinson, head foremost. It lies as stiff as a bowsprit. The cat comes up, fore-paws on the hatchway, and she puts up her back and spits at it.

"Venus," says I, "we've got a dead woman aboard!"

And I went as cold as a frog, sir.

Howsomever, I got the body below, best way I could, by the fire.

It lay very pretty for a dead woman. I really wish you could have seen it. Her hair was down her back, and her clothes—she wore a red calico dress—had frozen to her.

I did the best I could, sir, being as there were no women-folks but Venus aboard. I blowed up the fire, and I blowed out the light, and I got her out of her sloppy clothes and under a blanket, and the dreadnaught, and this and that, as if she'd been my mother; and I rubbed her feet, and Venus she licked her about the face and arms, and between us and a sip of brandy and camphire that I put aboard in cholera times, we did it.

Yes, we brought her round, sir, sure as life.

She set up very pretty for a live woman, too; she was all of a heap in my great-coat; and her hair began to dry; I can remember to this day thinking how exactly it was the color of a good middlin'-sized gold-fish, when

I'd lighted up again, and see her setting there, in my dreadnaught, by the cabin fire.

Sir, she set up very pretty, very pretty. She was a youngish woman. It seemed a curious thing to me to see a woman in the cabin.

I can't say accurate which began it, nor how we got to it, but in fifteen minutes or thereabouts it was as good as done.

"Where did you come from?" said I; I remember saying that. She had just drunk the last of the cholera mixter, and put the bottle down behind the stove.

"From the devil," says she.

"What was you about in the water?" said I.

"Going to the devil," says she.

"You'd pretty nigh got there," said I, "when you hit *this* boat."

With that she sighs and lays her head agin her hand. "I've tried it three times," says she. "Twice it was police, and once it was a ferry-boat, and now it's you," says she. "I'm most discouraged," says she.

"And where be you going *now?*" said I.

"To the devil," says she, just the same, with her head upon her hand. "There's nowhere else to go," says she.

Now, being a lonesome man who hadn't had a woman in his oyster-boat for three years, that made me feel kind of bad. I don't know why, neither.

I remember getting up to walk the cabin, and stepping on the cat, to think how bad I felt.

As I tell you, fifteen minutes, and it was all done. I'd been a rough man, and a restless and a solitary, and I hadn't done a useful thing by my kind before, I couldn't remember when; and so it came over me: Why not? Here was this poor young creetur, and here was me; I could pay the parson, and she could broil the sarsingers; why not?

"Suppose," said I to the young woman, "that you married me, instead?"

"Instead of what?" says she, starting round.

"Instead of going where you was mentioning," said I. The young woman looked at me, I can tell you, pretty sharp. Pretty soon she runs her hands through her long hair, and then she takes a lock of it, and draws it once or twice across her eyes.

"It would be a chance," said she. "I never had much chance," said she. And I tell you, she set up very pretty, drawing her hair across her eyes.

"You'd ought to know," says she.

"No, I'd oughtn't," says I. "I don't want to know nothing about you. If so be that you're my true and honest wife, I don't want to know. You've asked me no questions, and I'll ask you no more. It ain't much I can say for myself," said I, "but I reckon I can do a peg better by you than the other gentleman you was speaking of," said I.

"Well, then," said the young woman.

"Well, then," said I.

And so, in fifteen minutes it was settled between us, and how it happened, or why, or which of us did it, or if it was both, or neither, I never could say. All is, it happened; and I turned up on deck to think it over, and the young woman she went to sleep by the cabin fire.

The storm was blowing off, a fold or two to once, like tissue paper, rolling down the harbor. I always like to watch a storm blow off. I kept the deck till dawn to see it, and not wishful to be a disturbance to the young woman, and for thinking of the young woman, and of what I'd done.

I told you, sir, I was of a curious turn of mind. Now I had some curious thoughts that night, after the blow set in, and the city lights cleared out before me, winking all along the shore.

It was the first useful thing I'd done, you see, sir, for so many years, that I took it strange and anxious; and I wondered what would come of it; and I had a strange and lonesome feeling very suddenly. It was about the oysters, sir. It seemed to me as if the young woman and me was very like the oysters, shut off there all alone. And there was that look about the city like some tremendous dredging-boat at anchor to drawr us in. And so I had it over to myself: What is the sense in being a oyster if you *wasn't* dredged? And what *is* the sense in being a oyster anyhow? And so it went, till morning.

The cat came up on deck, and was a deal of company. I felt bad when that cat died. She Died of Medicine, too, most appropriate, that very day week, the day I quit the dredging-boat, on account of a taste for the cholera mixter. If the bottle hadn't been broken, I don't suppose she'd have swallowed the glass.

Come morning, when the young woman had dried her red calikker dress, and pinned up her curious hair—it looked like a whole shoal of gold fish, a twisted up. She says:

"I'll be honest by you," says she, very soft and very pale—she was very pale; and looked so young! And stood up so pretty, sir!

Well, maybe she was; I never knew to the contrary, in the way she meant; I suppose she was honest by me; but look here!

How was I to know anything about it? She said she took it for neuralgy. First three months after we were married she held off very well; next three, I found out as she'd always took it, since her mother fed her on it, a six-weeks baby, so she said; perhaps she did; *I* don't know, nor care.

Well, sir, you see I'd left the dredging-boat, seeing as I must have a decent house for a decent wife. I hoped to God she'd make me a decent wife, sir!

I'd left the boat and set up in the city; it's small choice you have in the city, sir, if you've not a trade. I never had a trade, and so I picked my way in the odd job line; hired to a head-porter one week; driv an express the next; had a fish-stall; made corn-balls; blacked boots; run a hack; took a contract on dough-nuts; and set up in fancy literatoor at the graveyard corner with a blind beggar who sang a song continual enough to wake the dead; besides a little puppy tied to his boot-leg.

To make a long story short, sir, she led me A LIFE. Yes she did. She led me A LIFE after the first three months was over.

Now that was what I couldn't explain to myself nor to another man. Why, *when* a man had undertook for the first time in his born days to do a useful thing, he should be led A LIFE for it. Not that I meant to put the young woman under obligations in my mind, but I had that feeling as if she'd see the sootability, as you might say, of making a man comfort'ble after it.

Fur's I could see, I done the best deed of my life, and they wasn't so many that I could have much choice, and it was an aw-ful blunder. That's what perplexes me.

I think you'll remember, sir, that I spoke about a swoird of Paradise? Fur's the young woman went, I'd a been back to my boat before the year was out, a dozen times.

But then, there come the little gal. *She* was the swoird of flames—God bless her!—that turned me and kept me, which way and what, from my old ways, and my lonesome ways, and my reckless.

I don't quite understand, sir, clear, how a man can ever be what he been before, after he's had a little gal.

Now I have that confidence in what you may call, meaning no onrespect, the sense of the Almighty, that I take it how He blessed that little gal of mine from the first on't. And that's more than I did myself.

"It must never be a gal," said I. "She'd be like her mother."

Sir? I don't quite understand ye. Why, yes; I suppose so; kind of a pity—her own mother—yes; but I'd got used to that, you know.

"She'd be like her mother," says I. "It must be a boy. Of course it will be a boy," said I.

You wouldn't believe it, sir, but the night that little gal was born, I took my hat and cleared. I never came nigh her for a week, and when I did, I wouldn't so much as touch her, nor look upon her little face.

"She'll be like her mother," says I. How soon I found it out, I can't say; it couldn't have been three months; long before ever the little creetur spoke a word, I found out as plain as day how she wasn't that. There was that in her eyes when she speared into my face, and that in her little fingers when they twisted into mine. I can't explain it, sir, onless to a man who'd had a little gal of his own that he'd feared would be like her mother.

If I was a younger man, maybe I should know how *to* make a long story short, but fact is, the more I think on't the longer it grows; I'm so easy put awry in my mind since war-times come and gone. And I come to set a sight by that little gal. And all that come and went seems to me to come and go for the little gal. And all was and wasn't, seemed to be and ben't, because of the little gal. And mostly all that I can remember—since war-times and since I took to aging—is the little gal. Somehow, it's a very long thing, sir, to love a little gal.

I used to rock her to sleep o' nights; she'd rather have me nor her mother; and I always brushed her little hair down for her mornin's, better nor her mother; and I used to slick up her little apron-strings, and ontie her little shoes; and I used to heft her softly in my arms, and lay her little arm agin my neck, and thank the Almighty for that she'd turned out onlike ——; but I never told *her* that, sir; no.

"My baby," says I, soon's ever she could talk, "marm's sick."

"Marm's sick," says Blithe, first thing she ever said. That's all I said to my little gal about her mother. "Marm's sick," says Blithe over after me; always said it, sir, innocent and prompt.

My little gal is a gentle little gal, sir, with a pretty way.

I don't know how I ever come to leave her to 'list, I'm sure; but times was hard, and odd jobs slack, and—was I drafted? No, I wasn't drafted; and I don't think I was drunk, and I'm sure I wasn't pat-riotic; nigh as I can remember, I just went; come home one

day to dinner, and I'd done it; to tell the truth, I don't remember much about it but a-standing in the doorway of a rainy day, to bid my little girl good-bye.

Well, I went in early and I come out late; not that I was much of a Hail Columby man; but it's a sight more easy to keep on doing a thing than it is to stop, in general; and I sent the pay home reglar, and marm got the house and sign painter's widow of nine small children to write occasional, as she took in fine folks' washing, for she couldn't write herself; and Blithe, she promised to write me a letter of her own when she'd schooled long enough; but it never come; and so I staid along.

I went in under Little Mac, and I come out under Sherman down to Atlanta, with this here arm,—by which I mean to say the one that ain't here,—in the trenches. Clipped off by a shell. You never see anything slicker in your life.

"What'll Blithe say," thinks I as I goes down, "when she sees it's the right un!"

Nigh as I can recollect, that's pretty much all I thinks till I get back to her.

So one day I come along home, weak for a bit, and faintish. And I sat down on a little step outside the dépôt, on account of being dizzy with the cars. It was sunshiny on the step, and sunshiny everywhere.

There come along a little gal, I remember, with the sun on her, and a two-armed father that lifted her over the mud.

The little gal had a stick of red candy half in her mouth, and she held it out to me, all wet, and it was much as ever I could see it, for the sun. But I eat a piece of it to pacify her (God bless her!) and a piece I kept for Blithe.

I sat for a little upon the step, with the noise of the city kind of whirring about me, and it was kind of queer now, how I sat a thinking it was all made by two-armed men. Maybe it was because the jam in my elbow ached; or maybe because I had to walk such a long piece to get home; or maybe because I wished it was longer.

To tell you the truth, sir, it had been a kind of an awful thing between Blithe and me—leaving her with marm. And it was an awful thing coming back and finding her with marm, and spekkylating, and wondering, and considering if it would be one of marm's days, and if Blithe would be much knocked up,—by which I mean it mental and moral, sir; take marm at her worst she never struck that child—and for wishing in partikkelar that Blithe and I could set down in the Common or somewheres alone, at the first.

It was such a sunshiny sort o' day, as I said; that sort of day when a man with a smashed elbow and a little gal feels as if he'd like a place to set in quiet.

So when I come along home, there come out a man with a little slate in his hand.

"How now?" says I.

"Any orders?" says he; and with that he hangs up his slate agin my door-post; he was a furrin-looking man, with a yeller face. "I have a Venus die Medicine," says he, "which I think would suit ye; likewise a Gen. Grant of a most delicate shade of pink; and a Sister Madonna in gray clay," says he.

"I didn't come after my sister," says I, "and as for Venus die Medicine, I buried her myself under a lumber pile of which the contract was lost, to the wharves. But I'll take my wife and little gal, if it's all the same to you."

"There's nobody's wife and gals here but my own," says the furrin chap, "nor has been this ten month. You're welcome to some o' them," says he; "I've got ten," says he; and with that he hangs up his little slate, and is off.

I set down right there on the side-walk to get my breath and my wits together, for I felt as if I'd been struck in the heart. If I'd been hit by a Minie-ball I couldn't have choked, for a minute, more suffocating.

It was walking so far, I suppose; and so weakly; and for the disappointment and distress.

Well; that was nigh ten o'clock of the morning; and it was seven of the night before I found her; it was owing to the furrin chap, after all; he turned out of a little alley along about seven o'clock, plump agin me. He had a board acrost his head of them little yaller statoos, and he nods as well as he could beneath it, and goes his ways. So I thinks to myself, why not turn down here? for I'd tracked them in so far as that a old woman three blocks back wouldn't take her oath to't, but she thought she'd heern tell once of a woman as took it for neuralgy very bad, answering to my name, go up and down along here somewheres. So I turned down the little alley, and I met a squint-eyed youngster which went along with me, and offered to show me the house for twelve cents to run after the furrin chap and a green plaster puppy who had a yellow tail.

I waited till the squint-eyed youngster was out of sight, hollering at the top of its wind around the corner, before I could make up my mind to go in.

And then I couldn't make up my mind

and I felt a kind of sickness, suddenly, and a blur about the eyes.

It was a little house the squint-eyed young one had pointed out, a standing by itself, quite along by the water. I left my little gal in a decent place, and I thought, please God, I'd always have a decent place for her, and when I saw that house, as well as I could see it through the dark, for it was a growing dark, I couldn't tell you if I was to try, sir, how it come upon me.

Maybe you don't know, sir, what them living-places are like along the shore. Living-places? dying-places more like! Maybe you wouldn't feel acquainted with the smells and slime, and leavings of the tide? I never meant my little gal should be. She is such a gentle little gal, with such a pretty way.

It was a growing dark, I told you, sir, and my eyes was blurred, and altogether I could hardly see my way. First I knew I was ankle-deep in water.

"It's the tide," says I, "and I've lost my way. It was the tide indeed, sir; but I hadn't lost my way;" the house stood dead ahead.

"The child will drown," says I. Next thing I had the door smashed open, and another door, and another, and I come into a little back room, and I heard a little scream, and I stood stock still, knee-deep in the water, a staring like one dead.

There was my little gal, sir, a setting on the bed. She had a little candle on a table, and she set up close to it, and I see her plain. It was a little room, and the spots of mould stood out all over it. All around the bed's legs, and the table-legs, and the stove, and all the miser'ble little furnitoor, the dirty tide come swashin in.

In a minute I'd splashed acrost it, two foot deep, and I'd got upon the bed, and I'd got her in my arm, and she had her little hands about my eyes, as if she'd shut the sight of her away from me till I could make my mind up to't. For I shook, sir, and I felt cold, and I'm a heavy man, and I s'pose I scairt her.

"Father!" says she, with her hand across my eyes. "Father! father! father!"

And then says she again, "O father! father! O father! father! father!" till I thought my heart would break, she cried and sobbed so: "Father! father! father!"

"I never thought you'd come!" she says. "O father! father!" till I was sure my heart would break.

"But you'll drown!" said I, a pulling of her little hands down from about my eyes to look around.

"Oh no!" says she, "the tide comes into the house twice a day, you know.* I get upon the bed. It's never soaked the bed but twice. I get upon the bed and stay." With this she dries her eyes and tries to laugh, a looking round. "I am very comf'tble on the bed, I'm sure," says she. "I can stay till it goes down. Now it's so much warmer I don't mind the fire going out. Don't you mind. Why, father, don't!"

For all I could do I just set shaking, and all I could do I couldn't speak, for to think of my little gal—my little—

Well, well, sir, I come round presently, and I says:

"How long have you lived in this hole?" says I.

"Six months," says Blithe. "Now father, *don't* mind!" says Blithe.

"Alone?" says I?

"Mostly alone," says she, "except for the woman up-stairs. She cooks for me sometimes. She's very good. You have to pay a dollar'n a quarter for up-stairs," says she. "Now father *don't!*" says Blithe.

"And what was you doing up to the table?" says I.

"I curl," said Blithe, takin' up a lot of little feathers from the table. "I curl to the shop all day, and so I bring 'em home besides, when I ain't too tired. Now father, don't mind *that!* Why, how should I have had something twice a day to eat if it wasn't for *that?*" said she.

And, sir, when she turned her little face agin the light, I could well believe her. I never see such a little old, old face. I never see such a grave, grown-up, little thin old face. I never see such a planning, thinking, wise, and patient little face. I never see a face on a child's shoulders that would have went to the heart of a quarry o' stone, like the face of that there little gal of mine the night I found her curling of her little feather by her little candle on that bed.

It wasn't till the dirty tide began to fall that I could bring myself to dare to speak it, for there was that passion in me, and that tremble, and them curses, that I darsent try before the little gal. At last I brings it, slow.

"And where," says I, "is *her?*"

"Marm," said Blithe, "was sick."

"*Where*," says I, "is *her?*"

"She took it, father," said my little gal, in her patient little voice, "for neuralgy, father. We come from one house to another, and the more we come the more there

* A fact.

was no money; and so we come to this one. And I curled the feathers; for I couldn't go to school. Marm," said Blithe, "was sick, you remember, father. O father, *don't!* I've always got along. She wasn't very bad. I don't mind it now. One night, you see—"

"Well!" said I, sharp, for I felt I didn't dare say what awful feeling, like the rising of an awful hope within my heart.

"One night," said Blithe, "she fell over."

"Over where?" says I, quick enough.

"Don't hurry me," said Blithe, and she put down her little feathers and drew up her little breath. "She fell—over—the bed, you see. The tide was in. I was to sleep, father, in the night, and come morning I set up, and the tide was out, and there she lay. The floor was all sloppy, and there she lay. I don't like to remember that," said Blithe.

Yes, sir, I went on my knees. Right down in the horrid wet on that horrid floor. I couldn't have helped it, not to save me. Down I went, and I hid my face, and I thanked the Almighty for His onexpected favors to myself and a little gal who wasn't like her mother. It was wuth the parting and the longness. It was wuth the arm and the misery. It was wuth a coming home to find her curling feathers for a livin' in a two-foot tide upon a island—by which I mean a bed—beside a little candle. It was wuth bein' led A LIFE, sir, a hundred times.

There was nobody in the world now but me and the little gal. I'd do it all through agin to have nobody in the world but the little gal and me. It was wuth the blunder and the punishment. It was wuth a being useful and a repenting of it. It was wuth so much, sir, that I declare I didn't feel as if I'd ought to take it onrequited, for a sense of obligation come upon me very sudden. I'd never felt obligated, not even to the Almighty, in my life before. It was a very curious feeling.

But bless you! no; I never told my little gal. "Marm was sick," said I, the same as ever. "Maybe it come too late," said I.

"What come?" asks Blithe.

"The chance," says I. For I remembered being on my knees upon the sloppy floor, how the young woman had drawed her hair across her eyes, and what she said about her chance. So "Marm was sick," said I; and I felt a kind of gentleness in my mind to-wards her, seeing now that she was dead, and from feeling obligated to Almighty God, I suppose, so onexpected.

"But you've lost your arm!" says Blithe.

"But what of that?" says I.

And what of that indeed, sir? Or of this or 'tother? Or of anything gone or to come, or that might be or that mightn't, to the little gal and me?

So I thought that night, sir; and so I've thought a many times. But yet it was curious, now, sir, how it come upon me when the tide was out, and Blithe got down upon the slimy floor to light the fire for tea, how like we was to them oysters that have troubled me so many times—stranded there alone among the weeds and mud.

And then and many times I've thought it over. There's things I'd like to be for the sake of the little gal. And there's things I'd like the little gal to be for the sake of me. And though a man has nothing to complain of, sir, who is obligated to the Almighty for a little gal, yet I wonder sometimes why it is they come so hard and slip so easy; and why it is that, do my best, I can get my little gal just her dinners and her suppers, and just her bonnets and her aprons; and why it is that if *you* was to want the kingdom of heaven come on earth for *your* little gal, you've just to raise your finger for her, and it'll come to time, express. I don't know if I make my meaning clear, and I'm meaning no offense. But that and the oysters have given me a great many curious turns of mind.

And there's the instremunt? Why, yes, and there's the instremunt. A one-armed man can't pick and choose; and what's the pension, come to think on't? A man is often lucky, sir, to get the *chance* to be a public nuisance in this ere world. Never thought o' that, now, did you? I bought out an I-talian just setting up in poetry 'tother end the city; your choice for five cents, and a large blue margin, sir, besides. There's one toon I like. Ever hear it? It goes:

"Bonny Jockey, *Blithe* and gay."

I play that toon a sight. I like to strike it up, as a kind of compliment to her when she crosses over at the crossing there to school. I don't play that toon so much for pay. Yes, she's going to school. When we get into a pinch, she takes her little feathers home o' nights; but I mean she shall go to school. She can cipher now, and write in capitals quite plain.

Did I ondertake to tell a tale about the instremunt? I most forgot. Perhaps I've wore your patience, sir, a talking of the child. It's pretty nigh one thing, you see, sir.

Did you ever hear me play "The girl I left behind me?" Yes? I thought so. I play

that very often. That's beefsteak. I get her a little piece of steak with that. And Champagne Charley? That gets her little shoes. She wears out a sight of little shoes. When she wants a little Reader, or a little pencil, or a little slate to school, I gener'lly depend, sir, on Old Dog Tray. That's a fine toon, I think, don't you? Old Dog Tray? When you come along, and I'm to work on "The pretty girl dressed in *blew*," you'd know if you knew much that her little bunnet was most wore out. But when it comes to quarter-rent, there's nothing for't but John Brown's Body. How I should ever have got along over quarter-day if John Brown's Body *didn't* lay a mouldering in the grave, I don't see.

Sir?

I don't think you understood me, sir. I beg your pardon. Don't I never find her a burden to me, in my crippled state? Do you thing as Hagar found the Angel of the Lord a burden, when she set a chokin' in the wilderness? You don't know my little gal. She is growing up a very pretty little gal, with a pleasant way.

I'd ask you to call and see us if you wasn't quite a stranger. I'm particular about the acquaintances I make for Blithe. Meaning no rudeness, sir, I'm sure you'll see. It's quite a decent tenement, though I'd like it quit of the grog across the way, with a pink curtain to the window. You'd know it from the corner by the curtain. Blithe made that curtain, and hung it up herself. She made a little apron too, out of what was left.

It is high time I was at my stand, sir, for she'll be coming home from school. Perhaps we'd better walk a little faster. I shouldn't like to have her miss me onexpected. She'll come around the corner in a minute, in a kind of quiet way; you'd know her for that sort of quietness there is about her. Come night, I should get kinder bothered out, I own, on a hot day, or a chilly, if it wasn't for that sort of way she has. I'm not so strong as I was once.

What, sir? Bless you, sir! what's a man good for if he isn't worried more nor less? I reckon I can stand it. What would Adam have been wuth, now, if he'd staid to Eden, loafing round among his plants and greens? I've thought, this long while, I wouldn't have owned him for a grandfather.

There, sir! If you turn your head now—a little more. Do you see a little gal with a little book under her arm away around the corner? The one with the pink apun and the little brownish hat? The one that's looking round surprised to listen for her old father striking Bonny Jockey up? The one with such a kind of happiness about her little face? Are you sure you've got the one?

Not a bit like her mother, sir! Not a bit. That's my little gal.

THE CLUBS OF PARIS.

DURING the siege of Paris, the questions of Catholicism and many others emerged from the limits of administrations, to be debated in the turbulent discussions of the clubs. The clubs were the popular expression of that instinct for social intercourse, which is so imperious in the organization of the Parisian. Whatever the circumstances, he must have an opportunity to speak, to expand himself, to communicate his ideas. The desire to listen to his neighbor's ideas is much less developed. It is speech that is necessary to the Parisian, just as pedestrianism is to the Englishman. In the one case as in the other, the exercise rises out of the vulgar domain of utility, to be classed with physiological functions, for which a mediocre philosophy alone would seek a teleological signification.

The bourgeois, more habituated to the exercise of this function, were for that very reason better able to interrupt it for a time, as a man who has taken a long breath is able to remain long under water without breathing. Hence their clubs and conferences did not begin, as I have said, until November. But it was otherwise with the people, whose momentary outburst in 1848 had been followed by twenty years of silence. Immediately after the 4th of September the long pent up torrent gushed forth with impetuosity. Clubs sprang up all over the city, taking possession of ball-rooms, lecture-halls, dancing saloons, and amphitheaters, in the name of the sovereign people, extremely conscious, for the half-minute, of its sovereignty. There was the Club of the College of France, of the École de Médecine, of the Salle Valentino, of the Pré aux Clercs; the Club of the Deliverance, of Vengeance; the Folies Bergère; the Salle Favié at Belleville, destined to be among the most celebrated of all. Blanqui, of course, had his club, but the majority were directed by new men, unknown in 1848. In these clubs were discussed everything, from the government of the National

Defense to that of Divine Providence. Both were treated with equal freedom and severity. Thus, a special reporter sent by the *Journal des Débats* gives a curious account of a meeting held at the Salle Favié, shortly after the surrender of Metz. An orator offered a proposition to pronounce sentence of death upon Bazaine. This proposition had already been voted unanimously by all the clubs of the Fourth Arrondissement, and was enthusiastically ratified by Favié, where the entire audience sprang to their feet to confirm the verdict. Thereupon the orator, abruptly abandoning Bazaine and his "accomplices," entered upon the higher themes of social and religious philosophy. He declared the moment had come to replace theology and metaphysics by geology and sociology, and he embarked on a dissertation whose luminousness at first failed to inundate the intellects of his auditors. Presently, however, he became more intelligible, indeed too much so. "I do not dread the thunder," exclaimed this modern Ajax; "I hate God, the miserable God of the priests, and I would, like the Titans, scale the heavens to assassinate him."

This second condemnation to capital punishment had less success with the audience than the first. A few fanatics applauded; a voice cried, "You should take a balloon!" The *citoyennes* on the benches exchanged terrified glances with one another; but the orator, satisfied with this explosion of Titanic wrath, abandoned God as he had thrown over Bazaine, and, redescending the heavens he had scaled, alighted in the midst of the National Guard, of whose organization he recommenced the criticism.

For the criticism of the clubs extended to more practical themes, and, during the first period of the siege, was especially clamorous for the manufacture of cannon. To compensate the slackness of the Government, the most astounding schemes were proposed night after night in the popular *conciliabules*, and placed at the service of the Defense. Was especially applauded the preparation of all manner of machines, more or less infernal, constructed quite in defiance of the Convention of Geneva, but any one of them warranted capable of annihilating the entire Prussian army. The *Feu Grégeois*, and some unknown potency baptized *Dynamite*, held a conspicuous place among these inventions.

But regular strategy was not disdained by the Scipios and Fabii of the clubs, who, though inglorious, were far from mute. Nature abhors a vacuum, and the seething popular brain hastened to fill the place left vacant, in the absence of any more distinct plan than that which Trochu had deposited with his notary.

"Two points are essential," observed to an admiring audience an orator whose military genius was nothing unless Fabian. "In the first place, we must destroy the Prussians; in the second place, we must prevent them from destroying us. To effect this double object, I propose that our troops emerge from the city in a mass disposed in the shape of a pyramid. The apex of this pyramid should make a furious assault on the Prussian lines, and immediately withdraw into the main body. The sides of the mass, closing together, should form a new apex, destined to repeat the original manœuvre. It should, in fact, be repeated until the entire pyramid of troops should have been advanced like a wedge across the circle of investiture. Hardly any loss of life would occur upon our side, because our men would retreat so soon as attacked."

That the manœuvre of the attack could occasion any loss of life previous to the retreat,—that the Prussians could bring any forces to bear on the flanks of the moving pyramid, or interfere with the reconstruction of its apex,—these considerations were passed over in silence by the orator, either because he considered their discussion superfluous, or because they had never entered his head.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats* established a volunteer police to watch over the proceedings of the clubs, and to report their *naïvetés*, crudities, ignorance, and absurdities with malicious exactitude, not unflavored by terror. Denunciations of proprietors, who, notwithstanding the siege, pretended to claim the full payment of rents; of speculators, who attempted to buy up and conceal provisions; of bourgeois, whose lukewarm affection for the Republic threatened to resign France to the manœuvres of the Orleanists,—here was abundant material wherewith to maintain in a state of chronic alarm the ferocious timidity of the "enlightened classes." The *Journal des Débats* sent a special reporter to attend the meetings, and to chronicle the bad grammar and *naïve* vanity in which "the poison of sedition and Socialism was poured out upon the people."

"Paris is to be regenerated by the floods of wisdom that descend nightly from the heights of Belleville and Montmartre." Thus quotes M. Molinari, in the *Revue;* and M. David, of the *Débats*, re-echoes the indignation of his *confrère*. "It is thus that these

insolent spokesmen of the vile multitude dare address *us*,—us, members of the Institute, professors at the Sorbonne,—in a word, the *élite* of Paris! Such language is in extremely bad taste, is expressed in shockingly bad style, is atheistical, and, above all, extremely dangerous to the interests of property and of the family."

M. David's reports of the meetings at the clubs were so amusing that every one read them and laughed, greatly to the astonishment of their writer. "It is no laughing matter," he declared seriously, "but calculated to awaken a far-sighted terror (*terreur prévoyante*). It is necessary to watch over these clubs with the most ceaseless vigilance. These denunciations, *innocent to-day, and only directed against God*, contain the seeds of [social] hatred, which to-morrow, favored by some accident of the siege, may spring up and bear bitter fruit."

Thus, on M. David's own showing, the offended taste and virtuous horror of atheism manifested by the bourgeois were traceable simply to a "far-sighted terror" of the chaotic masses of the people that surged beneath them. Denunciations of religion were only to be denounced because they tended to prepare the way for denunciations of property. The reputation of the Deity was to be defended, on account of the services it was supposed to render to the interests of proprietors. Times had changed since the decadence of the Roman Empire; it was the people who considered all the gods equally false, and the philosophers who joined the magistrates in maintaining them as equally useful. An impartial bystander, who, by dint of listening open-eared in both camps, had learned to hate the bourgeois whenever they mentioned the people, and to detest the people whenever they declaimed, ungrammatically, against the bourgeois, might attend the clubs, like the theaters, with the same impartial interest in the piece that was to be played. Everything was strange and grotesque. The room where the meetings were held was generally small compared with the audience, filled with wooden benches, and dimly lighted with petroleum lamps. On the benches a motley crowd of men, women, and children,—of which each individual was inflated with the consciousness of his newly recognized dignity as a sovereign people. The men were in blouses, or arrayed in various degrees of the uniform of the National Guard,—which was constructed gradually from the union of detached fragments, like bodies coming together in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Here the entire costume was represented by the regulation cap—there by a red stripe on the pantaloons; now a coat with epaulettes of red flannel, now another whence the epaulettes had fallen, or whither they had not yet arrived, but had been preceded by a plentiful efflorescence of silvered buttons. The women were in caps and aprons, a simplicity befitting the "*bougresses patriotes*" eulogized by the Père Duchêne. Their feminine ignorance of technicalities reinforced the technical ignorance which characterized their class, and they added all the voluble excitability of their sex to that which already distinguished their race. Many times a shrill female voice was raised to applaud the somewhat incoherent vociferations of the orator at the tribune, or, still more eagerly, to denounce a neighbor suspected of concealing cheese or potatoes. To their aprons clung the children, alternately wide-eyed or sleepy, but even in their sleep becoming saturated with the principles of the future that thundered about their ears. It was as easy to imbibe the doctrines of Socialism asleep on the benches of the clubs, as to become instructed in the less intelligible doctrines of the catechism while sleeping on the benches of the church.

The singular mixture of sense and nonsense displayed in the irregular eloquence of the orators,—the profound instinct and insane absurdity that equally characterized their speech,—the irresistible need of expression that seemed to agitate the assembly below the consciousness of the speakers, and to bear them to the tribune like straws floated on a current far mightier than they,—from all this the observer derived a peculiarly complex impression, strange, pathetic, absurd, foreboding unknown destinies.

Such an impression is made by a human fœtus scarcely formed,—with its immense head,—its exaggerated nervous system,—its shapeless, powerless limbs,—its huge uncouthness,—in which, like pearls hidden in a mantle of rough skin, lie concealed unlimited possibilities of power, and beauty, and grace.

These possibilities revealed themselves frequently in the midst of the chaos of the clubs, by ideas and propositions far more appropriate and just than those which emanated from the official authorities. Even in regard to the military defense of Paris, the three points upon which public criticism constantly insisted were most eminently reasonable. From the beginning of the siege the clubs demanded—1st. The general levy of the entire adult population of France. 2d. The immediate separation of the National Guard into

its sedentary and active sections, and the energetic preparation of the latter for service. 3d. Activity in the fabrication of cannon, to supply the deficiencies that had been officially recognized.

The persistent refusal of the members of the Provisional Government to act in the sense of these propositions, can, as we have seen, only be explained by their skepticism in regard to the possibility of defense, and their consequent indifference to the means needed to render such defense effectual.

But the clubs, offspring of the social necessities of the situation, occupied themselves much more enthusiastically with social questions, than with those, much more transitory, at issue between Paris and the Prussians. I have said that in almost every circle the war was regarded as a secondary affair, in comparison with the interests for whose development it afforded an opportunity. The clubs represented the classes who were the most eager to profit by this opportunity, and the majority of their resolutions were framed with a just appreciation of the extraordinary possibilities latent in the circumstances of the siege. Thus it was voted: that henceforth no police commissioner should be named without the consent of the municipality, itself elected by the people; that the government should decree the impeachment of the Emperor and of his accomplices, with the confiscation of their shamefully *acquired* property; that another decree should interdict French territory to all the members of the rival dynastic families of Bourbon, Orleans, or Bonaparte; that the negotiations of Thiers with monarchical governments in favor of the Republic should be repudiated, since they could lead to no other result than the humiliation of France and an ignominious peace, itself destined to prepare the way for royal restoration; that public instruction should be rendered gratuitous, and its control withdrawn from all monastic communities; that priests and nuns, having weakened the ties which bound them to their country and repudiated such as should create for them a family, were necessarily unfit for the training of citizens, to whom both these ties should be paramount; that all priests and seminarists, qualified by their age and health for military service, should be enrolled in the army, since their lives, instead of being more precious, were infinitely less valuable than those of men with families to support.

We have said, in speaking of the claims urged upon the Provisional Government at the beginning of its career, that its anxiety to avoid "exciting discontent" was fully equal to the popular impatience to profit by the situation. This solicitude for a negation greatly tended to weaken all attempt at positive action. The leaders of an immense revolution, more intent upon stifling than upon utilizing its forces, conducted their affairs to a most lame and impotent conclusion. Its inanity was only compensated by the eulogies bestowed by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on "the rare mansuetude" with which the dictators had let the people alone, and turned a deaf ear to their protestations.

The people, who really wanted something, were less charmed by this urbanity than the writers of the *Revue*, who asked for nothing except the repression of those who seriously demanded anything. Toward the end of December, the Club of the École de Médecine drew up a formal act of impeachment against the Provisional Government, couched in the following terms:—

"Considering that the men who seized the dictatorship on the 4th of September have been and remain visibly inferior to the exigencies of the task, whose responsibility they assumed with so much presumption;

"Considering that, nevertheless, they insist on preserving a power which they do not know how to employ for the public welfare;

"Considering that, instead of relying upon the revolution at home and abroad, they have only tried to ingratiate themselves with jealous powers, or to flatter the egotistical instincts of a class necessarily hostile to the Republic;

"Considering that, at a moment when public safety demanded the greatest unity of action, they abandoned the provinces to the sterile preoccupations of personal defense, so that they are now unable to march to the deliverance of the capital;

"Considering that they have encouraged Legitimist, Orleanist, and clerical influences, and reserved all their severity and enmity for the stanch friends of the republic;

"Considering that tardy and uncontrolled requisitions have favored the operations of speculators; that after four months the armament remains insufficient, the equipment incomplete, and the military organization vicious;

"Considering that, after the failure of military expeditions, chiefs are promoted instead of being submitted to inquest;

"Considering that these chiefs remain in almost absolute inaction, when 500,000 troops of the line, the Mobile and the National Guard, are clamorous to be led to battle;

"Considering that such inertia is criminal, in view of the daily diminution in the stock of provisions;

"Considering that the resolution 'never to capitulate' is an absurd bravado, unless combined with the measures capable of making it good:

"For all these reasons, the members of the Government of the pretended National Defense are culpable toward France and toward the Republic, and their culpability increases every hour in proportion to the singular tenacity with which they cling to their places."

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

IN MEMORIAM.

We are glad to make room for the following tribute to the late Mr. Scribner, from an author with whom he held business relations through a long period of time, and in whom he found one of his choicest personal friends:—

Mr. Editor: *My Dear Sir*—I cannot tell you how deeply I am pained to hear of Mr. Scribner's death. I think no man ever lost a truer friend than I have lost in him.

It seems only a little week ago since I met him, travel-stained and weary, upon the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and shared a seat with him from Somerville, or thereabout, on through the growing suburban towns to the Jersey City Ferry. We whiled away the time with talk of old days—when his sign hung out over the Brick Chapel by the Park, and when his home was in one of those modest houses on the southern side of Eleventh street, scarce a stone's throw out from Broadway. And there came up in review in that pleasant chat all the enterprises in which he had been engaged since. We went back over the billowy floors of that swaying building where his books were piled, upon the corner of White street, and to the cosy retreat which he at a later day made for himself in a back corner of the long basement floor under the "Brooks Brothers'" palace (as it seemed in those days), upon the corner of Grand street.

[There it was that his brother, long associated with him as book-keeper, and whose rotund figure and beaming face a great many patrons of the house well remember, dropped away from life.]

Then we talked of the final change to the present locality, "high up Broadway," and of the magazine enterprise just then taking a new form, which was to bear his name, and which—to that extent—with a modesty that was natural to him, he accepted with reluctance. We talked of old writers and of new, and of changes in popular taste; and of what books now current would "hold their own," and of what others would be permanently shelved after five or ten years; and in all his judgments was conspicuous that love he had for what was natural, and true, and pure.

At dusk we parted upon Broadway, and I recall now perfectly his face and his expression as he waved me an adieu and took his place in the Madison avenue stage. He was not strong at that time (a little more than a year since); he had been with the water-cure people, and, I think, had a feeling that he had pushed their regimen a little too far. He rallied, however, and twice again I met him afterward. On each occasion he seemed to have gained in strength and hope. His last letters, as his son, Mr. Blair Scribner, tells me, were full of confidence, and amid the new scenes of travel in Switzerland he had taken on again all his old hopefulness, and was eagerly planning his work for years to come.

But a little of over-fatigue, a little of undue exposures (who can count the causes of our fate!) brought his old weakness back upon him, and with it new and unexpected shapes of ill; and under access of these, there, in the pleasantest region of that ever-pleasant country of Switzerland, with the snowy mountains hemming the horizon, and the Lake of Luzerne shining under them, he died. Tranquilly. No one who knew him could doubt that. Without excess of pain, too; for which God be thanked!

When I think of his serene faith, and of his honest heart, I know he was ready enough for any such change, come where and how it might. But when I think of those—many of them in tender years—whom he was to leave behind, I know he must have yearned for a little lengthening of days.

I knew Mr. Scribner first, somewhere about the year 1847, through the good offices of Geo. H. Colton, the founder and editor of the old *American Review*. I remember that it was upon the steps of the old Brick-church Chapel (where were the offices of Baker & Scribner) that I first met him. His countenance was such a mirror of honesty and frankness and modesty, that he won upon me at once. I could not doubt, and I never doubted, any profession that he made. There was no room for guile in any corner of his soul.

I had published a little time before, with the Messrs. Harper, a small book of travels, which he was pleased to speak very kindly of; and when, on a subsequent venture in book-making, the Messrs. Harper declined the manuscript, I took it unhesitatingly to my friend of the Brick-church Chapel.

He accepted it without any demur, saying to me, that if it was not a success, he had a faith that I might some day write something which the public would welcome.

The non-success of the book confirmed the business

judgment of the Messrs. Harper; but my good friend Mr. Scribner was not disturbed by it, and in the more fortunate ventures that followed, I am sure that he, apart from all business considerations, rejoiced as sincerely as any friend I could claim.

It is with a tender and melancholy interest that I look over his letters of that date. His encouragement, his kindly suggestions, his advices, all seem to me to be colored by such brotherly and tender tone, that they are to me the record of a friend, rather than of an associate in business enterprises.

How much I wish now that I had done things that he urged me to do! How much I wish that I had not done things that he questioned!

Without excess of literary culture, his instincts were all good, and in business matters, his judgment most sound. Then he was so constant, and so faithful, and so true to all the capabilities that lay in him, that he, if any man, deserved success.

There were one or possibly two occasions, in our long intercourse of more than a score of years, in which a little petulance crept into our talk; but I am sure the recollection of it never dwelt with him; and equally sure that I am as free of any galling memory of it, as the winds that swept on that fateful day over the mountains by Luzerne.

He was altogether honest, frank, true, and tender-hearted as a woman. I feel a chill creeping over me, whenever I recall the fact that in all my wanderings henceforth in the great Babylon, I shall nevermore have the friendly grasp of his hand, never look on his kindly face again!

I somehow feel that I would like to make public record of my regard for Mr. Scribner and his memory, yet have a reluctance to press this hastily written letter upon your over-crowded columns.

Pray use your own judgment in the matter, and believe me

Very truly yours,
DONALD G. MITCHELL.

WE present below the resolutions adopted at the meeting of publishers and booksellers, held at the store of Messrs. Sheldon & Co., Sept. 22d, and the remarks of Mr. Putnam on that occasion:—

Whereas, By the death of Mr. Charles Scribner, one for so long a time and so prominently associated with us as a member of the publishing fraternity has been removed from us, as well as from a large circle of literary and personal friends, it seems fit and proper that we especially should express our sense of his loss, and render a suitable tribute to his memory; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Mr. Charles Scribner, by his rare literary judgment, his ripe scholarship, and his generous culture, was eminently well fitted for the high and commanding position which for a quarter of a century he has occupied as a leading American publisher—a position which has reflected honor upon himself and upon the world of letters, and in which, by his cordial relations with other publishers, with his business associates, and with eminent authors at home and abroad, he surrounded himself with a large circle of friends, who regarded him with profound esteem and fraternal affection, and who will ever tenderly cherish his memory.

Resolved, That the business sagacity, the discriminating literary taste, the industry and unsullied integrity which enabled our friend, Mr. Scribner, to build up one of the most useful and important publishing-houses in America, are qualities which, however remarkable in themselves and in so rare a combination, still appear to us not more estimable than those characteristic traits of mind and heart by which, to all who knew him, he stood forth as the signal representative of the noblest manliness, of every gentlemanly attribute, and of the highest Christian virtues.

Resolved, That to the family of the deceased, whom a few months since he left in comparative health and vigor, but to whom, from beyond the sea, only his material form can be returned, we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathies, hoping that the remembrance of the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, may in some degree alleviate the sense of irreparable loss occasioned by his death.

Resolved, That upon the occasion of Mr. Scribner's funeral we will, by our presence at and participation in the ceremonies, render to his memory those tributes of respect and affection which his eminent position and worthiness, as well as our own feelings, must inevitably suggest.

Mr. Geo. P. Putnam moved the adoption of the resolutions, with the following remarks:—

GENTLEMEN:—I am sure that all present, and especially those who were personally acquainted with Mr. Scribner, are united in feeling that the expression of this meeting should not be a cold formality—a routine task, simply decent, and properly in unison with time-honored custom; but that we all feel sincerely in earnest when we thus come together as members of a business fraternity, from various States in the Union, to express our heart-felt sorrow in our common loss,—well knowing that it is a loss of more than ordinary magnitude. Mr. Scribner's very prominent and honorable place in the guild of book-publishers; his well-earned and conspicuous success and eminent position as a business manager; the exceptionally pure tendency and high importance of the numerous publications issued by the prosperous house which he founded; and, above all, his own personal character—so proverbial not merely for sagacity and sound judgment, but for liberal culture, for his kind and courteous disposition, and his sensitive integrity, were all so marked and distinguished, that his departure from us seems to be to each of us a personal affliction. It may be described as, in some sense, even a national calamity. For is not the nation itself influenced for its best welfare by the books which our late friend has been the means of scattering broadcast over the country?

In a brief but judicious notice of our friend, in the printed circular of the house, his business associates speak of him as "a man to whom meanness seemed impossible; he was high-minded, generous, genial; a friend, the very soul of sympathy and tenderness; a Christian, devout, humble, and sincere. But his tenderness never turned to weakness, and he was ever quick to detect shams. Gentle and modest as a woman, there was a manliness and nobility about him that embarrassed subterfuge and commanded the instant respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact." I quote these words because they are peculiarly fitting, and I am sure they will be adopted and indorsed by every one of us who had the best opportunities to test their truth.

Mr. Scribner's singularly modest, quiet, retiring manner did not, perhaps, encourage much personal intimacy, except with a few chosen friends and associates; but, so far as any of us were privileged with his acquaintance, I do not doubt that we can all share heartily in the genial tribute of his friend Dr. Holland—one of many who can speak understandingly about our late friend. "Few publishers," says this very popular author, "have been able to bring to their business the education and culture which enabled Mr. Scribner to achieve his large success. . . . . The relations that existed between him and those authors for whom he published, were the most cordial that can be imagined. Every author who had these personal relations with him must feel personally bereft by his death, for he was social, and brotherly, and considerate almost beyond parallel. . . . . His literary judgment was remarkable—probably no other publisher living who has done an equal amount of business has done it with fewer mistakes. . . . . While disliking the details of business, and shunning contact with the asperities of trade, his ideas and plans of business were large, far-sighted, and liberal, in an eminent degree." I am told also by one of his partners, that he almost invariably read the entire MS. of every book published by the firm; and though he always declined everything that he thought might *possibly* do harm, he sometimes accepted others as likely to serve a worthy cause rather than for pecuniary results. The remarkable success of that very serious undertaking, the great Biblical Commentary of Lange, was a source of very great satisfaction to him, which he frequently dilated upon—more, I do not doubt, because it was a substantial service to Biblical literature than on account of its profits in money, large as they may have been.

In his last letter from Switzerland to his partners he uses these words, which I have been permitted to quote:—

"Having been so long connected with our publishing business—a quarter of a century—and having seen its present magnitude and usefulness, I desire with you to consecrate it to the service of our Saviour."

I have reason to know that Mr. Scribner declined tempting offers of a very profitable connection with another branch of business, because he desired to use this more congenial trade in good books, in conferring a substantial benefit on the community. My friends, is it not worth our while to derive some practical benefit

In this brief contemplation of such an example? Cannot those of us who are engaged in the responsible vocation of publishers learn some useful lessons by looking back upon the business career of Charles Scribner? As one of the least of the fraternity —though one of those longest connected with it—I feel humiliated when I consider how much permanent benefit has been conferred upon his fellow-men by the liberal enterprise and conscientious judgment of our late friend, while so much time and money and influence *may* be wasted in printing books, not including those positively harmful, but those which are simply *indifferent;* which add nothing to the common stock of sound knowledge, which contribute nothing to elevate the intellectual, moral, or religious character of our fellow-men. I do not mean that we must publish only dogmatic theology, or religious homilies; for there may be "religious books," so called, which are as useless in their way as the many inane or "so-so" attempts in other departments. But may not the community as well as our own pockets be benefited, by greater care in avoiding any and every book that is not *both* morally pure and intellectually worthy to *claim* public attention? I hope these remarks are not tainted with Pecksniffian cant: none of us are so innocent as to be worthy to cast the first stone. But for one, I simply suggest, with all deference, the query, whether this occasion may not be practically useful to us all, and whether the character and career of our eminent friend who has gone to a better world may not serve for the encouragement and example of those of us who are left.

It is often evident that we do not sufficiently appreciate the nigh responsiblity resting upon men who disseminate, if they do not create, the intellectual food of a nation. Let us imitate Charles Scribner; and while we work for honorable independence, let us, at the same time, seek to serve the cause of sound literature, pure religion, and public morals.

THE SINS OF AMERICAN GOOD-NATURE.

An intelligent foreigner, traveling in America, was asked what he regarded as the most prominent characteristic of the people of the country. He replied: "The Americans are the best-natured people on the face of the earth." His judgment was entirely just. There is no other people, of anything like equal intelligence, that so absolutely refuses to be irritated by the impositions and annoyances of life. If an American is cheated in a shop, he simply refrains from entering the shop again. Instead of returning and demanding his rights, he pockets his bad bargain, because he does not like a quarrel, and cannot afford to take the trouble of it. After paying for a seat in a horse-car, the American holds himself ready to yield his right to any lady that enters, and to continue yielding his right until he is packed, standing like a bullock in a cattle-train, with fifty others, one-half of whom, in England or France, never would have been permitted to step foot upon the platform. The American consents that there shall be no such word as "*complet*" attached to any public conveyance. If a railway conductor, or a hotel clerk, or a shopkeeper's clerk, or any other person whose business it is to be courteous to the public, puts on airs and snubs the American customer, it is the ordinary habit of that customer to "stand it" rather than protest and insist on the treatment which he ought to receive. Rogues get into office, and, with big hands in the public purse, help themselves to its contents, and continue to do this year after year, the owners of the purse all the time knowing the fact, yet being too easy and good-natured to make even an outcry. Everybody is busy, nearly everybody is prosperous, and so the evils that would stir the blood of an Englishman to boiling, and arouse all his combativeness, are quietly ignored or carefully shunned.

It is not a pleasant thing to say, or to reflect upon, but the plain truth is that there is something cowardly and unmanly in all this. We have no special admiration of the touchiness of an Englishman regarding the sacred rights of his personality. The hedge-hog is not an agreeable bird, and we have no wish to see it substituted for the American eagle; but a bundle of quills is better calculated to command respect than a ball of putty. The man who stands stiffly in his tracks and says, "Touch me not!" presents a very much more respectable appearance than the man who dodges him and every other obstacle which he encounters in his way. We are all very much afraid of hurting the feelings of somebody, when we know, or ought to know, that somebody's feelings ought to be hurt, and that nothing would do somebody so much good as to have his feelings hurt. We forget that there are things of infinitely greater importance than bad people's feelings —things to which we owe infinitely higher duty. A man has no moral right to permit himself to be robbed or cheated. If he tamely submits to such a crime he becomes accessory to it, and encourages the rascal at whose hand he has suffered to make a victim of the next unsuspecting customer.

The characteristic American good-nature not only encourages and confers impunity upon all sorts of wrong, but it seriously reacts upon American character. It begets a toleration of every kind of moral evil that brings at last insensibility to it. There cannot be a very wide moral difference between the man who commits crime and the man who weakly tolerates it. The active sinner is, if anything, the braver and the nobler of the two. He at least manifests a courage which the other does not. There is nothing that America needs more than the bold and persistent assertion, in every practical way, of its sense of what is fair and honest, and right and proper and courteous, between man and man. If every good man would stand squarely by this, even at the sacrifice of his reputation for good-nature, he would find himself growing better day by day; he would find that the good elements of society were rapidly gaining influence, and that rogues were growing careful and getting scarce.

Corporations like those which manage our railroads will impose upon the public just as long as the popular good-nature will permit them to do so. Their primary object is to make money. They will furnish to the public just such accommodations as the public will be content with, and those accommodations will be insufficient and mean unless the public demand more and better.

There are more evils than we can count that grow directly or indirectly out of our national good-nature. Our hearts need hardening, and our backs need stiffening. We ought to possess more manliness, and we ought to exercise it. To insist upon our rights in a manly and temperate way, is to give a lesson in Christian civilization. It makes us stronger and more self-respectful, and restrains the spirit of lawlessness around us. One prominent reason why crime thrives and the public morals go from bad to worse, is that they meet with no rebuke. The good people bemoan

the facts in a weak way among themselves, but they refuse to meet the evils they bewail, front to front, with open challenge and bold conflict. Crime is a coward in the presence of courageous virtue, and shrinks and crawls whenever it boldly asserts itself. Now, virtue shrinks and crawls, while crime struts the streets and deals out such privileges to retiring decency and cowardly good-nature as it can afford. It even imitates our good-nature, and smiles upon us from the high places of its power and privilege, and laughs over its profits—and its joke.

THE TORTURES OF THE DINNER-TABLE.

In the space of twenty-five years we have heard twenty-five men, more or less, make successful dinner-table speeches. Of these, ten were sensible men who entertained their companions by trying to talk like fools; ten were fools who were equally entertaining in their endeavor to talk like sensible men; and five—the only persons of the number who enjoyed the eminence and the exercise—were drunk, and neither knew nor cared whether they talked sense or nonsense. As a rule, the successful dinner-table orator is a shallow man—one whose thoughts are on the surface, whose vocabulary is small and at quick command, and whose lack of any earnest purpose in life leaves him free to talk upon trifles. We all remember what earnest, strong, logical speeches Abraham Lincoln used to make, when he stood before the people in the advocacy of great principles and a great cause; and we remember, too, with pain, how tame and childish and awkward he was when he appeared before them to acknowledge a compliment, or to say something which should be nothing. Inspired by a great purpose, he could do anything; with nothing to say, he could say nothing. It is thus with the great majority of our best men. There is nothing in which they succeed so poorly as in a dinner-table speech, and there is nothing which they dread so much. The anticipation of it is torture to them; the performance is usually a failure. At last, they learn to shun dinner-tables, and to tell weak lies in apology for their non-attendance.

There is something very absurd in the submission of so many men to this custom of speech-making. There is never a public dinner, or a dinner which may possibly merge into formality of toast and talk, without its overhanging cloud of dread. There is probably not one man present, from him who expects to be called upon for a speech to him who is afraid that the demand will at last reach him, who would not pay a handsome price to be out of the room and its dangers. To multitudes of men, the viands of a feast are gall and bitterness, through this haunting dread of the moment when, with bellies full and brains empty, they shall find themselves on their feet, making a frantic endeavor to say something that shall bring down the fork-handles, and give them leave to subside.

Why a dinner-table should be chosen as an oratorical theater, we cannot imagine. There could not be selected a moment more inauspicious for happy speech than that in which all the nervous energy centers itself upon digestion. A man cannot have even a happy dream under such circumstances. Dancing the sailor's hornpipe with dumb-bells in one's coat pockets is not advisable, and it is possible that it is not advisable under any circumstances. It is very rare that a dinner party prefers to sit and listen to interminable speeches, for it is almost as hard to listen as to talk when the stomach is full of the heavy food of a feast. Nothing but stimulating drink loosens the tongue under such circumstances, or puts a company into that sensitively appreciative mood which responds to buncombe and bathos. The drinking which is resorted to for making these occasions endurable, is often shameful, and always demoralizing. Not a good thing ever comes of it all, nobody enjoys it, speakers and hearers dislike it, and still the custom is continued. It is like the grand dress parties, which nobody likes, yet which all attend and all give, to the infinite boring of themselves and their friends.

The discourtesies often visited upon gentlemen at public dinner-parties, deserve an earnest protest. Men are called to their feet not only against their known wishes, but against pledges, and compelled to speech that is absolute torture to them. The boobies who thus distress modest and sensitive men ought to be kicked out of society. No one has a right to give an innocent man pain by compelling him to make of himself a public spectacle, or summoning him to a task that is unspeakably distasteful to him. No man ought ever to be called upon at such a place, except with his full consent previously obtained, and he who forces a modest man to a task like this in the presence of society, fails in the courtesy of a gentleman. The truth is that no dinner is pleasant unless it be entirely informal. The moment it takes on a formal character its life as a social occasion is departed; and those who foster the custom of speech-making drive from their society multitudes of men who would be glad to meet them—whose presence would give them pleasure and do them good. Let us have done with this foolishness.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS ONCE MORE.

The few words of criticism on "American Sunday-Schools" which were printed in the September *Scribner* seem to have been timely and useful. There is hardly anything which our Sunday-Schools so much need—there is nothing except an increase of devout earnestness and fidelity that they so much need—as wise and honest criticism. Something has been done already to check the flippancy and ostentation which were getting to be too frequent characteristics of the management of them. The songs which are sung in them are, on the whole, more decorous and worshipful, the tunes less jig-gy, and the literature of the libraries has a greater residuum of wheat amid its vast and chaffy emptiness. But there still remains much to be done "to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin" (as some one has felicitously defined the function of criticism), before the excesses, the charlatanry, the

defects and abuses of the Sunday-School work are remedied. How far we are from perfection, in our aims and in our methods, may be seen from the fact that there is even yet dispute, not without acrimony, concerning questions the most fundamental, involving the very existence of the Sunday-School as a permanent institution.

While we repeat, with more confidence than before, the statement made two months ago, and insist upon "Christian nurture as that which is, undeniably, the first object of a Sunday-School," there seems to be occasion for adding a few words which may serve to modify and expand that statement.

There are, perhaps, three distinguishable theories concerning the end to be sought in the operation and management of Sunday-Schools. The first, and worst, and most pernicious is that which makes this end to be the mere *amusement* of the children, or (if amusement be too strong a word to use) their delectation, in a goodish, religious-looking, jovial way. Above all things, the school, according to this theory, must be attractive. What it must attract the children to is with difficulty apparent; but it must attract. The management assures its patrons that it likes to see them happy. It gushes with amiable diffuseness of sentiment, in ditties and ballads which set forth the varying delights of Sunday-Schools; and invites the children to gush also in maudlin ecstasy of admiration, and in vows of undying attachment to the concern. It has its vast array of tickets and of toys, of bribes and of rewards, of banners and of badges. Its feasts and festivals, its exhibitions and its concerts, fostering the small ambitions and the jealousies and vanities of the children, are frequent and famous. The machine-like exactness of its conduct, the flourishing and vulgar ostentation of its management, indicate that it is in the hands of the professional "Sunday-School man,"—a live man, Sir, with snap to him, who does not mean to be behind the times. In a word, the end of the Sunday-School which we are describing is presently seen to be—itself! Not avowedly, of course, but really, its poor, empty, flippant, ostentatious self.

Another theory, every way more worthy of consideration and respect than this which we have noticed, is that which makes the chief end of the Sunday-School to be *instruction*. This view, as we understand it, is maintained with intelligent earnestness and force by the gentleman whose name, in New England at least, stands highest among the names of those who make our Sunday-Schools a matter of especial and even exclusive study. It is affirmed that the pulpit not only does not, but from the nature of the case cannot, instruct the people as they need to be instructed in the knowledge of the Scriptures; that however the voice of the preacher, standing as prophet, speaking in God's name—but speaking with some formal and unbroken current of continuous speech—may arouse, inspire, exhort, impress, it cannot properly, certainly it cannot sufficiently, instruct; that in order to instruction there must be colloquy, question and answer; the truth not only uttered by the teacher, but uttered also by the hearer, and so, by utterance and active process of thinking and speaking, made the hearer's own.

According to this theory, which we have not space to set forth at greater length, it follows, of course, that the Sunday-School is not a place for children only, but for adults as well—that all who are bound to any public religious service whatever are bound to this. Upon this theory it is intelligible why the demand for greater opportunity—more time and better room and costlier apparatus,—a demand which is so clamorous, and sometimes so menacing, is urged upon the churches; requiring that there shall be but one such public service of worship and preaching as our churches are now accustomed to, and that half a day, if not more, shall be given to the Sunday-School. It is easy to understand, also, the symptoms of a willingness to frown upon—and may we say, to bully—those Christian people who prefer, as things now are, to withhold their children from the Sunday-School, and intrust their religious training to the pulpit and the home.

But there are some things which make it impossible to accept this theory just yet, and which show it to be a mere theory, with the double disadvantage that the groundwork of historic fact to which it refers, and on which it would establish itself, is insufficient; and that it is impossible, and seems likely to remain impossible, to put it into practical operation. That there can be teaching without schools; that the pulpit teaches,—not so much as it might, and not so much as it ought, but that it does teach; and that the Christian community of America was tolerably well taught before anything like the present system of Sunday-Schools was in operation,—all this can hardly be denied. Admitting that the learning which is received by listening to continuous discourse, as to a sermon or a lecture, or that which is received through the eye by reading, as from a book or newspaper, is less precise, less certain to endure, less orderly and clear in its arrangement than that which is acquired by colloquy, by methods more Socratic, or by Pestalozzian specimens and blackboards, and object illustrations,—admitting this, it will still be true that the Church has thus far relied for her instruction mainly on the pulpit and the press, and certainly has not relied on these in vain.

Moreover, there is a serious danger, which is not imaginary, but very real and very present, that, by this device of schools with many teachers, the Church will come to know not more, but less. Not the least of the grand memories of the New England fathers is that which tells us how and why, almost before themselves were sheltered from the wilderness, they planned their college for "Christ and his Church," "dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, after our present ministers shall lie in the dust." We should be paying somewhat too dearly for our experiment, if, by means of it, what our fathers "dreaded" and planned against should in any measure come to pass.

It is pretty generally believed that what has given the New England churches their just renown for two hundred years, has been, in a great measure, their educated ministry. It is proposed now that the chief reliance of each church for its instruction shall be, not upon the ministry of one learned man, but upon the ministry of ten, or twenty, or fifty men and women, whose ministry must needs be more or less illiterate. For although it is by no means proposed to exclude the educated minister from the school, yet, if it is to be a school, and the advantage of colloquy and detailed individual interrogation and reply is to be secured, something like the class-system, with its many teachers, seems inevitable. But when it is so difficult to fill the thinning ranks of our learned ministry, and to support them in their labor, even now, will it be at all possible to supply and to sustain ten times the present number, which, according to this theory, is likely to be needed. The average Sunday-School teacher of to-day—we say it with all respect—is not a learned minister. He does not pretend to be. One of his most frequent causes of discouragement is his scholarly unfitness for the work he has in hand. He takes to himself in many an instance (when he understands it) that solemn caution in the Epistle of James: "My brethren, be not many masters (teachers), for in many things we all offend." Skilled instruction, beyond a certain varying point, he cannot be expected to give. And therefore, to make instruction the chief end to be aimed at in the operation and management of the Sunday-School is, certainly for the present, impossible.

Even if it were not impossible, it would not be desirable. For, after all, when the instruction has been given, however skillfully and earnestly, the work is not done. One may have all knowledge and not have charity. One may be made to memorize the Bible, page by page, and to understand the doctrine of it, wisely and well, and yet be most un-Christlike in one's spirit, —dry, dead, and fruitless in one's life.

Therefore we say, with more explicit emphasis than before, that the end to be aimed at in the Sunday-School is *influence*. And upon this theory, the opportunity for usefulness which these schools afford is of very great value. The worship of the children, uttered in simpler forms and easier methods, with a cheerful lightness—not levity—such as befits their age and temper, will be, we may be sure, most welcome to the Lord, who loved to hear them sing "Hosanna" in the temple; and it may become to them, as well, such a religious power as all their maturer years shall feel the impress of. The fellowship of the children, as they sing together, as they pray together, as they read the Bible together, and listen together to the words of teacher and of pastor, will be as great a power upon their lives as is their fellowship in study or in play,—and how great a power that is, many a man, remembering the sins of his youth, can sorrowfully testify. Children need comradeship in things distinctly religious, as much as their seniors do; and it is well if they can find it in the Sunday-School.

But, of course, the strongest and best influence of the school should be that which is exerted on each child by his teacher. It is not necessary that the teacher should be very learned or very skillful, if only the child is sure of having in him a religious friend. How often is it true that a boy, whose tongue will cleave to the roof of his mouth when he tries to talk to his father on some theme of personal religion,—and this not because he loves his father so little, but likely enough because he loves him so much,—will find speech, on such a matter, easy with some one to whom he is bound by friendship rather than by kinship. It is impossible to discuss the reasons of a fact which must have come often under the notice of all careful observers. Many a child makes his first verbal confession of his need of Christ's forgiving and purifying love, to some comrade older than himself, to some friend who has won his confidence and attachment. Now what we are saying is that he ought to be able to find such a friend—in many instances we are glad to know he does find such an one—in his teacher at the Sunday-School. Very likely the teacher has not taught him anything but what he knew before, or might well enough have known before. And as he grows older he will forget even what little of positive instruction he has received; but he will not forget the teacher. And the power of his influence on the child's life will be a lasting power for good. Thus there is added to the influence of home, and to the influence of the church and its ministry, another influence, special, direct, distinct in kind, co-operating with these others in a natural and most important way.

Whatever, now, will tend to make this influence more great and good is welcome in our Sunday-Schools. Let us have the best instruction possible; let us have the wisest methods, and the most attractive that do not in their attractiveness cease to be wise and good; the best books; and the blackboard if we choose, and if we know what to do with it after we have it. But whether we have any of these, or all of them, or none of them, let us have good men and women, honest and earnest in their endeavor to exert upon the little ones committed to their care a wise, efficient, Christian influence,—living before them the lives which will make them better boys and better girls, which will help them to grow up as strong and manly Christian men, as pure and womanly Christian women. Then there will be no need to talk about our Sunday-Schools; their own works shall praise them in the gates!

THE OLD CABINET.

PERHAPS it is right. Or, at least, perhaps it may not be otherwise, while gray hairs are sensitive and old hearts are proud,—while young blood beats loud and pushes hard, and old blood runs slow; while the rising rather than the setting sun is worshiped in high places. And yet to us who are ignorant as to the grave public (or political) exigencies whence arise the individual hardships; who see only the brave hearts bent and crushed; the years of querulous discontent and shame following life-times of heroic devotion and noble service; to us it does seem sadly strange that the best and bravest of our officers, the men who,—relinquishing all possibilities of building up a competence for themselves and their children, submitting to be bereaved of their homes and daring imminent dangers,—give the strength of their youth and the full vigor of their manhood to their country, have nothing to which they can so confidently look forward as an old age of disappointment, neglect, and penury. The land was startled a few weeks ago by the suicide of an eminent officer, who had read the news of his retirement as if it had been the brand of a court-martial. But there is something sadder than this—the hundred broken hearts feebly beating to-day beneath the worn and faded uniforms of a service the proudest upon earth.

THERE is no better fun than that of finding your way to a place when you don't know where it is. If, as in the case of the North Pole, the place or thing sought is itself intangible and airy, the charm of the pursuit is irresistible; among perils imminent and vague,—through terrors of cold, starvation, and loneliness, men push eager faces toward that bodiless and unattainable goal in the death-bound seas. But it was on a Sound steamer, amid the music of Strauss and the songs of "blithe canaries," that we set out on our voyage to Marion. By means of what changes of conveyance, propitiatory purchases of peanuts from uncommunicative refreshment boys, browbeatings by ticket-venders, waitings and adventurous wanderings at way-stations, we came at last thereunto, need not be told. Of this we are quite sure—and the thought has in it we cannot tell what of mystery and romance—we are sure that we could never reach there again without experiencing anew the pleasures of discovery. Yet we know now where and what it is: a straggling village of a thousand inhabitants, at the head of Buzzard's Bay—a boarding-house, a few strangers' cottages, two or three churches, a school-house and town-hall combined, a combination post-office and grocery, a store or two beside, a shoemaker's shop, a liberty-pole, a few snug New England homes, and many huckleberry bushes. Then there are the abandoned salt-works, and there is the Sippican Seminary! Or at least there used to be; now it is the repository of the Natural History Society, where you may find many exquisite varieties of mosses, the jaw-bone of a whale, the *Life, Campaign, and Services of Lieut.-Gen. Grant* (pamphlet edition), Buzzard's Bay shells, store-keeper Hadley's dog Carlo (stuffed), and Nathaniel Ames' *Almanack*, 1744, in the January of which year (O doubly wise Nathaniel!)—

> "If roses should blow
> They'd make a strange show
> As a crown in a poet's pocket."

The public library we must call an institution of the past, for no longer on Saturday afternoons clangs the accustomed bell calling the gentle villagers to the weekly exchange of books. The institution of the present is Pete's confectionery. There, all day long, his poor useless legs curled up under him, sits Pete, behind his row of glass-lidded candy-boxes, dispensing not only divers nondescript sweet lumps and lozenges, but ice-cream, note-paper, knick-knacks, light literature, and—unconsciously—many a blessed lesson of contentment and cheeriness.

And Marion has its millinery,—which must be called an occasional institution, for it moves over from a neighboring town at stated intervals only, and therefore cannot be said to belong exclusively and permanently to Marion. But then the fashions are principally imported by the guests at the Bay View House, where—not without a view to their readier acquisition,—some of the nicest girls of the village "go out to service" during the season. There is no aristocracy—rather, everybody belongs to the aristocracy, for everybody is as good as his or her neighbor, if not a trifle better. The bright girl in blue and white who waits on you at the breakfast-table with such gentle grace and kindly interest, who, a little later, presents herself with broom, bucket, and smiling courtesy at your chamber-door, is certainly a lady, and may be an heiress. Nor would she (the more's the pity!) go one step beyond the Marion town-limits in any menial capacity.

Furthermore, let it be said that Marion has no dram-shop. A drunken man would be as rare a bird in these sedate streets as an emperor or a whale. And as for thieves—folks leave their houses for days without even turning the key in the front door, and come back finding them just as they were left.

As you look over the quiet town, your ears assailed by no busier sound than the thud of the shoemaker's hammer and the lazy drone of a blue-bottle fly, you wonder whether it is perpetual vacation with these good people. Nobody seems to be doing anything; no farms, no factories, no bustle. One old fellow, gone daft with an early disappointment in love, sits out yonder in his boat, waiting patiently for a bite, and he and Beeswax represent the principal industries of Marion. If they neither toil nor steal, what do they live on? Their means, it would appear; and these have generally been made at sea by themselves or their

fathers. That sleepy old chap watching you there over his garden fence has chased many a spouter in the northern seas, and made four times the circuit of the globe. No place this for young blood and muscle,—they must go far from home to make their way and mark,—but a royal good place for old salts who have won fortunes in their wanderings, and are content to settle down to the solid enjoyment of them in a serene old age. A "sailor's snug harbor," indeed.

It was at Pete's ball that we beheld, as in a burst of glory, the youth, beauty, and fashion of Marion. The same was given in the town hall, situate in the second story of the school-house, approached darkling by a steep and uncertain stairway: a large, low-ceiled room, dimly illumined by means of kerosene, and made still more mysterious by relics of a secret lodge—a tattered canopy dangling from the center of the ceiling, and cabalistic symbols plastered upon the grimy walls. On the left, as we entered, sat the seller of tickets,—curious bits of card-board, on which Pete had placed his signature, diagonally, so as to prevent counterfeiting,—Pete's neighbor, the shoemaker, having ingeniously punched them for the same prudential purpose.

The company gossip in groups along the benches ranged around the sides, while perched up on a little platform at the other end of the room sits Pete, with anxious brow and mien portentous. Still they come—young men with freshly dyed moustaches, shiny-greasy hair, light pantaloons, and an embarrassed swagger, as one should say: It's all very fine, no doubt, but I'll show you I'm up to snuff!—now girls who glide in quietly, in couples, leave their hats in the dressing-room, and take seats on the benches.

The hour for the opening is long past. Why begins not the festive dance? The floor-manager moves about uneasily; consults this one and that in solemn murmurs, strains his eyes out into the darkness. A dire whisper reaches us—the music has failed. Here, to be sure, are the bassoon and the cornet in B flat; but what, alas! can these do without the fiddle? and the fiddler lives out at the light-house, and may have upset in making shore. A messenger is sent for Long Bob's instrument, but comes back with the message that it is broken, and there is no other fiddle in Marion. The dancers must needs possess their heels in patience.

At last there is a flutter about the door; the light-house fiddler has come! He hurries to the stand, wipes his brow, draws his bow across the strings; turns a screw—and something goes snap! Another long wait, while the string is adjusted; and finally the good-natured, grumbling crowd about the stand scatters. Pete rises on his knees and clears his throat: "Choose partners; Take places for quadrille." The violin gives a squeal, the cornet a flourish, and the bassoon a growl—then all three start together in a sort of sack-race, now one ahead and then another—the dancers step off—the room is alive with noise and motion—and over all rings Pete's clarion voice—"Right and Left," "Ladies' Chain," "Balance Partners!"—poor Pete, with his limp legs, the center of all this revelry!

It was none of your city dancing—no listless walking through the figures here—no slurring and sliding about. Every dancer took every step, kept time with toes and heels to the music, knew his and her duty well, swung partners with a will. Ah! you should have seen the belle of Mattapoisett, with jimber-jaw and blue dress, whisked through the giddy mazes by the beau of Marion, in broadcloth and cassimere, and shoes turned up at the toes. You should have seen the stately steppings of Miss Jane of our table at the Bay-View House, or of the serene beauty in black silk, white muslin, and eye-glasses. You should have beheld the graceful movements of the Portland Fancy and Money Musk, and the grand array and sweeping flights (as of bomb-shells curving from ship to ship) in Hull's Victory.

O THAT midnight corn-bake on the beach of Buzzard's Bay! The fire glaring between the rocks; the figures, as of bandits and their wives, flitting among the shadows; white arms curved over the flames in blushing service; ears of corn set arow against the blaze;—the hot, sweet-bitter taste of the half-burned grains; the dark smoke floating up against the glittering stars; the chirp of the inland frog; the near swash of the tide among the pebbles; the rote of the distant sea; the rich quartette, with its

> "Row, brothers, row—the stream runs fast,
> The rapids are near and the daylight's past—
> The rapids are near and the daylight's past,—"

and, sweeter than all, that girlish voice, making, we thought, a listening hush on sea and shore:—

> "Sleep, baby, sleep!
> The Father watcheth thy sleep,
> The Mother is shaking the Dream-land tree,
> And down falls a little dream on thee.
> Sleep, baby, sleep."

"SHALL not the ladies of the present age have such lovely pictures to gaze upon, that the ladies of the next may be improved by theirs: and even in country towns, that they may shine as the nymphs in days of yore in the valleys—I wish all the ladies in America that have shone might be noticed. They would form, I trust, a beautiful galaxy, which might be viewed by every sensible mind with as much pleasure as we view the milky-way when it shines the brightest. It would dispose the softer sex to labor after every female accomplishment; and incline the males to repair to the springs and the lawns, to seek them in their retreat in the noon-day breezes, that they might be charmed with the melodious sound of their enchanting voices, and with that sterling sense that would flow from their lips when their ideas were formed into words. They would smooth every roughness in the males, and remind them of that sweet harmony which subsists in the angelic spheres, and tune their voices in praise of

their Maker, that he had formed such creatures to dwell upon the globe, to sweeten the drops which distilled from their brows when they were making the necessary preparations for life; yes, they would remind them of their mother Eve in her State of Innocence, and when she shone in the walks of Paradise, before the serpent made his appearance."

Thus quoth the New England chronicler of the eighteenth century, by way of preface to certain words of appreciation and praise anent a superior woman of those days: to wit, the amiable relict of Captain Caleb Page, Dunbarton, State of New Hampshire. Let us read:—

"This lady had weighed about three hundred weight. Her stature was eligible—her visage comely. There was a beautiful symmetry in the features of her face; and her shape was neatly proportioned. Such was the majesty and natural elegance of her appearance, that the eye that saw her gave witness to her. Her eyes beamed such a luster as bespake the greatness of her mind: her outward form was lovely, her inward not less exact. The God of Nature had blessed her with a capacious mind, which she greatly improved by reading (or having read to her by her friends, while she laid her hand to the spindle, and her hand held the distaff) some of the best writers in polemical and practical divinity.

"She was religious without the least tincture of enthusiasm or superstition, and never thought religion consisted in grimace. Her invention was sprightly, her wit ready and of the keenest and most brilliant kind; her temper fine and agreeable; her judgment sound beyond what was common to her sex; she had a mind formed for friendship, and was capable of giving counsel and advice.

"She despised all low cunning. She never said one thing when she meant another, which rendered her a most endearing friend; and would never forsake her friend in the day of adversity; and nothing but the basest ingratitude could wean her affections where she had once placed them, though some beasts in human shape may be so base sometimes as to give occasions for it, especially if they are of the crocodile kind

"Her liberality if not boundless was most extensive. The poor and needy were her care, and the distressed of every kind. Of this she has left a witness in the breasts of hundreds, if not thousands. She was peculiarly fitted for the social life. When I see some little flirts, how great the contrast! Yet I adore (it is not meant with divine worship) a female mind that is great, though it be contained within a little casket. How uncommon soever the above character may appear in any age, especially in the present one, it is not exaggerated, *verbum sacerdotis.*"

The chronicler is right. The world is richer for graces like these, and for the record of them. Well indeed may the males repair to the springs of Saratoga and the lawns of Newport, if by any means such beauty, virtue, and helpfulness may there be found and won in the noon-day breezes. And to this end let all the ladies in America that have shone be noticed. But let it be remembered that this glowing tribute to comeliness and sterling worth, this minute description of charms of mind and person, was not made in the daily paper, while Mistress Sarah Page was a girl in her teens; not, indeed, till she had "departed this life after a short illness of the bilious kind, in the 62d year of her age." If even the marvelous Sarah had been taken from boarding-school to Long Branch, and the chronicler had been, instead of a grave and discreet scholar, a scatter-brain but industrious lady correspondent of a city newspaper; and if all the artless grace and virgin beauty of the child had been paraded before the world by the impertinent pen of the hireling gossip, how long, think you, would the males have been reminded, in their intercourse with the girl, of their mother Eve in her State of Innocence, and when she shone in the walks of Paradise, before the serpent made his appearance?

HOME AND SOCIETY.

"SHE."

IT is said that in the rural districts of our beloved land, whenever a woman is heard to use the pronoun "he" without prefix, it may safely be taken to mean her husband; and whenever the pronoun "she," to mean her "Help."

To a degree this holds good of other localities not so strictly rural. With American femaledom in general, wherever housekeepers do congregate and caps and bonnets nod toward each other in eager converse, "she saids," "she dids," "is she's?" "does she's?" rustle each other like leaves in Vallambrosa, pronounced, now sadly, now inquiringly, now in tones of wrath, and again with that little accompanying click which speaks such a volume of sympathy. And no wonder — for upon this all-important "she,"— this pronoun which might be classed as "possessive," so does it hold our thoughts and anxieties,— depend half our usefulness and all the comfort of our daily lives.

It is "she" who peoples hotels, and drives happy families to the shelter of the dingy boarding-house! "She" is a depopulator of neighborhoods. Affix this stigma to any spot,—"you'll never get a girl to stay with you,"—and vain henceforward are the wiles of the house-agent, charm he never so wisely. In the arrangement of a home "she" takes share in the council.

"When would Bridget go to church?"—"Is Ann likely to be satisfied without anybody to drop in of an evening?"—"I don't like to ask Catharine to go so

far away from all her friends." Such are the communings of the would-be householders. And thus, amid the plans and wishes of persons infinitely her superiors in refinement, taste, and breeding, the inevitable "she" plays her part, a weight in the balance, an unknown quantity for whose sake many known advantages are foregone, a mote in that sunbeam which else might freely shine.

No longer do we ask merely, "Has Angelina got a good husband?" No, indeed. The Edwin of to-day is but one feature of the social problem. "And has she got a good cook?" is a question almost as important. Edwin may be an angel—but while the herb and fruit question presses, Angelina cannot but sigh occasionally at the thought of the untrammeled palmer's weed she put off when she consented to share his hermitage. And looking at the ill-supplied scrip and the care-worn Angelina, Edwin may scarcely be blamed if now and then longings for his bachelor cell visit him. It is sorry ending for a poem, but many poems end so, and for the broken rhythm and the jangled measure we must make responsible that worm in our domestic bud—the all impossible "she."

This "little rift within the lute," whom for convenience sake we will call Bridget, has on the other hand a standpoint of her own which it behooves us to consider. True, it is never easy to perceive another's stand-point, but woe to that nation or that individual to whom it is *impossible*.

Let us therefore imagine ourselves for the moment shorn of all bright beams of education, precedent, training, and incorporated with the twenty-year old body and the immature unlettered mind of a Bridget. Senses, selfishness, a tendency to shirk work, a desire to "better ourselves" (natural to all at twenty) contend in us with some shyness, much awkwardness, and a considerable capacity for impulsive affection—principally expended on old things and friends, but in some measure elicited by kindness whenever met with. We are, let it be observed, a newly-landed Bridget. Of the Bridget of ten years later, she of the brazen voice, the artificial flowers, the intelligence-office, there is little to be hoped and less desired. But Bridget indeed is a creature of possibilities; her flowering depends much upon the quality of cultivation in fine, and it is greatly to our advantage that it should be of the best.

How do things go with us after we and our poor little trunk are landed on the star-spangled shore? Well, first we stay with a "friend" for a night or two, and collect many improving facts as to missuses and wages, and then we get a place. As we dive into its basement kitchen, and survey the wondrous apparatus of faucets, ovens, wash-tubs, boilers, no snipe of our native bogs could feel less at home than we. We give furtive stares hither and yon, and gasp inwardly, but far be it from us to confess ignorance of anything that is asked. Our new mistress, longing to get out of the kitchen and be saved trouble, crowds us with rapid orders.

"There will be a pair of ducks for dinner. Do you know how to stuff ducks?"

"Yes m'm."

"Put a great deal of summer-savory in, Mr. Smith is fond of it; and be sure and have the gravy smooth. Potatoes, and tomatoes, and macaroni will be the vegetables. You can cook macaroni?"

"Y—is—plaze m'm."

"Don't forget the cheese for the top. It just spoils macaroni to leave out cheese. And for dessert we'll have some sort of a pudding. What kind can you make?"

"I'd be afther making bread-puddens oncet"—and we grin over the remembered accomplishment.

"Bread-pudding! oh, I don't fancy that. Make a plain rice-pudding—that's easy, I'm sure. And have dinner at five *exactly*, for Mr. Smith is very particular. I think that's all. I shall be out, but Jane will tell you where things are if you don't know."

Whereupon the new Missus sails away, leaving us to blank confusion. We do our best if we are a pretty well-disposed Bridget, but our best is very bad. The summer-savory goes into the pudding and the cheese on the ducks, potatoes are singed, the mysterious tomato drives us wild, the fowls—half raw, half burnt up—are put on the platter in the "now I lay me down to sleep" attitude, and reprobation loud and dire is heard from the upper regions. So it goes on day by day. We blunder, we destroy, we learn a very little and forget a great deal; no one plans clearly, explains fully, or undertakes the educating process in our behalf. Worse—there is an unkind side, which our warm heart feels and resents. "Followers" are forbidden in the kitchen. That seems hard; but, harder yet, our female friends are darkly frowned on when they drop in. "I like a quiet kitchen," the "missus" says,—but above—a great deal of noise goes on in the parlor! There is no provision for our pleasures—no sympathy for our pains; we do not attach ourselves, we strike no roots in the unfriendly soil, and by and by it is easy on some occasion of special discontent to give the usual warning and remove to another place. As time goes on, habits of restlessness and discontent grow chronic; one kitchen after another receives our afflicting ministrations, and we become that public pest, the ill-disposed, shifting, shiftless Irish servant.

Now, suppose instead of this that we are so lucky as to make our *entrée* into American life in the household of a mistress sagacious enough to comprehend us and our ignorance, and unselfish enough to be willing to grapple wisely with both. Perceiving the perplexities of our new surroundings, she gives up some days to careful and patient explanation of the uses and places of things. She does not content herself with general orders, but goes into minute detail, as to a child, illustrating each with practical experiment. She practices us first on simple dishes, being exact as to the manner in which each is to be cooked and served; when we fail she blames gently, and she never forgets

to praise when we succeed. Day by day we feel that we are learning, and that heartens us. There is none of the irritating "let up, let down" system in her house; every rule is strictly enforced, but the rules include provision for our comfort and well-being as well as hers. She explains clearly and kindly why such and such things are prohibited or enforced. We see reason in what she says, and feel that the sway of a friend is over us. By and by sickness comes, or a bad letter from home, and then the mistress proves a real friend. We learn to love her, and our Irish hearts take hold of the new home. Then, and not till then, we become of real use to our employer, and, despite our oft stupidity and occasional tendency to sulk, a comfort and reliance. Other housekeepers marvel and speculate over Mrs. So-and-so's "knack with girls," but we could tell them what it is—simply observance of the old-fashioned golden motto, "Do as you would be done by," or that other, still more golden, "Let every man look not on his own things, but on the things of another."

And this is the moral code for all classes—and all pronouns—not for you and me merely. Not ourselves and yourselves, but likewise for it, for he, and himself, and for herself and—"SHE."

HALLOW-EEN.

HALLOW-EEN, vulgarly known in England as "Nut-crack Night," is the vigil of All Saints' Day, or November 1st, and so falls inevitably on the last evening of October.

Ever since the Holabird girls gave that hallow-een party last year, in Mrs. Whitney's pretty story, certain young friends of ours have been determined to do the same. So, for their benefit and that of other girls who are readers of HOME AND SOCIETY, we append a list of old charms and customs peculiar to this night. We warn them, however, that it is "thought to be a night when devils, witches, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful errands; and particularly those aërial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary." Wherefore, dears, look well to your behavior!

First in order are the dream-producing charms. "She who desires to know to what manner of fortune she will be married, will grate and mix a walnut, a hazel-nut, and a nutmeg. Mix them with butter and sugar into pills, and swallow them before going to bed. If her fortune is to marry a gentleman, her sleep will be full of golden dreams. If a tradesman, odd noises and tumults. If a traveler, then will thunder and lightning disturb her."

Or, there is the lemon-peel charm. Carry two lemon-peels all day in the pocket, and at night rub the four posts of the bed with them. The future spouse appears in sleep and presents the dreaming girl with two lemons. If he does not come, there is "*no hope!*"

Then come the spells for waking hours.

The cabbage-pulling charm:—The maiden walks backward till she gets to the cabbage-bed, and pulls the first she stumbles over. If large, it is a good omen. If much earth clings to it, he will be rich; if it is straight, he will be well-favored; if crooked, he will be ugly or deformed; if the stem tastes sweet, his temper is an easy one; if bitter, it is cross-grained.

The lime-kiln charm:—Steal out all alone to the lime-kiln and throw in a clue of blue yarn. Wind it in a new clue (or ball) off the old one, and toward the latter end *something* will hold the thread. Demand, "Who holds?" and the kiln-pot will reply by naming the Christian and surname of your future husband.

The next is for the use of gentlemen.

The shirt-sleeve charm:—Dip your shirt-sleeve in the water of a spring running south, and go to bed, leaving it hanging before the fire. Some time near midnight the apparition of your future wife will come in and turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side of it.

The glass and candle charm can be practiced by both sexes. Take a candle—go before the looking-glass and eat an apple—*combing your hair all the time.* As you gaze you will perceive the face of your future husband or wife peeping over your shoulder.

Apples play a prominent part on Hallow-een. Apple-parings flung over the shoulder *always* fall into the mystic letter on that night. Apple-seeds may be named and stuck on either cheek, the one which sticks longest indicating the decree of Destiny.

Nuts too. The nuts are named and laid in pairs on the embers of a wood-fire. If one nut snaps and flies away from the other it means separation. If it returns, re-union is indicated. If both burn together, the course of true love will run smooth.

The "Lady-Bird" charm is one of the prettiest, though it could hardly be adapted to an evening party. One of the cunning, winged things is caught and held tenderly, while this rhyme is repeated:—

> "This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
> Whose spotted back might scarlet-red surpass.
> Fly, Lady-bird! North, South, or East, or West—
> Fly where the man is found I love the best."

The insect is then released, and flies at once where it—and Fate—has willed.

Lastly. Three times round the house backward, and you walk into the arms of the man you are to marry. All of us who have read *We Girls* recollect what befell sweet Leslie Goldthwaite when she tried this charm.

And so we end—wishing each maiden who tries the spell this Hallow-een as fair a fate.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE dove with the olive-branch is again hovering over the literary waste of Paris, and the learned world is appearing on the scene of life and action. The publishers' announcements are beginning to assume form and regularity, and we are treated to a very delicate gift from the pen of the son of the whilom famous Madame Desbordes-Valmore. The son has inherited the love of the mother for the heights of Parnassus, and during the clash of arms has been engaged on the translation of the best of the poems of the celebrated Hungarian poet Petöfi. In this work he has been assisted by a Hungarian *littérateur*, Ujfalvy, and the success of the enterprise is largely owing to this fact. The only way to obtain a perfect translation of so lofty a genius as Petöfi is to have the work done by pairs, that there may be one of each nationality. Thus only can the original be comprehended in all its depth, and its counterpart made to convey the peculiar essence of the native poet. Ujfalvy is also said to be engaged on the translation of a Hungarian tragedy, which will be brought out on the Parisian boards the coming winter, if its title, *Danton and Robespierre*, is not a little too revolutionary for Thiers. It is quite a significant circumstance that Hungarian literature should contain anything of sufficient merit to claim a place on the French stage.

THE PARISIANS cannot yet be reconciled to the loss of the composer of "Fra Diavolo" and the "Dumb Girl of Portici." They committed his remains to the Cemetery of Montmartre with great solemnity, and no less than seven addresses were made over the tomb of the pride and glory of France. And still they talk of the witty dinners and cozy suppers of Auber, and the many gatherings of the most sprightly and refined artists of Paris, and affirm that he died during the siege, out of sheer *ennui* at the loss of his accustomed haunts and associates. As the Prussians were approaching Paris, he met one evening a German correspondent and musical critic in the *foyer* of the *Opéra Comique*, and anxiously inquired whether it could be possible that the invaders intended to attack Paris. "Maître," was the reply, "remain quietly in your favorite Paris, and if the Prussians come near you, simply tell them your name; they know you as well as your own countrymen, if not better." The maestro smiled and returned to his now lonely home, for nearly all of his boon companions had fled or were in the service, and it is asserted that he virtually grieved himself to death. He was fond of life, and had always said that he would see his hundredth year. He was ninety years of age, and had already helped to bear to the grave many of his younger colleagues, such as Meyerbeer, Halévy, Rossini, and Berlioz. He was in the habit of consoling himself regarding his few infirmities by saying that "the only way to become old was to live long."

THE WHITE BANNER of France has again been brought to the memory of the present race of Frenchmen, by the significant allusion to it in the recent appeal of the Count of Chambord. It is the banner of the Bourbons adorned with the golden lilies. An edict of Louis the Fourteenth made it the banner of the nation, while the company-standard was composed of the three colors of the royal house—red, white, and blue. The first flag of France was blue, and then came the red oriflamme; and when this fell into the hands of the English, white was the color adopted. According to legend, the white flag was first carried at the coronation of Rheims in the hands of the Maid of Orleans. The Tricolor arose in 1789, from the colors of the city of Paris—red and blue; to these Lafayette added the white, because these were the colors of the House of Orleans. This flag led the republic, the empire, the monarchy of July, the second republic, and the second empire, and a return to the white flag would mean the restoration of the Bourbons and a return to the monarchy by divine right; and it was just this feature of the case that made it a very unhappy allusion on the part of the Count of Chambord, and one which has given him a new lease of private life.

THE LITERATURE OF TRAVEL has been in great demand this year, from the fact that the interruption to pleasure travel was so great last season. The watering-places have seldom been more thronged or more gay than during the present season, and in Germany most of the resorts are filled with strange faces. This proceeds from a desire to become better acquainted with the many charming summer retreats of Southern Germany, which new political relations seem to make more congenial and accessible to the Germans of the North. Responsive to this desire, we chronicle the timely appearance of another volume of the famous hand-books of Meyer; it is devoted exclusively to the plains and cities, streams and mountains of South Germany, and bears the name of Berlepsch as author, an authority already most favorably known to travelers in Germany. It is so thorough in all its appointments regarding the needs of the intelligent tourist, with its maps and plans, panoramas and views, that it is a model of its kind, and will exert a wholesome influence in bringing up the standard of travelers' guides to a higher level than the stereotype affairs that have long been the plague and the grief of the critical traveler.

THE SAVANS OF BELGIUM are still in great doubt as to their future development, and hardly know into which side of the balance to cast their influence and attachment. Previous to the war they were wholly French, although in continual antagonism with French interests and influence. During the conflict, both nations complained of her breach of neutrality, although it is clear that her people leaned on the side of the French. Brussels was so filled with French refugees, exiles, and criminals, that the Germans gave it the name of the "Spittoon" of France. But it now seems to be turning towards the German phase of civilization and progress. The Provincial Council of Brabant recently held a session in Brussels, at which

the principal discussion was concerning the necessity of introducing compulsory education. In the course of the debate, Professor Leo declared that the history of the world had taught them that the first rank among nations was no longer to be accorded to levity, ignorance, and immorality. The honor of leadership would belong in future to Germany, for it has earned it by its learning, moral power, and strength. We should never forget, that for a nation moral health is as necessary as physical health, and for these combined the world must look to Germany hereafter. Belgium, according to the orator, has already traveled too far under French guidance, and it is now time to turn to its Germanic mother and receive sounder teachings.

A FAIRY LAND on the roof of a royal palace is the last creation of the young and enterprising King of Bavaria, who, besides being an enthusiastic musician, seems to have a rare taste for the beautiful in Nature. He has recently gratified this desire by the creation of a garden, which is described as a miracle of beauty, on the roof of his palace. In the cold north one wanders among splendid palms; luxurious vines send their tendrils of rich green trailing around the frame-work that supports the immense glass roof and ingeniously conceals it from the eye. Through the rich, green foliage is seen the brilliant surface of a lake, on which float swans and various aquatic birds among the broad-leaved and rankly-growing water-plants. There lies a little boat, into which you may step and rock on the clear, limpid surface of the flood, and see fishes in the depths, and put your hand into it and convince yourself that it is cool, sparkling water, and not a mere illusion. In astonishment you wander farther, and perceive in the distance a broad blue sea, and beyond it mountains whose snowy peaks, of greater heights than the German Alps, rise into the deep blue sky from the base of the waters. All near you is so real that you would not be surprised to see a steamer plowing the waves. This time, however, you are fairly cheated, for the view owes its existence to the ingenuity of the machinist and the magic art of the painter.

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS returning to the Fatherland are winning golden opinions on all sides for their excellent behavior. When the war proved so long and bitter, and finally in many instances so cruel, it was feared that the warriors themselves would degenerate, and become coarse and arrogant, so that their habits and manners would illy fit them to again enter and take their old positions in social circles as loving brothers and fathers. These were also our fears regarding our own soldiers; but we know how pleasantly the reality deceived us, and how many returned to assume their places in society, developed and strengthened by their experience. And thus the Germans to their great joy find it. Even the workmen return to their shops and employers better disciplined, and with a keener sense of their responsibilities and the necessity of mutual confidence. Before the war, strikes were the order of the day; now but little is heard of them. The workingmen seem to have sounder views of social questions, and greatly to have extended their field of vision. They appear also to be more contented with their lot, and less inclined to foster strife between capital and labor. The sorrows of war have taught them to appreciate the blessings of peace.

LADIES' HOTELS are the latest demand of the fair sex in Europe. The wish is expressed in the columns of the *New Paths*, the organ of the General Association of German Women, that ladies traveling alone may be able to find ladies' hotels, where they will be free to go without the least danger of being looked at askance. Ladies' coupés are now in vogue on some of the railroads, and are greatly esteemed by quiet ladies whom circumstances force to travel alone, and it would be a great boon if they could find orderly and well-kept hotels for their special accommodation. This is a greater necessity in Europe than here, where ladies seldom step out of the door without attendance. But with the traveling facilities of the period the number of ladies traveling alone is daily increasing, and the reception which they receive in hotels from guests and the *employés* of the establishments is not always very satisfactory or encouraging. For such lady travelers, no matter from what quarter of the world, ladies' hotels would be a blessing, and might be a source of occupation and profit for a goodly number of the women and girls who are eager for opportunities for gaining a livelihood.

WILHELM, the composer of the famous melody of the "Watch on the Rhine," is not likely to live long to enjoy his rare good fortune of having given birth to the successful strains that almost lent wings to the enthusiastic warriors who sang their way into the heart of the enemy's land. He is remaining at a German "cure" with a view to regain his health, though with a very poor prospect of so doing. He kindly receives all who call on him, but his gait is weak and his words are faltering. In speaking of his renowned composition, he frequently sheds tears when told that it aided in effecting German unity. It seems a tragic fate that the days that witness the rising of the German sun should see this thoroughly German man in the fetters of palsy, and at times scarcely able to enjoy the charming scenery of the valley which is now his retreat. He seems at times borne down by melancholy, and even the joyful tidings conveyed in the message of Prince Bismarck, that the government had bestowed on the national composer a pension that would make him comfortable for life, had little effect on him. He left the letter lying beside him twenty-four hours before he showed it to his physician or friends.

A SHOWER of French histories of the war is now overwhelming Paris. Chanzy has given his story of the campaign of the Loire, and Count Latour-Dupin that of the French army in Metz. Bazaine is just out with his defence, as are several other generals. Palikao has announced a report of his twenty-four days' régime in the Ministry of War, and even Benedett

has come to life again in the threat to publish the history of the later part of his activity as French ambassador at the Court of Berlin, and the true causes that led to the disastrous war. In the flood of treasonable accusations that streams from these pages, we can only advise every Frenchman of the least note to come in out of the rain.

THAT portion of Sir William Thomson's inaugural address before the British Association, in which he suggested that the first germs of life might have been brought to the earth by meteoric stones, which derived them from the globes of which they were fragments, was ingenious, if improbable, and has attracted considerable attention. But this yet leaves unexplained the source of life on those globes, and he would probably refer it to a Divine Cause. Sir William Thomson, himself one of the ablest physicists in Great Britain, quite scouts the idea that it is possible to produce life except from a living germ; but when that germ is given he is willing to accept a process of development. But the Darwinian theory of development, which makes "natural selection" the only origin of species, he utterly repudiates, and quotes Sir John Herschel's remark that it is too much like the Laputan method of making books, and does not take into account a continually guiding and controlling intelligence. He well says: "I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoological speculations. Reaction against the frivolities of teleology, such as are to be found, not rarely, in the notes of the learned commentators on Paley's 'Natural Theology,' has, I believe, had a temporary effect in turning attention from the solid and irrefragable argument so well put forward in that excellent old book. But overwhelmingly strong proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie all around us, and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend on one ever-acting Creator and Ruler."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THE Fair of the American Institute is hardly up to the mark this year. True, the exhibition has little more than passed the formative stage at this writing; still, it has been running long enough to give a reasonably fair intimation of its scope and character. The spacious Rink is full without crowding, but it contains little that is new or specially interesting, while there is a noticeable lack of many of the later evidences of "Progress at Home," which ought by right to be there. Not that the managers have failed in aught of their duty; they have no doubt made the best disposition possible of the materials provided them. We were only deploring the absence of certain material that we had hoped to find there.

For example, the first thing one sees on the floor of the main hall is a boy cutting glass in the old-fashioned way—with a wheel. It is a good thing to have him there. The operation is new to many, and it attracts attention to the display of crystal in the case close by. Not far off is the ever-present glass-blower twisting his colored rods into impossible birds and such like trumpery for the amusement of the children. But we look in vain for an exhibition of the new mechanical agent, blown sand, so successfully applied to glass-cutting, and really one of the most valuable applications of natural processes to the requirements of art that man has hit upon of late.

It is to be regretted that so many inventors and manufacturers are indifferent to competitions of this sort, not for their own sakes—their indifference is reasonable enough from a business point of view—but for the sake of the masses to whom such exhibitions are a cheap, enjoyable, and effective means of industrial education. The printing-press has well-nigh usurped the office of the public fair. Facilities for making known one's wares, and for bringing their merits directly and cheaply before those most likely to buy, have been so multiplied that it is only in exceptional cases that it pays to make use of public exhibitions. If an inventor has a patent-right to sell, or wishes to dispose of territorial rights, or if he has to compete with many rivals, or has some little thing that everybody needs, then it will be worth his while to present his invention personally to the crowd; but in most cases there are ways of advertising that are much cheaper and more direct. The consequence is the fair is only a partial exposition of the industrial progress of the time, and the part represented is not by any means the most important. We took pains to get a card or an advertising circular from every exhibitor. The greater part of them have reference to old and well-known rival articles — sewing-machines, reapers, mowers, washing-machines, and the like—or trivial objects that are sold on the street, as paper birds, needle-threaders, clothes-line holders, and similar knick-knacks. The proportion of the latter seems to be greater than usual.

HODGE'S "SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY."

THERE are at least two sorts of people to whom the appearance in print of Dr. Hodge's System of Theology will be a matter of uncommon interest. (*Systematic Theology:* By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. Vol. I. C. Scribner & Co.). Those who accept his teachings with the reverence which all Princeton students feel for his high character and great abilities, will be glad to have his works in a convenient and accessible form, and will give them an honored place on the shelves of their libraries and on their study-tables. And, on the other hand, those to whom the Princeton theology is

a name of terror or offense, will be interested to see for themselves, in an authoritative statement, what it is from which they suppose themselves to differ.

Probably both sorts of readers will be conscious of some feeling of disappointment when they come to read for themselves, with studious care, what hitherto they have only heard, or heard of, by the hearing of the ear. The disciples of the Princeton school will recognize more clearly than before, and with something of surprise, how nearly their honored teacher is in accordance with systems of truth popularly considered to be newer and more liberal than his own. And, on the other hand, those who have cried out against this old theology as dry and stereotyped and severe, will notice, with something of admiration, the freshness with which the discussion keeps abreast of modern criticism and controversy, the acuteness with which the argument assails the more subtle forms of modern unbelief, and the liberality with which the intense orthodoxy of this system, cautious and conservative though it is, and narrow though it may seem to some, still makes concessions which strict logic does not require, and which a rigorous dogmatic severity would decline. We trust, for example, that the old slander against orthodoxy, which attributes to it, with varying coarseness of accusation, the damnation of infants, will be completely silenced, now that the oracle of Princeton has spoken with such frankness and Christian tenderness and charity, concerning this matter, in the very first pages of the volume (pp. 26, 27).

Undoubtedly the theology of this volume is of an old-fashioned sort, tenacious not only of the spirit, but of the form of ancient dogma. It is above all things Biblical, scrupulously endeavoring to get from the Bible not only its matter, but even its methods also. It will use the book of Nature also, in its study, but only as subsidiary to the book of Scripture. But it is honest and fearless. Whatever conclusions it finds it does not dodge or twist, whether the natural man will hear or forbear. The revelation contained in the Bible, he declares, is what theology has to deal with. Whatever facts or principles a careful inductive process shall discover in the Bible are to be boldly asserted in the face of whatsoever consequences. No student of physical science, in our day, shows greater recklessness of consequences in the affirmation of his scientific dogma drawn from the facts of Nature, than does this student of theology in the affirmation of his theological dogma founded on the facts and assertions of Scripture. No compromise, and no surrender o truth which he believes the Bible to contain, is for a moment to be thought of.

It is evident, therefore, that as a standard theological work Dr. Hodge's volumes must occupy an important position. If the position shall be thought an extreme one, that fact gives to his work all the more significance and interest. It is certain that he does represent and express—better than they could express it for themselves—the doctrinal opinion of a very large number of ministers and laymen in the Church in which he is an honored teacher. He is, and for years to come will be, an authority, quoted by friends and foes as such. And no theological library will be complete without these representative volumes in it. The first volume only has appeared; the work will run through three volumes only, and there would seem no reason why the second and third should be long delayed.

THE "BIBLE COMMENTARY."

It looks at least as if the coming commentary,—long wished for, but not found,—which should combine in itself the complete results of modern learning, with a spirit of genuine reverence and faith, and which should be, withal, such a miracle of condensation and inexpensiveness that what Mr. Walt Whitman calls "the average man" could afford to own it and could find a place to put it,—had at last arrived. The first volume of what has been for years expected in England as *The Speaker's Commentary*, has made its appearance here under the simpler and better title, *The Bible Commentary* (C. Scribner & Co.). Some impression of the scale on which the work has been planned, and is being executed, may be given by the fact that the entire Pentateuch is contained in a volume of about the size which in Lange, for example, is given to the book of Genesis alone. Making allowance for the difference in type, which in "The Bible Commentary" is admirably large and fair, and for the space occupied by the text, which is most ample, the amount of letter-press in the two volumes is about the same, although the number of pages in Lange is somewhat less. In the quality of paper and press-work the new volume leaves nothing to be desired.

Of course the proof of a commentary is in the using of it. It cannot be tested by the examination of a few hours. But whatever assurance can be given, by the names of men the most eminent in Biblical learning and scientific research, is given here, that the student of the Scriptures, who wishes to turn on any obscure or difficult passage the full light of modern investigation, can do so with the help of these volumes. There is no better scholarship anywhere than the scholarship of the best English scholars. They have German thoroughness without German obscurity. They have German fearlessness without German irreverence.

A spirit tolerant, broad, honest,—an exegesis which interprets (to use the phrase of the Bishop of Ely) "largely and fairly,"—a reverent and devout willingness to receive the teaching of the Bible in its practical bearings upon the life and conduct of men in our own times,—all this is clearly to be recognized, even by the brief examination which only has been possible to us during the few days since the book appeared.

Always in an enterprise so vast as this, where the labor requires much division and subdivision, there is danger that the completed work may lack unity of style or spirit, and may exhibit painful inequalities of merit, and of course it may appear, before this work

is finished, that not all its parts show equal skill and faithfulness. But just as a good Providence watched over the translation of our English Bible, so that, although the translators were many, one style and one spirit governed all its parts and welded them together, so we may hope that in this not dissimilar undertaking a similar success may be achieved.

For this *Commentary* is expressly designed as a popular work. The clergyman, the professional scholar, is not expected to find in it all the apparatus which he requires for critical study. But for English-speaking Protestant Christians, whose privilege and whose duty it is to search the Scriptures for themselves, and who wish to study them with understanding heart, the Commentary will prove, as it was intended, a most useful and a most welcome help. It is only in the expectation of a large and popular sale that the publishers are justified in putting forth the work in a style so costly at a price so reasonable. But probably many professional students will also find in these volumes a welcome and substantial addition to their critical and exegetical apparatus. Especially the distinct essays upon separate themes, too important to be treated fitly in the explanatory comment on the same page with the text, cannot be overlooked by any scholar who would keep abreast of the most advanced Biblical criticism. The note, for example, on the "Route of the Israelites from Rameses to Sinai," gives, with great distinctness and compactness, the results of the latest explorations of that most interesting region, and is so illustrated with maps and engravings, that for freshness and vividness it reads almost like a story of to-day.

It is understood that the other volumes of this great work are well advanced towards completion, and will appear at no distant day. It is supposed that eight volumes will complete the work. Of course, as the work makes progress, we may discover some points at which we should differ from its conclusions,—some details to which we might take exception. But already it is pretty safe to say that whoever owns these eight volumes will have, all things considered, the most satisfactory commentary on the whole Bible which is thus far accessible to the English student.

"ELEMENTS OF INTELLECTUAL SCIENCE."

THE briefest announcement of a class-book of the elements of mental science by the President of Yale is enough to arrest the attention of every laborer in that department of instruction. *The Human Intellect* settled President Porter's rank as one of the foremost students of the mysteries of metaphysics. The severest opponents of his views freely accorded that embodiment of his life of hard labor and close thought a place in the front rank of treatises on Mind; and it stands a solid bulwark to the Christian conception of the soul, and an acknowledged barrier to the soulless philosophy that had well-nigh become a characteristic of modern thought.

The great size of that work, however, due as much to the thoroughness of its critical discussions as to the comprehensiveness of its scope, made it much more fit to serve its secondary purpose as a manual for advanced students of psychology and speculative science, than its primary object as a text-book for schools and colleges. Beginners might well be dismayed by the sheer bulk, let alone the toughness of the new world of thought set before them to conquer. To remove this difficulty, the author has prepared an abridgment of his great work. *The Elements of Intellectual Science*, he calls it—retaining all the leading positions with many of the illustrations, and so much of the historical matter as seemed appropriate to a strictly elementary manual. The language has been condensed occasionally, and the order and method of the argument changed to adapt the work for its intended use. Topics not suited to an elementary work have been omitted, while the controversial and critical observations have been dropped or greatly abridged; but the discussion of the important speculative questions that occupy the concluding chapters of the original work are retained in all their thoroughness. For the convenience of teachers and students who may wish to consult the larger work while using this, the leading divisions and titles in both volumes are the same. (Charles Scribner & Co., publishers.)

BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY.*

THE benediction of the first Psalm appears to have fallen upon Mr. Bryant. No countryman of his, whatever might be his literary school, or his political party, or his religious sect, would deny to the venerable translator of Homer the possession in a good degree of the severe and the benign virtues attributed to the ideal man described in the Psalm. And certainly the blessing pronounced on such a man is Mr. Bryant's in a pre-eminent degree. He is like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf also doth not wither, and whatsoever he doeth doth prosper.

It is no commonplace felicity merely to choose wisely what one will do. English readers of Homer will never doubt that Mr. Bryant has chosen wisely to use these latter years in translating the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It is, perhaps, almost an equal felicity to abide contentedly in a happy choice once made. This, also, the present volume is fresh proof that Mr. Bryant is harmoniously constituted to do. His fruit drops from him as if it were simply after its kind, and could not be other than it is.

Mr. Bryant's preface is a charming bit of prose writing, full of ripe and easy literary art, and of a noble and gracious personal character. Classic is a word that seems to befit Mr. Bryant in every regard, and classic certainly is everything that comes to the public from his pen. His place is well assured among the fixed stars of the American literary firmament, whatever other lights there may be burning brightly for a moment, destined to be unsphered and to fall by and by. A touch of manly pathos makes his allusion to himself and to his advancing age tender and sweet to us

* James R. Osgood & Co., publishers.

all, with a communicated sense of our imminent loss. But such a living example as his is so inestimably precious and so rare, that we gladly hope to hold him back yet a decade or more from his hastening return to the skies.

Mr. Bryant manifestly finds the *Odyssey*, with its pacific details of travel and romantic adventure, more congenial to his humane genius than the truculent and bloody episodes of fight which make up so much of the story of the *Iliad*. His mellifluous verse flows on in the *Odyssey* like a long bright river drawing slowly its waters from the purple hills—so sweetly, evenly, musically, and liquidly does it move, as if from a fountain that could never fail. His faculty of verse, in truth, is so consummate that, but for a certain indefinable but unmistakable quality of genius in it, one might be tempted to find it mechanical.

It is hard to refrain, as our space importunately admonishes us that we must, from specimen citation, and from comment. It must suffice to pronounce this portion of Mr. Bryant's work almost ideally felicitous alike in its achievement and in the good augury of its achievement. We are now precisely as secure of a complete and satisfactory *Odyssey* in English, as we can be of Mr. Bryant's life and health for just a few more fruitful months to come.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

CENTURIES of critics have not defined what poetry is. In every century critics have quarreled, loudly asserting what it is not. Meantime, men sing who choose; and men listen who choose; and the singers and the listeners are better off than the critics.

Joaquin Miller is a singer. "Poetry is with me a passion which defies reason," he says in the preface to the London edition of his poems; a preface of which W. M. Rossetti says, "it would command sympathetic respect, even if his verses did not." We think his American publishers have made a mistake in not reprinting this preface. Some sentences in it are keys, such as many of Mr. Miller's American readers appear to need.

In this remarkable little volume (*Songs of the Sierras*, Roberts Bros., Boston) there are only seven poems, six of them narratives, but narratives so full of scenic effects, so overlaid by vivid description, that it is only after repeated readings of them that the stories stand out in connection and relief: in fact, in no one of them does the narrative or its telling seem to be the leading or conscious motive of the writer. They are the impulsive reproduction of a series of pictures; vivid, sharply defined, swift, as if stamped by the sun. In every one of them, especially in "Arizonian," and "With Walker in Nicaragua," this panoramic succession is so remarkable, that one feels on laying down the book as if the eye had been looking at pictures painted in colors, rather than in words. This quality, this result, which it is easier to feel than to define or to describe, seems to us the most remarkable point in Mr. Miller's writing. It is also a quality which by its very nature defies analysis, and is independent to a certain extent of law, appealing as it does to an instinctive first-sight sort of recognition, rather than to close observation and study. Close observation and study may even discover that the effects cannot be explained by admitted laws, cannot be reconciled with them; but the effects remain; just as the wonderful Japanese in their interpretative art make triumphant color override distance, shape, perspective, and compel us by a higher law of delight, which measures and weights have little to do with.

"With Walker in Nicaragua" seems to us the best of the poems. In vividness of portraiture, and intensity and genuineness of feeling, few poems have equaled it. That history has stamped Walker as an unprincipled fillibuster, and that we have never thought of him except as a vulgar villain, ought not to affect our judgment of this poem. To the yellow-haired boy who rode by his side Walker was a hero, and it is the passionate boy's tribute to his hero dead, to his friend lost, which we are to read in this poem. We give the account of Walker's death, and of the visit to his grave:—

"To die with hand and brow unbound
He gave his gems and jeweled sword;
Thus at the last the warrior found
Some freedom for his steel's reward.
He walked out from the prison-wall
Dressed like a prince for a parade,
And made no note of man or maid,
But gazed out calmly over all:
Then looked afar, half paused, and then
Above the mottled sea of men
He kissed his thin hand to the sun;
Then smiled so proudly none had known
But he was stepping to a throne,
Yet took no note of any one.
A nude brown beggar Peon child,
Encouraged as the captive smiled,
Looked up, half scared, half pitying;
He stooped, he caught it from the sands,
Put bright coins in its two brown hands,
Then strode on like another king.

"Two deep, a musket's length, they stood,
Afront, in sandals, nude, and dun,
As death and darkness wove in one,
Their thick lips thirsting for his blood.
He took their black hands one by one,
And, smiling with a patient grace,
Forgave them all and took his place.

"He bared his broad brow to the sun,
Gave one long last look to the sky,
The white-wing'd clouds that hurried by
The olive hills in orange hue;
A last list to the cockatoo
That hung by beak from cocoa-bough
Hard by, and hung and sung as though
He never was to sing again,
Hung all red-crown'd and robed in green,
With belts of gold and blue between.—

"A bow, a touch of heart, a pall
Of purple smoke, a crash, a thud,
A warrior's raiment rent, and blood,
A face in dust, and—that was all.

"Success had made him more than king;
Defeat made him the vilest thing

In name, contempt or hate can bring:
So much the leaded dice of war
Do make or mar of character.

"Speak ill who will of him, he died
In all disgrace; say of the dead
His heart was black, his hands were red—
Say this much, and be satisfied;
Gloat over it all undenied.
I only say that he to me,
Whatever he to others was,
Was truer far than any one
That I have known beneath the sun.

"Sinner, saint, or Pharisee,
As boy or man, for any cause;
I simply say he was my friend
When strong of hand and fair of fame:
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same
To him, and so shall to the end.

"I lay this crude wreath on his dust,
Inwove with sad sweet memories
Recalled here by these colder seas.
I leave the wild bird with his trust,
To sing and say him nothing wrong;
I wake no rivalry of song.

"He lies low in the level'd sand,
Unsheltered by the tropic sun,
And now of all he knew, not one
Will speak him fair in that far land.
Perhaps 't was this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter tide;
A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak.

"A palm not far held out a hand,
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quivered like a willow wand;
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,
Perched on its fruits that crooked hang,
A bird in rainbow splendor sang
A low sad song of tempered grief.

"No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,
But at his side a cactus green
Upheld its lances long and keen;
It stood in hot red sands alone,
Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;
One bloom of crimson crown'd its head,
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,
Yet redolent as roses' tears.
In my left hand I held a shell
All rosy-lipped and pearly-red;
I laid it by his lowly bed,
For he did love so passing well
The grand songs of the solemn sea.
O, shell! sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee.

"I said some things, with folded hands,
Soft whispered in the dim sea-sound,
And eyes held humbly to the ground,
And frail knees sunken in the sands.
He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more:
I turned me down the olive shore
And set a sad face to the sea."

We have preferred to give this one long extract, showing the power of Mr. Miller's simplest and best style, rather than to present a selection of shorter ones, which would perhaps have given wider evidence of his variety of expression and brilliancy of coloring.

We wish we had room for both—for more lines such as these:—

"Birds hung and swung, green-rob'd and red,
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed from tree to tree."

Or,

"Oh, passion-tossed and bleeding past,
Part now, part well, part wide apart,
As ever ships on ocean slid
Down, down the sea, hull, sail, and mast."

Or,

"The hills were brown, the heavens were blue,
A woodpecker pounded a pine-top shell,
While a partridge whistled the whole day through
For a rabbit to dance in the chapparal,
And a gray grouse drummed 'All's well! All's well.'"

Of these last lines it is not too high praise—high praise as it is—to say that Thoreau is the only other American besides Miller who could, or who *would* have written them.

To offset against lines of such freshness and simplicity as these, such intensity and genuineness of feeling as the description of Walker's death, such vividness of local coloring and treatment as are to be found on every page of Mr. Miller's volume—to offset against these the irregularities, the immaturities, the mistakes of an unpracticed hand, an uncultured ear, and an almost wholly uneducated mind, seems as ill-natured as shallow. When a man still young, who has lived all his life on the frontier with Indians, and who has read few books beside Byron's works and the Bible, gives us seven such poems as these *Songs of the Sierras*, we owe him praise rather than censure, acceptance rather than distrust. Most of all, we owe him the fairness of not demanding from him that which it was impossible he should have, *i. e.*, culture, finish, conformity to standards. Many will go farther than this, and say that we may congratulate ourselves on having a poet whose style has been stamped by the faults of only *one* other poet gone before; that we have had enough of men who were ninety-nine parts other men and only one part themselves; that the Addition Table of aggregate result in poetry is about long enough already, and that there is refreshment and a long new breath in the sight of a unit once more!

Our own point of misgiving in regard to Mr. Miller's ultimate and permanent place as a poet is one which seems to us far more radical than any question of culture or finish, of ignorance or defiance of standards. It is a misgiving as to his true recognition of and true sensitiveness to humanity. Warm and vivid as are his mention and suggestion of human relation, it seems thus far mainly the warmth of a passionate sensuousness of nature. Love is hot, and life is intense, but loving is not helping, and living is never the giving up of life, in Mr. Miller's pictures.

The hero of the Arizonian lets his mistress run out, frantic with jealousy, into a fatal tempest. He swings in his hammock all night, does not go to look her up till morning, and then, as might be expected, finds her dead.

Another hero sleeps tranquilly through his first night on board the ship which bears him away from his mistress. She, pursuing, drowns, unobserved by anybody but the mate at the wheel.

A third lover, well mounted, rides alive, though singed, out of fires which devour his bride just behind him; and a fourth does not succeed in preventing his mistress from killing herself with a knife before his very eyes.

Now it is no doubt true in all these cases that it is simply a dramatic narrative which Mr. Miller is giving; and nothing would be more unfair than to infer that either of these four gentlemen was intended as his ideal of a lover. But the uniformity of their conduct is unpleasing, and all through the poems we are conscious of an under-current of dominant materialism, or rather animalism, which jars and chills. This may be simply the misfortune of the type of story, the accidental preponderance of the barbaric and the brutal. When we recall the tenderness shown in the description of Walker's grave, and in the mention of

> "A round, brown, patient hand,
> That small, brown, faithful hand of hers
> That never rests till my return,"

and in the dedication to Maud, we feel almost guilty in our misgiving. But the misgiving is *there;* and it will not disappear until Mr. Miller has given us other gospels of living love and loving life than these.

And the English poets who have stretched out such friendly hands of greeting to him are not the men from whom he will learn—if he needs to learn—this love. They too, great and true poets as they are, are the poets of the body, who turn soul to sense, instead of turning sense to soul; bring heaven to earth, instead of lifting earth to heaven; and not all possible fire and color in the most gifted child of nature, not all possible grace and finish in the most gifted genius of culture, shall endure if it have not love!

We wait with the warmest interest to see if the development of Mr. Miller's genius will prove that he has as much heart as he has fire, and as much patience as he has courage. This strange, sudden flood-wave of admiration upon which he is just now tossed would swamp and drown a feeble or an insincere man. We hope—we believe—that he will ride it triumphantly; will outride it as strong ships outride storms, and prove their real strength, later, in long, rich-freighted voyages in quiet seas.

TUCKERMAN'S LIFE OF KENNEDY.

THE *Life of John Pendleton Kennedy*, by H. T. Tuckerman, is an admirable book as a memorial of a highly-gifted and most useful man, who, as author, statesman, and private citizen, was equally entitled to our respect. The name of the biographer is a sufficient guarantee in advance that his task has been faithfully and judiciously performed; but, truth to say, it seems to have been singularly easy of performance. The materials were not only abundant, but in exact shape for use, for a *lucidus ordo* beyond all else marks everything that Mr. Kennedy left behind him. This trait was apparent in his able administration of the Navy Department, where he sketched beforehand, to the minutest details, the Japan Expedition of Commodore Perry, which opened to the world the commerce of that long-isolated empire, and directed the Arctic Expedition of Dr. Kane, which gained that lamented voyager a lasting renown. In this volume Mr. Kennedy appears specially attractive in private, where, as the man of culture, he gave tone to society, and set an example to his contemporaries in a lovely life of leisure devoted to letters and the amenities of the domestic circle. An ardent and successful politician, Mr. Kennedy accepted official station for the good he might do, and would have scorned to make it subservient to sordid ends. His letters, given by Mr. Tuckerman in illustration of his character and pursuits, are charming; and we lay down the volume with a regret that so genial a writer should not have devoted himself wholly to literature. It is published by Messrs. George P. Putnam & Sons.

HONORARY DEGREES.

THE prelates of the Church of England, some two or three years ago, summoned all the bishops of the American Episcopal Church, and of the Anglican Churches of the British Colonies, to meet them in consultation on spiritual affairs. We do not remember any special result of that Lambeth Conference, except that our American Bishops all came home blushingly wearing the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, conferred upon them in a lump by the University of Oxford. A somewhat similar feat has just been accomplished by the University of Edinburgh, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association in that classic city. Compelled, from the number of the members present—thirteen hundred in all—besides distinguished visitors from other countries, to decorate less indiscriminately than its sister university could do, it selected a batch of thirteen representative men in all the different "sections" into which the Association is divided, and gave them the coveted degree of LL.D. These precedents we would recommend to American universities. Why should they be satisfied with bestowing, like Princeton, only four doctorates of divinity and as many of law once a year? Let them improve their opportunities, and whenever an ecclesiastical conference, or a scientific association, or a political convention meets in their vicinity, let them swoop down on the assembly and carry off a dozen or two to grace the pages in the triennials which record their *laureati*.

A BIRD IN THE BUSH.



ROBIN, under my window, just as the morning is breaking,
Singing an autumn song ere you flit to the summer land,
Clear-voiced, sweet-throated songster, me from my slumber awaking,
You, at least, are a bird in the bush worth two in the hand.

Listening thus to your carol could almost set me a-singing.
Ah! if my heart were so light, and my life so free of care!
Could I but join thee in roving, southward our swift flight winging,
To lands where blossoms the orange, and jasmine scents the air!

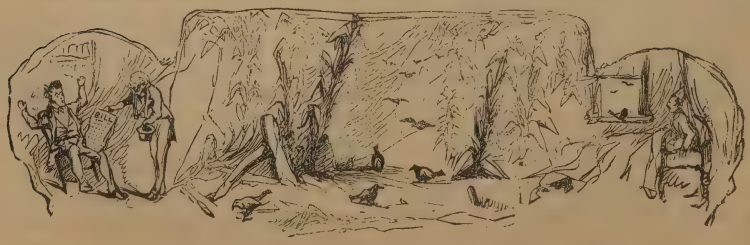
I can but envy thy freedom, truly as I am a sinner.
You neither sow nor reap, and yet by the Father are fed.
But I—I must toil late and early, if I would be sure of my dinner;
Am I, then, better than you because I must work for my bread?



Your songs are never rejected, you chaffer not over their payment,
Hopping about as you please, through the long, bright, summer day.
You take no thought for the morrow, no care for shelter and raiment,
For ere the chill winds of the winter you hasten unburdened away.

With no relentless conductor, who pants for your life or your ticket,
No implacable landlord to put in his dreadful bill,
You'll travel by private conveyance, will stop in some first-class thicket,
And, dropping down in some corn-field, breakfast and dine at your will.

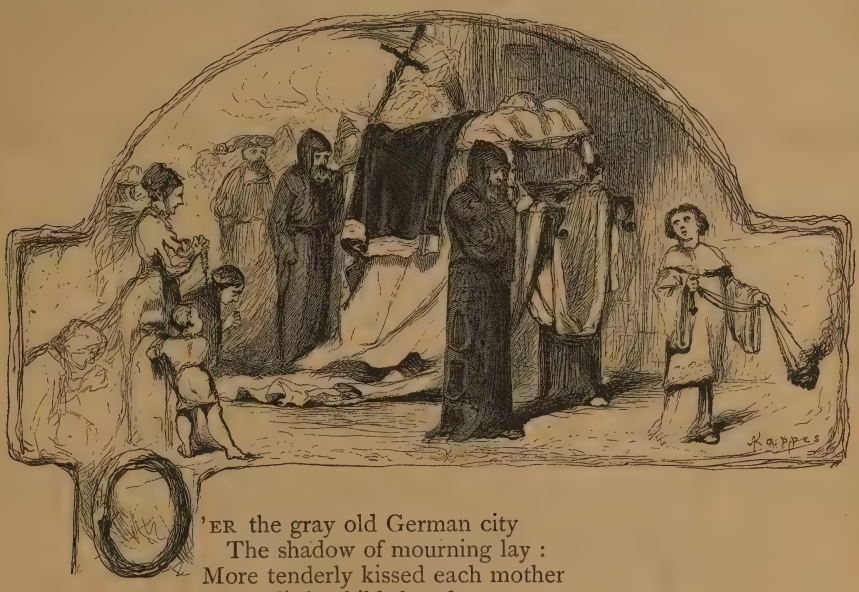
Well, then, go if you must, for the leaves of the maple are burning,
Seek for pleasure and health, but do not tarry too long;
With the first buds of the spring-time, back to my window returning,
Waken me early some morning from dreaming, again with your song.



SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1871. NO. 2.

THE COUNT'S LITTLE DAUGHTER: A LEGEND OF NUREMBERG.



'ER the gray old German city
The shadow of mourning lay:
More tenderly kissed each mother
Her little child that day.

With a deeper prayer each father
Laid his hand on his first-born's head,
For in the castle above them
Lay the Count's little daughter, dead.



Slow moved the great procession
Down from the castle gate,
To where the black-draped cathedral
Blazed in funereal state.

And they laid the little child down,
In her robes of satin and gold,
To sleep with her dead forefathers
In their stone crypt, dark and cold.

At midnight the Countess lay weeping
'Neath her gorgeous canopy,
She heard as it were a rustling,
And little feet come nigh.



She started up in the darkness,
And with yearning gesture wild,
She cried, "Has the Father heard me?
Art thou come back, my child?"

Then a child's voice, soft and pleading,
Said, "I've come, O mother dear,
To ask if you will not lay me
Where the little birds I can hear;—

"The little birds in their singing,
And the children in their play,
Where the sun shines bright on the flowers
All the long summer day.

"In the stone crypt I lie weeping,
For I cannot choose but fear,
Such wailings dire and ceaseless
From the dead Counts' coffins I hear.

"And I'm all alone, dear mother,
No other child is there;
Oh, lay me to sleep in the sunshine,
Where all is bright and fair.

"I cannot stay, dear mother,
I must back to the moans and gloom;
I must lie there, fearing and weeping,
Till you take me from my tomb."

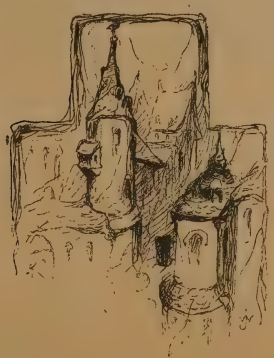


Then the Countess roused her husband,
Saying, "Give to me, I pray,
That spot of green by the deep fosse,
Where the children love to play.

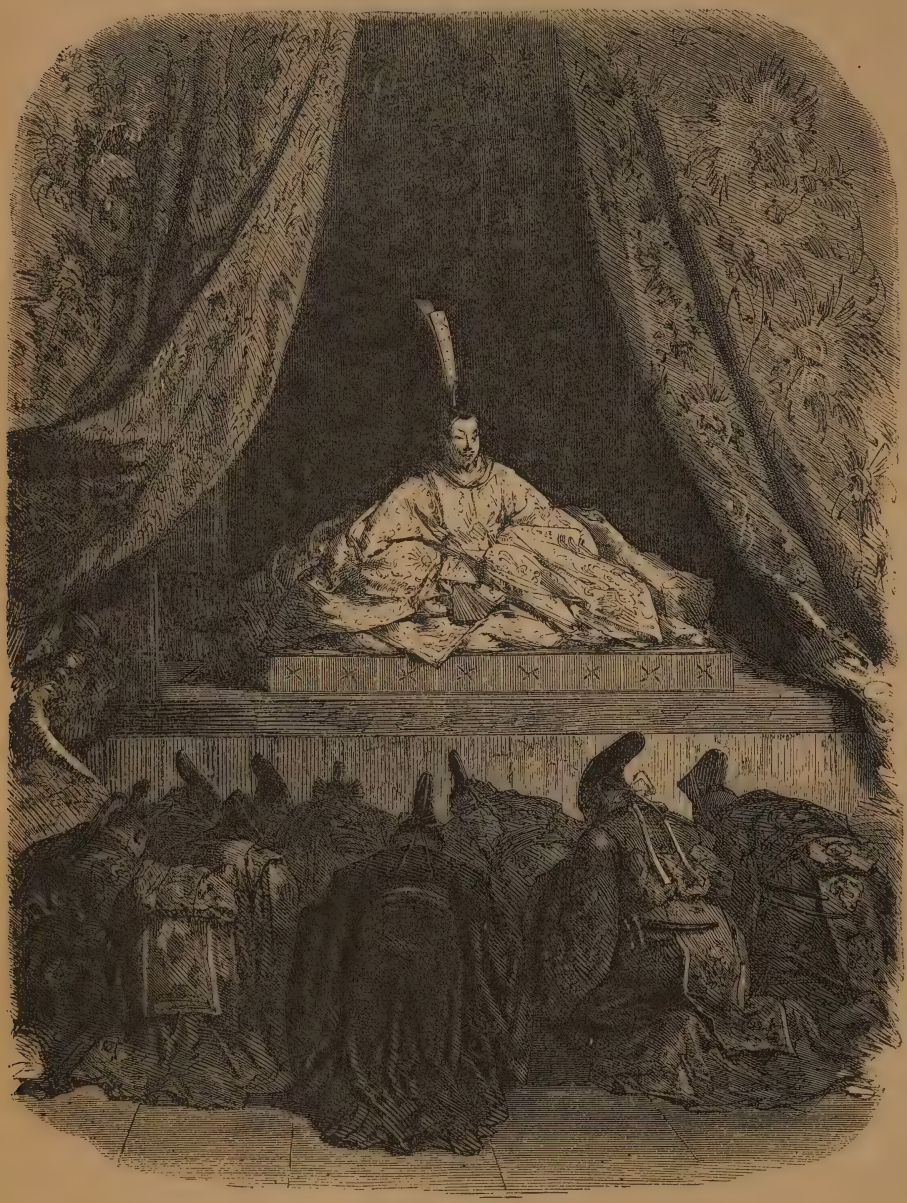
"For our little one lies weeping,
And asks, for Christ's dear sake,
That 'mid song and sunlight and flowers,
Near children her grave we make."

And the green spot was made a garden,
Blessed by priests with book and prayer,
And they laid the Count's little daughter
'Mid flowers and sunlight there.

And to the children forever
The Count and Countess gave
As a play-ground, that smiling garden
By their little daughter's grave.



SIGHTS IN AND AROUND YEDO.



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

EIGHTEEN years have not yet elapsed since Commodore Perry signed the treaty of Yokohama; and from that slight concession, so laboriously obtained, so reluctantly given, there has already grown a complete and permanent revolution, not only in the relations of Japan to the world, but also in the organization of the Empire itself. In place of two harbors of refuge, with a consul in each, there is a large foreign settlement in the vicinity of the capital; foreign ministers dwell almost under the shadow of the imperial castle; foreign officers and men of science are employed by the government to develop the neglected resources of the country; hundreds of Japanese youth seek a better education

in the schools of America and Europe; and finally, the line of tycoons, or civil sovereigns, who have reigned for two and a half centuries, has been overthrown, and the sacred Mikado, or pontiff, formerly invisible even to his own people, sanctions the intercourse of Japan with other nations, and admits an American statesman to a personal interview.

So many momentous chapters of history have been written by wars and treaties since 1854, that we are hardly aware how surely the sealed, mysterious empire of Eastern Asia is opening to all the various influences of civilization, or how steadily the process is followed, step by step, by internal changes. The period of serious resistance, during which a return to the ancient exclusive policy was advocated by the *daimios*, or feudal princes, and which was most menacing to the foreign residents in Japan, from 1862 to 1868, seems now to have entirely passed. There is really little else which needs to be achieved by diplomatic negotiations, for the rapid development of the Japanese people through their contact with civilized races, will remove the last lingering obstacles to a complete and unrestricted intercourse.

The works of the old travelers, upon which, only twenty years ago, we were obliged to depend for our chief knowledge of Japan and the Japanese, are therefore already obsolete. The narratives of Montanus, Kämpfer, Thunberg, Titsingh, and more recently of Von Siebold, contain much that is valuable, and also much that is true at the present day; but these authors seem to look upon the people over the shoulders of spies and guards. A sense of restraint and mystery hangs over their pages, and they give us pictures of a race fashioned into strange forms by some rigid mechanism of government. Now-a-days the newspaper correspondent who goes around the world in four months, touching for a few days at Yokohama, stamps at least the impression of life and common human nature on his rapid records. The mystery has blown away like a cloud, and the race, in its intelligence, its refinement, its capacity for development, is seen to be much nearer to us than the old chroniclers imagined.

There have been a few recent English contributions to our knowledge of the Japanese. Very interesting works, of a special scientific character, have been written by Fortune and Adams, and Prof. Pumpelly has added enough to make us desire much more from his pen; but the only careful and complete work, which has wholly superseded all ancient relations, is that of M. Aimé Humbert, who was sent as Minister to Yedo by the Republic of Switzerland. His two splendid folio volumes (published by Hachette, Paris,) contain, besides comprehensive sketches of Japanese history, religion, and political institutions, a gallery of minutely-drawn pictures of the life, habits, character, festivals, and amusements of the people; of the streets, temples, and gardens of Yedo, and the scenery of the adjacent country. Here, for the first time, we are freely introduced to the Japanese, and learn to know



COUNTRYMAN IN WINTER COSTUME.



JAPANESE MOUNTAINEER CROSSING A GORGE.

them without the hindrances of fear or mystery. When the difficulties of the language shall have been overcome by foreign residents, of equal powers of observation and descriptive talent, we shall have revelations of a more intimate character; but we shall hardly gain more vivid and picturesque sketches of external life than are given in these pages.

M. Humbert reached the capital from Nagasaki, by way of the Suonada, or inland sea, a route now frequently taken by the steamers between Japan and China. After a sojourn at Yokohama, he went to Yedo, and took up his residence in the old temple of Tjoodji, which had been appropriated to the diplomatic representative of Holland, by the Japanese Government. While carrying on the negotiations for a treaty, the conclusion of which was greatly delayed by internal political troubles, he employed his time to good purpose in making himself acquainted with the great city and its suburbs, with the different classes of native society, the character and habits of the people, and with every feature of their national life which was then accessible to a foreigner.

The genuine reporter makes use of whatever material comes in his way, and finds opportunities everywhere. M. Humbert, on being installed in the Dutch Consulate, on his arrival at Yokohama, was furnished with a native servant,—a Japanese boy by the name of Tô. He was a fellow of quick intelligence, but with an air of gravity and prudence much beyond his years. "It was from Tô," says the Minister, "that I took my first Japanese lesson. He gave me the key to conversation in three words; and the philosophical character of the method he employed will at once be appreciated. The operations of the mind resolve themselves into three forms—doubt, negation, and affirmation. As soon as one knows how to express these three operations, the rest is only a matter of the vocabulary, a charging of the memory with a certain number of the usual words. Thus, we will commence with doubt, and say in Japanese: *arimaska?* which signifies 'Is there?' Then we pass to negation, *arimasi*, 'there is not,' and finish with *arimas*, 'there is.' After that, the vocabulary will furnish us with the words we most need, as *Nipon*, Japan, Japanese; *chi*, fire; *cha*, tea; *ma*, a horse; *mizu*, water, etc. Add a little mimicry, and we shall be able to comprehend many things without the aid of an interpreter. Thus, coming home after a long ride, I order Tô to bring me tea: *cha arimaska?* He answers *arimas*, and soon the refreshing beverage is on my table."

M. Humbert unites with many American residents of Yokohama in testifying to the kind and friendly character of the common



ENTRANCE TO A JAPANESE TAVERN.

people of Japan. The fishing population of the port invariably accosted him with a pleasant greeting; the children brought him shells, and the women were always ready to show, and explain as best they could, the edible qualities of the various marine monsters which they collected in their baskets. In walking about the country, he was often invited by the peasants to enter their dwellings, and was never allowed to leave without being offered a rice-cake and a cup of tea. They took pleasure in showing their garden-flowers, often plucking a few choice specimens for a bouquet, for which they always refused to accept any money.

Among the country population, settled in the fertile valleys which border on the bay of Yedo, one often meets with men of a more vigorous race, whose appearance, although friendly, seems to denote a certain independence of character or of habits. They are the mountain Japanese,—the inhabitants of the Hakoni range, which runs southward, at right angles to the shore of the bay, or of the sides of the great isolated volcanic peak of Fusi-yama. They come down to the plains, attracted by a variety of interests. Some arrange for the sale and delivery of lumber for ship-building; others for their stores of char

coal; others are concerned in transporting goods on pack-horses to the remoter regions; others again are employed as canal-boatmen, or enlist in a company of hunters. These men are also selected for the new regiments of national infantry, which are armed with European weapons.

Those parts of the mountain regions not traversed by the Tokaido—the great national highway between Yedo and Osacca—have not yet been visited by foreign travelers.



INHABITANT OF YEDO; WINTER COSTUME.

The Japanese of the plains relate wonderful stories of the industry and skill of the mountaineers; of their bridges, aqueducts, and roads; of the daring with which they scale almost inaccessible heights, and transport themselves in swinging baskets over the most frightful depths.

The broad highway of the Tokaido passes near Yokohama, and strikes the coast at Kanagawa, on the opposite side of the harbor. When the traveler takes the land route to Yedo, he is obliged to accept the escort of a troop of mounted *yakounins*, or official guards. M. Humbert, on setting out for the capital, ordered the latter to await him at the river Lokgo, which is the official limit fixed for the excursions of the foreign residents of Yedo in that direction. "We crossed to Kanagawa," he says, "where our horses awaited us, and enjoyed one more hour of liberty in following at our ease the Tokaido. The highway was filled with two interminable files of travelers on foot, on horseback, in palanquins, and cangoes; those going to the capital taking, like us, the right side of the road, and those returning from it taking the left.

"A halt was made at the tea-house of Maneïa, which was all open, both the main building and the wings, to a crowd of comers and goers. The matting was entirely hidden by the groups of picturesque feasters; the rear wall was taken up with furnaces, steaming boilers, shelves of utensils and provisions; rapid waiters circulated on all sides, distributing with grace the lackered plates laden with tea, cups of saki, fried fish, cakes, and the fruits of the season. Before the door, seated on the broad, short benches of the inn, mechanics and coolies fanned themselves for refreshment, and women lighted their pipes at the common brazier. All at once a movement of horror takes place among the guests and the waiters; a detachment of police officers, escorting a criminal, make a halt for refreshment. With all haste the two-sworded gentlemen are supplied with boiling tea or tepid saki, while the coolies, who carry the prisoner in a basket of woven bamboo without any apparent opening, deposit their burden on the ground, and with long pieces of crape begin to dry the sweat which trickles down their shoulder-blades. As to the prisoner, who may be espied doubled up within, with haggard eye and unkempt beard and hair, he will be shut up and tortured in the prisons of Yedo, to answer for the crimes of which he is accused in a placard suspended from the basket."

It is a ride of twelve miles to the river



LITTLE MOUNTEBANKS IN THE STREETS OF YEDO.

Lokgo, which must be crossed in flat-boats. On the opposite bank, the official escort awaits the visitor who approaches Yedo in a diplomatic character. The march is continued through villages included in the suburbs of the great capital, the tea-houses of which are crowded with gay companies of citizens and their families. A little further, and the limits of the municipality are reached. The highway now skirts the shore of the bay, resting on strong foundations of sunken stones, while, on the left, groves of pine and cypress surround, but do not entirely conceal, the place for executing criminals.

After passing this gloomy spot, the stranger enters that suburb of Yedo which has the worst reputation,—Sinagawa, which commences two miles to the southward of the city proper. The Japanese government has

adopted the strict rule that foreigners who come to Yedo, or who reside in that city, shall not pass through Sinagawa except by daylight and accompanied by a strong escort. This is not because the permanent population of the suburb is at all dangerous; for it is chiefly composed of boatmen, fishers, and laborers. But these latter inhabit the cabins along the strand, while both sides of the Tokaido are bordered by the very worst kind of taverns and tea-houses. There the same scum of society may be found as in the great cities of Europe and America, and besides, a very dangerous class of vagabonds, peculiar to Japan. These are the *lonins*, unemployed officers, belonging to the caste of the Samouraïs, who have therefore the privilege of carrying two sabres. They resemble the class of hired bravos which belonged to Venice during the reign of the Doges.



SOLDIER OF THE TYCOON.

The southern part of the city, in which the foreign legations are established, contains eight districts, occupying all the space between the evil suburb of Sinagawa on the south, and the outer moat of the Tycoon's castle on the north, the bay forming the eastern boundary. All these districts are essentially plebeian in their character. They even contain a large agricultural population, occupied with the cultivation of the adjacent kitchen-gardens and rice-fields. A few seignorial residences interrupt, with the monotonous lines of their long white-washed walls, the uniformity of the wooden dwelling-houses. The temples, and the residences of the priests, are scattered everywhere; and certain of them, with their out-buildings and gardens, have been appropriated by the government to the use of the foreign legations.

"According to a Japanese proverb," says M. Humbert, "one must live in Yedo in order to be happy. If this be true, happiness is not easily attained by Europeans living in Japan. At the time of my visit, only the diplomatic agents enjoyed the right of residing in the capital of the Tycoon; and two or three years' experience of the conditions attached to the exercise of this privilege had led all of them to decide to transfer their real domiciles to Yokohama. They gave the impression of having been treated at Yedo very much like prisoners of distinction, free to go and come within a certain radius, and watched by day and by night with the most unwearied solicitude." This was in 1863 and 1864, during the height of the troubles which culminated in the subsequent overthrow of the Tycoons. Since the Mikado has assumed the political power, and the feudal princes have acquiesced in the policy of intercourse with the world, residence in Yedo has become much more unrestrained and agreeable.

M. Humbert, nevertheless, managed to conciliate his guards and evade the restrictions which the government attempted to impose upon him, to such an extent that he succeeded in exploring almost every quarter of the capital, and in observing, much more thoroughly than any previous resident had done, the habits of all classes of the population. Our space will only allow us to give a few passages from his work. "No unwalled city," he says, "presents a more inhospitable



FIRE-FISHING IN THE BAY OF YEDO.

appearance than Yedo, when seen from the bay. It resembles an immense park, the entrance to which is prohibited. The richly wooded hills are dotted with chalets and old temples with enormous wooden roofs; at their feet extend long streets of wooden houses and some buildings with white walls; but along the whole great stretch of the arc of shore, from Sinagawa to the landing-place, nothing can be distinguished which answers to our notions of quays, port, or embarkation. Everywhere there are walls, boarded inclosures, palisades; no jetties, steps, or anything whatever which seems to invite a landing."

He gives the following picture of the streets in the neighborhood of the old temples inhabited by the foreign ministers: "From morning until night, the low streets and quays of Takanawa are crowded with people. The stable population of the quarter seemed to me to have no other industry except to raise, in one manner or another, a light tribute from those arriving and departing. Here, tobacco is cut and sold; there, rice is hulled and made into cakes; everywhere saki is to be had, tea, dried fish, watermelons, an infinite variety of cheap fruits and other comestibles, spread on tables in the open air, or under sheds and on the shelves of innumerable restaurants. In all directions coolies, boatmen, and bearers of cangoes offer their services. In some lateral streets, stalls may be hired for pack-horses and stables for the buffaloes which bring to market the products of the surrounding country. They are harnessed to small rustic carts, the only wheeled vehicles which one sees in Yedo.

"The singers, the dancers, the wandering jugglers who come to try their success in the capital, make their first appearance at the doors of the tea-houses in this quarter. Among the singers there are those who

form a privileged class, but subjected to a certain supervision by the police. They may be known by their large flat hats, thrown back from the temples; they always go in pairs, or in fours when two dancers accompany the two singers.

"The favorite jugglers at the street-corners of Yedo are young boys, who, before commencing their tricks, conceal their heads in large hoods, surmounted by a tuft of cock's feathers and a small scarlet mask, representing the muzzle of a dog. These poor children, in bending and curving themselves, one upon the other, to the monotonous sound of the tambourine of their conductor, present the appearance of a really grotesque and fantastic struggle between two animals, with monstrous heads and human limbs.

"Behind our monastic hills we found a population entirely sedentary, occupied, within their dwellings, in various manual labors. The work-shops were announced, at a distance, by significant signs,—sometimes a board cut in the form of a sandal, sometimes an enormous umbrella of waxed paper, spread open, like an awning, over the shop; or a quantity of straw hats, of all sizes, dangling from the peak of the roof down to the door. We also see, in passing, the armorers and polishers, busy in mounting coats of mail, iron war-fans, and sabers."

As the stranger advances northwards, towards the heart of the city, the streets gradually become deserted. Vast quarters are taken up with the residences of the feudal princes, who are obliged to pass the half of every year at Yedo; and as each residence, with its adjoining barracks and gardens, is inclosed by a massive outer wall, this part of the capital resembles a solitude. But from the hill of Atagosa-Yama, occupied by Buddhist temples and monasteries, there is a view of all the southern part of Yedo, and northward as far as the great walls surrounding the castle of the Tycoon.

"The immensity of the Japanese capital," says M. Humbert, "produces a strange impression. The imagination as well as the vision is fatigued in hovering over that boundless agglomeration of human dwellings, all of which, great or little, are marked by the same stamp of uniformity. Each one of our old European cities has its distinctive physiognomy, strongly indicated by the monuments of different ages, and uniting to grand artistic effects the austere charm of ancient memories. But at Yedo all things are of the same epoch and in the same style: everything rests on a single fact, on a single political circumstance—the foundation of the dynasty of the Tycoons. Yedo is a wholly modern city, which seems to be waiting for its history and its monuments.

"Even the residence of the Tycoon, viewed from a distance, offers nothing remarkable except its dimensions, its vast circuit of terraces supported by enormous walls of granite, its parks of magnificent shade, and its moats resembling quiet lakes, where flocks of aquatic birds freely sport in the water. That which chiefly strikes the mind within the inclosures, is the grand scale to which everything is conformed: walls, avenues of trees, canals, portals, guard-houses, and dwellings of the retainers. The exquisite neatness of the squares and avenues, the profound silence which reigns around the buildings, the noble simplicity of those constructions of cedar-wood upon marble basements,—all combine to produce a solemn effect, and to provoke those impressions of majesty, mystery, and fear, which despotism needs in order to support its prestige.

"The first great line of defense of the castle is surrounded with water, except on the western side, where it communicates with the adjoining quarter of the city by the parade-ground belonging to the Tycoon. Ten arched wooden bridges are thrown across the broad moats. A strong detachment of the Tycoon's troops occupied the guard-house attached to the one which we crossed. The common soldiers are mountaineers of Akoni, who are allowed to return to their homes after a service of two or three years. Their uniform, of blue cotton, consists of close-fitting pantaloons, and a shirt something like that of the Garibaldians. They wear cotton socks and leathern sandals, and a large saber with a lackered scabbard is thrust through the girdle. The cartridge-box and bayonet are worn suspended on the right side. A pointed hat of lackered paper completes their accouterment, but they only put it on when mounting guard or going to drill."

The district of Nipon-bassi, or the bridge of Nipon, which is in the heart of the city, contains seventy-eight large blocks of houses, each of which is almost the exact model of the other. These are the dwellings and shops of the *bourgeoisie*, the untitled middle-class of Yedo. Navigable canals surround this long parallelogram on the four sides, and fifteen bridges give it communication with the other parts of the city. The houses of the citizens, not less than the palaces, do not vary from the same type of architecture. They are simple structures of wood, but two stories

in height, the upper one having a balcony looking upon the street, and a low roof covered with slate-colored tiles.

Here the streets swarm with the liveliest and most varied life. Shops of all kinds succeed each other, and before each there is always a group of chattering customers. Shoes, hats, clothing, furniture, utensils, are offered for sale; barbers ply their trade, and the tea-houses and restaurants are conveniently at hand for those who need refreshments. There is in Yedo an enormous consumption of shell-fish. Oysters are abundant and fleshy, though not very delicate; but the Japanese have no way of opening them except to break the upper shell with a stone. Near the central bridge is the great fish-market. The canals are covered with boats, which bring fresh sea-fish and the product of the rivers, the fish of the polar currents and those of the equatorial stream, turtles of the bay of Nipon, formless polypi and fantastic crustacæa. Siebold counted in this market-place seventy different varieties of fish, crabs, and mollusks, and twenty-six kinds of oysters, clams, and mussels.



TORTOISE-CHARMER.

The stalls near the landing-place are always besieged by purveyors who come to purchase fish at auction. Amid the tumultuous throngs vigorous arms are seen lifting the heavy baskets and emptying them into the lackered boxes of the coolies; from time to time the crowd gives way to let two coolies pass, carrying a porpoise, a dolphin, or a shark suspended by cords to a bamboo across their shoulders. In order to supply the great demand, not only for fish and shell-fish, but also for edible sea-weed, the fishermen, who form a low caste of the population, are incessantly employed. The bay of Yedo is almost as lively by night as by day, for the boats then go forth to engage in fire-fishing. Each bark bears at its prow a kind of grating, wherein they burn reeds and tar. Sometimes the boats form an immense semicircle, which produces at a distance the effect of a quay sparkling with thousands of lamps.

Of all the great cities of the world, Yedo is one of the most favored by nature in regard to situation, climate, richness of vegetation and abundance of running water. It is located at the mouths of two rivers, one of which, the Ogawa, has a breadth of about a thousand feet, dividing the main part of the city, including the castle and the aristocratic quarters, from the plebeian portion, called the Hondjo. The former covers the undulating ground between the canals and smaller streams, rising in the manner of an amphitheater towards its encircling suburbs; while the Hondjo is scattered over a low plain which stretches eastward for many miles. Basins with locks, ponds, moats, and a complete network of navigable canals connect the natural courses of the rivers, and carry to the heart of the city proper, as well as to all parts of the Hondjo, the movements of commerce and life throughout the immense capital.

The Japanese are naturally an industrious people; yet their domestic habits are so simple and—except on festive occasions—so inexpensive, that they are able to indulge in regular recreation. Visits to the tea-houses, many of which provide musical entertainments for their guests, to the theaters and circuses, family pic-nics, excursions into the country, are constantly enjoyed by all classes of society. There are also permanent fairs,—great open spaces in the suburbs, filled with booths and gay with banners, which are crowded from one year's end to another. Here venders of toys, books, and patent medicines line the sidewalks; giants, dwarfs, and mountebanks of every variety allure the curious spectator, and the inevita-

ble restaurant supplies its tea, fish, and rice-cakes. "At the fair of Asaksa," says M. Humbert, "in addition to the performances of jugglers of all kinds, there are collections of animals which have been taught to perform tricks—bears of Yeso, spaniels which are valuable in proportion to their ugliness, educated monkeys and goats: live birds and fish are also displayed in great quantities. But the most astonishing patience is manifested by an old Corean boatman who has trained a dozen tortoises, large and small, employing no other means to direct them than his songs and the sound of a small metal drum. They march in line, execute various evolutions, and conclude by climbing upon a low table, the larger ones forming of their own accord a bridge for the smaller, to whom the feat would otherwise be impossible. When they have all mounted they dispose themselves in three or four piles, like so many plates."

All these pictures of life in the Japanese capital are as new as they are curious, and they have the charm, which the older narratives of travel in Japan must always lack, of being sketched freely and fully, with the privilege enjoyed by a foreign visitor under an entirely new state of affairs. Indeed, the more recent descriptions of Yedo have been more or less confused, for a city covering twenty-five square miles and containing nearly two millions of people cannot be seen during a few excursions on horseback. As in the case of Peking, various imaginary splendors have been lost in gaining a more familiar knowledge. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous temples and gilded palaces have shrunk into long, low, fantastic masses of buildings; the pageantry of government and religion has become common-place and grotesque; but on the other hand the industry and art of the people, their character and capacity for progress have been elevated in our eyes, and their domestic and civil life proves to be far more rich, varied, and interesting than we had ever fancied.

It is fortunate that such careful and picturesque relations are given to us at a time when the rapid changes in the structure of Japanese government are initiating corresponding changes in society. Native steamships already navigate the inner sea; railroads and telegraph lines will soon follow, and there is already a proposition for a far more important step,—that of substituting the Roman alphabet for the cumbrous and difficult native characters. We shall soon have a new Japan, wherein the old will speedily pass away

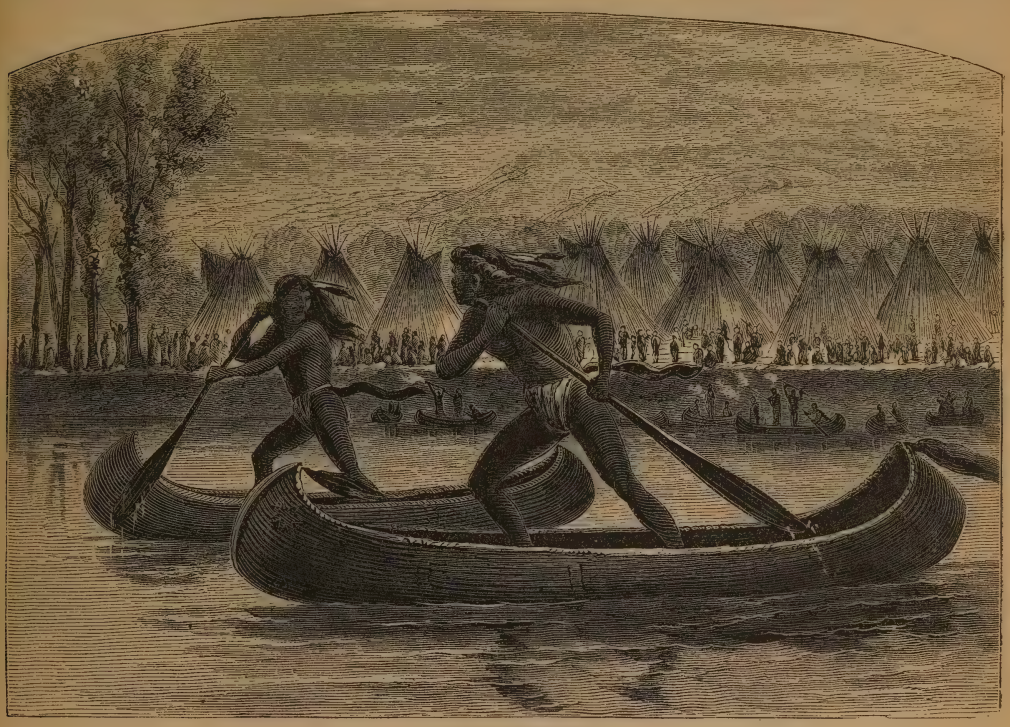
THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

Whither away, Robin,
Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple-leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest:
Whither away?

Whither away, Blue-bird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? ah, why,
Thou too, whose song first told us of the Spring?
Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,
Whither away?
Canst thou no longer tarry in the North,
Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest?
Not one short day?
Wilt thou—as if thou human wert—go forth
And wanton far from them who love thee best?
Whither away?

PICTURES FROM THE PLAINS.



AN INDIAN BOAT-RACE.

THE Indians, the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, are now subjected to so many influences unfavorable for their preservation, that their disappearance will be arithmetically progressive. A very few years indeed will suffice to destroy the integrity of the largest and most powerful tribes, and they will thus melt away, their vices will be forgotten, and their good traits (which, for savages, were superior to those exhibited by any other primitive people) will become the theme of praise through the pen of the historian and poet.

The Sioux and Crow tribes, among the most powerful on the plains, have always considered the beautiful valley of the Yellowstone River their positive property, given to them by the Great Spirit as their hunting-grounds. All the rich prairies which line the tributaries of the Missouri are famous for their vegetable productions; and wherever nature is thus rich, are to be found in the greatest abundance all wild game. The bull-berry, the plum, the surra-berry, the persimmon, and wild cherry, all grow in abundance on these Nature-blessed gardens; and the Indians not only live upon these fruits when they are in season, but dry and preserve them for winter's use.

This domestic work is attended to by the women alone; the warriors, mounted on their wild steeds and fed by the industry of their wives and children, attend only to sports of the chase, or the more fascinating business of war. The Indians admit of no partnerships or compromises in their hostile meetings, and when the Crows and the Sioux do meet, or rather have met in times past, battles have been fought of unparalleled ferocity, and deeds of heroic valor displayed of which there is now no record or tradition.

Without professing to give consecutive incidents of Indian life, we propose to present a few vivid sketches which will give some inkling of scenes on "the frontiers," where nature, unrestricted by civilization, still has almost supreme sway.

Among all the Indians of the plains, horse-racing is a favorite sport. The more intelligent tribes have traditions relating to the circumstance of the "Great Spirit" conferring the horse upon them as a mark of approval for their courage. The time when this happened is not attempted to be definitely stated; but that they did *not always* have their favorite steed, is clearly admitted. It is beyond doubt



HORSE-RACING ON THE PLAINS.

true, that the conquest of Mexico introduced the horse into the American continent. Escaping from his master after the fortune of battle, the horse found a natural home on the great plains which stretch from the base of the heights of Montezuma's palace in an unbroken level to the shores of the Red River, which empties into the Mississippi. They soon became so plentiful that they were eventually possessed by the Indians in droves of hundreds and thousands, and were scarcely of any appreciable value. They were always used, however, by the red man more for ornament and pleasure, and the pomp of war, than for useful purposes. It was, and is still, no uncommon sight in Indian caravans to see dogs harnessed to heavy loads, and women carrying great bundles on their shoulders, while the horses, if not ridden by the warriors, follow in long lines, unemployed, in the rear.

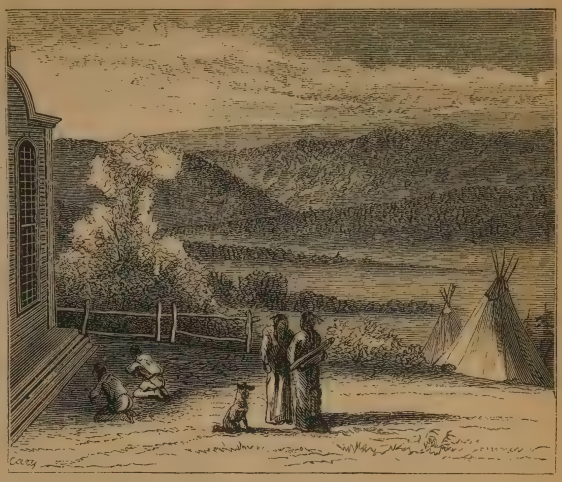
The Indian Apollo and his wild horse make up a splendid sight. The race, in all of its qualities and characteristics, gives the Indian a sense of absolute intoxication, and when he adds to these elements the additional stimulus of being admired by the warriors of his tribe, and possibly winning some great prize, if a conqueror, his aspirations for earthly happiness rise no higher.

California, as it is now known, was, under Spanish rule, a great field for Jesuit missions. Through the training of the priests, the native population possessed a certain degree of civilization. Their passion for war seemed to be entirely destroyed, but they became so abject and seemingly dispirited, that they were at best a most wretched and pitiable race of beings, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for their spiritual guides. When Mexico passed from the iron rule of Spain, the missions of California became disorganized; and when the country came under the authority of the United States, they were found to be in more or less ruin.

Among the priests who deplored this state of things was one Father Gavaza, an Italian by birth, of remarkable personal presence, and a face so peculiar that it inspired a sort of awe from the Christian and savage alike. This man, thirty-five years ago, had just become comfortably situated at San Francisco, and was busily engaged in training up the aboriginal population, when the revolution which made Mexico an independent country interfered with his plans. Disgusted, but not disheartened, he bade adieu to his beloved field of labor, and starting alone into the heart of the great North American continent, resolved never to rest until, in some isolated waste,

away from all outside influences, he could find a native people whom he could train for heaven in accordance with his views and inspirations.

After long wanderings, he finally reached what is now known as Washington Territory, and here he settled, conciliating the savage bands with which he was surrounded by deeds of charity, sacrifice, and humiliation. Never offending the people with whom he cast his lot, acting the part of a physician, going with the warriors on their hunts, and finally mastering their language, he at last accomplished the ambition of his heart, by establishing what is now becoming known as the "Condelane mission."



CONDELANE MISSION.

The people of this mission were chosen from the least favorable specimens of the aboriginal character—roving bands of Flat-heads. Yet in the course of time he has brought hundreds of these degraded savages into a settled community, the members of which have given up war, and obtain their livelihood by cultivating the field and raising cattle. He has erected a little chapel, which the Indians in the immediate vicinity attend morning and evening, being brought together by the ringing of a bell. The walls of this church, dedicated to religion, and so strangely isolated from the Christian world, are handsomely decorated with pictures of rare value, sent from Rome, as evidences of the Pope's especial approval of Father Gavaza's zeal and success. One of the gratifying evidences of the influence of this mission is shown by the fact that chiefs of roving bands of savages have often sought Father Gavaza's advice with regard to contemplated warlike expeditions, and have been induced to give up their bloody forays through the earnestly expressed desire of this remarkable man. But his greatest triumph is in the effect he has wrought upon the Indian women. They have, through his teachings, learned something of the pale-faces' estimation of the sanctity of the marriage tie; and while they submit patiently to the customs of their own people, they have compelled the white hunter to go with them hundreds of miles to reach the little chapel of Condelane, where Father Gavaza could pronounce his blessing upon the marriage ceremony. The Indian maiden thus blessed triumphantly tells the less fortunate of her sex: "Me no wife now for a few moons; me wife always." In the course of time, when the star of empire shall have shed its refulgent rays into the solitudes where Father Gavaza has labored so earnestly and so long, his fame will shine brightly, and what he has accomplished by love and self-sacrifice will shame the cruel policy which has encouraged the red man in contracting the faults of civilization, and then destroyed him from the face of the earth.



PEOPLE OF PEMBINA AND THEIR OX-CARTS.

Pembina, conventionally located in Dakota Territory, is situated on the line of Canada West and the extremest northern part of Minnesota, on the Red River of the North, which flows into Lake Winnipeg, far above the sources of the great river Mississippi. The inhabitants in the town and im-

mediate vicinity number some eight or ten thousand people, principally half-breeds, a cross of the Chippewa Indians, the white traders, the employés of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the refugees and outcasts of all nations, who, for a century or more, have found an asylum in the great northern wilderness. These people, who are really citizens of the United States, and living on American soil, have been left under the care of the British or Canadian government. They dislike their masters, and are at this very time struggling to free themselves from the yoke that rests so heavily upon their shoulders. Under the Constitutional Amendment, here is an immense voting population, which must sooner or later be added to the permanent residents of Minnesota and Dakota Territory; and it may not be uninteresting to the general reader to know, that, however unpromising the early history and origin of these people have been, they are now peaceable, and industriously disposed.

Their habits of life are nomadic, and the government is patriarchal. Although they cultivate the earth, and have settled villages, still they rely mainly for subsistence upon the great annual hunts, which take place in the early part of July and late in October. On these occasions they spend many weeks on the great plains of Dakota Territory, catching and killing buffalo for their meat and skins. A moving caravan of these people sometimes takes with it two or three thousand small carts—made entirely of wood, without a piece of iron about them—which are drawn by oxen, harnessed in a neat and practical manner. In these foraging expeditions the Pembinas meet the bloody Sioux and the treacherous Crees, with whom they often have long and bloody contests. The Indians vainly struggle to maintain their supremacy on these richly provided hunting-grounds.

These Pembinas, while traveling, carry with them their priests and the discipline of a good government, so that they are never without wholesome laws, and the influence of religious instruction. For the purposes of good order they are divided into bands, which divisions are under specially appointed officers. At night their ox-carts are disposed of in a circle, within which they place their cattle and property, and if attacked when thus arranged, they fight from behind the walls of an extemporized fortification. The future of these people and their final disposition as citizens of the United States will prove an interesting problem, and their characteristics and civilization will afford speculation for the philosopher and philanthropist.

The ancient fort of Walla-Walla is about thirty miles from the mining town of that name, on the Columbia River. It was built and owned for many years by the British Hudson's Bay Company, and was the important deposit for furs, and also for property which was to be eventually distributed to the hunters and friendly Indians attached to the



OLD FORT WALLA-WALLA.

service of the company. When Oregon became "disputed territory," the Hudson's Bay Company sold the establishment to John Jacob Astor, since which time it has gradually become a center of frontier civilization. The gold expresses coming from the Nezperces mines stop at this fort; it is also on the general route from the mines to San Francisco. Here are also a store, a post-office, and a hotel. The boats in the foreground, which are large, serviceable, and handsomely modeled, are cut from the trunks of the enormous trees which distinguish the forests of the Pacific slope. They have reached the landing-place of the fort, from the upper waters of the Columbia, loaded with bales of buffalo robes, which are being borne on the shoulders of the hunters within the protecting walls of this old place of refuge in the far West.



"PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST."

The emigrants frequently indulge in practical jokes. They enliven the monotonous hours of their journeyings with this commonplace wit as a relief probably to the dullness of their every-day life. They are fond of odd and characteristic names and designations, and some of the most fanciful and strange appellations are common to towns and streams that have been christened by these tame-wild people. A few years ago, two men made themselves conspicuous by painting in large letters on the sides of their wagon cover, "Pike's Peak or bust!" In their haste to reach this, their newly discovered "Eldorado," they scorned the safety which was afforded by "the train," and traveled alone and on their "own hook." For days and weeks they escaped the dangers attending their folly, and passed unharmed from St. Paul's to far beyond Minnesota, even until they reached the "bloody ground of the Sioux." Here they were surrounded, and cruelly and wantonly murdered; their bodies, which encased hearts of such foolish recklessness, were pinned by sharp arrows to their mother earth, and left to sunshine and storm.

Among civilized nations, the centers dedicated to the manufacture of warlike weapons are places of profound interest, where the mechanism, genius, and wealth of a nation are concentrated to produce engines of death. With the Indians, this warlike propensity finds employment in less pretentious forms; but still it is with the savage as with his Christian brother—his best efforts at mechanical art are directed to the production of "things which kill." The Indian bow and arrow are the highest developments of their creative skill, and the arrow especially is deserving of consideration.

From the small branches of the dog-wood, or some other hard wood resembling birdseye-maple, simply with their knives and a flame of fire, they work out the shaft, which is smooth and almost as straight as a sunbeam. This done, by the aid of a piece of hoop-iron, sharpened upon a stone, they make a point,



MANUFACTURING ARROWS.



THE SQUAWS' SCALP-DANCE.

which, with the feathers, is bound on the shaft. The next step is to ornament it, by means of pigments, with the national colors of the tribe, and to so mark the polished sides with lines, that the completed arrow, to the Indian's eye, is the very representative of the armorial bearings of his people. Armed with his bow, and a quiver of these arrows, he will mount his favorite horse, and dashing into a drove of buffalo, he will drive these feathered messengers through the hard ribs of a veteran bull with such force that it will pass beyond, and make a second one bite the dust; and do this too against walled sides, which flatten the rifle bullet into a pellet that falls harmless to the ground.

The scalp-dance is one of the national ceremonies of the North American Indians; the symbol is a terrible evidence of the destruction of an enemy. While our correspondent was a guest of a band of the Crows, seven hundred in number, encamped on the banks of the "Quaking Asp," a small tributary of the Missouri, his entertainers were attacked by a band of those American Arabs—"the bloody Sioux"—supposed by their camping fires to be two thousand strong. The Sioux sought plunder rather than war, and taking advantage of their superior strength, they robbed their enemies of twelve hundred head of cattle and took them away without losing a scalp. Inflated with their success, the Sioux reached a convenient place on the plains, where they divided up their plunder; then the different bands, each taking its share, started homeward by separate routes. The Crows had out their spies, and at the proper time they divided into two parties, and sweeping down upon the plunderers, successively attacked the isolated bands of the Sioux, and recaptured all their property, —taking besides, thirty-three scalps, and losing only seven of their own.

The exultation of the victors was extreme, and in the height of their enthusiasm they gave the scalps to the squaws, wives and relatives of the slain Crows. These bloody trophies were suspended on long poles and carried from lodge to lodge, the mourners chanting the virtues of the deceased and expatiating on their own sorrows. At given places they arranged themselves in two rows facing each other, and replied in a sort of response to each other's woes, while the musicians beat their drums with increased vehemence. While this was going on, the women not especially interested in the funeral ceremonies continued their labors with stoical indifference,—those engaged in tanning and preparing buffalo robes for use scraping away at their work, apparently unconscious of the noise and confusion around them. In stoical indifference, or the affectation of it, there are no people superior to our North American Indians.

The grizzly bear, if we except the buffalo, is the largest animal native to our continent, and was, fifty years ago, considered by the Indians of such superior prowess, that a warrior who could grace his person with a necklace of grizzly-bear claws was honored by his tribe. But the gradual introduction of fire-



INTERVIEW WITH A GRIZZLY.



INDIANS GAMBLING.

arms has deprived the grizzly of much of his reputation of being dangerous, and he has finally taken his place as a sort of superior game, "to bag" which affords camp gossip for an hour. One of the queer characters who make an impression on the frontiers was a man who was utterly paralyzed at the sight of a hostile Indian, yet he would seek a contest with a grizzly bear, and fight one almost without weapons. One day, seeing a black speck on the plains, this man borrowed a spy-glass from one of his companions, and, having satisfied himself that a bear was approaching, he started out, rifle in hand, with more than his usual bravado, to have a tilt, which was carried on in sight of a numerous audience.

This hunter's manner of killing his victim was to approach boldly within ten paces, and when the animal, in accordance with his instinctive propensity, rose on his hind legs and assumed an attitude of defense, the hunter would bring his rifle to his shoulder, take quiet and sure aim at the hairless spot under the jaw, and send the ball through the windpipe into the brain.

On this occasion the hunter, either from oversight or other cause, failed to promptly strip his rifle of its covering, and the consequence was, the bear seized the weapon in his mouth; the hunter, now fully roused to his danger, with great presence of mind managed to fire and mortally wound the bear, but in his death struggles he bent the rifle barrel into the form of a horse-shoe, and then caught the hapless hunter in his gigantic arms and attempted to crush his head between his powerful jaws. By this time the traveling party came up, rescued the unhappy victim to sensational sport, and turned him over to the care of the squaws for hospital services.

The lasso is the most effective weapon, if used with skill, to conquer the grizzly. The animal, when on the defense, invariably rises on his hind legs and walks toward you, threatening vengeance with his exposed claws, shining teeth, and enraged eyes. At this moment the lasso is thrown with the precision of a rifle shot; the slip noose-end catches the extended paw or encircles the neck. The equestrian now secures the animal, and at a perfectly safe distance commences irritating the poor beast, jerking him forward and backward and otherwise tormenting him until the infuriated creature rolls on the ground covered with sweat and foaming with rage. The hunter finally manages to drag his victim to a stump of a tree, to which the animal is literally lashed, to be killed at leisure.

A pleasant contrast to this dangerous amusement is the pursuit of the mountain sheep. This animal is one of the most timid on the approach of the hunter, but desperately brave in its efforts to escape. It is more active and daring in springing from precipice to precipice than the gazelle or antelope, and is rarely victimized except by the most cunning strategy.



SHOOTING MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.



GEORGE TICKNOR.

By a happy coincidence, shortly after the close of the last war with Great Britain, among the young Americans who went abroad to partake of the culture of Europe were two who were destined to play leading parts in organizing on a large scale two American libraries of different but necessary types, which, it may be hoped, will in due time approximate to the importance of similar institutions in Europe; and which have already done great service to American education as models and an encouragement for other libraries among us. These young men advanced together in the special culture which has associated their names with what is highest in American literature and bibliography; and in the library of the University of Göttingen they inhaled together the atmosphere of large masses of books.

One of these youths was the organizer of the Astor Library, and so far its founder that his persuasive power diverted him who supplied the money from his original purpose of rearing a costly monument to American civil glory. The venerable Doctor Cogswell still lives in his honored retirement at Cambridge, having left with the Astor Library, when he resigned the duties of the superintendency, a collection in bibliography of his own gathering, which must probably take the leading rank in this department among the similar collections of the country.

The other of these young men was the late George Ticknor, of Boston, who when he died, in January last, left behind him the highest reputation for pure scholarship that, perhaps, an American ever acquired, and as the historian of Spanish Literature contributed one of the most solidly valuable works to a high department of letters which the present century has produced; and, in the biography of his friend Prescott, the historian, a memoir that may well claim a place among the most engaging of books. Mr. Ticknor lived to see, in the Public Library of the city of Boston, his cherished ideas of library usefulness well assured of permanent success; for the good offices of liberality which he had bestowed upon it have been an incentive to others, till the Library has found its surest safeguard in the favor in which it is held by the citizens for whose behoof it is maintained. Mr. Ticknor's will disclosed his continued interest in the institution. He left by it, and by the consent of his widow there became immediately available for its shelves, his entire collection of Spanish and Portuguese books and manuscripts, with their illustrative commentaries in other languages, which through many years he had been collecting, not merely as a lover of books, but in pursuit of the paramount study of his life; and its four thousand volumes were at the same time hardly a quarter part of his entire private collection. This bequest, with the fund accompanying it, places the Boston Library immeasurably in advance in this department of any other library in America, and perhaps ranks it with such European libraries of this description as the rich collections of Holland House and the British Museum.

And this accumulation of volumes was not larger than the aggregate of Mr. Ticknor's previous benefactions, which had included a valuable series of the Italian classics, and a collection of books illustrative of the career and plays of Molière, which had been originally formed by Prescott, at a time before entering on his Spanish studies, when that historian had contemplated writing a life of the French dramatist.

These two friends, Ticknor and Cogswell, with kindred purposes, had yet differing ideas of the full significance of a public library, based in some degree upon the conditions amid which their respective efforts were to be exerted. The Astor Library preceded by a little the development of the Boston scheme, and it was planned upon a system in no essen-

tial differing from that of the great European libraries. Doctor Cogswell said of the system that was to prevail in Boston, that it might do for that city, but that in New York a library wherein such freedom was permitted would be dissipated by theft in a few years. Although the population of Boston is far less heterogeneous than that of New York, it is unquestionably true that the danger of administering a library with great freedom increases in a larger ratio than pertains to the growth of population or to the diversity of it. It has been proved at Boston, that by the thorough organization of a system of identifying borrowers, and tracing their migrations, even without guarantees of any sort, the losses to which a great public library is subjected can be kept down to an average of one volume in every seven or eight thousand which are delivered into borrowers' hands for use at home. If guaranties were required and bonds filed, judging from the experience of the free public libraries of England, the absolute uncompensated loss might, with a rigid enforcement of rules, be kept as low as one volume in every thirty or forty thousand so delivered. The difference is certainly very great; but the question at Boston has been, whether the immunity from loss is not sufficient, without diminishing the range of circulation, which would follow upon a demand for sureties. Pecuniarily the loss at Boston is so insignificant that in a money point of view the question of further protection will hardly be raised. Twenty-five or fifty dollars will probably cover the yearly loss of this description—a sum little to be thought of beside a total annual outlay of over seventy thousand dollars. It is extremely doubtful whether, with our American people,—and especially since it was not made a part of the plan in the first actual experiment,—the English system of vouchers, repellant as in a certain degree it is to our national instincts, would work as well as it seems to have worked in England, and with little, if any, limitation to the range of usefulness.

The manner in which our libraries do suffer, and against which all cleverly devised checks fail in practice to afford the necessary protection, is in the abuse which the books receive. The habit is both thoughtless and wanton, and all that can be said in its extenuation is, that it is in full accordance with the undeniable recklessness with which our people treat all manner of property, and with the waste, which foreigners are so quick to discover in our habits, and so prone to follow and even outdo in their own, when once they become habituated to it. It is sometimes said that a higher appreciation of literature will, as it comes to our busy people, bring with it a fonder care for the vehicles of it; but this, we suspect, will hardly succeed in prevailing, except as the national characteristics are changed. Culture is, in fact, wider spread with us than in England, and it is this rather than the larger number of individual instances of the highest culture (in which England excels us) that should yield a safeguard, if any is to be had at all.



FRONT ON BOYLSTON STREET.

It is held by Sir Redmond Barry, one of the Trustees of the Public Library of Melbourne, that in that new and flourishing country, whose characteristics are presumably not much unlike our own, they have found the true philosophy of library protection in the rule, that a manifest great respect on the part of the guardians will beget similar care in the users of the library. On this ground they furnished their rooms with sumptuous furniture and dressed their books in elegant bindings, and they claim that the care with which readers use both is commensurate with the condition in which they find them. There is doubtless much truth in all this, but the experiment will not be widely tried, since libraries are rarely possessed of a fuller treasury at their start than suffices for the purchase of the books they need in mere ordinary condition. Their circumstances are quite analogous to those of most tradesmen, who have neither the boldness nor capital to incur the immense outlay of indiscriminate advertising,



JOSHUA BATES.

which a few make the foundation of great success.

A certain confidence in this direction, however, has put this philosophy to the test at the Boston Library. Its main hall is a reading-room, lofty and imposing in its general effect; the floor of marble, the chairs, tables, and desks of black walnut, and the upholstery rich though simple. A careless use of pens, the snapping off of superfluities of ink, would disfigure the furniture and stain the floor; and through fear of such results the use of those ordinary writing materials has been denied till within a few years past. Since, however, they have been furnished, it has been found that the untidy habits prevalent in other places have not been experienced, and the general elegance of the place has seemed to compel a corresponding neatness of habit.

A philosophy somewhat akin governs the dressing of the books in the lower department of the library, which are kept covered with paper; and the covers are so often renewed that some sixty thousand are required a year. Manufacturers have sometimes been surprised when they have offered samples of exceptionally stout paper, and have learned that a paper which will outlast cleanliness is not to be desired.

To return to the safeguards against theft in the borrowers. The true meaning of the Boston policy is, that the Library and not the public guarantees the preservation of its property; and this guarantee is partly made good out of the delinquents themselves. The process is as follows:—the applicant for the right to use the Library gives his name, occupation, and residence, and, if required, the name of some one person who knows him. If the directory confirms his statements, he has his card at once; this failing, and there being no other ready means of verification, his application is sent to the local police of his section of the city, who report upon the case. Such is all the preliminary security, and the erring is on the side of insecurity rather than otherwise. The card-holder who borrows a book may keep it a fortnight, but after that time he is informed, through the mail, that he is incurring a fine of two cents a day; and if the book is not returned in another week, a messenger is sent, who exacts the fine and an additional penalty of twenty cents. This is no hardship to those requiring longer use, since, on due request and for good reasons, an extended detention is allowed. It will be seen, that, if this system is thoroughly carried out, as it is, the property of the library is fully insured against loss, *provided the borrower can be found*, though at considerable expense; for on an annual circulation of 300,000 there will be some 18,000 post-notices and 500 messenger-notices, which cost for time, postage, paper, and printing no inconsiderable amount, and

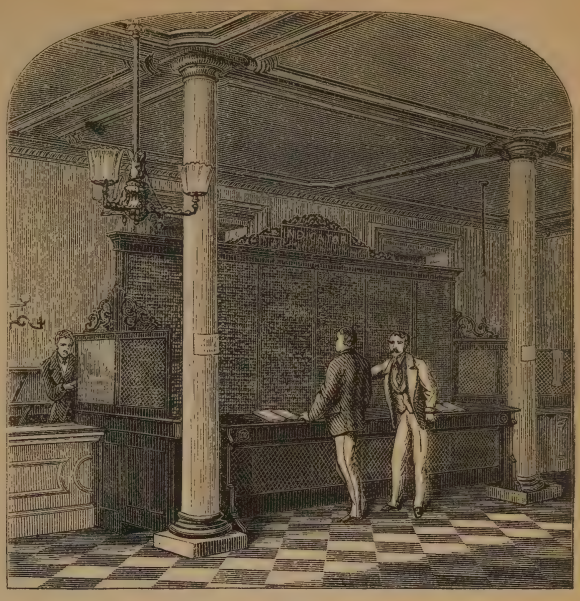


LOWER HALL DELIVERY ROOM.

something in excess of the receipts from the fines.

The chief difficulty, of course, arises from the fact that the preliminary precautions of the registration are not enough to insure that the delinquent shall always be found when wanted; and Doctor Cogswell's reasoning is so far true, that if such cases occur in Boston to a troublesome degree, in a city like New York they must occur to an increased extent greatly disproportionate to the excess of population. Neglect to inform the Library of a change of residence, even without intention to defraud, will work trouble; though the books usually come back. It is where this neglect has been taken advantage of, or was devised for ulterior fraud, that the insurmountable trouble arises, when the delinquent has left behind him at his last abode no trace of his subsequent movement, and his referee, if he can be found, is as ignorant as the Library is. It is some consolation, doubtless, that the delinquent, having once put himself on the black-list, comes to the Library ever after with great chance of detection, unless under an assumed name, which in turn is likely to lead to a discovery in the new preliminary investigation. The chief satisfaction, however, arises from the fact, that, out of a circulation of some 300,000, less than forty cases occurred last year, or not one a week, where the trained messengers of the Library—adept in fathoming all devices of delinquents, for they have a certain likeness—are completely thrown off the scent. It must be borne in mind, however, that one year's results are not altogether the fruit of that year's activity on the part of the officers; for the public, after a series of years, become educated to understand that the obligations between them and the Library are mutual, and they are less prone to commit an error when there is a certainty of discovery and pursuit.

When, in 1852, Mr. Ticknor, as the organ of a provisionary board of Trustees, sketched out a scheme so at variance with what had been the practice in Europe, and thus far in this country, the way was not clear to a full realization of the project, which must be, in fact, the result of experiment. It was thought and said, that, with the exception of such well-known classes as the clergy and teachers, a pecuniary responsibility would have to be imposed; and when, just about the same time, the British Parliament was passing the Free-Libraries Act, and Manchester and Liverpool were leading off in accepting it, this principle of individual guarantee was not only acquiesced in there, but was continued in force with manifest utility, and, as we have before said, with little or no manifest impediment to the libraries' usefulness.



LOWER HALL DELIVERY ROOM.*

In most respects Mr. Ticknor would have been considered among Bostonians as a conspicuous example of conservative aloofness; but from the start his views upon the policy of the Library were liberal even to radicalness, and Mr. Everett, prominent as he was as president of the Trustees, yielded to a faith in his friend's insight rather than to his own convictions, and to the day of his death was not convinced that the scheme had passed the stage of experimental trial, or had any ground for assured permanence, notwithstanding the Library had then had twelve years of unexampled prosperity, and through the devising brain and bibliographical attainments of the late Professor Jewett, its first Superintendent, had

* The Indicator represented in this cut is an instrument for showing the public whether a book is at the moment on its shelf or lent out. Reversible pegs, bearing on each end the shelf-number of a book, when they present the white end, indicate the book to be in, and when the black end, to be out. When this instrument was planned, four years ago, it was thought to be a novel idea, but it was subsequently discovered that at Manchester, in England, the exigencies of administering their public library had led, eight years previously, to the invention of an instrument similar in purpose, but somewhat different in detail. It is now used in several American libraries.

emerged from obscurity and a narrow field of the commonest work into an institution of extended reputation and usefulness.

The preliminary report of 1852 had, however, been taken in full confidence by another;—but before making this point, it were well to say that, like most dominating ideas, this one was the concentration and embodiment of many persons' notions, which for some years previously had been current in the community.

It first began to be felt that the small collection of books which had accumulated from one source and another at the City Hall could be made to assume something like dignified proportions, when Monsieur Vattemare was in this country seeking to effect international exchanges of books. It may not be generally known, that when John Quincy Adams was stricken down in his place in the House of Representatives at Washington, in 1848, he held in his hand and was about presenting a petition for the National Government to lend its countenance to the scheme of Monsieur Vattemare. This gentleman had already secured from the municipality of Paris and elsewhere a small collection of books for the city of Boston. To these had been added a collection of United States Documents, which, under fortuitous circumstances, the ever-vigilant Colonel Force had lent his services in enabling Mr. Everett to gather during his public career at Washington, and which—since increased by the care of Mr. Winthrop and the heirs of Josiah Quincy—now stands on the Library's shelves, and is thought to be the fullest documentary record of our history in existence. A retiring mayor of the city, the Hon. John P. Bigelow, had also paid over to a Library fund the value ($1,000) of a service of plate which his friends had designed giving him; while his predecessor, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, junior, had already made an unaccepted offer of $5,000, contingent upon the city's appropriating a similar amount.

After thus much had been done, the first definite constitution of the scheme came through the plan devised in the report to which we have made reference; and it found, as has already been intimated, a willing friend in an expatriated Boston boy, if his birth in a suburban town and his youth passed in Boston can entitle him to that designation. In his early days in that commercial center he had known what it was not to have easy access to books, and to steal his enjoyment of them on winter evenings in the shops. At this time he was the head of the eminent banking house of Baring Brothers & Co., of London. The City of Boston, seeking to negotiate a loan, had sent to this house sundry documents indicative of its prosperity, and among them this report of 1852. It attracted Mr. Bates's attention; and when he saw at the head of the appended names those of Mr. Everett and Mr. Ticknor, he felt sure that its management was in good hands, and at once proffered it $50,000, which was accepted and funded. The city, thus made confident of a prosperous future for a library, erected a costly building, when Mr. Bates added to his benefactions by an offer to give another like sum for such books as Mr. Ticknor and the experts he employed might select, as the foundation of its upper department. These books and those to be bought with the income of his fund were to be of a "solid and permanent value;" and the same restrictions have usually been imposed by subsequent benefactors, who have now swelled the available invested funds of the Trustees to the even amount of one hundred thousand dollars.



LOWER HALL LIBRARY.

But this had reference to but one



READING-ROOM FOR PERIODICALS.

side of the great problem of a free public library; and that there was another side was where the scheme now contemplated differed from everything before matured, and from the contemporary experiment in New York. This difference was based upon the fact, recognized, we think, by all whose experience has led them to a knowledge of the matter at all—namely, by editors, librarians, lecturers, and other special observers—that the average intellectual taste and capacity of the great masses is very low. Mr. Galton, in his recent work on "Hereditary Genius," speaks of it as "ridiculously small," and further says that nineteen out of every twenty persons are not much removed from this average, either up or down. With this fact then staring them in the face, and with the restrictions upon expending the income of the endowments, it became very clear that, unless some money should be received from other sources, untrammeled by such restrictions, there could be no books for the masses of readers, except in the case of some obvious classics, good for all time and all people. Therefore, as it was to become a library of the people, and for the people, it was fitting that the people's money should pay for this part of the experiment; while for obvious convenience and facility of administration these most popular books should be kept separate; and hence the origin of what is known as the Lower Hall, in contradistinction to the Upper Hall (or Bates Hall, as it has been called since the death of Mr. Bates),—a distinction likewise preserved in the correlatives of the Lower Hall, namely, the Branches in remote sections of the city, a series of which has lately been begun.

The plan of supplying the people out of their own money with books naturally raised the question, whether they should be such as the people would read, or such as it were a thousand pities they would not read. We speak now of the great masses, and not of any exceptional sections, which under one influence or another may be brought to read, with very doubtful advantage, what they do not relish. Such a question as this—as long as people who are accustomed to think for others are so constituted that what is one man's preference is another man's abhorrence—will not be settled to everybody's acceptance. There are obvious arguments, convincing to either extreme, whether the policy be to duplicate profusely the wordiest fiction—to use no harsher term—just in proportion to the demand for it, or to reject all fiction, save, possibly, Scott and Miss Edgeworth, as Mr. Everett was inclined to do.

We must not now stop to discuss the value of fiction as a source of intellectual enjoyment or elevation, but merely to lay down a few fundamental rules, which the experience of public libraries of a *popular* sort affords:—

First. That the extent of circulation will depend, beyond a small margin,—if there be no local or special reasons to the contrary,—entirely upon the supply of fiction, and especially upon the duplicating of books of the hour.

Second. That the popular taste for fiction is low, and that it is third and fourth rate story-tellers, and not first-rate ones, that please the many.

Third. That the masses will only read persistently what they like to read; and that the frequenters of a library will drop off just in proportion to the rigidity of the censorship of their taste, manifest in the selection of new books.

Fourth. That the self-educating power of the mind is more likely to lead readers out of the ruts of common novel-reading than any deprivation of the power to gratify an inherent love of fiction, which deprivation despoils the

habit of reading one of its most potent incentives.

Fifth. That the highest efforts of literature cannot be enjoyed, even by the better class of minds, except in moments when all the influences are favorable ; and that it is folly to expect such books to be read by the masses, who never experience such happy inspiration.

Sixth. That intellectual enjoyment and elevation are comparative, and what is exhilarating and even ennobling to a low grade of intellect may be mean to a much higher standard ; and, conversely, that what is ennobling to the higher will be arrant nonsense to a very low grade.

Seventh. That a library is well selected if adapted to *all* classes of its natural readers, and will make readers as well as elevate them, while the demand for the lighter books is met to such an extent as is possible without abridging the rights of those who may desire a more solid literature, or who may grow to desire such.

The spirit of this final section may be said to be that which has governed the administration of the Boston Public Library, particularly in its popular department. It has never been lost sight of that, through a library, the people are reached both directly and indirectly,—directly by their own reading, and indirectly by the reading and study of those who are the purveyors of the ideas on which the people live, —the clergy, teachers, and authors of every kind. Hence, it has been a great point that a system of purchasing such books as were actually inquired for should be conducted in a more liberal manner than is done elsewhere. The Bates Hall collection had originally been formed with great care, for, while at the Astor Library, Doctor Cogswell rarely went outside his own excellent judgment in the selection of books, at Boston a variety of proficients and experts in all departments of learning were called upon to give their assistance ; and accordingly it is doubtful if ever 50,000 volumes (which, including Mr. Bates's 25,000, constituted the basis of the Bates Hall collection) were selected with more discrimination, or combined more of what is desirable in a general collection. Thus far expert testimony ruled supreme ; but thereafter the absolute wants of the users were to supplement, to any extent which such users might compel, the choice of its officers in the purchase of books ; and this was in good measure on the ground that even a second-rate book read would do more service than a first-rate one not read. The officers were not, indeed, to remit their judgment, but if the funds did not admit the purchase of both theirs and the users' choice, the one actually asked for should be furnished first. As, in the administration of a library, the difficulty is usually not so much to amass books as to get them read when amassed, so it was proved that the public must be educated not only to read but to make their wants known. For nearly twenty years this liberal policy has been pursued, with almost no check put upon the buying of every book recommended, save in a very few instances of viciousness, and an occasional exception because of the great cost; and yet it was twelve years before the average number of titles recommended yearly rose much above 200, and this was the case notwithstanding persistent efforts and many devices to get the frequenters of the Library to express their wants more freely. But the desired alacrity came at last. Four years ago, the number of titles rose to 546, and for the last three years there has been an average of over 1,200 titles ; and these do not include the requests for duplicates in the popular department, which are met independently. It is not easy to see how the facilities of a growing library can be more satisfactorily adjusted to the wants of a community. There are many books asked for which it is of course difficult to get, and some unattainable except at long intervals ; and it is not reasonably to be expected that the student can derive from so recent a gathering anything like the satisfaction which awaits him in the reading-room of the British Museum, or in others of the great European libraries. But here is the next best thing—a willingness and promptness to do all that the circumstances warrant, with agents in all the principal book-marts of the world ready, without pay, to do his bidding.

The Public Library of the city of Boston, then, seems to be administered on the broad plan of meeting every expectation of the community, with no denial of individual desires that is not demanded for the good of the whole ; and, fortunate in having the confidence of the citizens and the favor of the guardians of the municipal treasury, it is in receipt of such an annual income that there is practically little abridgment to be imposed in meeting the wants of any person.

MISS MARIGOLD'S THANKSGIVING.

M. MARIGOLD.—That was all the sign said, but in the window there were a box of plumes, half a dozen rolls of ribbon, and two standard frames, upholding, in modest display, the one a satin, the other a velvet bonnet.

It is true the window was small, and the light a good deal cut off by the shop of Pinkham Sisters, adjoining Miss Marigold's, and built further out into the street; the plumes were a little thin and faded, the colors of the ribbons were not arranged so as to harmonize into any very happy effect, and the bonnets could not be said to have much of an "air," but, such as they were, they told the story and invited customers in. And when once in, there was something about Miss Mary Marigold that made them pretty sure to buy, if the stock at all approached what they wanted.

But the stock was so small that it often failed to do so; that was the very trouble in Miss Marigold's business, and one that was constantly reflecting its difficulty back upon itself, so that the occasions when she heard the tinkle of the little bell at the door, and put down her work to come in from the back room only to say that she hadn't what was wanted, or that she hadn't it in just that shade, or precisely the width, outnumbered her sales a good many times, and were rather discouraging to the customers. But not in the least so to Miss Mary Marigold. She said good afternoon, and what an unusually pleasant day it was, and went back to her little room with just as bright a smile, and began humming just as serene a little tune as when she had made an extraordinary sale, or as if the trip hadn't given her lame knee a good deal of pain. And the customers went on to the larger shop that cut off Miss Marigold's light, really regretting that they could not have bought of her. The old patrons knew very well what it was they preferred in Miss Marigold, but, further than her smile, the new ones would have found it difficult to tell, for she hardly talked at all; while at the next door one of the Pinkham Sisters not only talked a great deal, but the other maintained a position she was known to have held for years,—just one pace and a half behind her sister's right elbow, on the next breadth in the carpet,—and repeated every word she said in a voice pitched just one key higher.

But this morning Miss Marigold was neither making sales in the front shop nor repairing bonnets in the little sitting-room behind; she had been having a wonderful time brushing up the rather ancient carpet of the smaller room, and watering her clove pink, and just now she seemed to be giving her whole attention to something at the little table that stood on a certain seam in the carpet where was drawn, in Miss Marigold's imagination, the dividing line between kitchen and sitting-room.

It was Thanksgiving morning, and as it is quite a matter to get dinner properly even for one, Miss Marigold wished to have it well under way before she dressed for church, so that she might neither be late nor disturbed in her mind during the services.

The poet says:

"The mind of man doth move amazing quick;"



WHAT MISS MARIGOLD REMEMBERED.



"SUCH CHANGES!" SHE SAID AT LAST.

and though like most poets he made no allowance in his rhythm for that of woman, Miss Marigold's, the instant she placed the little saucepan on the table, repassed the space of all the years since her girlhood: those days so long gone by were like the very touch of things around her, and only the present seemed far away and dim. Such a stretching of the table to make room for the scattered ones come home; such handsome, hilarious brothers, grown so manly since the year before; such odors from the kitchen, and ranges of everything in the pantries, and such wandering of thoughts toward them before the seventy-five minute sermon in the church was done! Then there were the endless tricks and mischief of the brothers, and the sleigh-ride in the afternoon, and such doings in the evening as no pen could describe, and somebody else beside the brothers who was sure to come, and a sweet placid face, with folds of whiter muslin fastened underneath the chin, that smiled peace and benediction over all. The little saucepan was the talisman that had brought them back, and set Miss Marigold in their very midst again.

"*Such* changes!" she said at last, and wiped her eyes with a napkin scarcely whiter than the snowy table where it lay.

But it wasn't at all about the changes that Miss Marigold wanted the napkin; it was only on account of the onion she was peeling. Perhaps another person would not have chosen that vegetable for their special treat; but Miss Marigold had naturally quite a weakness that way, and the one reasonable objection to them she considered quite removed by her solitary life. "*So* wonderful," she used to say to herself, "how one *can* find a bright side to everything in this world. Now if one *must* live quite alone, that to be sure gives a shadowy feeling now and then, but how perfectly one *can* enjoy an onion!" So she was smiling behind the napkin at the very moment she was wiping her eyes; and Miss Marigold had a superb set of teeth, though everything else about her had been growing very thin for a good many years.

"*Such* changes!" she went on, "and *so* wonderful, the way I have been carried through them all! So *many* mercies! *Do* be sure, Miss Marigold, that you get to church in good season, for certainly there is no one who has more to reflect upon to-day than you. And as you haven't much but your feelings to make thank-offerings with, you want to be sure to get the stew well off your mind before you start. There, if you leave that just simmering, it will be done to a bubble when you get back; unless, indeed, the minister should be *more* than usually carried away by the occasion."

At this suggestion Miss Marigold looked thoughtfully into the saucepan a moment and shook her head.

"Well, you'll have to risk that," she said at last; "some things must be risked in this life. Now I do hope you are nearly ready. It would never do for a person like you to be late. So *many* mercies!"

In a few minutes more Miss Marigold set off, with her heart all in a glow, and her head in a rather unbecoming second-hand bonnet, which she had taken from a customer in payment for the work on a new one.

"Wonderful," she said to herself, every time she put it on, "how my wants *are* always met."

And in just one hour and a half she came back, limping a good deal, to be sure, but smiling radiantly, and finding that the stew was at the very point to put in the onion. That would need at least twenty minutes, so Miss Marigold sat down on the other side of the seam in the carpet, to enjoy a little season with a copy of *Selections from Sacred Poets*, bound in red morocco, one of the few tangible relics of the days her little hardware

talisman had just now conjured from the past. The fragrance of the saucepan had hardly been pushed aside by the sweet savor she found in its pages when a knock was heard at the shop door. Miss Marigold was really startled. "*So* unusual on a legal holiday," she said. But when she opened it she found a no more terrifying object than the little servant girl of Pinkham Sisters, in a green calico dress with yellow spots, and very tight in the waist, to say that "the ladies sent their best compliments, and would Miss Marigold favor them by coming right away to take a very simple dinner?"



"PINKHAM SISTERS."

"Dear me!" said Miss Marigold, "*such* kindness! Of course I will, and be only too happy. Right way, yes indeed, and my best thanks to the ladies. *So* unexpected!"

"Wonderful," said Miss Marigold again, as she closed the door behind the messenger; for if the truth were to be told, at the very moment she opened the "Selections," a question altogether mundane was pressing upon her mind. Could she, by adding a little water to the stew, make it appear quite enough for two days? Otherwise, unless some customer should drop in in the morning, she did not quite see how she was to manage about the next day's marketing. The quarter's rent, always a rather heavy drain, had been paid the day before, and the one little piece of currency left from that had been dropped in the poor-box at the church. For certainly there was no one there more distinctly called upon; so wonderfully as she had always been carried through.

So she smiled more radiantly than before as she lifted the saucepan over to the stone shelf in the pantry to cool, and, withdrawing the onion, laid it on a plate by its side. Then one moment at the looking-glass on the other side of the seam, and she was ready. Not the bonnet this time; that had done very well for once, but a second time might disarrange her hair. So it was another relic. A hood, of a silk that had once been apple green, close fitting on the inside, but puffed out with eider-down until it would, at first sight, give the impression that Miss Marigold's brain had become suddenly inflated by some tremendous enthusiasm, and that the first breath of encouragement from outside might carry her entirely away.

"I *hope* I have not come too soon," she said, as she stepped into the sitting-room of Pinkham Sisters, and was met by her hostesses standing in their usual relative positions, and arrayed in ancient brocades, with very full skirts and skimping sleeves, and wearing, the one a yellow, and the other a plum-colored bow of broad ribbon just over the thin spot on the top of the head. Pinkham and Pinkie, the customers called them if they wished to speak of them separately, for the sign said only "Pinkham Sisters;" and they never were known to use any more individual term in addressing each other.

"Not a minute," said Pinkham; "on the other hand, we really feel that we must apologize."

"Oh, not a minute," said Pinkie in the super-soprano; "yes, we really should apologize."

"The truth is, we felt such an anxiety about the chicken, whether it was going to take a handsome brown."

"Such an anxiety," said Pinkie; "we were afraid it wasn't going to take a handsome brown."

"And then again, sister wasn't at all well yesterday; she could hardly raise her head from the pillow."

"Oh! no, could hardly raise my head from the pillow."

"But she's been brightening up every minute to-day, so we felt we must have the pleasure of sending for you."

"Oh, yes, brightening every minute to-day; we felt we must have the pleasure."

"Well, I'm sure," said Miss Marigold, as her little head slipped out of the inflated hood, not a hair disturbed, "I'm so gratified—so *entirely* unexpected."

"Oh, don't speak of it," said Pinkham, while she waved the tight-waisted calico a majestic sign to place the chicken on the table; "the favor is altogether on one side. But still, don't you find it a *little* solitary on such occasions, Miss Marigold?"



MISS MARIGOLD'S STRANGE CUSTOMER.

"Altogether on one side," said Pinkie. "A *little* solitary?"

"Why, bless you, no," said Miss Marigold; "how could I? I'm *so* surrounded; so *many* mercies!"

"Well, it's a beautiful thing if you can say so, Miss Marigold. I only wish we all had the same spirit."

"Oh, a beautiful thing," said Pinkie; "I only wish we could all say so."

The tight-waisted calico made Miss Pinkham a return signal from the corner of her eye, to the effect that the central orb of the occasion was successfully placed in its sphere; which was equivalent to saying that the whole prandial system was adjusted, for Miss Pinkham had with her own hands completed the arrangement of every minor satellite, moon, and ring, in its own mathematical relations, and on its own particular figure of the tablecloth, at the very instant Miss Marigold's knock was heard.

"Did you say dinner was ready? Ah, then, Miss Marigold, if you please, we will sit right down. I *hope* you find yourself with an appetite after your walk to church."

"Yes, we'll sit right down," said Pinkie; "I *hope* you find yourself with an appetite."

"Dear me, yes," said Miss Marigold, and if her humility had not been so genuine, she would have felt almost embarrassed at the contrast with her own little preparations left at home. The apartment also seemed so crowded with furniture, and there was no dividing seam in the carpet here; it was all sitting-room, and there were peacock's feathers over the looking-glass. And she saw under the corner of the cloth that the table was of shining mahogany. Then there were not only three kinds of pickles, but—six stalks of celery in a very tall tumbler; no onions, but the tight-waisted calico standing behind Miss Pinkham's chair, with a peacock-feather fly-brush in one hand, and the other at liberty to remove the covers.

But Pinkham Sisters were so affable that there seemed very little restraint after all, and Pinkham, when she had carved with dexterity, begged to know Miss Marigold's favorite part. Miss Marigold declared she had no favorite part; but after Pinkie had said with great freedom that she was never satisfied if she couldn't have a walker, and Pinkham had said *she* considered there was no portion equal for delicacy to the left wing, Miss Marigold got up courage to say that she *had* rather a weakness for the part that went over the fence last, although she always had some scruples about mentioning it. Then she ventured to speak of the table, and Pinkham said it was her mother's, and had eight

claw feet, and Miss Marigold said her mother had one with six claw feet, and after that she felt perfectly at her ease. So much so indeed that she began to tell them about the sermon, and its wonderful appropriateness to the day, though she lamented that her mind did not succeed in tracing it as accurately as she could have wished, and that she had found her thoughts sometimes wandering towards common mercies. But she knew the fault was her own; it could never have been with the subject; that was—The future glory of our country as contrasted with the present condition of the island of Zanzibar.

Meantime the tight-waisted calico, in obedience to various stately signals from Miss Pinkham, had passed one dish after another, but being a good deal crippled by the fly-brush, accomplished it slowly, so that just as Miss Marigold pronounced the word "Zanzibar," she raised something to her mouth that she had not tasted before, and the tears rushed violently to her eyes.

"A very affecting subject," said Pinkham, as Miss Marigold was forced to take out her handkerchief quite suddenly.

"Oh, a very affecting subject," said Pinkie.

"Yes," said Miss Marigold, but her conscience would not allow any such little subterfuge, though innocently provided by another.

"Yes," she repeated, "but it wasn't *altogether* the sermon; I'm *afraid* it was the pickle. *So* precisely like one my mother used to make, I have never met with it since. *Such* a reminiscence!"

"Ah!" said Miss Pinkham, "I consider there is nothing like a pickle for bringing up old associations. So pungent."

"Nothing like a pickle," said Pinkie; "so very pungent."

"I really must beg your pardon," said Miss Marigold, putting up her handkerchief and smiling, quite herself again, "but it was *so* sudden; I was so *entirely* unprepared. Why, only this very morning I was thinking over all those things, and the changes that have come, and the more I thought, the more my heart seemed to sing. *So* wonderful the way I have always been carried through! So *many* mercies!"

The tight-waisted calico at another mysterious signal from Miss Pinkham now disappeared, and after an absence of at least five minutes, during which the Pinkham Sisters were evidently suffering from extreme nervous uneasiness, reappeared with a pudding much the size and shape of a very small cannon-ball, and of such evident importance that the fly-brush had been laid aside, and both hands lent to its triumphal entry. After this crisis was passed, an air of repose, which Miss Marigold wouldn't have quite liked to say she had missed before, stole over Pinkham Sisters, and everything went on more delightfully than ever; and when Miss Marigold had declared it wouldn't be physically possible for her to eat another piece of the pudding as large as a pea, Miss Pinkham proposed they should take their nuts and raisins over to the window, and hold their plates in their laps.

"I consider there is nothing," she said, "that finishes a dinner with an air of more ease and elegance, than taking your nut-plates in your lap. It places one so entirely at leisure, and at the same time allows one to see all the passing."

"Oh, nothing!" said Pinkie; "so entirely at leisure, and one can see all the passing."

Miss Marigold said she should be delighted with any way that would allow her to eat them slowly, for she had really taken so much more than usual, and then she fell into great admiration of the three nut-plates, which Pinkham said were all that was left of her mother's wedding dinner-set, that had been ordered for her in China, one hundred and thirty pieces, and a different design on each. On Miss Marigold's crawled three large beetles with sharp cornered legs; Chinese architecture was illustrated on the next, and Miss Pinkham reserved for herself a club-footed mandarin prostrate before a lady of whom little could be seen but her fan. Then they all spread fringed napkins in their laps, and the tight-waisted calico brought a box of stilettos from the shop, of which they each took one, and after that Miss Marigold seemed irresistibly led to refer to the pickle again.

"I'm sure," she said, "I can't think how I *should* have been so overtaken. Of all days in the year to appear like an ungrateful, discontented person! Why, I was thinking this very morning, as I sat in church, I did not believe there was a soul there so called upon to give thanks. So *many* mercies!"

"And yet," said Pinkham, "you have seen a great many changes."

"Oh, a great many changes," said Pinkie.

"Yes," said Miss Marigold, "but it is *so* wonderful the way I have always been carried through! Why, I can remember when there were so *many* of us, and not one of them would have believed I could ever take care of myself, and here I have never wanted for anything, and it's only my left knee that is lame, and this very morning I counted five buds on my clove pink!" And a smile of

ineffable sweetness gave the Miss Pinkhams a glimpse of the superb teeth.

"Well," said Miss Pinkham, "that is a great deal to say, especially the five buds at this season. Still, Miss Marigold, if that were *all*, I'm *afraid* I shouldn't feel as thankful as you do."

"Oh, a great deal to say," said Pinkie, "but I'm afraid I shouldn't."

"But it isn't all," said Miss Marigold, "not nearly; but I always feel such a delicacy in speaking of myself. So uninteresting to a stranger. But you know, dear friends," and her voice grew low, and a soft light shone in her eyes, "I am always looking for an inheritance, where we shall all be gathered home once more. All these mercies that I speak of are only a sprinkling by the way! And the way is *so* short, and it is *so* wonderful the way I am always carried along!"

"Well, it's a beautiful thing if you can feel so," said Miss Pinkham, "but it seems to me a very solitary way. I think of you a great deal, Miss Marigold, and I cannot feel that it is good for you. Now I consider that it is a terrible thing to be married, but if one had not one's sister to live with, I don't know but I should even—"

"Oh, a terrible thing," said Pinkie, "but I don't know but I should even—"

The light in Miss Marigold's eyes grew still softer, as, with a little knob of English walnut on the end of her stiletto, she gazed absently down at the beetles on the plate. "Some day," she said, "some day—but not here. It's so *many* years since he was lost."

"Now, you don't mean to say!" said Pinkham.

"No, you can never mean to say!" said Pinkie.

"No," said Miss Marigold, "because I don't really know. *Such* uncertainty at sea, you know. I heard that he was, and I suppose it was true, though of course I would not believe it until I was forced. But it is wonderful how one *can* become reconciled. I felt *so* divided for a number of years; but you've no idea how natural it has seemed now for a good long while to be just myself and live by myself."

They all fell into silence for a few moments—there was something so awe-inspiring in having a real love affair to speak of.

"What should you say if he were to come back?—such things have happened," said Pinkham, suddenly, piercing a pecan-nut and Miss Marigold's composure at the same moment.

"Yes, what should you say if he were to come back?" said Pinkie.

"*Oh!* dear me," cried poor little Miss Marigold, throwing up her hands with such a start as to shake several of her nut-shells down upon the carpet. "I *should* be *so* embarrassed I shouldn't know *what* to do. The i-*dea* of having a *man* about! Oh, *dear* me!"

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Pinkham, "if you had not any one else. To be sure, I should not think of such a thing myself; but then if you had no one to speak to, week in and week out—"

"Oh, I shouldn't think of such a thing myself," said Pinkie; "but then if you had no one to speak to."

"*Oh*, dear me," said Miss Marigold again, "I *should* be *so* embarrassed!" But then, as old memories began to steal back, the tender light came into her eyes again, and she held her stiletto thoughtfully pointed into vacancy.

"He used to call me 'Marigold—Goldi-Mary,'" she said softly, "and I"—with a little laugh—"used to call him 'Jack-at-a-pinch,' because his name was Jack Pynchon, and because it teased him. I am sorry now that I ever did, but it was *so* amusing!"

And then, as it flashed upon her that she was talking a great deal about herself, she changed the subject, with an air that did not admit of recurring to it; the tight-waisted calico took away their plates; they all took their knitting-work, and another hour passed very happily, until Miss Marigold declared she positively must go home. She was ashamed of herself that she had stayed so long.

"Dear friends," she said, as by a return to the inflated hood she became once more suddenly deformed, "you *can't* imagine what a pleasure this has been to me. *So* unexpected, and *such* social entertainment! And besides, I have really had *such* an appetite! Everything so delicious! Why, what do you think I was going to have at home? A poor little stew, with an onion! And now that will all be ready for to-morrow! But it is only a specimen of the way my wants are always met, *so* wonderful!" and a radiant smile, that irradiated itself again by bringing the superb teeth into view, made the little bit of face that could be seen out from the hood very beautiful.

But when she had slipped round the projecting corner of the shop, and into her own little back-room again, she could not tell why the words of Pinkham Sisters would press in upon her mind so persistently.

"A little solitary?"

Almost an echo about the room. What did make it seem so? And there seemed so

little furniture, and the color of the carpet seemed very dim, and the top of the looking-glass had a sharp look for want of peacock feathers.

"It's only the sudden change," said Miss Marigold cheerily, "it will all come right in a few minutes; and I do believe that second bud has tipped out a little since morning."

She sat down in a low red-cushioned rocking-chair, on the sitting-room side of the seam. The twilight was falling, and she felt quiet after the unusual excitement of the day. More words of Pinkham Sisters began to press back, and the soft look began to gather in Miss Marigold's eyes once more. How close they were drawing again, those days so long gone by! Just as they had done in the morning, only with such a strange tenderness added in their touch. Miss Marigold closed her eyes and leaned her head upon her chair, as if she felt a caress. And so, as the twilight deepened, the present hour still more grew dim, and, as if the years between now and then were blotted out, Miss Marigold seemed to herself a girl again. How soft and delicate her cheek was; how rounded every outline of her form; how long, and soft, and golden her hair, and how lightly she breathed as some one bent over her and whispered many things.

"Jack! Jack-at-a-Pinch!" she said, and stretched out her hands into the dim light. Then starting up, she shook the red cushion into shape again with a little spat.

"Why, this will never do!" she exclaimed; "*do* get a light, Miss Marigold, and find out the longitude of Zanzibar! *So* unintelligent!"

But just as she was taking the match in her hand, there came another knock at the shop door, and Miss Marigold was startled again.

"A second time!" she said. "*So* unusual on such a day."

Nevertheless, seeing there was still a little glow of sunset on that side of the way, she ventured to step to the door and open it.

Not the tight-waisted calico this time, but a tall stranger, his face much concealed between his hat and a handsome curling beard of iron gray.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he raised the hat slightly. "I don't know that you attend to sales to-day; I don't know that I ought to ask you."

"Oh, yes, sir," said Miss Marigold, with her own smile, "if there is anything really required;" and between that moment and taking her place behind the counter, she had arranged in her own mind the whole account of how he had come in town with his wife for Thanksgiving, and how they either lived where they could not make purchases, or how some accident had befallen her hat since she came in.

The stranger hesitated a moment; but Miss Marigold was accustomed to see men do that, when they forgot the name of the article they were sent for.

"Handsome eyes," thought Miss Marigold, "very;" but what a strange thrill they gave her, and how steadily they gazed into her own!

"What is that in the window?" he said. "Ribbon? That is what I want."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Marigold; "did she send a sample?" and she reached her hand half over the counter to receive it.

"No," said the stranger; "I'll take it all."

Then, seeing a startled look on her face, and reflecting that she might not like so sudden a diminution of her stock, he added, "Never mind. Give me any one of the pieces. And what are these? Feathers?"

Miss Marigold silently placed the box on the counter. Her little vision of the happy Thanksgiving party had vanished.

"*Oh* dear!" she said to herself, "I'm afraid he is going to a masquerade!"

"I'll take these," said the stranger, "and ——." He looked about for some further purchases, and seeing nothing but rows of boxes, whose contents were past his divining, he turned his eyes towards the bonnets upon the frames, and added quietly, "One of these."

The masquerade became a nullity in Miss Marigold's mind, and the fearful thought of escape from the lunatic asylum was just ready to take its place, when the hat was suddenly lifted from over the eyes, the hands stretched toward her, and the very tones she had just been listening to in the red-cushioned chair cried, gently and lowly, "Marigold? Goldi-Mary!"

What Miss Marigold felt or did then, she never knew; only in an instant he had pushed away the boxes, sprang across the counter, and lifted her over to the little chintz-covered sofa in the back room. Then she did not know anything for a little while, and when she opened her eyes the handsome face was bending over her. She reached out a hand and touched it. "Jack? Jack-at-a-Pinch!" and a smile such as Pinkham Sisters had never seen spread over her own.

That evening they were astonished in their turn by a knock at their door, and when they saw Miss Marigold come in, leaning on

a tall, strong arm, they experienced a shock that displaced Miss Pinkham's plum-colored bow so far as to reveal an edge of the thin spot, and Pinkie, for the first time in her life, was startled off her relative breadth in the carpet.

"Dear friends," said Miss Marigold, "I could not help coming to tell you. I *knew* you would like to hear that Jack was not lost, after all; it was only I; and how he has found me again, and my cup runneth over, as it always has. *So* wonderful the way I am always led! So *many* mercies! And was ever anything so fortunate," she whispered in Pinkham's ear, "as the way I was preserved from eating that onion to-day!"

ESTHER WYNN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

My uncle, Joseph Norton, lived in a very old house. It was one of those many mansions in which that Father of all sleepers, George Washington, slept once for two nights. This, however, was before the house came into the possession of our family, and we seldom mentioned the fact.

The rooms were all square, and high; many of the walls were of solid wood, paneled from the floor to the ceiling, and with curious china tiles set in around the fire-places. In the room in which I always slept when I visited there, these wooden walls were of pale green; the tiles were of blue and white, and afforded me endless study and perplexity, being painted with a series of half-allegorical, half-historical, half-Scriptural representations which might well have puzzled an older head than mine. The parlors were white, with gold ornaments; the library was of solid oak, with mahogany wainscoting, and so were the two great central halls, upper and lower. The balustrade of the staircase was of apple-tree wood, more beautiful than all the rest, having fine red veins on its dark polished surface. These halls were lined with portraits of dead Nortons, men and women, who looked as much at home as if the grand old house had always borne their name. And well they might, for none of the owners who had gone before had been of so gentle blood as they; and now they would probably never be taken down from the walls, for my uncle had bought the house, and my uncle's son would inherit it; and it had never yet been known that a Norton of our branch of Nortons had lived wastefully or come to want.

My uncle had married very late in life: he was now a gray-haired man, with little children around his knee. It was said once in my presence, by some one who did not know I listened, that his heart had been broken when he was little more than a boy, by the faithlessness of a woman older than himself, and that he would never have married if he had not seen that another heart would be broken if he did not. Be that as it may, his bearing towards his wife was always of the most chivalrous and courteous devotion, so courteous as to perhaps confirm this interpretation of his marriage.

My aunt was an uninteresting woman, of whom one never thought if she were not in sight; but she had great strength of affection and much good sense in affairs. Her children loved her; her husband enjoyed the admirably ordered system of her management, and her house was a delightful one in which to visit. Although she did not contribute to the flavor of living, she never hindered or thwarted those who could. There was freedom in her presence, from the very fact that you forgot her, and she did not in the least object to being forgotten. Such people are of great use in the world, and create much comfort.

At the time when the strange incidents which I am about to tell occurred, she had been married twelve years, and had four children; three girls, Sarah, Hilda, and Agnes, and a baby boy, who had as yet no name. Sarah was called "Princess," and her real name was never heard. She was the oldest, and was my uncle's inseparable companion. She was a child of uncommon thoughtfulness and tenderness. The other two were simply healthy, happy little creatures, who gave no promise of being any more individual than their serene, quiet mother.

I was spending the winter in the family, and attending school, and between my uncle and me there had grown up an intimate and confidential friendship such as is very rarely seen between a man of fifty and a girl of fifteen. I understood him far better than his wife did; and his affection for me was so great and so caressing that he used often to say, laughingly, "Nell, my girl, you'll never have another lover like me!"

We were sitting at breakfast one morning when Princess came in, holding a small letter in her hand.

"Look, papa mia!" she said; "see this queer old letter I found on the cellar stairs. It looks as if it were a hundred years old."

My uncle glanced up, carelessly at first, but as soon as he saw the paper he stretched out his hand for it, and looked anxious and eager. It did indeed seem as if it were a hundred years old; yellow, crumpled, torn. It had been folded in the clumsy old way which was customary before the invention of envelopes; but the part of the page containing the address had been torn out. He read a few words, and the color mounted in his cheek.

"Where did you say you found it, Princess?" he said.

"On the cellar stairs, papa; I went down to find Fido, and he was playing with it."

"What is it, Joseph?" said Aunt Sarah, in tones a shade more eager than their wont.

"I do not know, my dear," replied my uncle; "it is very old," and he went on reading with a more and more sobered face.

"Robert," said he, turning to the waiter, "do you know where this paper could have come from? Have any old papers been carried down from the garret, to light the fire in the furnace?"

"No, sir," said Robert, "not that I know, sir."

"There are whole barrels of old papers under the eaves in the garret," said Aunt Sarah; "I have always meant to have them burned up; I dare say this came out of one of them, in some way;" and she resumed her habitual expression of nonchalance.

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jo, folding up the paper and putting it in his vest pocket. "I will look, after breakfast."

She glanced up, again surprised, and said, "Why? is it of any importance?"

"Oh, no, no," said he hastily, with a shade of embarrassment in his voice, "it is only an old letter, but I thought there might be more from the same person."

"Who was it?" said Aunt Sarah, languidly.

"I don't know; only the first name is signed," said he evasively; and the placid lady asked no more. The children were busy with Fido, and breakfast went on, but I watched my uncle's face. I had never seen it look just as it looked then. What could that old yellow letter have been? My magnetic sympathy with my uncle told me that he was deeply moved.

At dinner-time my uncle was late, and Aunt Sarah said, with a little less than her usual dignity, "I never did see such a man as Mr. Norton, when he takes a notion in his head. He's been all the morning rummaging in clouds of dust in the garret, to find more of those old letters."

"Who wrote it, Auntie?" said I.

"Heaven knows," said she; "some woman or other, fifty years ago. He says her name was Esther."

"Did you read it?" I asked tremblingly. Already I felt a shrinking sense of regard for the unknown Esther.

Aunt Sarah looked at me with almost amused surprise. "Read it, child? no, indeed! What do I care what that poor soul wrote half a century ago. But your uncle's half out of his head about her, and he's had all the servants up questioning them back and forth till they are nearly as mad as he is. Cook says she has found several of them on the cellar stairs in the last few weeks; but she saw they were so old she threw them into the fire, and never once looked at them; and when she said that, your uncle just groaned. I never did see such a man as he is when he gets a notion in his head,"—she repeated, hopelessly.

My uncle came in flushed and tired. Nothing was said about the letters till, just as dinner was over, he said suddenly:—

"Robert, if you find any more of these old papers anywhere, bring them to me at once. And give orders to all the servants that no piece of old paper with writing on it is to be destroyed without my seeing it."

"Yes, sir," said Robert, without changing a muscle; but I saw that he too was of Mrs. Norton's opinion as to his master's oddity when he once got a notion in his head.

"Who was the lady, papa," said little Agnes. "Did you know her?"

"My dear, the letter is as old as papa is himself," said he. "I think the lady died when papa was a little baby."

"Then what makes you care so much, papa," persisted Agnes.

"I can't tell you, little one," said he, kissing her, and tossing her up in the air; but he looked at me.

In the early twilight that afternoon I found my uncle lying with closed eyes on the lounge in the library. He was very tired by his long forenoon's work in the garret. I sat down on the floor and stroked his dear old white hair.

"Pet," he said, without opening his eyes, "that letter had the whole soul of a woman in it."

"I thought so, dear," said I, "by your face."

After a long interval he said: "I could not find a word more of her writing; I might have known I should not;" and again, after a still longer silence, "Would you like to read it, Nell?"

"I am not sure, Uncle Jo," I said. "It seems hardly right. I think she would not so much mind your having it, because you are a man; but another woman! no, uncle dear, I think the letter belongs to you."

"Oh, you true woman-hearted darling," he said, kissing me; "but some day I think I shall want you to read it with me. She would not mind your reading it if she knew you as I do."

Just then Aunt Sarah came into the room, and we said no more.

Several days passed by, and the mysterious letter was forgotten by everybody except my uncle and me.

One bitterly cold night we were sitting around a blazing coal fire in the library. It was very late. Aunt Sarah was asleep in her chair; my uncle was reading. Suddenly the door opened and Robert came in, bringing a letter on his little silver tray: it was past eleven o'clock; the evening mail had been brought in long before.

"Why, what is that, Robert?" said Uncle Jo, starting up a little alarmed.

"One of them old letters, sir," replied Robert; "I just got it on the cellar stairs, sir."

My uncle took the letter hastily. Robert still stood as if he had more to say; and his honest, blank face looked stupefied with perplexity.

"If you please, sir," he began, "it's the queerest thing ever I saw. That letter's been put on them stairs, sir, within the last five minutes."

"Why, Robert, what do you mean?" said my uncle, thoroughly excited.

"Oh dear," groaned Aunt Sarah, creeping out of her nap and chair, "if you are going into another catechism about those old letters, I am going to bed;" and she left the room, not staying long enough to understand that this was a new mystery, and not a vain rediscussing of the old one.

It seems that Robert had been down cellar to see that the furnace fire was in order for the night. As soon as he reached the top of the stairs, in coming up, he remembered that he had not turned the outside damper properly, and went back to do it.

"I wasn't gone three minutes, sir, and when I came back there lay the letter, a right side up, square in the middle of the stairs; and I'd take my Bible oath, sir, as twan't there when I went down."

"Who was in the hall when you went down, Robert?" said my uncle sternly.

"Nobody, sir. Every servant in the house had gone to bed, except Jane" (my aunt's maid), "and she was going up the stairs over my head, sir, when I first went down into the cellar. I know she was, sir, for she called through the stairs to me, and she says, 'Master'll hear you, Robert.' You see, sir, Jane and me didn't know as it was so late, and we was frightened when we heard the clock strike half-past eleven."

"That will do, Robert," said Uncle Jo. "You can go," and Robert disappeared, relieved but puzzled. There seemed no possible explanation of the appearance of the letter there and then, except that hands had placed it there during the brief interval of Robert's being in the cellar. There were no human hands in the house which could have done it. Was a restless ghost wandering there, bent on betraying poor Esther's secrets to strangers? What did it, what could it mean?

"Will you read this one with me, Nell?" said my uncle, turning it over reverently and opening it.

"No," I said, "but I will watch you read it;" and I sat down on the floor at his feet.

The letter was very short; he read it twice without speaking; and then said, in an unsteady voice: "This is an earlier letter than the other, I think. This is a joyous one; poor Esther! I believe I know her whole story. But the mystery is inexplicable! I would take down these walls if I thought I could get at the secret."

Long past midnight we sat and talked it all over; and racked our brains in vain to invent any theory to account for the appearance of the letters on that cellar stairway. My uncle's tender interest in the poor dead Esther was fast being overshadowed by the perplexing mystery.

A few days after this, Mary the cook found another of the letters when she first went down-stairs in the morning, and Robert placed it by my uncle's plate, with the rest of his mail. It was the most singular one of all, for there was not a word of writing in it that could be read. It was a foreign letter; some fragments of the faded old stamps were still hanging where the address had been cut out, on the back. The first page looked as if it had been written over with some sort of sympathetic ink; but not a word could be deciphered. Folded in a small piece of the thinnest of paper was a mouldy and crumbling flower, of a dull-brown color; on the paper was written:—

"Pomegranate blossom, from Jaffa," and a few lines of poetry, of which we could make out only here and there a word.

Even Aunt Sarah was thoroughly aroused and excited now. Robert had been into the cellar very late on the previous night, and was sure that at that time no papers were on the stairs.

"I never go down them stairs, sir," said Robert, "without looking—and listening too," he added under his breath, with a furtive look back at the cook, who was standing in the second doorway of the butler's pantry. The truth was, Robert had been afraid of the cellar ever since the finding of the second letter. And all the servants shared his uneasiness.

Between eleven at night and seven the next morning, this mute ghostly waif from Palestine, with the half-century old dust of a pomegranate flower in its keeping, had come up that dark stairway. It appeared now that the letters were always found on the fourth stair from the top. This fact had not before been elicited, but there seemed little doubt about it. Even little Princess said—

"Yes, papa, I am sure that the one I found was on that stair; for I now remember Fido came up with only just one or two bounds to the top, as soon as he saw me."

We were very sober. The little children chattered on; it meant nothing to them, this breath from such a far past. But to hearts old enough to comprehend, there was something infinitely sad and suggestive in it. I already felt, though I had not read one word of her writing, that I loved the woman called Esther; as for my uncle, his very face was becoming changed by the thought of her, and the mystery of the appearance of the letters. He began to be annoyed also; for the servants were growing suspicious, and unwilling to go into the cellar. Mary the cook declared that on the morning when she found this last letter, something white brushed by her at the foot of the stairs; and Robert said that he had for a long time heard strange sounds from that staircase late at night.

Just after this, my aunt went away for a visit; and several days passed without any further discoveries on the stairs. My uncle and I spent long hours in talking over the mystery, and he urged me to read, or to let him read to me, the two letters he had.

"Pet," he said, "I will tell you something. One reason they move me so is, that they are strangely like words written by a woman whom I knew thirty years ago. I did not believe two such women had been on the earth."

I kissed his hand when he said this; yet a strange unwillingness to read Esther's letters withheld me. I felt that he had right, and I had not.

But the end of the mystery was near. And it was revealed, as it ought to have been, to my uncle himself.

One night I was awaked out of my first sleep by a very cautious tap at my door, and my uncle's voice, saying—

"Nell—Nell, are you awake?"

I sprang to the door instantly.

"O uncle, are you ill?" (My aunt had not yet returned.)

"No, pet. But I want you down stairs. Dress yourself and come down into the library."

My hands trembled with excitement as I dressed. Yet I was not afraid; I knew that it was in some way connected with "Esther," though my uncle had not mentioned her name.

I found him sitting before the library table, which was literally covered with old letters, such as we had before seen.

"O uncle!" I gasped as soon as I saw them.

"Yes, dear! I have got them all. There was no ghost!"

Then he told me in few words what had happened. It seemed that he had gone down himself into the cellar, partly to satisfy himself that all was right with the furnace, partly with a vague hope of finding another of the letters. He had found nothing, had examined the furnace, locked the door at the head of the cellar stairs, and gone up to his bed-room. While he was undressing, a strange impulse seized him to go back once more, and see whether it might not happen to him as it had to Robert, to find a letter on returning after a few moments interval.

He threw on his wrapper, took a candle, and went down. The first thing he saw, on opening the door, which he had himself locked only five minutes before, was a letter lying on the same fourth stair!

"I confess, Nell," said he, "for a minute I felt as frightened as black Bob. But I sat down on the upper step, and resolved not to go away till I had discovered how that letter came there, if I stayed till daylight!"

Nearly an hour passed, he said; the cold wind from the cellar blew up and swayed the candle-flame to and fro. All sorts of strange sounds seemed to grow louder and louder, and still he sat, gazing helplessly in a sort of despair at that motionless letter, which he had not lifted from the stair. At last, purely by accident, he looked up to the staircase over head—the front stairs, down which he had just come from his room. He jumped to his feet! There, way up among the

dark cobwebbed shadows, he thought he saw something white. He held up the candle. It was, yes, it was a tiny corner of white paper wedged in a crack; by standing on the beam at the side he could just reach it. He touched it,—pulled it;—it came out slowly,—another of Esther's letters. They were hid in the upper staircase! The boards had been worn and jarred a little away from each other, and the letters were gradually shaken through the opening; some heavier or quicker step than usual giving always the final impetus to a letter which had been for days slowly working down towards the fated outlet.

Stealthily as any burglar he had crept about his own house, had taken up the whole of the front staircase carpet, and had with trouble pried off one board of the stair in which the letters were hid. There had been a spring, he found, but it was rusted and would not slide. He had carefully replaced the carpet, carried the letters into the library, and come for me; it was now half-past one o'clock at night.

Dear, blessed Uncle Jo! I am an old woman now. Good men and strong men have given me love, and have shown me of their love for others; but never, no, never did I feel myself so in the living presence of incarnate love as I did that night, sitting with my white-haired uncle, face to face with the faded records of the love of Esther Wynn.

It was only from one note that we discovered her last name. This was written in the early days of her acquaintance with her lover, and while she was apparently little more than a child. It was evident that at first the relation was more like one of pupil and master. For some time the letters all commenced scrupulously "my dear friend," or "my most beloved friend." It was not until years had passed that the master became the lover; we fancied, Uncle Jo and I, as we went reverently over the beautiful pages, that Esther had grown and developed more and more, until she was the teacher, the helper, the inspirer. We felt sure, though we could not tell how, that she was the stronger of the two; that she moved and lived habitually on a higher plane; that she yearned often to lift up the man she loved to the freer heights on which her soul led its glorified existence.

It was strange how little we gathered which could give clue to her actual history or to his. The letters were almost never dated with the name of the place, only with the day and year, many of them with only the day. There was an absolute dearth of allusions to persons; it was as if these two had lived in a separate world of their own. When persons were mentioned at all, it was only by initial. It was plain that some cruel, inexorable bar separated her from the man she loved; a bar never alluded to,—whose nature we could only guess,—but one which her strong and pure nature felt itself free to triumph over in spirit, however submissive the external life might seem.

Their relation had lasted for many years; so many, that that fact alone seemed a holy seal and testimony to the purity and immortality of the bond which united them. Esther must have been a middle-aged woman when, as the saddened letters sadly revealed, her health failed and she was ordered by the physicians to go to Europe. The first letter which my uncle had read, the one which Princess found, was the letter in which she bade farewell to her lover. There was no record after that; only two letters which had come from abroad; one was the one that I have mentioned, which contained the pomegranate blossom from Jaffa, and a little poem which, after long hours of labor, Uncle Jo and I succeeded in deciphering. The other had two flowers in it—an Edelweiss which looked as white and pure and immortal as if it had come from Alpine snows only the day before; and a little crimson flower of the amaranth species, which was wrapped by itself, and marked "From Bethlehem of Judea." The only other words in this letter were, "I am better, darling, but I cannot write yet."

It was evident that there had been the deepest intellectual sympathy between them. Closely and fervently and passionately as their hearts must have loved, the letters were never, from first to last, simply lovers' letters. Keen interchange of comment and analysis, full revelation of strongly marked individual life, constant mutual stimulus to mental growth there must have been between these two. We were inclined to think, from the exquisitely phrased sentences and rare fancies in the letters, and from the graceful movement of some of the little poems, that Esther must have had ambition as a writer. And then, again, she seemed so wholly, simply, passionately a woman, to love and be loved, that all thought of anything else in her nature or life seemed incongruous.

"Oh," groaned Uncle Jo, after reading one of the most glowing letters, "oh, was there really ever in any other man's arms but mine a woman who could say such things as these between kisses? O Nell, Nell, thank God that you haven't the dower of

such a double fire in your veins as Esther had!"

All night we sat reading, and reading, and reading. When the great clock in the hall struck six, we started like guilty persons.

"Oh, my childie," said Uncle Jo, "how wrong this has been in me! Poor little pale face, go to bed now, and remember, I forbid you to go to school to-day; and I forbid your getting up until noon. I promise you I will not look at another letter. I will lock them all up till to-morrow evening, and then we will finish them."

I obeyed him silently. I was too exhausted to speak; but I was also too excited to sleep. Until noon I lay wide awake on the bed, in my darkened room, living over Esther Wynn's life, marveling at the inexplicable revelation of it which had been put into our hands, and wondering, until the uncertainty seemed almost anguish, what was that end which we could never know. Did she die in the Holy Land? or did she come home well and strong? and did her lover die some day, leaving his secret treasure of letters behind him, and poor stricken Esther to go to her grave in fear lest unfriendly hands might have gained possession of her heart's records? Was he a married man, and had the wife whom he did not love paced up and down and up and down for years over these dumb witnesses to that of which she had never dreamed? The man himself, when he came to die, did he writhe, thinking of those silent, eloquent, precious letters which he must leave to time and chance to destroy or protect? Did they carry him, dead, down the very stairs on which he had so often knelt unseen and wafted kisses towards the hidden Esther?

All these conjectures and questions, and thousands more, hurried in wild confusion through my brain. In vain I closed my eyes, in vain I pressed my hands on their lids; countless faces, dark, light, beautiful, plain, happy, sad, threatening, imploring, seemed dancing in the air around my bed, and saying, "Esther, Esther!"

We knew she was fair; for there was in one of the letters a tiny curl of pale brown hair; but we believed from many expressions of hers that she had no beauty. Oh, if I could but have known how she looked!

At last I fell asleep, and slept heavily until after dark. This refreshed my overwrought nerves, and when at nine o'clock in the evening I joined my uncle in the library, I was calmer than he.

We said very few words. I sat on his knee, with one arm around his neck, and hand in hand we reverently lifted the frail, trembling sheets.

We learned nothing new; in fact, almost any one of the letters was a rounded revelation of Esther's nature, and of the great love she bore—and there was little more to learn. There were more than a hundred of the letters, and they embraced a period of fifteen years. We arranged them in piles, each year by itself; for some years there were only two or three; we wondered whether during those years they had lived near each other, and so had not written, or whether the letters had been destroyed. When the last letter was laid where it belonged, we looked at each other in silence, and we both sighed.

Uncle Jo spoke first.

"Childie, what shall we do with them?"

"I do not know, uncle," I said. "I should feel very guilty if we did not make sure that no one else read them. I should feel very guilty myself, except that I have read them with you. They seem to me to belong to you, somehow."

Uncle Jo kissed me, and we were silent again. Then he said, "There is but one way to make sure that no human being will ever read them—that is, to burn them; but it is as hard for me to do it as if they had been written to me."

"Could you not put them back in the stair, and nail it up firmly?" said I.

It was a stormy night. The wind was blowing hard, and sleet and snow driving against the windows. At this instant a terrible gust rattled the icy branches of the syringa-bushes against the window, with a noise like the click of musketry, and above the howling of the wind there came a strange sound which sounded like a voice crying, "Burn, burn!"

Uncle Jo and I both heard it, and both sprang to our feet, white with a nervous terror. In a second he recovered himself, and said, laughing, "Pet, we are both a good deal shaken by this business. But I do think it will be safer to burn the letters. Poor, poor Esther. I hope she is safe with her lover now."

"Oh, do you doubt it?" said I; "I do not."

"No," said he, "I do not, either. Thank God!"

"Uncle Jo," said I, "do you think Esther would mind if I copied a few of these letters, and two or three of the poems? I so want to have them that it seems to me I cannot give them up; I love her so, I think she would be willing."

The storm suddenly died away, and the

painful silence around us was almost as startling as the fierce gust had been before. I took it as an omen that Esther did not refuse my wish, and I selected the four letters which I most desired to keep. I took also the pomegranate blossom, and the Edelweiss, and the crimson Amaranth from Bethlehem.

"I think Esther would rather that these should not be burned," I said.

"Yes; I think so too," replied Uncle Jo.

Then we laid the rest upon the fire. The generous hickory logs seemed to open their arms to them. In a few seconds great panting streams of fire leaped up and rushed out of our sight, bearing with them all that was perishable of Esther Wynn's letters. Just as the crackling shadowy shapes were falling apart and turning black, my uncle sprang to an Indian cabinet which stood near, and seizing a little box of incense-powder which had been brought from China by his brother, he shook a few grains of it into the fire. A pale, fragrant film rose slowly in coiling wreaths and clouds and hid the last moments of the burning of the letters. When the incense smoke cleared away, nothing could be seen on the hearth but the bright hickory coals in their bed of white ashes.

"I shall make every effort," said Uncle Jo, "to find out who lived in this house during those years. I presume I can, by old records somewhere."

"Oh, uncle," I said, "don't. I think they would rather we did not know any more."

"You sweet woman child!" he exclaimed. "You are right. Your instinct is truer than mine. I am only a man, after all! I will never try to learn who it was that Esther loved."

"I am very glad," he added, "that this happened when your Aunt Sarah was away. It would have been a great weariness and annoyance to her to have read these letters."

Dear, courteous Uncle Jo! I respected his chivalrous little artifice of speech, and tried to look as if I believed he would have carried the letters to his wife if she had been there.

"And I think, dear," he hesitatingly proceeded, "we would better not speak of this. It will be one sacred little secret that you and your old uncle will keep. As no more letters will be found on the stairs, the whole thing will be soon forgotten."

"Oh yes, uncle," replied I; "of course it would be terrible to tell. It isn't our secret, you know; it is dear Esther Wynn's."

I do not know why it was that I locked up those four letters of Esther Wynn's, and did not look at them for many months. I felt very guilty in keeping them; but a power I could not resist seemed to paralyze my very hand when I thought of opening the box in which they were. At last, long after I had left Uncle Jo's house, I took them out one day, and in the quiet and warmth of a summer noon I copied them slowly, carefully, word for word. Then I hid the originals in my bosom, and walked alone, without telling any one whither I was going, to a wild spot I knew several miles away, where a little mountain stream came foaming and dashing down through a narrow gorge to empty into our broad and placid river. I sat down on a mossy granite boulder, and slowly tore the letters into minutest fragments. One by one I tossed the white and tiny shreds into the swift water, and watched them as far as I could see them. The brook lifted them and tossed them over and over, lodged them in mossy crevices, or on tree roots, then swept them all up and whirled them away in dark depths of the current from which they would never more come to the surface. It was a place which Esther would have loved, and I wondered, as I sat there hour after hour, whether it were really improbable—of course it was not impossible—that she knew just then what I was doing for her. I wondered, also, as I had often wondered before, if it might not have been by Esther's will that the sacred hoard of letters, which had lain undiscovered for so many years, should fall at last into the tender, chivalrous hands of my Uncle Jo. It was certainly a strange thing that on the stormy night which I have described, when we were discussing what should be done with the letters, both Uncle Jo and I should have at the same instant fancied we heard the words "Burn, burn!"

The following letter is the earliest one which I copied. It is the one which Robert found so late at night and brought to us in the library:—

"FRIDAY EVE.

"SWEETEST—It is very light in my room tonight. The full moon and the thought of you! I see to write, but you would forbid me—you who would see only the moonlight, and not the other. Oh, my darling! my darling!

"I have been all day in fields and on edges of woods. I have never seen just such a day: a June sun, and a September wind; clover and butter-cups under foot, and a sparkling October sky over head. I think the earth enjoyed it as a sort of masquerading frolic. The breeze was so strong that it took the

butterflies half off their air-legs, and they fairly reeled about in the sun. As for me, I sat here and there, on hillocks and stones, among ferns, and white cornels, and honey-bees, and bobolinks. I was the only still thing in the fields. I waited so long in each spot, that it was like being transplanted when I moved myself to the north or the south. And I discovered a few things in each country in which I lived. For one thing, I observed that the little busy bee is not busy all the while; that he does a great amount of aimless, idle snuffing and tasting of all sorts of things besides flowers; especially he indulges in a running accompaniment of gymnastics among the grass-stalks, which cannot possibly have anything to do with honey. I watched one fellow to-day through a series of positive trapèze movements from top to bottom and bottom to top of a grass-tangle. When he got through he shook himself, and smoothed off his legs exactly as the circus-men do. Then he took a long pull at a clover well.

"Ah, the clover! Dearest! you should have seen how it swung to-day. The stupidest person in the world could not have helped thinking that it kept time to invisible band-playing, and was trying to catch hold of the buttercups. I lay down at full length and looked off through the stems, and then I saw for the first time how close they were, and that they constantly swayed and touched, and sometimes locked fast together for a second. Stately as a minuet it looked, but joyous and loving and passionate as the wildest waltz I ever danced in your arms, my darling. Oh, how dare we presume to be so sure that the flowers are not glad as we are glad! On such a day as to-day I never doubt it; and I pick one as reverently and hesitatingly as I would ask the Queen of the Fairies home to tea if I met her in a wood.

"Laughing, are you, darling? Yes, I know it. Poor soul! You cannot help being a man, I suppose. Nor would I have you help it, my great, strong, glorious one! How I adore the things which you do, which I could not do. Oh, my sweet master! Never fear that I do you less reverence than I should. All the same, I lie back on my ferny hillock, and look you in the eye, and ask you what you think would become of you if you had no little one of my kind to bring you honey! And when I say this—you—ah, my darling, now there are tears in my eyes, and the moonlight grows dim. I cannot bear the thinking what you would do when I said those words! Good night! Perhaps in my sleep I will say them again, and you will be there to answer. In the morning I shall write out for you to-day's clover song.

"YOUR OWN."

The clover song was not in the letter. We found it afterward on a small piece of paper, so worn and broken in the folds that we knew it must have been carried for months in a pocket-book.

A SONG OF CLOVER.

I wonder what the clover thinks?—
Intimate friend of Bob-o-links,
Lover of Daisies slim and white,
Waltzer with butter-cups at night;
Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees,
Serving to them wine dregs and lees,
Left by the Royal Humming-Birds,
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words;
Fellow with all the lowliest,
Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the Dew-Drops, one by one;
Prophet of Good Luck mystery
By sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of Nature's magic zone,
One out of three, and three in one;
Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by sills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half its sweet cannot be said;
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest, perhaps, at last, in death!
Oh, who knows what the Clover thinks?
No one! unless the Bob-o-links!

The lines which were written on the paper enclosing the pomegranate flower from Jaffa we deciphered with great trouble. The last verse we were not quite sure about, for there had been erasures. But I think we were right finally.

"Pomegranate blossom!" Heart of fire!
I dare to be thy death,
To slay thee while the summer sun
Is quickening thy breath;
To rob the autumn of thy wine;—
Next year of all ripe seeds of thine,
That thou mayest bear one kiss of mine
To my dear love before my death.

For, Heart of fire, I too am robbed
Like thee! Like thee, I die,
While yet my summer sun of love
Is near, and warm, and high;
The autumn will run red with wine;
The autumn fruits will swing and shine;
But in that little grave of mine
I shall not see them where I lie.

Pomegranate blossom! Heart of fire!
This kiss, so slow, so sweet,
Thou bearest hence, can never lose
Even in death its heat.
Redder than autumns can run with wine,
Warmer than summer suns can shine,
Forever that dear love of mine
Shall find thy sacred hidden sweet!

The next letter which I copied was one written five years after the first; it is not so much a letter as an allegory, and so beautiful, so weird, that we wondered Esther did not set it to tune as a poem.

"SUNDAY MORNING.

"MY DARLING—Even this blazing September sun looks dull to me this morning. I have come from such a riotous dream. All last night I walked in a realm of such golden splendor, that I think even in our fullest noon I shall only see enough light to grope by for days and days.

"I do not know how to tell you my dream. I think I must put it in shape of a story of two people; but you will know, darling, that in my dream it was you and I. And I honestly did dream it, sweet, every word just as I shall write it for you; only there are no words which so glow and light and blaze as did the chambers through which we walked. I had been reading about the wonderful gold mines of which every one is talking now, and this led to my dream.

"You can laugh if you like, sweet master mine, but I think it is all true, and I call it

"THE MINE OF GOLD.

"There is but one true mine of gold; and of it no man knows, and no woman, save those who go into it. Neither can they who go tell whether they sink into the earth's heart or are caught up into the chambers of the air, or led to the outer pavilions of the sea. Suddenly they perceive that all around, above, below them is gold: rocks of gold higher than they can see; caves whose depths are bright with gold; lakes of gold which is molten and leaps like fire, but in which flowers can be dipped and not wither; sands of gold, soft and pleasant to touch; innumerable shapes of all things beautiful, which wave and change, but only from gold to gold; air which shines and shimmers like refiner's gold; warmth which is like the glow of the red gold of Ophir; and everywhere golden silence!

"Hand in hand walk the two to whom it is given to enter here: of the gold, they may carry away only so much as can be hid in their bosoms; grains which are spilled, or are left on their garments, turn to ashes; only to each other may they speak of these mysteries; but all men perceive that they have riches, and that their faces shine as the faces of angels.

"Suddenly it comes to pass that one day a golden path leads them farther than they have ever gone before, and into a vast chamber, too vast to be measured. Its walls, although they are of gold, are also like crystal. This is a mystery. Only three sides are walled. The fourth side is the opening of a gallery which stretches away and away, golden like a broad sunbeam: from out the distance comes the sound of rushing waters; however far they walk in that gallery, still the golden sunbeam stretches before them; still the sound of the waters is no nearer: and so would the sunbeam and the sound of the waters be forever, for they are Eternity.

"But there is a fourth mystery. On the walls of crystal gold, on all sides, shine faces; not dead faces, not pictured faces; living faces—warm, smiling, reflected faces.

"Then it is revealed to the two who walk hand in hand that these are the faces of all who have ever entered in, as they, between the walls of crystal gold; flashing faces of the sons of God looking into eyes of earthly women;—these were the first; and after them, all in their generations, until to-day, the sons of men with the women they have loved. The men's faces smile; but the faces of the women have in them a joy greater than a smile.

"Presently the two who walk hand in hand see their own faces added to the others, with the same smile, the same joy; and it is revealed to them that these faces are immortal. Through all eternity they will beam on the walls of crystal gold; and those who have once looked on them can never more see in each other change or loss of beauty.

"If as they walk there, in the broad sunbeam, an angel meets them, bearing the tokens of a golden bowl that is broken and a silver cord that is unloosed, they follow him without grief or fear, thinking on that chamber of crystal gold!

"Good-bye, darling!

"ESTHER."

The third letter was written three years after this one. Sadness was beginning to cloud the free, joyous outpourings of Esther's heart. Probably this sadness was one of the first symptoms of the failure of her health. It was from this letter chiefly—although there were expressions in others which corroborated the impression—that we inferred that her lover had endeavored to stimulate in her an intellectual ambition.

"WEDNESDAY EVENING.

"DEAR ONE—Your last letter gave me great pain. It breaks my heart to see you looking so earnestly and expectantly into my future. Beloved, because I have grown and developed so much in the last eight years is no proof that

I can still keep on growing. If you understood, darling, you would see that it is just the other way. I have grown year by year, hour by hour, because hour by hour I have loved you more. That is all! I have felt the growth. I know it, as clearly as you do. But I know the secret of it as you do not; and I know the limit of it, as you cannot. I *cannot* love you more, precious one! Neither would I if I could! One heart-beat more in a minute, and I should die! But all that you have so much loved and cared for, dear, calling it intellectual growth and expansion in me, has been only the clearing of atmosphere, the refining and stimulating of every faculty, every sense, by my love for you. When I have said or written a word which has pleased you thus, if there were any special fitness or eloquence in the word, it was only because I sought after what would best carry my thought to *you*, darling! What would be best frame, best setting, to keep the flowers or the sky which I had to see alone,—to keep them till you could see them too! Oh, dear one, do understand that there is nothing of me except my heart and my love! While they were wonderingly, tremblingly, rapturously growing within me, under the sweet warmth of your love, no wonder I changed day by day. But, precious one, it is at end. The whole solemn, steadfast womanhood within me recognizes it. Beloved master, in one sense you can teach me no more! I am content. I desire nothing. One moment of full consciousness of you, of life, of love, is more than all centuries of learning, all eternities of inspiration. I would rather at this moment, dear, lay my cheek on your hand, and sit in my old place by your knee, and feel myself the woman you have made me, than know all that God knows, and make a universe!

"Beloved, do not say such things to me any more; and whenever you feel such ambition and hope stirring in your heart, read over this little verse, and be sure that your child knew what she said when she wrote it:—

THE END OF HARVEST.

Oh, Love, who walkest slow among my sheaves,
Smiling at tint and shape, thy smile of peace,
But whispering of the next sweet year's increase,—
Oh, tender Love, thy loving hope but grieves
My heart! I rue my harvest, if it leaves
Thee vainly waiting after harvests cease,
Like one who has been mocked by titled lease
To barren fields.

Dear one, my word deceives
Thee never. Hearts one summer have. Their grain
"Is sown not that which shall be!"
Can new pain
Teach me of pain? Or any ecstasy
Be new, that I should speak its name again?
My darling, all there was or is of me
Is harvested for thine Eternity!

ESTHER."

The fourth letter was the one which Princess had found, the first which my uncle had read —Esther's farewell to her lover before going abroad. No wonder that it so moved him!

"SUNDAY NIGHT.

"MY DARLING—I implore you not to come. Have I not loved you enough, all these years long, for you to trust me, and believe that it is only because I love you so much that I cannot, cannot see you now? Dear, did I ever before ask you to forego your wish for mine? Even in hours crowded with all love's sweetness, did I ever stay your hand, my darling? Ah, love, you know—oh, how well you know, that always, in every blissful moment we have spent together, my bliss has been shadowed by a little, interrupted by a little, because my soul was forever restlessly asking, seeking, longing, for *one* more joy, delight, rapture, to give to you!

"Now listen, darling. You say it is almost a year since we met; true, but if it were yesterday, would you remember it any more clearly? Why, my precious one, I can see over again at this moment each little movement which you made, each look your face wore; I can hear every word; I can feel every kiss; very solemn kisses they were too, love, as if we had known.

"You say we may never meet again. True. But if that is to be so, all the more I choose to leave with you the memory of the face you saw then, rather than of the one you would see to-day. Be compassionate, darling, and spare me the pain of seeing your pain at sight of my poor changed face. I hope it is not a weak vanity, love, which makes me feel this so strongly. Being so clearly and calmly conscious as I am that very possibly my earthly days are near their end, it does not seem as if mere vanity could linger in my soul. And you know you have always said, dearest, that I had none. I know I have always wondered unspeakably that you could find pleasure in my face, except occasionally, when I have felt, as it were, a great sudden glow and throb of love quicken and heat it under your gaze; then, as I have looked up in your eyes, I have sometimes had a flash of consciousness of a transfiguration in the very flesh of my face, just as I have a sense of rapturous strength sometimes in the very flesh and bone of my right hand, when I

strike on the piano some of Beethoven's chords. But I know that, except in the light of your presence, I have no beauty. I had not so much to lose by illness as other women. But, dear one, that little is gone. I can read in the pitying looks of all my friends how altered I am. Even if I did not see it with my own eyes, I should read it in theirs. And I cannot—Oh, I cannot read it in yours!

"If I knew any spell which could make you forget all except some one rare moment in which you said in your heart, 'Oh, she never looked so lovely before!' Oh, how firmly I would bind you by it! All the weary, indifferent, or unhappy looks, sweet, I would blot out from your memory, and have the thought of me raise but one picture in your mind. I would have it as if I had died, and left of my face no record on earth except one wonderful picture by some great master, who had caught the whole beauty of the one rarest moment of my life. Sweet, if you look back, you will find that moment; for it must have been in your arms; and let Love be the master who will paint the immortal picture!

"As for this thin, pale, listless body, which just now answers to name of me, there is nothing in or about it which you know. Presently it will be carried like a half-lifeless thing on board a ship; the winds will blow roughly on it, and it will not care. If God wills, darling, I will come back to you well and strong. If I cannot come well and strong, I hope never to come at all.

"Don't call me cruel. You would feel the same. I also should combat the resolve in you, as you do in me. But in my heart I should understand. I should sympathize, and I should yield.

"God bless you, darling. I believe He will, for the infinite goodness of your life. I thank Him daily that He has given it to me to bless you a little. If I had seen you to say farewell, my beloved, I should not have kissed you many times, as has been our wont. That is for hours of joy. I should have kissed you three times—only three times—on your beautiful, strong, gentle lips, and each kiss would have been a separate sacrament, with a bond of its own. I send them to you here, love, and this is what they mean!

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

Three, only three, my darling,
  Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
  We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
  Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer
  Lavishes heat,—
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
  When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
  A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
  Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
  We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
  And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
  Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
  Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes
  For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
  Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
  We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
  Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
  In every place;
The earth is full of messengers,
  Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
  Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
  My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
  What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
  Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
  To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
  Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
  The seal of death!"

It was on my sixteenth birthday that I copied these letters and poems of Esther Wynn's. I kept them, with a few other very precious things, in a curious little inlaid box, which came from Venice, and was so old that its sides were worm-eaten in many places. It was one of my choicest treasures, and I was never separated from it.

When I was twenty years old I had been for two years a happy wife, for one year a glad mother, and had for some time remembered Esther only in the vague, passing way in which happy souls recall old shadows of other hearts' griefs. As my boy entered on his second summer he began to droop a little, and the physician had recommended that we should take him to the sea-shore; so it came to pass that on the morning of my twentieth birthday I was sitting, with my baby in my arms, on a rocky sea-shore, in one of the well-known summer resorts of the New Hampshire coast. Near me sat a woman whose face had

interested me strangely ever since my arrival. She seemed an invalid; but there was an atmosphere of overflowing vitality about her, in spite of her feebleness, which made her very presence stimulating and cheering to every one. I had longed to speak with her, but as yet had not done so. While I sat watching her face, and my baby's, and the face of the sea, she was joined by her husband, who had just come from a walk in the fields, and had brought her a large bouquet of red clover and feathery grasses. She took it eagerly with great delight, and exclaimed:

"I wonder what the clover thinks?
Intimate friend of Bob-o-links!"

I could not control the sudden start with which I heard these words. Who was this that knew Esther Wynn's verses by heart? I could hardly refrain from speaking to her at once, and betraying all. But I reflected instantly that I must be very cautious; it would be almost impossible to find out what I longed to know without revealing how my own acquaintance with the verses had come about. Days passed before I ventured to allude to the subject; but one evening, as we were walking together, she stooped and picked a clover-blossom, and said:

"I really think I love red clover better than any wild flower we have."

"I thought so," said I, "when I saw you take that big bunch your husband brought you the other morning. That was before I knew you: I felt almost rude, I watched you so, in spite of myself."

"But I had watched you quite as much," said she, smiling; "I thought then of giving you a part of the clover. Edward always brings me huge bouquets of it every day; he knows so well how I love it."

"I heard you quote a charming little couplet of verse about it then," said I, looking away from her, that she might not see my face: "I was so near you I could not help hearing what you said."

"Oh, yes," said she,

"'I wonder what the clover thinks?
Intimate friend of Bob-o-links—'

"I do not know but that old clover-song is the real reason I love clover so. My mother taught it to me when I was a little child. It is all very quaint and sweet. Would you like to hear it?"

I felt myself color scarlet as a thief, but I replied:—

"O yes, pray repeat it."

When she had repeated the verses she went on speaking, to my great relief, saving me from the necessity of saying anything.

"That was written a great many years ago, by an aunt of my mother's. My mother has a little manuscript book bound in red morocco, very faded and worn, which my grandmother kept on her bureau till she died, last year; and it has in it this little clover-song and several others, with Aunt Esther's diary while she was abroad. She died abroad; died in Jerusalem, and was buried there. There was something mysteriously sad in her life, I think: grandmother always sighed when she spoke of her, and used to read in the little red book every day. She was only her half-sister, but she said she loved her better than she did any sister of her own. Once I asked grandmamma to tell me about her, but she said, 'There is nothing to tell, child. She was never married: she died the autumn before your mother was born, and your mother looked very much like her when she was young. She is like her, too, in many ways,' and that was all grandmamma would ever say. But we always called her Aunt Esther, and know all her verses by heart, and the diary was fascinating. It seems strange to read such vivid written records of people you never saw; don't you think so?"

"Yes, it must, very," said I.

She went on: "I always had a very special love for this old Aunt Esther, which I could hardly account for. I am to have the little red book when my mother dies; and"—she hesitated a moment—"and I named my first baby for her, Esther Wynn. The baby only lived to be a few weeks old, and I often think, as I look at her little gravestone, of the other one, so many thousand miles away, alone in a strange land, bearing the same name."

On my way home I stopped for a few days' visit at Uncle Jo's. Late one night, sitting in my old place at his feet in the library, I told him this sequel to the romance of the letters.

"Oh, childie, how could you help showing that you knew about her?" said he. "You must have betrayed it."

"No, I am sure I did not," I said. "I never spoke about it after that day, and she was too absorbed herself in the reminiscences to observe my excitement."

"What was your friend's name?" said Uncle Jo.

I told him. He sprang from his chair, and walked rapidly away to the end of the library; presently he came back, and standing before me, said:

"Nell! Nell! your friend's mother is the

woman of whom I once spoke to you! I might have known that the subtle kinship I felt between Esther Wynn and her was no chance resemblance. I never heard of the name 'Wynn,' however. But you said she was only a half-sister; that accounts for it. I might have known! I might have known!" he exclaimed, more to himself than to me, and buried his face in his hands. I stole away quietly and left him; but I heard him saying under his breath, "Her aunt! I might have known!"

MARE IGNOTUM.

Dost thou behold that sea?
It stretches out before thee calm and still;
No sound of tumult does the soft air fill;
All speaks serenity.

The path along the shore
Is bright with flowers that bloom and fade by turns,
And high above the grasses and green ferns
Waves the tall sycamore.

That road thou still must tread;
And though the woods grow wilder by the walk,
And Summer blossoms wither on the stalk,
By blessèd showers unfed—

Still shalt thou track that strand,
And gaze on the horizon roll'd in mist.
'Tis useless to complain or to resist,
Fate holds thee by the hand!

Thou too the flood must cross—
At some strange moment shall thy pathway bend,
Ere yet perchance its beauty is at end,
Or thou hast felt its loss.

Then happy shalt thou be
If the dull vapor on the waters' rim
Shall rise and show, however faint and dim,
Some blest reality:—

Some Eden ever bright,
That crowns the further shore in emerald sheen,
Entrancing with its fresh and fadeless green
The watcher's feeble sight.

Or if a city fair
Should ope its golden gates to thy repose—
Oh! happy he who enters gates like those,
That shut out all despair!

But if the clouds be black,
Or open but to caverns vast and cold,
Though the fierce spirit be untamed and bold,
Nor heeds the body's rack,

Think not to brave it through,
Nor look for happiness thou hast not won.
Remember! For thy soul what life has done,
Death never can undo.

CYPRUS—AFLOAT AND ASHORE.



FAMAGUSTA, ONCE THE VENETIAN CAPITAL OF CYPRUS.

WEARY with the slow progress of acclimation under a Syrian sun, and suffering all the tortures of bile,—that enemy which no man can shake off, at home or abroad,—I was advised to take a sail across the Cilician Sea to the Island of Cyprus.

"You can make the run in a single night, and you will be all the better for it; besides seeing something of an island not generally visited, and one for which there is no guide-book."

The excursion was arranged, and the cabin of a Greek schooner, waiting for a favorable wind, was placed at my disposal. It was expected that the land-breeze would waft us beyond the capes, and I went submissively on board on the last evening in June, without the slightest doubt that I should be able to land next morning at Larnaca. Having the entire cabin, I was able to stow myself away with some degree of comfort, and after watching the half-dozen deck-passengers fold up their duds like the Arabs, "and as silently steal away," I counted the lights in the harbor, and then attempted the stars in the sky, by way of wooing sleep, which in this country seems unusually coy and hard to win.

The night was spent—no matter how. We were in pursuit of health and recreation, and we were to land in the morning, so we must have patience. But alas! the morning found us becalmed off Dog River, about six miles from our Beirût anchorage, and—will you believe it?—there we remained, rising and falling with the swell of the sea, till the evening of the third day.

Miserably sea-sick, the solitary cabin passenger was miserably wretched. Without books—for none were needed for one night's sail—and without writing materials, I had no means for alleviating my own sufferings by inflicting my distress upon others. That the Dog River was the "Lycus" of the Romans was no relief; for although that classic stream reminded me of the armies of antiquity that passed over its bed, it suggested at the same time that these armies had the satisfaction at least of reaching it by land. The occupations of the Greek sailors constituted my only entertainment; but the deck passengers increased my torments by the periodical display of the contents of their larder, and the exhibition of the most unaccountable appetites. Their principal dish was kamandeen, or dried apricots rolled out into thin layers of sweet paste which resembled so many sheets of brown paper soaked in molasses.

I would willingly have gone ashore and walked back to the town, but for a constitutional unwillingness to abandon any enterprise when once undertaken. But I was ready to believe with the Moslems that in the center of every man's heart there is a black drop, which drop is the black drop of original sin—only I would locate the drop in another organ, and label it by the synonymous name of *bile*, which I sincerely believe to be the parent of a large proportion of crime, and certainly of the ill-humors that plague society and harass the domestic circle.

The captain pitied me, and administered consolation in his best modern Greek; and his sympathy was indicated even more in his

eyes and by his gestures than by his words. I think he was trying to convince me that the island was not loose at the bottom and had not floated away. The third night, the land-breeze fortunately came to our relief, and took us outside of the headlands, so that in twenty-four hours, on the morning of Independence Day, we dropped anchor in the Bay of Larnaca.

When the usual port formalities were complied with, the captain's boat put me ashore; and I found my way to the house of my old friend, the American consul, who was engaged in doing the honors of the day by entertaining the governor of the town, under the stars and stripes at the consulate, at nine o'clock in the morning. Although somewhat reduced by my four days and nights of sea-sickness, my patriotism was aroused, and induced me to join in the celebration of the day, and to converse with the Pasha, who, to my surprise, talked with me in the English language. Then, the consuls of the European powers, great and small, called to make their visits of ceremony in honor of the day; and these notables were followed by the officials of the custom-house and the quarantine, and by the principal residents of the town, who came in squads and platoons, all of whom offered their congratulations. The Ottoman flag was floating from the fortress and the consular flags from the respective consulates, so that nothing was left undone that could be done to make an American feel proud of his birthright. Besides the consul, I was the only American on the island, and may therefore be excused for throwing back my shoulders with something of complacency when, at noon, twenty-one guns were fired by the local authorities in honor of our national flag. If there had been any fire-crackers on the island, I should have made an immediate investment in behalf of the large crowd of boys who stood gaping at the loud-mouthed cannon, and thus imagined myself on American soil.

My host was a bachelor, and his house was as large as his heart; but it was made of different material, for while the house was constructed of mud and stone, his heart was a heart of oak. Two stories high, and with fifteen rooms and two flat terraces, the house stood upon the beach, so that the spray of the sea kept the threshold wet when the wind blew inshore. In a line with this house, and on both sides of it, ran a score or more of similar houses, all cool and well ventilated, with stone floors, and balconies looking out upon the harbor. Several other streets ran back of this, with bazaars for the sale of vegetables and fruit, and shops containing the assortment of merchandise usual in small towns.

The powers of Europe are represented here by consuls of various grades, rank, and respectability; and French, English, and other foreign merchants have established themselves for the purposes of trade. In addition to these elements of society are the old native families, mostly of Greek, but some of Venetian descent, who are proud of their birth, proud of their money, and still more proud of their connection with some of the consulates, which afford them "protection."

The language of society here is the French, while that of the people is Greek or Turkish, but all speak a dialect of modern Greek. The houses are built of large bricks made of dried mud and straw; the rooms are well ventilated, and some are of vast dimensions. Many residences have airy corridors, large courts and pleasant gardens, adorned with shrubbery, statues, and pleasant promenades. My attention was attracted to the ceiling of the consul's house, which, he said, was a very good specimen of the native style. Stout beams of dark-colored wood, with ornamental carvings, are extended across from wall to wall, and covered with coarse matting. The flat roof is made of thick layers of dried mud, mortar, and pebbles, which keep out the heat and rain, and upon all this dust collects, so that upon many terraces grass was growing in profusion.

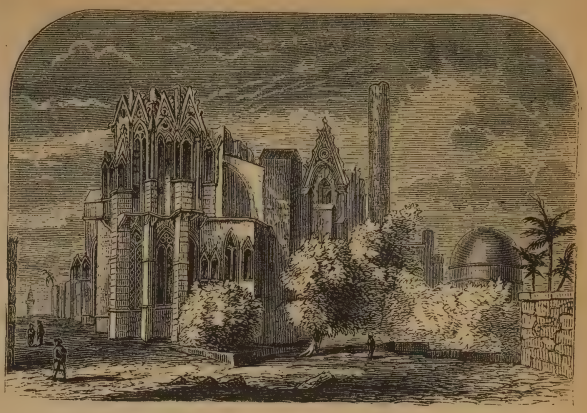
The inhabitants were showing some public spirit in draining the marshes to improve the climate and the land, and in collecting the eggs of the locusts which, almost every year, greatly devastate the island.

As there was no steamer for Beirût within ten days, and as I was not disposed to tempt the treacherous sea, for whose calms I had as great a dread as for its storms, I gladly accepted the consul's invitation to stay and see something of the Island, its ruins and its people. We were to return the calls already made, and then make excursions into the interior.

The town of Larnaca is situated upon a plain about a mile distant from the shore, and is surrounded by a mud wall about six feet high, while at the port, or *Scala*, as it is called, a village almost as large has grown gradually into importance, since danger from the pirates that infested these waters has ceased to terrify the people; and here, ranged along the beach, are the consulates and mercantile houses. One or two little wharves run out a short distance into the water, but they serve only for the embarkation of passengers. The imports and the exports are carried in bales

and boxes on the backs of porters, who wade up and down the shelving beach between the boats and the shore.

And now while we are talking about Larnaca, let us see what it amounts to in the commercial world, for Cyprus was once an important cotton-producing country. While under Venetian rule, thirty thousand bales were annually exported; but at the present time not more than five thousand bales are produced, the principal part of which is shipped to France and Austria. The principal articles of import are sugar, coffee, leather, silk, woolen and cotton goods, lead, iron, and copper, principally from France, England, Austria, and Turkey. The exports are cotton, wool, linseed, sesame seed, wheat, barley, madder, karoub beans or locusts, and wine, together with the native manufactured silk and cotton goods.



RUINED CHURCH AT FAMAGUSTA.

Seven hundred and forty-nine vessels were freighted and discharged at Larnaca last year, and the produce of the Island which was shipped to Europe during that period was estimated at £140,000. The growing importance of the place is seen in the arrival here of two Austrian Lloyd's steamers every alternate week: one from Trieste viâ Smyrna for Beirût and Alexandria, and the other from Egypt viâ Syria for Smyrna and Trieste. In addition to these, French and English merchant steamers run irregularly between Larnaca, Marseilles, and Liverpool.

Among the late improvements introduced are steam flour-mills and agricultural implements, which, with the cotton-gins and other inventions, are working with approved success.

The Imperial Ottoman bank has an agency at Larnaca which seems to be doing a good business.

The Island is said to be rich in mines of copper, silver, lead, coal, and iron; and the soil is of the most productive character. But the mines have not been worked to any extent by the government, and, as yet, foreign private capital and enterprise have not been freely admitted for that purpose. This is to be regretted, as the expense of working the mines would be small and the returns large. Labor, food, and house-rent are very cheap, and it is to be hoped that the reforms proposed by the Sultan's government will soon result in the restoration of this fair province to its former productiveness and prosperity.

The government of the Island is confided by the Sublime Porte to a civil and a military Pasha, the former residing at Nicosia, a well-fortified town of 15,000 inhabitants, which is centrally situated between the northern and southern coasts. The population of the Island is about 200,000—of which three-fourths are Christians. The Christian community is composed of Greeks and Latins, the latter numbering about 1,500. At Larnaca, the principal seaport, reside the military Pasha, the Mudir, and the Consular corps.

Among the various plans proposed for seeing the interior were these: to take tents and go around the northeast coast to Famagusta, the Venetian capital of the Island, where the ruins are in a fine state of preservation; to ride to Nicosia, the seat of government, about seven hours from the Scala, and from thence to Bela Païs; or to take the Greek schooner that brought me from Syria for an excursion to the port of Limasol, from which we might visit Paphos, the reputed birthplace of Venus, and the Crusaders' Castle, a few hours beyond. Strange as it may seem, after my seafaring life, we chose the latter programme, for while it included a greater variety of entertainment, it involved less fatigue.

Fortunately, the moon favored our projected sail, and going on board with the consul, and his secretary, Zeno, a native Greek, we took possession of the cabin, which on the previous voyage had been my prison. A little six-pounder on the forecastle sounded the parting salute, and the smoke cleared away, the anchor was lifted, and the sails unfurled just as the sun was setting behind Mount St. Croix in the distance. The evening was delicious in all its bearings upon our present position, and as we rounded the cape which shut out the town of Larnaca, and the site of the ancient Citium, or Chittim, from our view, we concluded that the night was too beautiful for

sleep. There was much to be said about our own past, present, and future, and when personal topics were disposed of, there was the Island to talk about—its history, traditions, ruins, and people; and we found that the hours had sails, and sped as lightly and as quickly as the vessel that bore us over the sea—that tranquil sea, which now glistened in the moonlight, but without a trace of foam, as if that element had been exhausted in the creation of Venus when she rose from these waters so many years ago. Our imaginations were not idle during the moments of silence, as our eyes traced the rippling wake into the dim background of this wondrous picture of illuminated marine beauty at midnight; and it was not strange that, in such hours as these, chambers in the heart never before opened to the light should resound with voices till then unheard.

Zeno, who had been talking Greek and Italian and Arabic with the captain and sailors, now joined us and talked French with equal volubility. Still, with all his linguistic merits, Zeno resembled but little the famous Greek of that name, except in having been born in the same town, and in his stoical abstinence from the use of wine and tobacco. Our Zeno was no philosopher, and he had never traveled beyond the limits of the island on which he was born. He wrote verses, however, and was immoderately fond of the society of ladies; but, for all this, he was a useful member of the consular staff.

"Well, Zeno, bring the Captain's lantern and read us your last original sonnet dedicated to Venus, the Island Queen, or to some one of her daughters of the present generation. Don't blush; I know you have your pockets full of verses. Well, well, never mind, you can compose a few stanzas while the consul tells all he knows about the Island."

I will not attempt to reproduce the conversation as it occurred while we skirted the Cyprian shore on that bright night,—the best imitation of etherealized daylight I ever saw,—but will limit myself to giving as much of its substance as my memory retains.

"Of the several islands which are scattered along the Asiatic coast, Cyprus is the largest, and lies opposite Syria, from which it is separated by what was once known as the Sea of Cilicia. It is one hundred and sixty-four miles in length and sixty-three in breadth. A range of mountains, called Olympus by the ancients, runs through it from east to west, the highest summits of which are about 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. On account of its copper mines, Cyprus is called by the Turks, Kibris; by the Arabs, Kupros; by the Greeks it was known by various names, such as Paphos, Amathusia, Acamatis, Asphelia, Cythena, etc. Its ancient cities were Limeria, Agidus, Carpathia, Soli, Arsinoë, Salamis, Paphos, Citium, Sencolia, Cunium, Anathus, Bousoura, Treta, and Palea, most of which have entirely disappeared, and others are in ruins. Recent explorers have also discovered interesting ruins at Colossi, St. Georgio, Achaima, and Dali, the ancient Idalium, where gold, silver, and copper coins and marble statues, bearing marks of Phœnician origin, have been found. History accords to the Phœnicians the first occupancy of this island, they having been found here in colonies 2,000 years before the Christian era. Among them, also, were some Ethiopians and Egyptians, who were probably slaves. Beyond these facts very little is known of Cyprus until it was colonized by the Greeks. It was subsequently conquered by the Egyptians in the sixth century before Christ, and at this period is described by Strabo as being divided among several petty tyrants and chiefs, who were at times in alliance with the neighboring powers of Asia Minor, and sometimes at war with them. It soon passed into the hands of the Persians, from whom it was wrested by Alexander of Macedon; passing then to the Ptolemies, it was sometimes united to the kingdom of Egypt, and at other times governed as a separate principality by one of the royal family. The last of these princes, who was the uncle of that famous and beautiful queen, Cleopatra, incurred the enmity of the Romans by his niggardly conduct. The pirates of Cilicia having captured a Roman named Publius Clodius Pulcher, he earnestly besought the king of Cyprus, through a messenger, to provide his ransom; but the king, unwilling to draw largely on his treasury, sent too small a sum to induce the pirates to release their captive. Clodius, however, being fortunate enough to gain his liberty through other means, returned to Rome, and in the course of time became tribune of the people, which enabled him to avenge himself upon the king of Cyprus. Having caused a decree to be passed for reducing the island to a Roman province, he sent a strong force to take possession. Soon the report of his approach reached the king, who was so terrified at the fearful intelligence that he committed suicide, and thus robbed himself, by his own conduct and his own hands, of his crown and life.

"So abundant was the population of the

island in those days, that the number of its inhabitants was estimated at more than a million; the women are said to have been famed for their beauty, and gayety and pleasure reigned everywhere. A division having been made of the Roman empire, Cyprus fell into the hands of the Byzantine emperor, and, after undergoing several other changes, became a distinct principality, and was assigned to a branch of the royal family of Comneni. Afterwards Richard I. of England became ruler of the island; from whose hands it passed into those of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, whose rule was so much despised on account of its tyranny, that the inhabitants refused to submit to their sway, and the island was again consigned to Richard. Guy of Lusignan next became its ruler—he who had at one time been king of Jerusalem; and the island remained under the Lusignan sway three hundred years. This contested island, then in a most prosperous condition, was seized upon by Charlotte of Lusignan, whose father's death gave her rightful possession of the crown; but she was soon dethroned by her illegitimate brother James, whose forces, strengthened by the of assistance he obtained from the Mamelukes Egypt, she was unable to resist. After a reign of a few years, the death of James in 1473 caused the island to pass into the possession of his widow, and then into that of his son, whose birth occurred some little time after the death of James. Catharine Cornaro, the widow of James, being a Venetian lady, placed the young prince under the guardianship of the republic of Venice; but on his death his mother was persuaded to abdicate the crown in favor of the republic, and Cyprus was thus transferred to the dominion of Venice.

"Under no rule has the island so highly prospered as under that of the Venetians, and the population at that time, consisting of more than two million inhabitants, was certainly enormous. The palmy days of the Venetians continued for a century, but they were doomed to end most unfortunately, for in 1570 the Turks invaded the island, took Nicosia by storm, massacred twenty thousand of the inhabitants, and laid siege to Famagusta, which, though long and gallantly defended, was at last forced to surrender.

"In 1837 a most fearful massacre occurred, and a large number of the rich and influential Greeks on the island were beheaded. Its beautiful chateaux and gardens were destroyed, and the fair island of Cyprus, famous in mythology and song, the home of a once happy and contented people, became a scene of desolation.

"With almost all parts of the island are connected mythological fables of olden times. Being represented as the birthplace of Venus, it was long since consecrated to her, and is also represented by the Greek and Latin poets as the abode of the Graces. Hence Venus obtained the name of Cypria, and was sometimes called the Cyprian goddess. A magnificent temple was erected to her at Paphos, and travelers visiting the island seldom fail to explore its ruins. On each of the hundred altars erected in this splendid temple, a quantity of frankincense was daily burned in honor of the goddess of love, who is thought to have arisen from the foam of the sea in the immediate vicinity of Paphos, and consequently to have first touched the earth on that spot, in memory of which Paphos was founded.

"The tradition that Venus was created from the froth of the sea is still preserved among the people, her Greek name, 'Aphrodite,' being given by them in proof of the verity of this tradition; and it is believed that she was here married to King Adonis, and crowned Queen of Cyprus. Among other curious traditions of this kind is one in connection with her worship. It is said that the altars erected in her honor were exposed to the open heavens, yet they were never wet with rain, although the clouds might pour down torrents of the watery element.

"But however improbable these traditions may be, it is a well-known fact that Zeno the philosopher was a native of Cyprus."

"What of this Stoic Zeno? Tell us something about him."

"The first years of his life were spent in merchandising, and on one of his trading voyages, by the wreck of his vessel he lost his ship and all that it contained. Wretched and penniless he wandered to Athens; being naturally fond of books, he stepped into the shop of a bookseller, and by chance picked up a work of Xenophon, which so much interested him that he inquired where he might find its author. While seeking he met Orates the Cynic, and, pleased with his companionship, remained with him ten years. After passing ten years more with Stilpen of Megara, Zenocrates, and Polemon, he promulgated new doctrines, and selected as a place for delivering his lectures a porch, called in Greek 'Stoa,' from which we have the word *Stoic*, a name not only adopted by his followers in that day, but used at the present time to designate that peculiarly austere manner of con-



GREEK GIRL OF CYPRUS.

duct and feeling for which he was distinguished. He preached his doctrines for forty-eight years and died at the age of ninety-eight, and the Athenians erected a tomb to his memory and adorned it with a crown of gold. He was distinguished not only for his mental powers, but for a wonderful degree of physical strength, never having suffered from the slightest bodily disease, and dying, it is said, by his own hands; which is not improbable, inasmuch as suicide was defended during his life both by himself and his followers. He differed from the Cynics in wholly discarding speculative studies, but resembled them in his austere habits. Had the question been put to them, 'How shall I be happiest?' the reply would have been 'Train your mind to a perfect indifference to all the ills and pleasures that man is heir to, and your aspirations will be met.' The destruction of the world, said the Stoics, would be accomplished by a most terrific conflagration, but after this wreck of matter a new and purer world would burst upon the delighted gaze of mankind."

I did not interrupt the steady flow of words to ask where mankind was supposed to be while the conflagration is going on, for I have noticed that many good talkers are confused by interruptions of this kind. But when the consul's oil of spontaneous information began to run low, it was only necessary to put a well-turned question in order to trim his lamp afresh.

"Tell me something about the people and their customs. Have they any traditions of the Phœnician and Roman occupation?"

"Yes. Among the chief of their festivals—in all of which the Cypriotes show great love of dress and trade—is the feast of the *Cataclismos*. It is held on the seashore at Larnaca, the day after the Greek Pentecost; but, although a relic of heathenism, it is not a religious festival, for no sacrifice or offerings are made. The day is given up to pleasure and amusements, which, however simple, are anticipated by the pretty *Coconas* (young ladies) with great excitement. It occurs in the latter part of May, and is doubtless derived from some pagan festival. As the ceremonies are observed on the beach, it is probably in honor of Venus. Every boat that can be obtained is filled with gay young people, and these go sailing over the waters, with flags floating, while they give back to the shore merry strains of music and ringing peals of laughter. Dancing is one of the amusements of the day, and in this the young Greeks are particularly graceful. On the same day a fair is held for the sale of trinkets, clothes, horses, mules, and donkeys, wines, liquors, and fruits, and two or three thousand people come together on these occasions.

"The Babylonians and Assyrians also had their mythology connected with the nativity of Venus. They believed that an egg of prodigious size fell from the heavens into the Euphrates, and that a dove settled on it after the fish had rolled it on the bank. In a short time Venus sprang from this egg, and was afterwards called the Syrian Goddess. Lucian informs us that at Hierapolis, in Syria, there was a magnificent temple dedicated to this goddess, and in accordance with some law, instituted by Deucalion in commemoration of the Deluge, people from all parts carried water to this temple twice a year and poured it into an aperture which was believed to communicate with the sea. A similar festival was also observed at Athens in the temple of Olympus."

Zeno, not the philosopher, now interrupts to say that in his opinion the ladies in Cyprus are the most beautiful in the world.

"But how do you know that, Zeno? Have you ever been beyond the limits of the Island?"

"No, never farther than I am at present. But what proves that I am right is the fact that most all foreigners who visit Cyprus for any considerable period, if they are not already married, become fascinated with some of our pretty Coconas and linger till a wife is secured; which is no sooner done than they establish themselves permanently."

"Come, come, Zeno! don't talk about the world till you have traveled at least as far as Syria and Egypt, to say nothing of Greece, where some 'Maid of Athens' may enchain your heart. I admit that your mules and donkeys are unsurpassed, but I cannot admit that a glass of your Comandaria wine every



PHŒNICIAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT CYPRUS.

morning will add ten years to one's life until I have tried it by personal experiment."

"But you shall decide at once on our return to Larnaca about the wine, for I shall give you a glass of wine that was made in my grandfather's time, and which is at least a hundred years old. It is as thick as honey, and as smooth as oil."

Zeno did give me some very old Cyprus wine, which was thick, sweet, and smooth, and so very strong that a spoonful sufficed. It was from one of the old casks of immense size which, according to the custom of the Island, are put away by the old aristocratic families on the birth of each male child, not to be opened until his nuptials are celebrated. And now, whatever may be said of the tarry taste of exported Cyprus wine, which arises from the tarred skins in which the wine is carried to the place of exportation, it is still claimed by the Venetians that there is no wine like that of Cyprus. Its tonic and astringent qualities make it useful medicinally, while its sweetness and strength are opposed to its use as a beverage. But the consul had not yet finished his allusions to ancient history.

"The Phœnicians, the sole inhabitants until the close of the Trojan war, were joined by Teucer, the brother of Ajax, who built the city of Salamine; and Agapenor, who, with a colony of Arcadians, built Paphos.



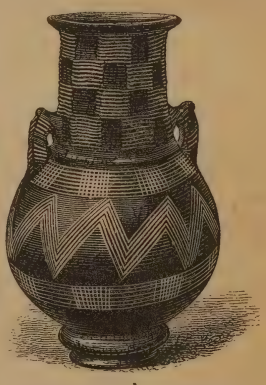
FROM GENERAL CESNOLA'S COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES.

After this came many other colonies, and it is not uncommon in these days to find on the same spot, among the ruins of the ancient cities, objects of art belonging to the Phœnicians, Greeks, Egyptians, and Romans.

"It is said that Marcus Cato, the first Roman tribune of Cyprus, when recalled to Rome, loaded three ships with gold and silver statues, and other works of art; and although two of the vessels were lost, the contents of the third were sufficient to enrich all the Roman senators."

"Has Cyprus any connection with Scriptural times and events?"

"It is said that Lazarus, after being raised from the dead, escaped from the Jews, who persecuted him, and found an abode at Citium or Larnaca. He was made bishop of this town, where he died; and here his tomb, over which the Greek church bearing his name has been erected, is to-day shown to travelers. St. Barnabas, a coworker with Paul, came also to Cyprus, where he made many converts and died an archbishop."



FROM CESNOLA'S COLLECTION.

Zeno, improving a flash of silence on the part of the consul, now referred with animation to the fact that Ciniras — a criminal act in whose life gave material to Alfieri for his tragedy of Myrra—was king and high-priest of Paphos, and that the island was also the scene of the dusky Othello's jealous frenzy, which resulted in the death of the too confiding Desdemona, when the Venetians were in power. And Zeno, finding that his superior officer was becoming a little drowsy, was just entering upon a description of the landing of Richard of England at Amathus, and the capture of the island from Isaac Comnenus, the Byzantine ruler, when our vessel rounded a point and entered the port of Limasol, a little after daybreak.

The captain now cleared the decks of idlers, and all hands were called up to bring the schooner to anchor.

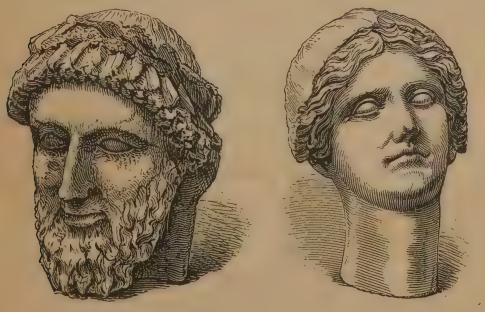
After a good morning nap we had an opportunity to survey the little town, in which the different consular agents, having recognized the American flag, carried in honor of the consul, had floated more than a dozen national standards upon the morning breeze.



IMAGES FOUND AT IDALIUM.

The consular agent of the United States, being a venerable and portly gentleman of one of the aristocratic families, sent his brother-in-law off in a comfortable boat, with an urgent invitation for us to go to his house. These islanders are all exceedingly hospitable, and seem to vie with each other in extending courtesies to foreigners who visit their shores. Finding that there was no hotel in the town, and that our agent would not only feel hurt, but disgraced, if we did not honor his residence, we went forthwith, and during the few days we remained we had no reason to regret it, barring the little item of no breakfast till midday, according to the custom of the country, which was a little severe on full-blooded Americans, accustomed to three meals a day.

Our excursion to the Crusaders' Castle was a success: a ride of three hours across a level country brought us to a little stream, on the other side of which stood a grand chateau, three stories high, with casemates in its enormously thick walls for the use of cannon, and a glorious view from its turreted terrace.*



MARBLE HEADS FOUND AT PAPHOS.

* I regret to say that the notes taken on the spot descriptive of this castle have been mislaid; but it probably belonged to the age of Guy of Lusignan, and was retained by the Crusaders long after they lost their hold upon Palestine.

An excellent dinner of game and vegetables, fresh from the gardens, was served for us, and conspicuous among the courses was a roast pig, a dish unknown in Syria.

The place is now uninhabited except by the farmer of the estate on which it stands, and he occupies only a few of the outhouses. The winding staircases and the massive walls and the immense chambers suggested the days of Cœur-de-Lion, and the Tales of the Crusaders; but we had not time to dwell upon the past, or talk about Ivanhoe, the Knights of St. John, or the dethroned kings; we had a three hours' ride before us, and a party to attend in the evening, where we were to see something of native society. So, leaving the castle to antiquarians who might come after us, we cantered across the plain to a village not far from our road, where we hoped to find some sour milk or good water to quench the thirst engendered by the scorching heat and dust of the day. But here the horse of our cicerone, esteemed for all good qualities, unless we may except his horsemanship, took French leave, and wildly careered over the flat fields, leaving his rider to walk home as best he might. His helplessness was an appeal to the chivalry of the rest of the party, two of whom were well mounted, and galloped after the wayward steed. Fortunately for our friend, his horse was headed off and captured before his second mile, and he was soon put into his saddle, where he appeared to much better advantage than on foot in the dusty road.

The gentleman at whose house we spent the evening was a Cypriote who had amassed a fortune in the service of the generous and over-indulgent Said Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt. His rooms were fitted up in the most gorgeous manner with immense gilt mirrors and sofas, and other palace furniture. His sister was pretty, but spoke nothing but Greek. Zeno was in his element here, and wrote more verses while in Limasol than the rest of the party ever wrote in their lives. The graceful head-dresses of the Coconas attracted my attention. Nowhere have I seen more beautiful coiffures than upon the Greek girls of Cyprus. Half the merit is, I



OLD AND UGLY.

am confident, to be attributed to their luxuriant hair, all their own, which is braided and wound round a small crimson cap worn on the back top of the head. Hanging from the cap is a long black tassel, flat, and spread over one side with a rosette; and the folds of a delicate gauze handkerchief are so brought into requisition that the whole is arranged with exquisite taste, and is so coquettishly poised on the head that all foreigners admit its peculiar beauty. Their features are in general purely Grecian, with a countenance at once sweet and expressive, while their costume is a pretty mingling of the Greek and Italian; and, strange to say, crinoline and Greek jackets seemed not inappropriately worn together when sported by these graceful Coconas. Balls and soirées were of frequent occurrence at Larnaca, and several assemblages of this kind occurred during my visit, at the residences of the consuls. In the evening dress I remarked a very pretty feature, consisting of minute pearls made into bouquets and worn upon the side of the ladies' heads. They are immoderately fond of dancing, especially on board the European ships-of-war. One lady is said to have fallen down the hatchway of an English gunboat while waltzing with a middy, and to have been quite ready for the next ball, hatchway or no hatchway.

Our time had expired, and the return to Larnaca was sounded. We were accompanied on board by many newly made acquaintances, and we sailed out of port amid the waving of friendly handkerchiefs, the unfurling of consular flags, and the slowly given reports of our little six-pounder, whose salute was all we could render in the way of a return for the courtesies of the good people of Limasol. Zeno was silent during the return voyage; his heart was sorely wounded, and his thoughts all ran to verse. Consoling him with the thought that

> "'Twas better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all,"

we left him to his meditations, and talked of Cyprus as it is.

It appears that there is no Protestant mission work in operation here. Some years ago the A. B. C. F. M., which has so successfully extended its missions in other parts of the East, attempted to establish one here, and Rev. Messrs. Pease, Shedd, and Thompson began their labor of love. But it was soon discontinued for want of encouragement, the elements of the Greek character affording no grounds for hope. The graves of Mr. Pease



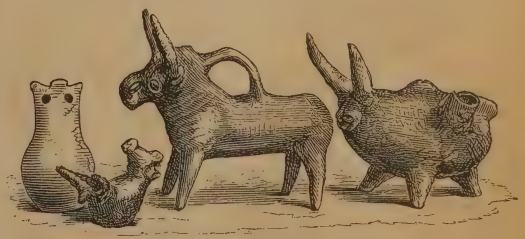
VASE PURCHASED OF GEN. CESNOLA FOR $400 IN GOLD.

and his child may now be seen in the Greek cemetery; and the memory of this pious man is still cherished by the members of the Greek church, who held him, when living, in great esteem, and offered his body a burial-place when the Latins refused to allow its interment in their consecrated ground.

And there are no Jews in Cyprus—not a Jew in all the Island. The only light thrown by history on this point, that I can find, is the fact that Hadrian drove every Jew from the Island.*

On our return to Larnaca after another pleasant sail we had many pleasant walks and rides, so that the place, with all its attractions, is distinctly photographed upon my memory. The country immediately around Larnaca and the Scala, or port, is wanting in two important respects. The only mountains are in the hazy distance, and the trees are too few in number to break the monotony of the dead level of the plain.

Our walks were frequently directed to the



ANCIENT POTTERY FOUND AT PAPHOS.

* The Jews once formed quite a large proportion of the population, but they rebelled in the reign of Trajan and massacred 240,000 of their fellow-citizens. Hadrian was sent from Rome to quell the insurrection, and only succeeded in restoring peace by banishing every Jew from Cyprus.



ANCIENT JAR.

Latin convent, midway between the Scala and the town, from whose gray walls sweet strains of music issued in the soft twilight. We entered the little chapel once during vespers, and were fully repaid for the fatigue of standing, by the melody of the evening chants, accompanied by a rich, full-toned organ.

The Latins pay especial regard to the Virgin Mary during the month of May, when daily service is performed and hymns are sung in her praise. The chapel is decorated with flowers throughout the month, and the pretty Coconas occupy themselves assiduously in forming and hanging garlands upon the necks and heads of statues of the Virgin, before which they may be seen kneeling for hours together in adoration.

An expedition to Famagusta and to the other ruins, although skillfully planned, was not put into execution, for the breaking out of the Syrian massacres made it necessary to return to Beirût with all speed, and a chance English steamer afforded the desired opportunity.

I have made subsequent visits to Cyprus, but none had for me the charm of my first impressions, which half convinced me that the pagan idea of "the isles of the blessed" was not altogether an erroneous one. The bachelor consul, who was then my host, is now the head of a family, and a rising man in his own country. It has been said that few office-holders die and none resign; but he resigned his consulship, preferring the duties of citizenship at home to the precarious enjoyment of $1,000 while representing his country abroad. Zeno writes no more verses, for he too is a married man, and his three children have given his thoughts a more practical turn. The truth of history also compels me to relate that Zeno has traveled along the Syrian and Egyptian coast, and has consequently become quite a man of the world.

The present consul, General Cesnola, has been successful in keeping up the prestige of the American flag, and in finding treasures of antiquity among the tombs and ruins of the ancient Idalium, and at Baffo the ancient Paphos, where he stumbled upon a temple of Venus. These consist of works of art, and crusaders' and Oriental arms, bronzes, marbles, antique Greek glass, statues in limestone and terra cotta, gold and silver, and engraved stones, Greco-Phœnician and red glazed pottery.

This is an interesting discovery to all Oriental scholars and antiquarians. The British, Russian, and Berlin Museums have sent out commissioners to examine the collection and to purchase specimens. The consul hoped to sell the entire museum, consisting of about 6,000 pieces, to some American society, but, despairing of success, he has decided to sell by parcels, and has already received a good return upon his investment from lots sold at auction in Paris.

Many American travelers have inspected his series of duplicates, and many have expressed the hope that a full set may yet find its way to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or to the rooms of the New York Historical Society, where it would prove worthy of a place by the side of Abbot's collection of Egyptian antiquities.

A VISIT TO CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S SCHOOL AT BRUSSELS.

We were a party of twelve—a couple of complete family circles, and a segment or two from others over the sea, but all linked into a chain unbroken for many weeks; and we stayed our feet one June day in the old city of Brussels.

Table d'hôte over, "Where shall we go? What can we do?" queried one of the four girls in our party, two of whom had but just now escaped from the thraldom of a French *pensionnat.*

"It would be so delightful if we could walk out for once by ourselves. If there were only something to see, somewhere to go."

"Girls!" exclaimed Axelle suddenly, "was not the scene of *Villette* laid in Brussels? Is not Charlotte Brontë's boarding-school here? I am sure it is. Suppose we seek it out—we four girls alone."

"But how and where?" and "Wouldn't that be fine?" chorused the others. There was a hasty search through guide-books, but,

alas! not a clue could we find, not a peg upon which to hang the suspicions that were almost certainties.

"I am sure it was here," persisted Axelle. "I wish we had a *Villette*."

"We could get one at an English library," suggested another.

"If there is any English library here," added a third, doubtfully.

Evidently that must be our first point of departure. We could ask for information there. Accordingly we planned our crusade, as girls do,—the elders smiling unbelief, as elders will,—and sallied out at last into the summer sunshine, very brave in our hopes, very glad in our unwonted liberty. A *commissionnaire* gave us the address of the book-store we sought as we were leaving the hotel. "There are no obstacles in the path of the determined," we said, stepping out upon the Rue Royale. Across the way was the grand park, a maze of winding avenues, shaded by lofty trees, with nymphs and fauns and satyrs hiding among the shrubbery, and with all the tortuous paths made into mosaic pavement by the shimmering sunlight. But to Axelle, *Villette* was more real than that June day. "Do you remember," she said, "how Lucy Snow reached the city alone and at night?—how a young English stranger conducted her across the park, she following in his footsteps through the darkness, and hearing only the tramp, tramp before her, and the drip of the rain as it fell from the soaked leaves? This must be the park."

When we had passed beyond its limits we espied a little square, only a kind of alcove in the street, in the center of which was the statue of some military hero. Behind it a quadruple flight of broad stone steps led down into a lower and more quiet street. Facing us, as we looked down, was a white stuccoed house, with a glimpse of a garden at one side. "See!" exclaimed Axelle joyfully, "I believe this is the very place. Don't you remember when they had come out from the park, and Lucy's guide had left her to find an inn near by, she ran, being frightened, and losing her way, came at last to a flight of steps like these, which she descended, and found instead of the inn, the pensionnat of Madame Beck?" Only the superior discretion and worldly wisdom of the others prevented Axelle from following in Lucy Snow's footsteps, and settling the question of identity then and there. As it was, we went on to the library, a stuffy little place with a withered old man for sole attendant, who, seated before a table in the back shop, was poring over an old book. We darted in, making a bewildering flutter of wings, and pecked him with a dozen questions at once, oddly inflected: — "*Was* the scene of *Villette* laid in Brussels?" and "*Is* the school really here?" and "You *don't* say so!" though we had insisted upon it from the first and he had just replied in the affirmative; lastly, "Oh, *do* tell us how we may find it."

"You must go so-and-so," he said at length, when we paused.

"Yes," we replied in chorus; "we have just come from there."

"And—" he went on, "you will see the statue of Gen. Beliard."

We nudged each other significantly.

"Go down the steps in the rear, and the house facing you ——"

"We knew it. We felt it," we cried triumphantly, and his directions ended there. We neither heeded nor interpreted the expression of expectation that stole over his face. We poured out only a stream of thanks which should have moistened the parched sands of his soul, and then hastened to retrace our steps. We found the statue again. We descended into the narrow, noiseless street and stood—an awe-struck group—before the great square house, upon the door-plate of which we read—

PENSIONNAT DE DEMOISELLES.

HÉGER—PARENT.

"Now," said Axelle, when we had drawn in, with a deep breath, the satisfaction and content which shone out again from our glad eyes. "We will ring the bell."

"You will not think of it," gasped the choir of startled girls.

"To be sure; what have we come for?" was her reply. "We will only ask permission to see the garden, and as the portress will doubtless speak nothing but French, some one of you fresh from school must act as mouth-piece." They stared at Axelle, at each other, and at the steps leading into the upper town, as though they meditated flight. "I cannot," and "*I* cannot," said each one of the shrinking group.

Axelle laid her hand upon the bell and gave one long, strong pull. "Now," she said quietly, "some one of you must speak. You are ladies: you will not run away."

And they accepted the situation.

We were shown into a small salon, where presently there entered to us a brisk, sharp-featured little French woman—a teacher in the establishment—who smi ed a courteous welcome from out her black eyes as we apol-

ogized for the intrusion and made known our wishes.

"We are a party of American girls," we said, "who, having learned to know and love Charlotte Brontë through her books, desire to see the garden of which she wrote in *Villette*."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," was the gracious response. "Americans often come to visit the school and the garden."

"Then this *is* the school where she was for so long a time?" we burst out simultaneously, forgetting our little prepared speeches.

"Yes, mesdemoiselles; I also was a pupil at that time," was the reply. We viewed the dark little woman with sudden awe.

"But tell us," we said, crowding around her, "was she like—like—" we could think of no comparison that would do justice to the subject.

The reply was a shrug of the shoulders and "she was just a quiet little thing in no way remarkable. I am sure," she added, "we did not think her a genius; and indeed, though I have read her books, I can see nothing in them to admire or praise so highly!"

"But they are *so* wonderful!" ventured one of our number gushingly.

"They are very untrue," she replied, while something like a spark shot from the dark eyes.

O shade of departed story-tellers! is it thus ye are to be judged!

"Madame Héger," she went on, "who still has charge of the school, is a most excellent lady, and not at all the person described as 'Madam Beck.'"

"And M. Paul Emmanuel—Lucy Snow's teacher-lover,"—we ventured to suggest with some timidity.

"Is Madam Héger's husband, and was at that time," she replied with a little angry toss of the head. After this terrible revelation there was nothing more to be said.

She led the way through a narrow passage, and opening a door at the end we stepped into the garden. We had passed the class-rooms on our right—where "on the last row, in the quietest corner," Charlotte and Emily used to sit. We could almost see the pale faces, the shy figures bending over the desk in the gathering dusk.

The garden is less spacious than it was in Charlotte's time, new class-rooms having been added, which cut off something from its length. But the whole place was strangely familiar and pleasant to our eyes. Shut in by surrounding houses, more than one window overlooks its narrow space. Down its length upon one side extends the shaded walk, the "allée défendue," which Charlotte paced alone so many weary hours, when Emily had returned to England. Parallel to this is the row of giant pear-trees—huge, misshapen, gnarled—that bore no fruit to us but associations vivid as memories. From behind these in the summer twilight the ghost of *Villette* was wont to steal, and buried at the foot of "Methuselah," the oldest, we knew poor Lucy's love-letters were hidden to-day. A seat here and there, a few scattered shrubs, evergreen, laurel, and yew, scant blossoms, paths damp, green-crusted—that was all. Not a cheerful place at its brightest; not a sunny spot associated in one's mind with summer and girlish voices. It was very still that day; the pupils were off for the long vacation, and yet how full the place was to us. The very leaves overhead, the stones in the walls around us whispered a story as we walked to and fro where little feet, that tired even then of life's rough way, had gone long years before.

"May we take one leaf—only one?" we asked as we turned away.

"As many as you please," and the little Frenchwoman grasped at the leaves growing thick and dark above her head. We plucked them with our own hands, tenderly, almost reverently; then with many thanks and our adieus we came away.

"We have found it," we exclaimed, when we had returned to the hotel and our friends. They only smiled their unbelief.

"Do you not know?—can you not see?—oh, do you not feel?—" we cried, displaying our glistening trophies, "that these could have grown nowhere but upon the pear-trees in the old garden where Charlotte Brontë used to walk and dream?"

And our words carried conviction to their hearts.

THE BLIND BOY—A PARABLE.



THE valley smiled; not so the hills
Where rock and somber pine arose:
But constant were the silver rills
That sought the valley for repose.
They chafed if but a passing gust
Into mid-air their current thrust.

So lofty were the topmost peaks
That where they stopped the clouds began;
And not till noon the early streaks
Of sunshine through the valley ran:
So all the night and half the day
Blind was that valley to the ray.

The peaks in snow, the clouds in gold,
The fields in verdure scattered round,
Wild shadows gamboled towards the wold;
Tame shadows stretched along the ground.
At noon the mountain-shadow moved
And took slow leave of all it loved.

Then were the clouds consumed apace;
Then were the shadows, like a scroll,
Drawn nearer to the mountain's base,
Beneath it suddenly to roll.
Nor wondering eyes asked how it went,
The sun once in the firmament.

There live two orphans: one in shade
Finds all his joy, and one in light.
These, of a pair by nature made,
Are perfect in each other's sight.
Sister and brother, side by side
They wander, and their joys divide.

When through the woods, the lanes, the fields,
The brother has a wish to stray,
The sister takes the hand he yields,
For she by habit leads the way.
Her skipping feet direct his pace,
And so they run from place to place.

O'er plains that strike the gray-white line
Where earth's mild curve in distance ends,
O'er streams that on the dwelling shine,
O'er quiet mead that homeward tends,
O'er sand-dunes waiting on the shore,
The sister's eyes his wealth explore.

Despite these gifts, his sister's hand,
Her gentle voice, her sayings dear,
He cares for more than all his land,
That stretches far or gathers near.
The path he loses she can find,
For all his sight is in her mind.

At early morn, embraced by her,
He sits within the shadow's dip
To list to his sweet minister,
And paint his visions from her lip.
She tells him all that earth and skies
Reveal to her enchanted eyes.

Sister and brother, side by side,
Her eyes are bright and his are blind.
These are the gifts which they divide:
They halve their thoughts and share their mind.
Darkness he gives and she gives light,
She finds the day and he the night.

She tells him how the mountains swell
Till rocks and forests touch the skies;
He tells her how the shadows dwell
In purple dimness on his eyes.
His wandering orbs the while he lifts,
As round his smile their spirit drifts.

Content beneath the shadow-tree,
Her heart round his to closer wind,
At his sweet smile her eyes, in glee,
She shuts to share his peace of mind.
So half in play the sister tries
To find his soul within her eyes.

She takes his hand and walks along
To lead him to the river's brink.
She stays to hear the water's song,
And closes still her eyes to think,
To tell him, now, the murmurs strike
On ear and heart of both alike.

"The river's flow is bright and clear,"
The blind boy said, "but were it dark,
How should we then its music hear?
And yet at eve-tide sings the lark.
Still if the stream no murmur made,
Methinks it then were like a shade."

"And yet, dear brother, when it stops,
And in the quiet lake is hushed,
Although its gentle murmur drops
'Tis bright as when past us it rushed.
It is not like a shade the more,
Except beneath the wooded shore."

They ramble slowly to the beach;
They sit before the splashing deep.
Their ear the louder voices reach,
And long their soul in silence keep.
"Now, sister, tell me once again
The wonders of the sea's domain."

"I see the waters like a bow
That bends into the dappled sky.
I see the breakers now in row
Without a motion distant lie:
Or if one vanish from the rest,
It shows again its foamy crest.

"But nearer, midway toward the sands,
I see each crooked billow creep:
It stops and into froth expands
To disappear upon the deep.
But nearer still huge billows strive
To reach the shore and first arrive."

"What color is the sky to-day?"
The blind boy asked. "It still is blue:
But racing clouds about it play,
Some white, and some of inky hue.
When sailors see its dappled form
They always say it bodes a storm."

"What color is the sea? no sun
Is shining now; it must be green."
"It is, but high the breakers run
And white the surf that rolls between.
A storm is lowering o'er the bay,
And all the sky is getting gray."

"The waves are louder: now they call
On me to look upon their might,"
The blind boy said; "and, as they fall,
I think they break upon my sight.
Perhaps at dusk, if we were nigh,
My eyes might see them dark and high."

"What noise was that?" again he cries.
"The sea-gull's scream and flapping wing.
Towards land before a storm he flies
When wind sets in at early spring."
"And tell me all that else betides?"
"A porpoise o'er the billow strides."

She leads him to the wooded belt
Where twisted boughs are thickly set.
"For soon," she said, "the rain must pelt,
And there is shelter from the wet.
When pattering drops soak through the leaves
We still can shun the dripping eaves."

"Stay, sister, hearken to that sound!
You did not say the lightning play'd?"
"It flashes now, and whirling round
The gull dips low and is afraid."
The boy now turns his floating eyes,
But not the way the sea-bird flies.

"The rain is come, for on my cheek
I feel a drop this instant splash.
Let us," he said, "the woodlands seek,
And hear it on the foliage dash.
On the ground-ivy let us tread
And through the grove its perfume spread."

And so they prattle as they leave
The stony beach: in pensive mood
He listens as the billows heave:
She leans her vision on the wood.
And as the honey-suckle clings,
About his neck her arm she flings.

The blind boy thus his sister's sight
From dawn to even fondly tasks,
And reads the world in borrowed light,
Whose equal good he freely asks.
And she, to skim all nature, plies
The infant passion of her eyes.

The sands upon the shore below,
The breakers off the ocean thrown,
The peaks that rob the earth of snow,
By him unseen, are yet his own.
On them were many born to gaze,
Yet none to better pierce their maze.

Though blind he saw, for he had light
To span the corn-fields and the meads,
The lake's repose, the river's flight,
Through her whose hand the blind boy leads.
A sister's love the world explores;
His heart accepts it and adores.

And when the pleasant house is near,
And ended all she had to say,
She lifts her voice: "O brother dear,
If good my eyes have been to-day,
Kiss them for every new delight
That kindles in your spirit's sight!"

"I draw all vision through your eyes:
I see within, you see outside.
Your love has raised me to the skies,
So narrow once, now high and wide.
Nor always of the somber hue:
For I can dream the dark to blue.

"The hill that upward toils, the stream,
The valley, and the ocean's range,
These take the colors of a dream,
Though as it changes so they change.
But tinged by hope no more they fade
Into the deep and narrow shade.

"Outside to you the world is told,
And all you learn you tell to me;
Inside do I the world behold;
There your fond eyes themselves I see;
There your kind hand is in my sight:
No longer dark, for love is light."

LONDON REVISITED.

"THE Dean of Westminster will preach in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall;" so we wended our way thither, for Dean Stanley is a man one must see and hear when one can. The chapel is in the Banqueting Hall of the palace, in front of which Charles I. was beheaded. It was a charity sermon for the benefit of an Asylum for the Blind. The Dean wins you at once by his refined and intellectual face—a pleasing contrast to the heavy features of the average English clergyman. His theme was the compensations attending blindness. He had an old quarto copy of Milton in the desk, and read with great feeling and force three long passages from "Paradise Lost" and "Samson," referring to his own loss of sight—especially the lines,

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day,"—etc.

The Dean's reference to Milton was warmly eulogistic; and he proceeded in this wise:—"There is a dim tradition that some people once actually believed that Milton's blindness was a judgment of Heaven upon him for his defense of the tragedy which took place on the spot where we now stand. Such a sentiment is simply barbarous; it is unworthy of a civilized people. No Englishman of the present day would tolerate it for a moment." Of the accuracy of this last statement, I have my doubts. But the protest of this high dignitary of the Church against the bigotry of a past age, and especially this emphatic reference to a notable event in English history, on the spot where it occurred, and by the official representative of Church and State, seemed to me noteworthy. We all know from Dean Stanley's various works that he is a large-minded man, nobly devoted to the best interests of his Church, for he is wise enough to see that these interests are not advanced by retaining the worst features of mediæval traditions. But one cannot help wondering how far such a man, even in his high position of official dignity, is sincerely followed by the average audience of very respectable churchmen, whose very respectable faces seem to be the very embodiment of veneration for the traditions and the exclusiveness of the Establishment.

In the afternoon our excellent friend, Rev. Newman Hall, held a service in St. James's Hall (where during the week the "two-headed nightingale" held her crowded levees). The simple, dignified, and yet kind and effective manner in which Mr. Hall preached to the very large audience was admirable in every way.

In Westminster Abbey, where the service on Sunday is now conducted with excellent consideration for the comfort and edification of strangers, I heard another sermon which was notable as an explanation, rather than a justification, of "The Church's" Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. "There are certain *technical* terms used by the Church," said the preacher, "and this is one. Regeneration is not conversion; *that* must come, sooner or later, or else the baptism of the infant or the adult is of non-effect, and can never procure salvation." Is there not, after all, some sort of kinship between the "holy Catholic" views and those of the most orthodox "sects?" However one may be influenced by the preaching in these venerable cathedrals,—and it seems natural, somehow, to expect nothing but platitudes or drowsy essays,—no one can attend service in this ancient shrine without being impressed with the solemn beauty of the ritual, and the grandeur of the lofty arches and columns which echo back the chant, "Glory be to God on high." It is a rather trite remark—but after thirty-five years the first impressions of these grand Gothic structures are more than confirmed, and one must still wonder and admire the patient and pious zeal which reared and preserved them through those long dark years of mediæval ignorance.

Curiosity led me into what is called the "Pro-Cathedral," in Kensington,—a new and handsome church (reached from High street by a narrow passage),—which serves for the "Metropolitan" of Romanist Westminster, until they are strong enough to build a more gorgeous edifice. Here officiates the noted Archbishop Manning alternately with the more noted Monsignor Capel (chronicled in *Lothair*). The custodians of the seats took the shillings of each occupant with an air of business, as if it had been a concert; and I found that the handsome Capel himself was to be the preacher. He entered the pulpit with a jaunty air, put on his becoming cap with a graceful little gesture, as if conscious of his popularity, and began to talk in an easy, fluent manner, without notes, and apparently without study or effort, his theme being a defense of the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation—a fitting sequel, perhaps, to the Abbey discourse. He did not propose either explanation or defense of it, but simply urged that inability to comprehend it was no justification for want of faith. "How," said he, "can we fully grasp and understand the fact that the little child in the manger at Bethlehem was the infinite Jehovah himself? and yet we all believe this."

Of course we heard Spurgeon again, and found the Tabernacle as full as ever—every one of the five thousand seats being filled, and hundreds standing. This famous preacher's sincerity and earnestness were more convincing even than at first, and so is the evidence of the great extent of his laborious usefulness;—but I could not detect any marked originality or ability in his sermon. His dismissal of the vast audience to-day appeared to me painfully injudicious, to say the least. He invoked a blessing upon all "the saints," and closed with these words: "and if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha!"

Ordinary sermons which I have heard in the parish churches of St. Martin's-le-Grand, at Paddington, and at "the Foundling," were not impressive in their intellectual ability, but were an improvement on those of olden time. English churchmen are evidently more awake to the practical wants of the people, and to the conflicts of the times, and are more earnest in efforts to do good than they were thirty years ago, though even then I used to hear such men as Baptist Noel, Croly, and Henry Melville.

People go to "the Foundling" to hear the fine singing there, and see the place and the children, who are very nicely housed on an old and ample "foundation." In the chapel the "arms" of the "governors" and patrons for a half-dozen generations are blazoned on the windows. Inquiring the way there of a couple of boys of fifteen in the vicinity, they did not know such a place as the "*Found*ling Hospital;" but at last a light beamed on the brow of one of them, and he said, "Oh, you mean the '*Fon*lin;' but I say, Bill, is that 'ere a 'Ospital?" Query, as to the average *English* pronunciation of the "masses" here and in Yankee-land?

Parliament needed looking after; and Mr. Jacob Bright (his brother John is still an invalid) and Mr. Thomas Hughes both sent us orders for our friends, which they kindly "borrowed" from fellow-members, and put Mrs. R. on the list for the ladies' "cage" over the speaker's chair. The surroundings of the great edifice are far more fitting and more imposing than in my younger days, when the old "Houses" looked positively shabby. The great towers at each end of the building—which is probably the finest modern Gothic structure in the world—are really magnificent; and the chief entrances and corridors are all in keeping—yet "the House" is approached by the public through an adjoining building, the noble and venerable Westminster Hall, where English history, through seven or eight centuries, looks down upon us. This ancient and spacious hall is a worthy ante-room to the national Legislature; but the law-courts connected with it are only an unpleasant excrescence. When these are removed, and St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the ugly brick buildings next to the Treasury (which is to be done), the two finest buildings in London will have some better chance of being seen as they should be.

The comparative smallness, not to say meanness, of the actual session-halls of both Lords and Commons appears more anomalous than ever. Each has scant accommodation for about one hundred visitors, and scarcely seats enough for all its members.

Mr. Gladstone's plucky *coup d'état*, abolishing by royal warrant the purchase of commissions in the army, in defiance of the snubbed House of Lords, had occurred this very week, and was *the* talk of the town. We could only look at the general aspect of things, and hear a debate on minor matters following this notable stroke of policy. The spasmodic minister, as the opposition journals called him, sat, as usual, facing his old antagonist, Disraeli, on the other side of the table; and the famous leader, *ci-devant* of the House of Israel, and *now* of English conservatism, made a snappish retort to some mild explana-

tion of the courteous premier. Surely this novelist-statesman is one of the "curiosities of literature" and of politics. He is in excellent preservation, and looks scarcely older than twenty years ago. Mr. W. E. Forster and two or three others of the ministers defended some minor points in the new Ballot bill, which advanced a stage in spite of the conservatives; but a display of *oratory* in Parliament is somewhat rare.

It is curious to see how the decadence of the House of Lords is referred to everywhere as an accepted fact. I don't attempt any analysis of English politics; but the headway made by the Democratic idea in England, whether for good or evil, is notably a sign of the times. The sharp criticism of the Queen's absence from London, and of her failure to entertain foreign potentates and to *earn her salary*—for that is what it amounts to—even in such moderate and conservative journals as the *Pall Mall Gazette;* the meetings of the people to protest against further grants to Prince Arthur or any more of the royal scions, and the indifference about the doings of the Queen and her children, and of the nobility, as compared with the early years of Victoria's reign, are too significant to be overlooked. Whether this change is premature or is altogether healthy may be questioned; but (as a straw) a remark may be quoted which I heard in a busy street: two citizens evidently "to the manor born:"—"One thing you may be sure of," says one, "the Prince of Wales will never sit on his mother's throne." In former times such a speech in the open street might have been hazardous. Sooner or later, the trappings and expensive luxuries of royalty will be largely simplified; but there are few conditions of life or forms of government that have not *something* to boast of as compensation for their evils. Oddly enough, the same day, and the next after the Dean's sermon at Whitehall, in glancing over the pages of egotistical and transparent Pepys, who diarized his doings in the days of the Restoration, this was the "lesson of the day."

"Oct 9. 1660.—Went out to Charing Cross to see "Maj. Gen. Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered— "which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any "man could in that condition. He was presently cut "down, and his head and heart shown to the people, "at which there were *great shouts of joy.* * * "Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at "Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge "for the King, at Charing Cross."

With a special card of admission, I attended, with my friend L., two of the "Colonial Conferences" in session at the Westminster Palace Hotel. An audience of about 300, largely composed of ladies, filled a large hall in the hotel—the Duke of Manchester in the chair, and Mr. Jenkins, author of *Ginx's Baby*, reading the opening address. This Mr. Jenkins (son of a Montreal clergyman),—a rather bald-headed man of forty,—made some sharp strictures upon Parliament and the ministers for their indifference to the wants of "Britain's Colonies," and their ignorance of the nature of those wants. Rev. Dr. Guthrie, editor of the *Sunday Magazine*,—a fine-looking elderly Scotchman,—followed, exploiting with some emphasis the excellencies of a certain Refuge or Asylum for destitute orphan children, of which he was one of the promoters,—and which he said would furnish a capital crop of good colonists. The gentleman from Australia, in a sharp, bright speech, protested against being supplied with emigrants taken from the gutters; whereupon the reverend doctor stoutly and warmly reiterated his assertion that neither Canada nor Australia ought to ask or expect better recruits than could be furnished by his pet charity. The Conference was sweetened with ice-cream and strengthened with coffee, and was thus prolonged to a late hour for several days and evenings; but whether the Colonies were essentially helped, deponent saith not.

The second evening the leaders were on the *qui vive* to receive the Emperor of Brazil, who is now examining British institutions, and whose royal arms were put up over the platform; but that intelligent and sensible "foreigner" was so busy with other lions that he arrived only as the meeting was breaking up. One little incident here was amusing: the Australian delegate began saying that it had been asserted by some that the power and prestige of England were on the wane, and that English influence among the nations had become of late materially lessened. "No, no, no!" was the cry all over the hall; and the speaker corrected his sentence by remarking that he had merely quoted other people; but he himself believed that the position of England was never stronger than now. This soothed the sensitive listeners; their nerves had probably been excited by *The Battle of Dorking*, the publishers of which announce the "second hundred thousand"—while a dozen other "sensations," by way of offset, have been following in its wake. The last of these is *The Battle of Berlin*, which reverses the picture, and demolishes the German empire at the gates of its capital. But all these straws show something of the popular currents flowing here just now.

In London, the weather being exceptionally fine, I enjoyed long rides on the tops of omnibuses to all parts of the great metropolis and its suburbs. More than ever one is *forced* to see, in this way, some of the fearful degradation resulting from the thousands of glaring gin palaces at the corners of almost every street,—crowded with men, women, children, and some with babies in their arms; many cadaverous and half-starved, whose last pennies are spent, not for bread, but for the vile fiery compound in which they seek to drown their sorrows and privations.

What a fearful problem do these places present to the philanthropist and the statesman! The absence of pure water used to be the excuse for swilling the beer which is so large a part of the life of English working-people. I was glad to see that this evil had been greatly remedied by the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association, which, in the spirit of Mr. Bergh, has provided water-fountains for man and beast in every part of the great city. Scarcely any practical charity was more needed; and how strange it is, that thirty years ago such simple and effective checks against intemperance had not been thought of. A person drinking a glass of pure cold water was then looked upon with wonder. Now, it is said that these fountains are used by 300,000 daily, who are thus so much the less tempted by the gin-shops. A strange statement, by the way, now floats in print, to the effect that 300,000 "members of the Church of England (!)" are habitual drunkards!

Wenham Lake ice was introduced into the Strand about thirty years ago, and now London begins to be well supplied with this luxury from Norway and Sweden. Another improvement is the recent introduction, in a few places, of "American Soda-Water Fountains." At one of these places in Regent street you can get ice-cream and soda-water equal to any in Broadway; and I was glad to see fashionable ladies coming in there in troops to enjoy the unwonted luxury—and well they might, in this unwonted temperature of 80° and more, in the shade.

Those frightful gin palaces remind me of a little sketch which was given me from life by an English friend, some years ago: Scene, the Old Hummum's Hotel, Covent Garden; J., taking his chop in the coffee-room, is forced to hear the talk of a couple at another table. "Waiter," J. whispers, "who is that old fellow?" "That, Sir, — Oh, that's Lord A—— [a peer of the realm, who owns whole acres of tenants in the heart of northern London]. His lordship often dines here, Sir. That's his medical man with him, Sir. He has him for company, Sir." [i. e., a good listener and endorser for my lord's wisdom.] My lord sipping his port, *loq.*—"No, no! What I say is this: if a man wants his pint of wine or glass of spirits and water, let him have it! let him *have* it! But blast the coffee-shops! you may depend upon it that one-half of the vices of this great metropolis are contracted in those d——d coffee-shops. And now mark what I say; tea's as bad: now tea's as bad. Here I hear many people complaining of the price of tea. They say tea's getting up; tea's getting up! I wish to Heaven 'twas a guinea an ounce. *I* never use it! Here's all the money going out of the country to those cursed Chinese. No, no! what I say is this," etc.

Doctor (after several repetitions of the above), to change the topic: "Anything going on down at the House, my lord?"

"Not a d——d thing. I told Wellington, the last time I was down there, that the country's all going to the dogs, past redemption. No! no! what I say is this; if a man wants a pint of wine or a glass of spirits and water, let him *have* it! let him *have* it! But d—— the coffee-shops," etc. etc., and so on to about a dozen repetitions. If peers like these prevail much in the upper House, no wonder Mr. Gladstone ignores them; but fortunately there is an Argyll, a Houghton, and a good many others who are noble by nature as well as by title.

The problem of pauperism and vice must be one of the hardest for English philanthropy and State-craft to solve. "Old England," said an American friend years ago, "how magnificent are her charities! yet how desperate is her destitution!" Has she improved any? Let us hope so; though one still sees some wretched objects of pity, even in the busy streets under the very nose of the Beadle and of the "Peeler." What can be more dreary than the songs (!) you hear from those pitiable-looking men, women, and children who appeal for pennies by plaintive notes of woe, sometimes under the guise of comic (!) glees, under your window; the miserable creatures looking as though the driest crust would be greedily clutched to defeat absolute starvation. Passing through St. James's Park, Sunday morning, on my way to the Abbey, I observed on one of the benches near the pond a young man and woman of 18 or 20, apparently billing and cooing lovers; so I modestly looked the other way. But as I passed,

a second glance showed me in those two faces a picture of hopeless woe which haunted me for weeks. They seemed to be drearily, despairingly in want and misery. One passes often from such piteous people to another phase of street life, the lively doings of Punch and Judy—still a popular institution in London, and amusing enough to win coppers from people who abuse themselves for their absurdity in being so easily amused.

In thinking of the condition of the poor in London, one naturally inquires about the practical charities of recent years, and especially those of George Peabody and Miss Burdett Coutts. We went down to Shoreditch to see the first of Mr. Peabody's model houses, and the new market and tenements just erected by the Baroness, near the Great Eastern Railway. What could be a more beneficent transformation than that thus wrought in the regions before so dismally forlorn and wretched? The other tenement quadrangles, produced by Mr. Peabody's money, are at Islington and on the Surrey side.

Of the American notions which have been introduced here besides that real philanthropy, soda fountains, we have among others that great achievement, the sewing-machine, which Hood did *not* chronicle when he sang the Song of a Shirt. Wheeler & Wilson, Wilcox & Gibbs, Singer, Howe, and others have warehouses here, both in the City and at the West End; and Cramer, the leading music-dealer in Regent street, displays a big sign of "American organs."

The present International Exhibition at Albert Hall and the Horticultural Gardens appears to show little or nothing distinctively American. The display of pictures and sculpture, especially the English, is large and creditable, and there is a fair collection from Belgium, France, and Germany. The rest of the exhibition consists chiefly of draperies, machinery in motion, porcelain, carpets, and ornamental furniture—all admirable in their way. But the things best worth seeing are the buildings themselves, and the flower-gardens between them. Albert Hall is the best architectural success which London can boast in late years. Most people already know that this is a huge structure of brick and stone, designed partly as a "memorial" to the lamented Prince —(in addition to the pretty Gothic structure in the Park, for which they say the Queen pays £200,000 from her privy purse—the city not being inclined to deprive her of that pleasure). The hall is utilized as a huge concert-room, capable of seating 10,000 persons, who can all see and hear almost equally well. It has a superb organ—said to be the best in Europe—and seats for 1,000 or more performers. A shilling admission to the lofty promenade gallery at the top gave me a chance for leisurely examining some 500 water-colors placed there as part of the exhibition, while listening at the same time to a fine concert of vocal, instrumental, and organ music, and looking down comfortably on the immense audience in four or five successive circles, rising above a *parterre* of living flowers, or rather of living ladies crowned with flowers and ribbons of all the tints in nature. The architectural effect of this vast interior is wonderfully grand; and yet, with all its immense dimensions, this building can contain only about one-eighth as many people as the old Roman Coliseum. In the daytime the beautiful gardens and conservatory of the Horticultural Society are open to visitors, and a fine band discourses choice music to the thousands who throng the grounds and the terraces on each side. The whole scene is extremely animating and beautiful.

This temporary exhibition, however, had to me less attraction than the galleries of the South Kensington Museum, which is reached from a corner of the garden. The buildings for this admirable collection, already erected, are still destitute of any main elevation, and have a crude and uninviting appearance externally. Mr. Cole, the chief inspirer and engineer of the enterprise, seems to glory in the fact that no money has yet been spent on fronts or external ornament.* Mr. Cole, who is a fine old English gentleman of sixty-five, and his chief assistant, Mr. Owen, were very obliging in their manifestations of good-will to our New York enterprise, the "Metropolitan Art Museum." They gave me two long interviews, in which all the main points in the history, theory, and practice of the Kensington institution were fully explained. They also liberally offered all kinds of facilities for our Museum to acquire the reproductions in casts—plaster and metal—and in photography and chromos, which have been obtained from the originals on the Continent as well as in England. As this thriving institution, through its various experts, has reaped the fruits of twenty years' study of the niceties of form and detail in its picture-galleries, its glass cases, and other requirements, it is a great thing for our Museum to have the advantage of all this experience, and to have the option and choice of all works of art that

* I presented him with the number of *Scribner* containing Mr. Beard's very original designs for an Art Museum entrance.

can be reproduced in fac-simile at a merely nominal cost: that is, we save the expense of the moulds, and need only pay for the manipulation of the duplicate. Of course we cannot thus reproduce oil paintings; but we *can* have, in the precise form and detail, an exact fac-simile of statuary, ornamental furniture, curious architectural details, medals, bronzes, etc., both modern, mediæval, and antique, by the time a suitable building, temporary or other, is ready to receive them. We shall thus possess in Central Park a collection which will instruct and delight all who have any curiosity or taste for the masterpieces of art and the progress of the "Art-Idea" in all ages and nations. From the Louvre and from Berlin we shall have duplicates of the great works in sculpture, antique and modern; and it is probable that the governments of England, France, and Germany will present to our Museum sets of their costly publications relating to Art. Those of France, especially, are of great value. The best antiques in the British Museum can also be ours as far as form, size, and expression are concerned; and a moderate subscription of the American bankers in London would purchase all these reproductions, and form a suitable offering from them to the future commercial center of the world. Indeed, no enterprise of this sort was ever more opportunely started than the Art Museum of New York: the only wonder is, that it did not become a fixed fact years ago. Yet on some accounts we shall gain by the delay;—we shall have the benefit of all the wisdom and experience and zeal which have been so largely devoted to the subject in Europe during the last twenty years.

I was surprised to learn from Mr. Cole that the whole expense of construction of the galleries and courts containing the paintings and works of art at Kensington was less than £30,000,—nothing whatever being yet laid out on architectural fronts,—although the Museum has now been open to the public more than fifteen years. They are just completing three new buildings—one of which has a handsome front on the side of the gardens; the other two being designed for huge reproductions of architectural curiosities.

The Art Library and Schools of Design form important features of this institution. Mr. Owen described to me their system of competitive prizes—all the art schools in the kingdom sending their drawings and models to Kensington, where committees of experts select the best for exhibition and for reward. I understood Mr. Owen that no less than 70,000 of these drawings and models had thus been examined and sifted the present year, and the best of them remain in the galleries.

They are also forming an immense library of books relating, more or less, to art, and have just printed "proof-sheets" of a Catalogue of Art-books, which itself fills two thick quarto volumes of more than 1,000 pages each! How little do even our intelligent people at home know of the vast amount of time and money which have been expended in Europe in developing the art idea, and teaching it how to draw, to paint, to mould, and to construct according to the eternal principles of truth and beauty!

The exhibition of the Royal Academy, at its new rooms in Piccadilly, appeared to be, in its extent and general character, superior to the *average* of olden time—even of those years when Turner and Stanfield, Landseer and Etty were leading exhibitors. Yet it is not so certain that there are now many works of the highest excellence. Boughton, whose clever pencil belongs, I hope, to our side, shows two or three of the most notable, and there are some by Hennessy. But the greatest works are doubtless those of Millais, whose genius, with all its eccentricities, is generally admired.

We made another visit to that charming collection at the delicious little village of Dulwich, where there are some of the best examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and two or three Murillos, familiar in prints—freely open to all visitors to be studied at leisure. Yet many American picture-lovers go to London and don't see Dulwich, though it is only an hour distant. If the collections purchased so pluckily by Mr. Blodgett for our New York Museum contain works of as much excellence as the Vandycks, and Cuyps, and Gerard Douws at Dulwich, our "knowing ones" will have new cause to admire the liberal zeal and public spirit of one of Gotham's most valuable citizens.

The "Vernon," "Sheepshanks," and other collections at Kensington, however, present the best attractions of the English school, and are very enjoyable even after a study of the Claudes, and Rubens, and Turners of the National Gallery. In pictures of this class we have hardly begun on our side to study the A B C, yet in landscape we have no cause to shrink from comparison.

We had this week a third chance to become familiar with the fine collection at Stafford House, where we can see also the finest entrance hall in London—superior to that at

Buckingham Palace. At this last I once had a peep at royalty in the shape of the then young and good-looking queen, leaning on the arm of her handsome husband, both gorgeously arrayed in state costume, and coming down the long staircase on their way to hold a "Drawing Room" at St. James's. Poor Queen! she now has to endure the sharp severities of the cruel critics, who almost abuse her for keeping aloof from the splendors and frivolities that appertain to those unfortunate people who wear crowns and coronets.

One of the most notable changes of thirty years is that in the matter of beards. When I was domiciled in London, even modest side-whiskers were rare; respectable John Bull almost invariably practicing the most rigid scraping of his face. *Nous avons changé tout cela. Then*, a man with a full beard was invariably decided to be a foreigner; and if a clerk or other employé had been guilty of the enormity of a moustache he would have been discharged with a reprimand. Such a folly was deemed wholly unbusiness-like and un-English. Yet *now*, I noticed at the Colonial Conference that the audience, male and female, was much the same as you would see at Steinway Hall; and hirsute Englishmen are now rather the rule than the exception; even in the pulpit they are not rare.

Returning from a pilgrimage to the Peabody and Coutts charities at Bethnal Green, we looked into Bunhill Fields burying-ground to see the new monument put up recently to the memory of De Foe. It was a bright thought to let the boys thus take part in honoring the name of the author of Robinson Crusoe. Some children, sitting over their books on the graves, guided us with great zeal and readiness to the tomb of John Bunyan, whose "Pilgrim" has visited more millions of homes even than Crusoe; and then the same children (who seemed to be saying their lessons to an elder sister, in a sunny spot of this city of the dead) guided us to the resting-place of Isaac Watts. What three other names—possibly excepting Shakespeare's—are more familiar in our mouths as household words? This cemetery of the dissenters, in the dullest portion of the older London, is a spot of great interest, and every American visitor to London should go there. It is a notable counterpart to the lordly mausoleum of Westminster. "I'm told there's snug lying in the Abbey," says Sir Lucius in the comedy—and the honor paid to Dickens in giving his bones a place among the celebrities of English history was in most respects fitting. But were there not other reasons why he should have been placed in the humbler resting-place among the men of the people in Bunhill Fields?

The peculiar pursuits of an Englishman of cultivated tastes, who has acquired independence and can ride hobbies at pleasure, may be sometimes curiously suggestive. An invitation to dine with such a one and to see his collection was not to be slighted. The house may have stood for a hundred and fifty years, in the classic shades of Twickenham, a short distance from Pope's famous villa, and adjoining the extensive gardens of the Duc d'Aumale and Prince de Joinville; the very spot where their father Louis Philippe passed some of *his* days of early exile, in teaching both young ideas and tender plants "how to shoot." Mine host, who in the last generation had given us Anniversary feasts at the Star and Garter at Richmond, now enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* in the midst of a garden of seven acres filled with rare plants from all parts of the world, and shade and fruit trees, all of his own planting.

No less than six thousand rose-bushes ornament these gardens, and the exotics would inspire enthusiasm in the driest of botanists. In the house he has a collection of seven hundred paintings, chiefly small and rare, and some of them of great value. With real Hogarths and Vandycks, Constables, Cuyps, and even Raphaels, repeated in every nook and corner, they must have been costly. These two pursuits—plants and rare pictures—one can understand and admire, and Mr. B. is a scientific botanist as well as connoisseur in art. But the third hobby is altogether beyond my limited comprehension. It is a marvelous and inordinate collection of old china and porcelain, of all shapes, ages, nations, and dates. One can easily sympathize with this pursuit to a certain extent, and can appreciate the interest in specimens of Palissy, Wedgewood, and a few notable *artists* in this line, showing the *progress* of taste and skill. But to invest a fortune in such things, to place in a private house of moderate extent, filling every crevice, and even packing the windows with cases full, three or four deep—this is worse than bibliomania in its worst form. (I hope my host will excuse the stupidity which prompts the remark.) I was told that Mr. B. had expended £50,000 in this one line of curiosities; and as he pointed out, here and there, a tea-cup which had cost £50, and even £100 a piece, I can believe the aggregate. But, as the Duke of Newcastle said when criticised for controlling the votes of his tenants, "Shall I not do what I will with my

own?" Strange and extravagant as the cost of these knickknacks appears, they say it would prove a good investment if sold at auction to-morrow, so eager are the Oldbucks and virtuosos in their competition for these old cups and saucers.

Bibliomania is not extinct either. Mr. Quaritch showed me a "block book," of perhaps a hundred leaves, in small quarto, which he had just bought at auction for *five hundred guineas*—say $2,800. This is a good deal worse than the case of the Guttenberg Bible, which I had the pleasure of purchasing in 1847 for Mr. Lenox for £500, and for which Mr. Q. now says he would pay, on speculation, a much larger sum. Mr. Lenox's copy is the only one on this continent, and is a miracle of bookmaking, considering that it was the *first* book ever printed with movable types.

One can hardly resist repeating a visit to that wonderful structure of glass and iron at Sydenham. The building and grounds are a marvel, perhaps beyond the imagination of the Sultan's daughter, and they must satisfy anybody's expectation. The courts which reproduce old Thebes, and Nineveh, and Athens, and Pompeii, and the Alhambra, are admirable in their details. The mercantile part of the affair, however, has become slipshod and shabby, and has probably ceased to be attractive or profitable. I was enticed to the Palace on the day of the "Scott Centennial;" but the plays and the pipers, and even the Scott relics and illustrations were less attractive than the historical courts, where one is transported back to the life of Greeks and Romans, Assyrians and Egyptians of ages before the advent of Christianity.

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This glance over some of the notable changes in mighty London since my ten-years' residence began there, thirty-five years ago, has been intensely enjoyable and instructive. The material for study and reflection and comparison is immense in its scope;—but the theme is no novelty, and I forbear.

THE TWO MRS. SCUDAMORES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

AUTHOR OF "MISS MARJORIBANKS," "JOHN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," ETC.

(Continued from page 94.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE family dinner was at seven o'clock, and the family met and sat down as usual, alone. The day before this had been a cheerful meal. Mrs. Scudamore in her quiet and content had encouraged her children's talk, and their plans—what they were to do. It had been sweet for her to hear them, to feel that they were no longer to be crossed and thwarted capriciously, and that, at the same time, her own will and wish were sovereign with them, for the moment at least. It had been the pleasantest meal eaten at Scudamore for a long time. To-day, so far as Charlie knew, at least, everything was unchanged. He had exclaimed at his mother's paleness when she came into the drawing-room; but she had come down only at the last moment, when there was little time for remark.

She was dressed as carefully as usual, studiously, Amy thought, to avoid the least trace of any difference; but she was ghastly pale. Every trace of color had gone from her face. Her very lips were blanched, as if the blood had rushed back to her heart far too deeply to permit any return. A tremulous movement was in her fingers, and even now and then in her hand, as if her nerves had been jarred; otherwise she showed no sign of what had passed. Amy had watched very anxiously for the appearance of the strange visitor; but Mrs. Scudamore came down alone. Fortunately, Charlie's ignorance of all that had occurred kept him free from the restraint and painful consciousness which Amy felt upon herself. They sat down as usual; the natural routine went on, and if the mother at the end of the table felt like a somnambulist walking in a dream, neither of the two divined it. Mrs. Scudamore looked out of the frightful mist which seemed to her own consciousness to envelop her, and saw Amy's wistful eyes watching her; but Charlie was quite unconcerned, eating his soup as usual. This helped her to bear the awful weight that was upon her heart. And then the presence of the servants helped her in the story she had to tell. She began it, seizing the opportunity when Charlie paused for the third time to look at her across the flowers on the table, and ask what she had done to herself to be so pale.

"What I suppose I ought not to have done," she answered, forcing something which did duty for a smile; "talking over old affairs. I have not told you yet," she went on, clearing her voice, "of a visitor who arrived this afternoon—a—a relation, who will most likely stay with us—for a long time."

"Good heavens!" said Charlie, "a relation! What a terrible bore!"

Amy, who was watching her mother closely, felt disposed to check her brother's levity with indignation, but it was a help to Mrs. Scudamore. She panted as if for breath as she went on; but once more that faint watery gleam of a smile crossed her face.

"She is a lady, Charlie. I expect you to be very civil to her. She is—your aunt—the widow of your uncle Tom, who—died in America. She has been there most of her life."

"Worse luck," said the unconcerned Charlie. "My uncle Tom, my uncle Tom? Who was he? I never heard of him, that I know of——"

"Don't worry your mamma, Master Charles," whispered Woods under cover of an *entrée*. "He was poor master's brother, your uncle as went to America when you was a baby; that's sure enough."

"By Jove! Woods," Charlie began, with boyish resentment, and then a better instinct saved him, and Woods covered the exclamation by dropping a spoon, picking it up with confusion, and begging pardon audibly. It was a pause for which Mrs. Scudamore was grateful.

"I have invited Mrs. Thomas Scudamore," she said with a little shiver, which Amy perceived, "to stay—of course. She only came home about a month ago—about the time—— I expect you to be very civil to her. I don't think that her own people are—perhaps—the kind of persons—but she herself is——" Here Mrs. Scudamore made a pause, and then she shivered again, and said with a moaning sigh, "very good—oh, it is true—very good."

"She may be as good as she pleases," said Charlie; "but, mamma, whatever you may say, such a visitor will be a dreadful bore."

"She is a good woman," repeated Mrs. Scudamore, with a broken voice.

"A good woman is an appalling description," said Charlie. "One never falls back upon that primitive fact if there is anything more interesting to say. I've always noticed in my experience—mother, what's the matter? You don't mean to say you are angry?"

"Another disrespectful word of your—aunt, and I will leave the table," cried Mrs. Scudamore passionately. "If I could imagine any child of mine treating her otherwise than as she deserves——"

"Good Heavens!" said Charlie again, under his breath, and he shot an inquiring glance at his sister. But Amy, trembling and miserable, kept her eyes upon her plate. The girl had never seen her mother so. They seemed to have plunged back into the old days when the fretful father put a curb up on all they said or did. Shame, distress, and terror filled Amy's heart, and silence fell upon the table, a silence which seemed to irritate Mrs. Scudamore as nothing had ever irritated her before.

"You seem to have lost your tongues all at once," she said bitterly. "If this is the consequence of so mild a claim upon your obedience, nothing more than asking you to be civil to a—near—relation, it is a bad omen for me. If you cannot accept my statement without proof——"

"Mother!" cried Charlie loudly, "what can you mean? proof!"

"Yes, proof. What does your grumbling mean but an insinuation that you don't believe——"

"Mother, mother! what is the matter? What do you take me for?"

"I take deeds, not words," she said with feverish agitation; and then it seemed that she had nearly burst into convulsive tears, but she restrained herself.

All this time the servants went about the table softly, with the stealthy, deprecating consciousness of spectators at a domestic storm. They could not understand it any more than the children could. She was not herself, not like herself; they exchanged looks, as Amy and Charlie did. When dinner was over she gave orders peremptorily that the younger children were not to come down to dessert, and rose from the table almost before Woods had gone.

"I must go to my visitor," she said, sweeping out of the room with state, that hasty wind of suppressed passion about her. She went out so hastily that Amy had not time to follow. The two sat looking after their mother equally bewildered, but with very different feelings.

"What is the matter?" said Charlie, with undisguised astonishment. "Is my mother ill? I never saw her like this before. Amy, you must know?"

"I am afraid she is ill, Charlie. Oh, don't say anything. I cannot bear to see it," said Amy, with tears; "it is so unlike mamma."

"I wish the doctor would call," said Charlie. "You should get her to go to bed. Don't

you know something that you could make her take? Women used to know all about doctoring. And I am sure you could save her a great deal, Amy, if you were to try. She has been doing too much."

"Perhaps I could," said Amy doubtfully, "if you thought it were that."

"Of course it is that. You have left everything upon her," said the young man, glad to find somebody to blame. "You have left her to write all her letters and things, and do the bills, and a hundred trifles you might have spared her."

"I'll run now and see what I can do," said Amy, following her mother hastily out of the room. Amy, innocent and young as she was, had already learned the lesson women learn so soon, that a masculine conclusion of this kind is beyond the reach of argument. It satisfied Charlie. It comforted his mind to throw all the blame upon her, and to persuade himself that his mother's strange aspect had an easily removable cause. Amy could not so delude herself, but she said to herself, "What is the use of arguing?" and took the ready course thus offered her. Poor little Amy's heart was very heavy. No, it was not writing letters and reckoning up bills that had done it. It was something far more mysterious, something which she could not divine. The words she had heard at the window came back to her and made her shiver. "To save them from shame I would give my life, I would risk my soul!" O what, what could it mean?

There was no one in the drawing-room, of course, and Amy made her way wearily upstairs, wondering where her new aunt was, wondering what sort of person she was, and what she had to do with it. She had red eyes, but that was with crying, and her nose was red, and her whole person was limp. But then her voice and touch were kind. The door of the west room was closed as she approached it, but Stevens just then came out with a tray. "Is the lady—is my aunt there?"—"La, bless us, miss, is she your aunt?" said Stevens nodding her head and refusing further comment. Amy paused a long time at the door. Should she go in, and make acquaintance with the stranger? Should she encounter her mother there with that changed face? With a little timid reluctance to take any decisive step, she ran to her own room, just to collect herself. Amy's room communicated with her mother's. Mrs. Scudamore had been glad to have her child so near to be able to call her in at any time; but the first thing Amy saw on entering the room was that the door of communication was closed. She gave a little sharp cry involuntarily. That separation hurt her and appalled her. "Why should she shut me out?" Amy said to herself. "*Me?*" She felt the door; it was locked. She listened even in the great perturbation of her thoughts, but nothing was audible.

It was more than Amy could bear. "Mamma, mamma!" she cried, beating on the door. There was no answer. She had something of the Scudamore temper too, and could be hasty and even violent when she was thwarted. She lost patience. "I will come in," she said; "I will not be shut out. Mamma, you have no right to shut me out! Open the door! open the door!"

All at once the door opened wide—as if by magic, Amy thought, though it was solely the hurry of her own agitation, the tingling in her ears, the sound she was herself making, which prevented her from hearing the withdrawing of the bolt—and her mother stood very severe and grave before her.

"What is the meaning of this, Amy?" she said coldly, and Amy's head sank.

"Oh, mamma, don't go away! Don't shut yourself up; at least don't shut *me* out—*me*, mamma! There may be things you cannot talk of to the rest, but, mamma, me!" cried Amy, in a transport of love and pain. Mrs. Scudamore made a violent effort at self-control. Her whole soul was full of passionate irritation. Her impulse was to thrust her daughter away from her,—to shut out all the world. But that unreasoning cry went to her heart. Oh, if the child but knew! Tell it to *her!* The same thought that had moved her enemy came with a great swell and throb of pain over Mrs. Scudamore's heart.

"Amy," she said hoarsely, "child, go away. There is nothing the matter with me; or if there is it is my own business alone. Go away. I cannot be disturbed now."

Amy crept to her mother's feet and clasped her knees: "Only me!" she said, laying her soft cheek against the harsh blackness of the crape. "You can trust me, mother; let me share the trouble, whatever it is. Oh, mamma, mamma! why should you have secrets from me?"

Mrs. Scudamore trembled more than her child did as she stooped over her. "Hush, hush!" she said, "let there be an end of this. Listen, Amy—it is—papa's secret—not yours—nor mine. Now—ask me no more."

Amy shrank away with a strange look of awe. She looked wistfully into her mother's face; she acknowledged the difference. Those words which Mrs. Scudamore loathed to speak

were absolutely effectual. She rose from the ground, and putting her arms round her mother's neck, clung to her silently, hiding her face. "Is it very bad?" she whispered, kissing her neck and her dress. Amy's whole soul was lost in pity.

"It is very bad," said the poor woman, with a groan; and she held her child close to her heart, which broke over her with a very tempest of love and anguish. Oh, if Amy but knew! But she should never know —not if it were at the cost of her mother's life—at the peril of her soul.

When Amy had been thus dismissed, calmed down, and composed in the most magical way—for, after all, the dead father's secrets, whatever they might be, were nothing in comparison to what the very lightest veil of mystery on the part of the mother would have been — Mrs. Scudamore once more closed the door. She did it very softly, that no one might hear. She drew her curtains, that no one might see, and then she gave way to a misery that was beyond control. Was there any sorrow like her sorrow? she said to herself in her anguish. She took her dead husband's miniature out of its frame, and threw it on the ground and crushed it to fragments —she cursed him in her heart. He had done this wantonly, cruelly, like the coward he was; he had known it all along—he had died knowing it, with his children by his bedside. Oh, God reward him, since man could not, the coward and villain. These were the only prayers she could say in the bitterness of her heart.

CHAPTER V.

After this terrible day things fell into their usual channel at Scudamore. The little woman who had brought so much trouble into the house, came down stairs and was known among the children as Aunt Thomas—it was the name they all gave her. She was a hesitating little woman, doubtful exceedingly as to her actions, prone to take advice, and accepting it gratefully, even from little Mary, who was but seven years old. Mary was Aunt Thomas's Christian name, and she took doubly to the child, who led her about everywhere like an obedient slave. Very soon even the grown-up children, even Amy and her brother, accepted the new relationship with the unquestioning matter-of-course facility of youth. They made no inquiries into it. They accepted Aunt Thomas with simplicity and sincerity; everything that was mysterious in it was explained by the fact that she had lived most of her life abroad. It was natural to believe that a woman whose days had been passed so far away should be ignorant of the kind of habits they had been brought up in, and the Scudamore "ways." And then it was not denied that Mrs. Thomas Scudamore had been "raised from the ranks." The children grumbled a little at first, Charlie especially, who complained to everybody but his mother that Aunt Thomas was a bore. But by degrees this passed away, and before she had been there a fortnight Aunt Thomas was the favorite of the house. She had ceased to weep; her poor little nose had recovered its natural color, and her eyes were no longer muddled. When she came to look as nature intended she should, it became evident that she was one of the women who, without a good feature, by mere stress of youth, and bloom, and smiles, are often very pretty when they are young, and who do not grow ugly, as great beauties often do, but retain a certain shadow of good looks as long as good-humor and health last them. Her eyes were kindly smiling eyes when they were not red with crying; and though the thin little curls she wore under her cap were not pretty, yet they were old-fashioned, which of itself is a quality. It was something, Charlie said, to have an aunt who had strength of mind to wear little curls half-way down her cheek. As for little Alice and Mary, they took possession of Aunt Thomas with scarcely a moment of doubt. They might be seen leading her about the park, one at each hand, every day of their lives. They seated her between them on the grass when they made daisy-chains, or fought with plantains. They called her back as if she had been a dog when she strayed away from them. She set their little bits of worsted work to rights for them, and dressed their dolls. In their society she was as gay as themselves, and almost as much like a child.

Mrs. Scudamore, however, did not settle down to the new relationship so easily. She had never been the same since that day. She had then been a young woman comparatively, notwithstanding all her troubles. Her cheek had been round; her hair as brown as Amy's. Now, not all at once, but by stealthy, imperceptible degrees, she had grown gray. Her cheek had grown hollow, her eyes sunken, her temper uncertain. Sometimes a word would rouse her into irritation; sometimes she would sit for hours together, her head bent over some pretense at work, yet doing nothing, finding in it only a shield and cover for her sadness. Sometimes, on the contrary, she would take wild fits of activity. The children, after the first, made little remark,

but accepted this also, as children do accept the faults of their parents. Even Charlie was too loyal to his mother to speak openly of the change. He said with a sigh that the house was no longer "jolly;" that it was hard upon a fellow to be shut up like this, and that he wished the "long" was over, and he back at Oxford. As for Amy, who had no Oxford to go to, and whose code of duty forbade her to question whether home was or was not "jolly," she said very little, one way or another, but from the depth of her gentle heart was sorry for "poor mamma." This secret which she was carrying the weight of, which was not her own, was the thing that had done it; and a tinge of bitterness came to Amy's heart as she reflected upon this legacy which her father had left behind him. Girls who have had a hard father have two ways of regarding men,—either with disgust, as the oppressors of life, or with a longing romantic worship of an ideal, and eager hope to find somewhere the man who will contradict the tradition of misery and prove all the heart longs to believe of excellence and love. Amy was of this latter order. She was a sanguine creature, hopeful of everything; and she was as sure that it remained to her to find the prince of men, as sure as if she had been nurtured upon nothing but optimism and romantic visions. With this certainty in her mind a deeper pity stole, a more melting tenderness came over her when she thought of "poor mamma;" for Amy's ideal was something more than a hope. Since her earliest recollection she had known one who in her youthful eyes appeared the very successor and heir of the Red-Cross Knight; and this hero had been absent for some time on his travels, thus gaining the last touch of perfection. She had never said to herself that she was the Una of this reproachless gentleman; but a consciousness of some fairy link between them was very sweet at her heart—no wonder she sighed for poor mamma.

Mrs. Scudamore avoided Mrs. Thomas's society as much as possible; but when they were together she treated her with a deference which nobody could understand. She deferred to her in everything; she gave up her own convenience, her own way, to hers, whenever she had a chance. That, it is true, was not very often; for Mrs. Thomas was very humble, very deprecating, taking nothing upon herself; and considerably frightened of her sister-in-law, she would steal away to the nursery, or to her own room, when Mrs. Scudamore came down stairs. They were rarely together; but when it happened that they were together Mrs. Scudamore's temper was, perhaps, more uncertain than usual. She exhorted the children to be good to their aunt and seek her society; but yet, it appeared, could not bear to see them respond to her injunctions. A shadow would cross her face when she saw little Mary dragging the kind aunt after her, demanding with unceremonious freedom everything from her. Whatever her object was in establishing Mrs. Thomas in her family, she had accomplished it; and now she could not bear the result. A concealed bitterness was in every word she said—a sword was in her heart. She resisted even the love of her own. Sometimes, even, she would send her little girls harshly away, bidding them go to Aunt Thomas, "as you call her."

This was done once in Amy's presence, and Mrs. Scudamore's bitter repentance and regret for having thus betrayed herself were terrible to the grieved and confused mind of poor Amy. "She *is* Aunt Thomas, is not she, mamma?" she had cried in her first surprise. "Yes, yes," Mrs. Scudamore said with sharp pain, which Amy did not understand. She could not even stop when Aunt Thomas came in, but went on in spite of herself. "She is a stranger to you," she cried, only half conscious what she was saying, "but already she takes my place, even with you."

"Oh mamma!" cried Amy, too much stunned for further speech.

"Yes," said Mrs. Scudamore, beside herself, turning her passionate pale face to the interloper. "Oh why, why is it? We ought to have been enemies and hated each other—that was natural; anything was natural but this."

"But I don't hate you," said Mrs. Thomas, with the restrained ghost of a sob. What was in Mrs. Scudamore's face? Was it hatred? Was it enmity? This thing at least is certain, it was pain—pain like that Prometheus felt when the vulture was gnawing at his heart. She rose and hurried from the room, with her heart swelling as if it would burst. And no one knew why it was. Amy, who would have felt as if she were betraying her mother had she consulted even Aunt Thomas upon the subject, could not help looking at her wistfully at this strange moment. The little woman put up her hands with a kind of terror.

"Oh, don't ask me any questions. Don't ask me!" she cried. "It has been her own doing, bringing me here, and I am content. I am quite happy; only ask me no questions, for I will not say a word."

"I could not ask any question about mamma," said Amy proudly, "except from mamma herself."

And Aunt Thomas dried her eyes, and nodded and grew bright again. "I am not one of the clever ones," she said, "and I have been long out of the world, and they say I am weak-minded;—but if you don't do wrong, Amy, it is always my opinion things will come right at the end."

"I hope so, Aunt Thomas," said Amy in her ignorance.

"And we are not doing wrong," said the little woman, "no—thinking it over from every side, as I do every night of my life—no, I can't think we are wrong. But, Amy, don't ask me any questions, for I will tell you nothing, not if you were to keep on asking me for ever and ever."

Once more Amy looked at her wistfully. Whatever it was, this secret which weighed on her mother was known to this stranger and not to Mrs. Scudamore's own child. The thought made Amy's heart sick.

All this time she had said nothing about Mr. Tom Furness—she had not given her mother his message—she had kept perfect silence as to her interview with him. This was partly because Mrs. Scudamore had been out of the way at the moment, and a thing which is not told at first gathers difficulties and embarrassments about it every hour it waits. And he had not returned. This curious fact was one of the chief causes, had Amy but known it, of her mother's anxiety. His silence looked as if some plot were brewing, and Mrs. Scudamore knew, though her children did not, how precarious her position was. Aunt Thomas had been about two months in the house, and autumn had come before there was any news of him. And then he came as suddenly as he had done at first, startling the whole house. Amy had been out with Aunt Thomas on an expedition down to the village when he made his appearance. He came upon them quite unexpectedly, appearing round the corner with his air of swagger, yet conscious inferiority. Mrs. Thomas saw him first; she gave a sudden start, and clutched at Amy's dress for protection. "Oh don't leave me, my dear, don't leave me," she cried. "Here is Tom."

"Who is Tom?" said Amy, haughtily, feeling all the blood of all the Scudamores in her veins. But Amy's fit of pride did not last long; and with a certain half-guilty sense of curiosity she gave her companion her arm, feeling herself on the verge of some discovery. She did not even lift the thick gauze veil over her face, and the stranger did not recognize her. This fact increased her half-painful, half-exciting certainty that something was about to be found out.

"Ah, auntie!" Mr. Tom said, jauntily flourishing his cane, "here you are again. You have given us all the slip, but natural affection is not to be balked, you perceive."

"I am sure I am glad to see any one, Tom," faltered Mrs. Thomas.

"You would be much more glad, I should think, never to see me again," he replied; "but don't flatter yourself, auntie. I took your case in hand, and I will see you through it, whether you choose or not. I have not been idle since I was last here."

Mrs. Thomas trembled more and more with every word. "I am glad to hear you have not been idle, Tom; I hope it has been nice work. I always felt sure you would make your way."

The stranger laughed an insolent laugh. "You are not clever enough for that sort of thing," he said. "You know well enough what my work has been. I have been finding out all about you."

"I am not afraid of anything that can be found out about me," she said, with a flush of indignation, and then added, faltering, "I am doing nothing wrong."

Again Mr. Tom Furness laughed, and it seemed to Amy as if his laugh woke up echoes all over the country—echoes which mocked and sneered as he did—as if they too had some occult knowledge. "I admire your conscience, auntie," he said. "Not wrong to give yourself out for some one else; to call yourself out of your name?—but you don't suppose you take me in with your masquerade. And there are more interests than yours involved. This sort of nonsense is not going to last. I should think by this time you ought to be tired of it yourself, and I'm come to make a change."

"Sir," said Amy, interposing, as she felt Mrs. Thomas quiver and shake, "you forget whom you are talking to. You may be a relation, but you have no right to talk to my aunt so."

The man started, and as she threw back her veil, and looked at him with indignation in her face, a sudden change came over him. He took off his hat; his manner altered all at once.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Scudamore," he said, "I did not know you were there."

Amy took courage from this sudden victory. It gave her—how could she help it?—a certain thrill of satisfaction to see her own power.

"Indeed, I don't think it matters whether I am here or not," she said more softly. "Aunt Thomas is very kind; we ought to be good to her all the same."

"Aunt Thomas!" he said, with a laugh which was subdued, but still offensive to Amy's sensitive ear; and then he drew half a step nearer. "It is odd, is it not, that she should be aunt both to you and to me?"

"Yes; it is strange," said Amy, lifting her head with a certain haughtiness. It was not only strange, it seemed intolerable, looking at the man. "Let us go home," she said, suddenly. "Mamma will not allow Aunt Thomas to be troubled. Don't tremble—we are near home."

"I am going with you, if you will allow me," said Mr. Tom Furness. "I have business with Mrs. Scudamore too."

Mrs. Thomas was leaning all her weight upon Amy, so that the girl could scarcely support her. At these words she let go her hold, and turning to her nephew with upraised hands, burst suddenly into tears.

"Oh, Tom, Tom, please don't! You think you are right; but surely, surely I must know best!"

"You know best? Why, auntie, you don't know your own mind for two minutes together," he said, with an air of levity. "Come, now, take it easy; we must not trouble Miss Scudamore with this business of ours."

"Oh, Tom!" cried the poor lady, "go away, for heaven's sake; it shall be none the worse for you—it will be better for you. I shall have it in my power to do something at once. Oh, Tom! why will you torture me? I have never been cruel to you. I will meet you anywhere to talk it all over; but for pity's sake go now—don't come to Scudamore. Anywhere but here."

He did not look at her; he showed no signs of being affected by her appeal. He looked at Amy—at her wondering, wistful face, and the paleness that had come over it, and with his eyes on her he answered, slowly, "Of all places in the world, it is to Scudamore I wish to come."

Mrs. Thomas drew herself away from her young companion. She stood before him trembling, crying, wringing her hands. "Oh, Tom, if I ever was good to you in my life—if I ever showed you any kindness—oh, Tom, Tom!"

He kept looking at Amy, not at her, and it was either because of some wistful respectfulness in his look, or because she was absorbed in the question which was evidently such an important one, but Amy felt no offense at his gaze. She did not much notice it, in fact. She watched with a keen sense that something monstrous, something more than she could judge of, was involved.

"Aunt, it is of no use speaking; I am going with you," he said. "But perhaps, if you all please, it may be for good, and not for harm."

CHAPTER VI.

THAT day was a memorable one at Scudamore: memorable in more ways than one, and to more than one member of the household. For when Amy entered the drawing-room she found some one there who drove Mr. Tom Furness and all the rest of the world out of her head for full five wonderful minutes. He was sitting by her mother, but with his eyes fixed on the door, and a glad gleam in them as she appeared. He had been traveling for more than a year, and before he went away Amy had been too young to be disturbed in her tranquillity by a love-tale—or so at least Rex Bayard thought. He did not know that he had any place but that of an old friend in Amy's heart; but she knew in some magical way that she was queen of his—or, at least, possible queen. And here he was looking for her, making a special new world for her within the other. Everything else went out of Amy's head; she had to subdue her joy, her sweet consciousness, the flush of exquisite shy feeling that came over her, to look as if she were "very glad to see him again," and no more; to behave herself, in short, as a girl trained under her mother's eyes in all the fine decorums of womanly self-restraint ought to behave, lest he should see that her heart was beating, and the light in her eyes dancing with this sudden, warm, unlooked-for flush of delight.

She had sat down, keeping her mother between them, with a girl's shy, sweet artifice, taking refuge in Mrs. Scudamore's shadow, and had been listening to his voice, asking him pleasant, meaningless questions for five minutes before she bethought herself. Five minutes she supposed, but time went quickly just then with Amy. Mrs. Scudamore, too, was cheered and brightened by Rex's presence. She was looking almost like her former self. The cloud had lightened off her face. For a moment she had been overcast by the fear that Mrs. Thomas was going to follow Amy into the room; but when no one appeared Mrs. Scudamore opened her heart to the pleasure of the moment. Poor heart! It had ached enough,—this one mo-

ment it might surely take rest. She talked as she had not talked for months. She seemed to have thrust off her burden—the shadow that hung over her. There were Rex's travels to discuss, and all that he had been doing. Now he was to settle down at home, and that too had to be discussed. Mrs. Scudamore thrust her own miseries away from her. The young man had grown up at her knee, yet not young enough to be a child to her, with something rather of that half-way stage between a son and a brother, which is so pleasant a relationship. He was a full-grown man, and so on her own level; and yet he was young, and so on her child's level. How Mrs. Scudamore brightened up! She would not even allow herself to think of what might be coming. She took the pleasure of the moment, the only one she had allowed herself to taste for so long.

"Oh!" said Amy all at once, with a start of recollection. Her mother looked at her, and before a word had been said felt that the good moment was at an end.

"What is it?" she asked, with the grayness of sudden pain falling over her animated face.

"Oh, mamma, I beg your pardon! I forgot, and I wish I could have forgotten still," said Amy, in a low confused tone; "mamma, there is some one in the library."

"I know," said Mrs. Scudamore, with a voice of despair. She put her two hands together, as if to hold herself up—or did she pray, sitting deadly still for one moment and no more, with her head a little lifted, her whole face rigid. Then she drew a long, heavy sigh, and then slowly, reluctantly, rose from her seat. "I must leave you now for a few minutes," she said, and went out of the room, as if she were going to her execution, with death already in her face.

"Is there anything wrong?" asked Bayard, amazed; "is Mrs. Scudamore ill? What has happened? May I know?"

Upon which poor Amy, who had been obliged to restrain herself so long, and who was now, for the first time since she had awakened to all these unexpected troubles, by the side of one whose sympathy was certain—poor Amy suddenly covered her face with her hands and fell a-crying, overcome by the misery and the happiness together. One she could have borne, but the two together were more than she could bear.

"Oh, I cannot tell, I cannot tell!" she said. "I think my heart will break. I don't know what it is, but it is killing mamma."

"Tell me what it is," said the young lover, drawing closer to her. To make it easier, he told her something first,—how he loved her; how he had thought of her wherever he went. Now he had come back for her. It all came upon Amy like a sweet surprise—a delicious miracle; and yet she knew it was coming—but only some time, not now.

Thus there were two scenes going on within the agitated house, both of which penetrated down to the very depths of nature in the persons concerned. In the library Mrs. Scudamore was alone with Furness. She had sent Mrs. Thomas away, half in contempt, half in pity. "Let me manage it in my own way," she said. "There is nothing gained by your remaining, nothing but pain to yourself;" and she had confronted the assailant all alone. She had brought against him every weapon that was in her power. She had set her face like a rock; she had refused to believe what in the depths of her heart she knew to be true. She had not yielded—would not yield her pretensions for a moment. She was carrying out her formula to the last letter; at the risk of her life, to the peril of her soul, she would fight out this last supreme battle.

And then Mrs. Scudamore was taken by surprise all at once by an unexpected proposal he made to her—a proposal to remove his opposition altogether; to become as fast a friend as he had been an enemy; to consent to everything she could ask. He made this proposal when she was in the fullest strain of opposition, denying and resisting everything. It had the strangest effect upon her. She had been fighting the battle of despair, though she had kept so brave a front, and here was a way of escape. A sudden extraordinary pang of relief seized her. She had been on the strain so long that escape seemed to be the greatest, the only good which life could give. Had the man meant falsely, he would have found out her weakness by this means. She sank into a chair; her nerves relaxed; a cry came from her heart, and though the next moment she braced herself to her old sternness, it was impossible to disguise that first movement of hope. Her eyes were dazzled and blinded by the prize held out to her—safety! It was not herself she was thinking of—heaven knows—for herself she felt it would be easy to go away and hide her stricken head and be heard of no more. But the children—Charlie and his birthright—the girls and their honor—oh, what a temptation it was! She would have risked her soul to buy the deliverance, but the price asked for it was not her soul, nor her life—it was her child.

"I feel as if I could worship her," said Tom Furness; "give her to me and I'll make

her happy. I never saw any one like her. It's a folly, for I know if I held out we could have everything. But for her sake I'll give in; I'll consent to destroy the papers. I'll even take auntie off your hands; I can manage that. So long as you'll give her to me—with her just fortune, of course."

Mrs. Scudamore forgot herself in this sudden opening out of the darkness. "My child is the dearest thing I have in the world; I would give all I have rather than sacrifice Amy," she said.

"How do you know it would sacrifice Amy? She was awfully civil, as civil as she could be the first time I was here,—and I'd make her a good husband. I'm as fond of her as any man could be. I'd rather have her without a penny than any girl I ever saw with a great fortune. Though mind, I must have her fortune too, for her own sake. Now, there's my proposal. I'm acting like a fool, for I might have everything, and most likely her too; but it's my fancy, and I mean to please my eye if I should grieve my heart. Now this is what I propose. If you accept, we're friends for ever; we'll make a bonfire of everything, and you're my mother-in-law, whom I am bound to defend; but if not——"

He stopped short with a tone of irritation, for Mrs. Scudamore had shuddered at the title. His mother-in-law! Good heavens! But on the other side—all the results surged up upon her, all the possibilities. Not one of the family but would suffer; Charlie most bitterly and terribly, in such a way that he would be ruined before he began life; and Amy herself would be miserably injured. It would be as good as a renunciation of all prospects for her; and even the little girls, the two innocent creatures in the nursery. It would be ruin, destruction, misery to all. She sat silent, with all this passing before her, forgetting the man's very presence in the excitement of the offer he had made. What was it he asked? A sacrifice, a sacrifice bitter and sad—but such a sacrifice as had been made before now. An Iphigenia, an Andromeda—perhaps not so bad—to save the rest. And Amy was the kind of girl to make a sacrifice; she could do it, though it would rend her heart. Poor Mrs. Scudamore had lived without love herself; it was a hideous life, yet she had come through it and found a compensation in her children. She had done it without any grand motive, but Amy's motive would be the sublimest that ever woman had,—to save her family,—their honor, their credit, their very life. She gave him no answer as he stood before her, but she sat and pondered, with a hot red flush upon her cheek. Before she had half done thinking he pressed her for an answer. How could she sacrifice her child? and how could she—how could she give up this possible escape?

"Stay," she said feebly, "stay over to-night. I cannot give you an answer all at once. If you stay, and dine with us, in the evening I can tell you. Oh, it is a hard price—a bitter price!"

"By Jove you are complimentary," he said; "but I'll stay all the same. It is the only price I will take."

And sighing she went away from him, as sighing she had come; butseeing one gleam of light through the darkness, seeing some hope. Amy had never been wooed as yet. How could any one tell what the girl's fancy might be? And the man loved her in his way. And—it was the only hope. Now that there was a hope, Mrs. Scudamore seemed to become more and more sensible of the awful gulf on the brink of which she stood. It was not only ruin, more than that—more awful, more total destruction than anything which concerned worldly goods alone. She shuddered as she thought of it, now that it was possible to escape. She left the man who had so much in his power, with her head full of his proposal, and went back to the drawing-room. But Amy and her lover had strayed away out of the room, and therefore Mrs. Scudamore's terrible hope was not brought to an end. She went and shut herself up in her own room, and brooded upon it. That one should suffer to deliver many was a rule of the universe. The first and greatest who had ever borne the name of man had done it, and so many after Him had done it. To suffer vicariously for some one else, that some one else might go free—why it was nothing unusual, it was a law of the world. And Amy was the girl to do it; she would never hesitate to do it. She would accept it as natural and fit that she should suffer to save her family, as her mother felt she would have done had she been in her place. Amy would do it—and oh! was it possible? was there peace beyond this raging storm which enveloped her mother's life? Could this hurricane pass over? and was it possible that again everything would be as it had been? But no—alas, no! Never would these three months be obliterated. Neither tears nor blood could wash out the mark; but it might be covered over, covered for ever, so that no one should guess where it had been.

Mrs. Scudamore remained in her room till dinner. She did not give any importance to

Rex Bayard. No doubt she thought, if she thought about him at all, that he had gone long ago. She had imagined once—was it a hundred years ago? that her pretty Amy was very fair and sweet in the young man's eyes. But what were such levities as a boy's or a girl's fancy to her now? She did not even think of that in the agitation and excitement of this moment. Rex Bayard faded from her mind altogether; and when Amy ran up late to dress, and would have come to her mother with her confession, Mrs. Scudamore sent her away hastily. "You are very late," she said; "I will speak to you after dinner, Amy; there is no time now. It was thoughtless, very thoughtless, to be so late. How could you tell what I might have to talk to you about? But make haste, there is no time to lose."

She did not observe Amy's brilliant cheeks, nor her eyes, dewy and abashed with happiness. Happiness! Mrs. Scudamore had forgotten how it looked. Her heart was very sore, and throbbing with feverish pain. She was in haste now to go down again to see her enemy, who was willing to save her,—to see him again and to persuade herself that Amy might be brought to endure him, that the child might not be wretched. He was young, he was well-looking enough, and he adored her. Surely Amy would do it, she was such a child, so yielding, so facile, so dutiful. Surely she would do it; and the bargain would be made, and safety and honor bought and paid for. Amy had seen nobody; she would have no terrible comparison to make in her own mind between him and others. She had never been wooed before, and probably the strange new gift of love thus bestowed upon her would touch the child's heart, and she would be, at least, not very unhappy—not unhappy, pleased perhaps and flattered—her vanity, if not her heart, contented. Oh if this only might be the case! For surely Amy would do it—of that there could be no doubt.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. SCUDAMORE was taken aback, she could scarcely have told why, by the appearance of Rex Bayard in the drawing-room when she came down to dinner. It is true he was an old friend, and sufficiently intimate in the house to stay to dinner without a very formal invitation; but still the sight of him annoyed her. She had come down late, as she generally did now, and the whole party was there, so that no immediate explanation could be offered. "I asked him to stay, mamma," said Amy timidly, whispering in her ear. "Oh, it is quite right," answered Mrs. Scudamore coldly. She was not angry, but she was put out; for her own guest, the man she had asked to stay, was by this unexpected step put to such a disadvantage as his patroness in this terrible emergency would have done much to save him from. It does not always happen that high family or good blood stamp themselves either upon the countenance or bearing of their possessors; indeed it is as common as not that the reverse is the case, and a stranger generally finds it hard to tell which is the peer and which is the plebeian. But there are cases in which the difference is as strongly marked as the highest idealism could require, and Rex Bayard was as near the typical representative of an English gentleman as it is easy to find. His ease and perfect good-breeding showed at once, as by an illumination, the awkwardness, the forced familiarity which was not easy, the pretension and vulgarity of the other. They brought each other out, as a painter would say. Tom Furness had never been so much Tom Furness the attorney, Tom Furness the would-be swell, as Rex's appearance by his side made him; and Sir Reginald Bayard had never looked so much a *fils de croisé* as he did with Tom's shadow bringing him into full relief. This was all Mrs. Scudamore thought of for the moment; but it was enough to add a shade of additional annoyance to the conflict of misery in her heart. She avoided Rex, she could not tell why, with a feeling of irritation that was uncontrollable. His mere presence did it. Why was he here, making the contrast visible, tempting Amy to vain comparisons—comparisons every way vain, for was not Tom Furness Amy's fate? She could marry no one else. Mrs. Scudamore felt that she could not, dared not, permit her child to enter a spotless, honorable family. She could marry no one except this man. To this point her thoughts had already come. She made Rex walk in to dinner with Mrs. Thomas, to his wonder and dismay, and took, with a shudder, the arm of the other. "It is to be a bargain, I hope," her odious companion said to her audibly as they went from one room to the other; and Rex looked back at her over his shoulder with the most curious, wondering, wistful look. He, too, wished to speak to her, if it had been any night but this!

He did manage to speak to her during dinner, which terrible meal seemed to the miserable woman as if it would never end. "May I see you for ten minutes in the library before I leave?" Rex whispered. "Oh yes,"

she said dully. She did not even ask herself what he could want. For the rest, Mr. Tom Furness filled up all the gaps during dinner with his mere presence. He was contemptuously jocular to his aunt, admiringly familiar to Amy, and, though she awed him, took an air of *bon camarade* with Mrs. Scudamore, which humbled her more than anything she had yet encountered. "You and I know better," he would say, appealing to her. "We are up to all that sort of thing, you and I," with an insufferable nod of complacence and assurance. How dreadful it was! The dinner seemed to last a year. And even when they left the table there was Amy looking at her with a little important face, as if she knew something. What could the child know? She could not have divined surely, could not suspect the fate which was coming on herself.

"I hope you will not judge poor Tom hardly," said Mrs. Thomas when they had got to the drawing-room. It was rarely that she addressed of her own accord the mistress of the house. But to-night her womanish senses had perceived her nephew's inappropriateness in the place, and she could not refrain from an apology. "He has not been used to it, and he was a little excited and anxious to please, and afraid."

"He does very well," said Mrs. Scudamore. "There is nothing to make excuses for; I think he did perfectly well."

"You are very kind, I am sure," said Mrs. Thomas, retreating into a corner almost out of sight. "Oh how kind mamma is," thought Amy to herself. "Though she looks a little stern at times, how good she is! for if ever there was a horrible, wretched, shocking—" And then the girl came and fluttered about her mother, watching to make sure that Aunt Thomas was out of the way, and scheming with panting breath and beating heart how she was to begin her tale. Her movements caught her mother's eye, and chafed her, in her irritated condition. "Amy, pray sit down; you worry me with your restlessness," she said fretfully, and thus poor Amy subsided too, not daring to speak.

"If you please, ma'am," said Woods, "Sir Reginald is waiting in the library," and he held the door solemnly open to admit Tom Furness, who appeared behind him. Amy sprang up and kissed her mother as she went out. She did not explain herself, and Mrs. Scudamore asked no questions. But oh, to be left here with this man, while Rex was pleading his cause so near! Fortunately, however, Amy thought Rex's cause could not need much pleading. Mamma was fond of him too; mamma had known him all his life; mamma had been fond of his mother. To plead that cause would be no hard matter. And yet Amy could not but wonder what her mother would say. Would she be sorry to think that she was going to lose her child? Would she say they were both too young? Would she scold him for speaking to Amy first? Or would she give him a motherly kiss and send him to fetch her child? The girl's mind was full of these thoughts when she was left alone with Mrs. Thomas and her nephew, and her impatience and abstraction were evident. "My dear, I am afraid you are not well," said Aunt Thomas, putting down to her nephew's account the cloudy look which had come over the young face she was beginning to love. "Miss Amy is thinking of some one," said Mr. Tom Furness with an attempt at raillery, which he accomplished with even more awkwardness than his wont; for though he thought it gallant, and indeed his duty to be jocular and make innuendoes, he had too much awe of Amy to be at ease in the attempt. "Thanks, I am quite well," she said, growing red with a hauteur which he had not yet seen in her. What she would have given to get clear of those two! to rush away from them and await somewhere in the silence her mother's decision; or rather, as she herself put it, to wait till her mother should send for her. But that was impossible. She had to remain and to be civil to them, listening to everything, and feeling every muffled sound which was half audible in the distance going through her heart.

Mrs. Scudamore went to the library to meet Rex, without having once realized what he might have to say to her. She moved about in such a cloud of her own troubles, such an atmosphere of all-absorbing feverish care, that she had lost all insight into other people's feelings. She moved along dully, not touched even by the thought that it was a strange thing for Rex Bayard to seek such an interview with her. Her imagination was too busy with her own affairs to have any leisure for speculation on such a subject. He came up to her eagerly when she entered the library, and took her hand in both of his; he looked into her face anxiously, trying to read its expression. "Dear Mrs. Scudamore," he said, "you know what I want to say to you. I am sure you know."

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT NOT TO VOTE.

SECOND PAPER.

THE vow of obedience in the old-fashioned English marriage ceremony is highly distasteful to many women. As they understand it, no doubt, it ought to be so, and if no symbol of the wife's part in that holy mystery can be set up which is not liable to so gross and general perversion on both sides, perhaps it is better to say nothing about it. A coarse primitive word here stands for a nameless sentiment, the nature of which it barely suggests through one of its effects. Whether interpreted by nature, by Scripture, or by the prevalent tendency of Christian public sentiment and law, the marriage sense of the word contrasts with its servile or primitive sense in four grand elements: 1. It is not compulsory, but free; the glad subserviency of love. 2. It is not of inferiority, but the contrary; as, to confer a crown is a higher thing than to receive it. 3. It is not in the letter, but in the spirit, admitting of such exceptions as a generous but not inconsiderate or slavish affection may dictate. 4. It implies or acknowledges no right of exaction on the part of the husband. The inference of such mastery is contradictory to the inmost spirit of the vow. That execrable inference has certainly prevailed to an extent which seems to demand a modification of the abused language. But what shall we substitute? It may be that the language of heaven has some word for this unique dedication. Here, the best we can do for a word is to let "obedience" take on an evangelical sense, and gradually spiritualize and expand, as words have done before, to the quality of that which is to define it rather than to be defined by it.

There is a notion afloat, that the prejudices of society might reasonably be modified so as to give women the initiative in contracting marriage. This is supplemented by the still more wonderful notion that the exercise of such initiative would almost enable women to marry at pleasure. It is open to any lady to try it, and if she makes a judicious selection for the subject of her experiment, taking care to pledge him to secrecy, she may try it without risk of being excommunicated by her own sex. But none know better than women, that advances from them in this direction are irresistibly repulsive, and for that reason, if for no other, the Right Not to Propose is the last right they will surrender. They have an infinitely better reason, however, for not only rejecting but loathing this initiative, with all semblances of women who may be detected in the exercise of it without extraordinary cause, at least. Men have nothing to do with this. They have nothing worse or better than pity to return for such a misguided offering. But women resent it more bitterly than all other offenses against their sex, save one.

If marriage were substantially a business arrangement, looking to the co-operative economy, comfort, and society of domestic life, there would remain nothing in the concession to women of an exclusive right to be solicited in marriage save the implication of their peculiar dignity. Women jealous of the position of their sex would do well to think of it in that light. There are those who see nothing in a proposal of marriage essentially different from a proposal to buy or sell in the market, or to form a partnership for such purposes. If a woman may label her house "to let," why not herself? If she may advertise for a situation as housekeeper and companion, why not advertise for a like situation with perquisites matrimonial? These people compel us to consider what marriage is; and since unthinking women have forced explanations which they ought to have thought of and remained silent, we must be pardoned here for a more than conventional plainness of speech.

Marriage is a connection which could not be so much as simulated between individuals of the same sex. If two men or two women should make arrangements to live together in community of all things until death, devoting themselves to each other in imitation of every imitable condition of the married state, nobody could call it marriage or liken it to marriage. Why? The reason is one which must invest the subject with peculiar delicacy. So long as the procreative function in human beings continues to be regarded in a different light from the breeding of animals; so long, especially, as virtue in women continues to be attended with a modesty of person unknown to harlots, and sensitive not barely to tactual invasion, but to the most covert allusion; so long as these things are so, marriage, which is substantially procreative union—all its other conditions being but incidental or sequent to this—can never be entertained as a personal matter, by a normally constituted and unbrazened woman, without an intolerable sense of the invasion of her modesty, unless preceded by an endearing

attraction which makes her at heart already one with him who seeks her. It is often actually a gross outrage, although men are seldom aware of it, and women themselves do not always feel it, to offer marriage directly to a woman whose affection has not been first drawn out by more delicate expressions of preference. But for a veritable woman to offer herself to a man, the utter impossibility would be the same, so far as modesty is concerned, whether in view of lawful marriage or not! And the same sentiment debars her from offering herself in thought—that is, from loving unsolicited and unwooed. Hence it is that women generally consult their nature, happiness and dignity alike, by nursing the slumber of their conjugal susceptibility until it is awakened by acceptable advances from the other side. Hence, too, the united labors of the twin schools of physiology and sociology that aim to reduce marriage, the one to a science of thorough breeding, and the other to a negotiation as brazen as may be witnessed on street corners at midnight, can be rewarded only with the loathing of all women who have either the simplicity to trust their own instincts, or the brains to comprehend them.

The advocates of women's rights, so-called (we don't yield that position to anybody), conceiving that there is no good reason why women should be more dependent and exposed to abuse than undersized and timid men, propose that they be empowered to protect themselves by assuming the civil and political powers of men, all restrictions and privileges not common to both sexes being abolished. It is beyond the scope of the present brief review to dwell on the unfitness to women of the part of self-assertion and force, or upon the divine charm, glory and power of their natural submission. There is something, however, to be said to those who can see nothing necessarily contradictory or expulsive of feminine gentleness in the position of a man, and with that something we shall drop the more general argument.

The more respectable women who quietly favor the scheme of civil revolution, vaguely imagine a state in which they may be free to act as men, if occasion requires, without ceasing to be women in spirit or habit. They expect to be the same domestic, gentle, ministering spirits, although they should have some rents or dividends to receive, a little legal or other business sometimes, a general idea of politics (the little their male friends know could not hurt them, they think), and a short walk or ride, once a year or so, to a sort of letter-box, into which, in the most feminine and even anonymous manner, they will drop their modest recommendation of proper persons for office. Except the last item, replaced by not very dissimilar visits to the post-office, we have known just such women, exactly so situated. In fact, we have known just about such men, and the type is not a very formidable one in either sex. But this way of working the revolution omits its great object. If women, after becoming voters, business characters, and proprietors, and getting our peculiar pockets, with latch-keys in them, are still to retain the same feminine qualities and habits which now make them practically passive in the hands of the men in whom they put their trust, how is the "area of freedom" extended by their enfranchisement? These masculine powers must be used, and used with masculine vigor, we can tell them, if they are to conquer any substantial immunity for the wearers. There is no man who will abuse a wife, or cheat and oppress a female employee, whom men exposed to his brutality are not obliged to fight with all their masculine weapons, as the price of tolerable truce. The condition of men is at best one of armed defense; and that of women, as men in the world, must be the same. The civil law helps those only who help themselves. Laws are nothing but weapons, dependent for effect upon the hand that wields them. If women, therefore, are to continue peaceful and gentle, it will be as idle to arm them with civil and political equality so-called as with the sword of Goliath. No: the call is to battle, the remedy is force, and the result defeat, and *væ victis*, unless women can overmatch their antagonist on his own ground and at his own weapons. Granting that by the aid of masculine alliances they may be able to do this, or rather to get it done for them, as women now do every day; yet not even this participation can be passive or feminine. To be a party in law is to bear the brunt and suffer the moral effect. The attorney who does all the business can afford on the whole a better temper and a sweeter slumber than his principal who takes the responsibility. But in or out of law, the armed defensive must be maintained by every one who stands for himself or herself on the platform of independence, and an actual readiness to fight can never be intermitted without inviting prompt aggression. That placid majesty with which a count of ballots changes the whole *personnel* and policy of the government in a day, or with which a quiet word from an old gentleman causes the hardest-handed man in the

county to pay with obsequious haste the claim he spurned, does not inhere in statutes and political or judicial formalities, but rests on the latent force of mighty armaments, and of millions of hearts strung with stern determination for any ordeal whatever in the path of government. Where the men of a country are but a little effeminate—not made, as we say, of the sternest stuff, no such majesty of the law exists. Only the few strong races have proved masculine enough to create or maintain such institutions. The same spirit is requisite in working the political or judicial forces as in creating them, whether for public or private protection. It is utterly visionary to hope for a repose under the protection of law, in civil relations, such as we enjoy in relation to criminal offenses which make the State a party. The protection of a husband is something to repose under; the protection of the law is something to fight for; except when society is obliged to fight for you to protect itself. But more protection from the criminal law is not the question; for nobody grudges women all the further protection practicable in this kind. What women sometimes think they want (in the married state) is civil privilege: what is expressed, in charters that create a civil personality, as "the right to sue and be sued." And this masculine battery cannot be of the slightest efficacy, for execution or intimidation, but on condition of standing to your guns at all times with masculine nerve. A large part of men find it too stern work for them, and lead substantially the civil existence of married women (less their privileges) from pure aversion to conflict. It is certain, therefore—though probably ladies who sigh for the right to sue and be sued will never believe it on the testimony of masculine experience — that women must be transformed substantially to men, and strong men, before they will get anything better than the worst of it generally in the world's rude conflicts, on equal terms. It is for them to consider, first, whether they could if they would, and then, whether they would if they could—in order to share effectually the prerogatives of the fighting sex—renounce themselves with their marvelous sway, and become to men less than men are to each other. The mere attitude of one who stands ready to "sue and be sued" is the direct negation of womanhood, stripped at once of its peculiar charm and of its highest power. As surely as water will find its level, whatever women may gain in power to compel, they will lose in power to persuade; if they lose little of the charm of womanhood, it will be because, and on strict condition, that they gain little of the force of manhood; and if they better their condition by successful self-assertion, it will be, just so far, at the expense of whatever is distinctive and precious in the dower of their sex. Assured that this dower is the treasure of the race, and its crowning glory at every stage of destiny, they should deprecate a régime of force, with all it will add to and take from womanhood, as only and infinitely ruinous.

A distinguished lawyer once remarked in our hearing—with some excess of bitterness, no doubt—that government, in its true intention, is not an instrument of justice, but a substitute for private war; a means of peace, and nothing more. There is partial truth in this bold phrase, which is never to be forgotten in dealing with the problems of government. Nothing is more certain than that justice mocks the impotent pursuit of man. All that can be said for human government when it has done its best, is that it is not so unjust as self-will, nor so impotent as the average of self-vindication. "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh," is a vast amount, for want of which this world becomes in truth a vale of tears. Government, therefore, has acted in the general interest of justice as well as of peace in refusing to arm domestic belligerents with judicial process, leaving them to their natural weapons, and confining the strife to its private inclosure. An immense net addition would be made to the sum of human misery, by encouraging contentions in which justice can be neither ascertained nor made effective. Every department of society is filled, or filling up as civilization ripens, with villainies of growing magnitude, yet so subtly involved that no way can be devised for regular laws to take hold of them. But all the other hiding-places that defy and scorn the search of human justice are transparent in comparison with the family. It is a close question at best, with bribery, perjury, collusion and evasion pervading every stratum in the atmosphere of courts and legal proceedings, to keep up a persuasion that the chances of law are not worse than the chances of war, and so keep anarchy at bay. It would be a fearful experiment to throw all the affairs of husbands and wives into free litigation like those of ordinary parties, adding these new and unfathomable sources of strife to those which now strain the equilibrium of society. On the whole, we commend to the female sex as worthy of their unflinching support the Right Not to Sue and Be Sued, especially in the domestic relations.

But there comes up a bitter and strong complaint of the partiality of the law against married women. We are told that the law puts everything into the hands of the man. Wife, children, and property are alike under his control, to govern the persons and dispose of the goods at his absolute pleasure. Said a lady to the writer: "My husband and I have worked together from our marriage, and even from before it; we have made all we now have from nothing, and he will tell you that I have contributed no inferior share in a business sense to the structure of our fortunes. Yet I cannot draw a dollar from the bank. I cannot dispose of anything I possess, or buy anything I may desire, except by his at least constructive permission." Another said: "I have business talents, and I know I could have made money. But I have devoted myself instead to my husband, his home and his children, economizing his resources, bearing the petty burdens of life in his stead, and so enabling him to go forth into the world unencumbered to acquire the property which the law therefore says must be exclusively his! I have done for him what all his money could never have purchased, and yet I am not entitled to so much share of it as the wages of a cook, a laundress, or a chambermaid. All I am entitled to by law is my board and clothes, medical attendance and funeral expenses—just the allowance of a slave."

These short and bitter statements are amplified in detail to the size of a thick pamphlet which lies before us, filled with the cases in which the defect or willful malice of the law enables a husband to trample on every right, interest, and feeling of his wife at will. It is a harrowing story. It is no wonder that women read the complaint set forth by their able counsel with seething veins and flashing eyes and deep resolve. On trial, however, this general plea must be tested by something a little like special pleading. Not special pleading in the ignominious sense invented for the term by the lady orators and newspaper writers, who may well be pardoned for not knowing its meaning. What we propose is *not* a one-sided argument, but a process for reducing a general plea on which nobody can make a decision to the point, to a specific plea ("special" in old-fashioned technical phrase) which sets forth a distinct issue and a possibility of definite answer.

Meanwhile—we would not venture it in the hearing of certain females, but would rather whisper it as a re-assuring suggestion to the candid and gracious audience to whom we have addressed ourselves that, after all, the labors of the greatest and purest men who have lived on the earth, from Moses to Mansfield and Marshall and the other great lights of legal reason, were, perhaps, not prostituted in the service of power, to forging chains and scourges of steel against the tender and defenseless half of mankind. On the contrary, that they were engaged all their lives and with all their powers, if they knew themselves, in search for the perfect adjustment of the rights of all, and for the fortification especially of the rights of the weak against the aggressions of the strong. So far as they failed in this, they failed after doing their best under the circumstances. Let us inquire, with due modesty and circumspection, how far, under better circumstances, we can better their work.

The case of the two ladies we have quoted is in a nut-shell. Each has deliberately given away her labor to another, without stipulating for salary or profits, and now finds that she has nothing to show for it but a rich husband. Modern law guarantees every one's separate estate and earnings (including those of husbands, to a limited extent) to himself or herself: even to the separation in this respect of the "one person" of husband and wife, which our fathers, justly dreading, perhaps unjustly resisted. Men still have control of their personal property, over and above the requirements of their wives and children, and consequently there is nobody on whose effects our ladies can lawfully lay their hands to compensate them for having unadvisedly promoted another's interest (whoever that other may be) to the neglect of their own. There is, in short, no remedy at law for a negligence of this sort in anybody's case, in or out of matrimony. If the lady had property before marriage, she could have kept it; if she had chosen to acquire property in her own name after marriage, she could have done so. We speak of the law in its more modern sense or accepted tendency. In that case, if the husband had served as an assistant in his wife's business, he would have had to put up with what she chose to allow him. She would then have been the one to buy and sell, and draw checks on the bank. The unpleasant principle of *suum cuique*, though far more absolute in her favor than it would be if she were a husband, would have met with no objection, it may be presumed, from the lady. But our amiable friends have not chosen this course. They have preferred affection to interest, and domestic retirement to the responsibilities of business, and the law, it seems, fails to provide a kind of cake that they can eat and

have at once. They think that they have contributed (or at least foregone) more than their just and full half of the support of the entire family, and are therefore morally entitled to some independent proportion of the surplus accumulation. Granting this to be possibly true—for these are ladies of extraordinary business talents—the question is, How to get it? A short cut and much in favor is to take it by statute. But that would be robbery (at least if it worked both ways), and the law has its hands full in stopping that style of redress, without engaging in it.

There seems to be but one remedy available. That is, to provide judicial enforcement for ante-nuptial articles of partnership, under which the respective duties, salaries, and shares of the husband and wife should be apportioned, systematic accounts kept, periodical dividends made, and the contract rights enforced, if necessary, by a suit at law. The case is narrowed to this absolute point, and there is nothing else of it. If anybody thinks that the divisive and sordid principle of *meum* and *tuum* is not let far enough into the most sacred relation of human life by the modern right to separate estate and earnings, we are willing to look with them at the operation of a business partnership, with the interminable train of lawsuits, and the full suits of extra judges and counsellors, which would be its first fruits.

It is no secret that a business partnership is the ideal of marriage in its civil sense among certain "profane persons" of the female sex at the present day. We could wish them the blessing of it. But unless women should prove much more thrifty and rising in business than men have done, only a small minority of them would ever get into business for themselves, as the phrase is, on this plan. Men do not take business partners for love, but for money. The wives would need for that purpose what other partners must bring; either capital, or proved business capacity, experience, and connection. As for the majority totally destitute of all these, we may be told that they will match with the destitute men, or go in under salary, with perhaps a general commission on profits to encourage application to business. But no man hires a clerk for life, through sickness, maternity, and old age. The risks of such a business arrangement as this would swallow up all salary beforehand. So we get down to board and clothes after all, and the poor wife must work well for them while she can; all in order to enjoy the profit and dignity of an "equal" position in marriage.

It is pardonable in women to have no suspicion of the exactions of business and of business equity, and hence to imagine (as young men too are apt to do at first) that they could easily entitle themselves, in a fair field, to a handsome surplus beyond their own and children's support. The true criterion is what people actually get in business, and on what conditions. Any lady can compare for herself the life she would like to lead, as suited to her abilities and tastes, with the life and labor of an average male business employee, —not to say that of the few who by surpassing energy and persistence attain an independent position after many years—and can see at once that an equitable position in marriage, in a business sense, is the farthest possible from her desire. It would simply crush the female sex, with exceptions not worth noting, into the condition of slaves. In fact, every advocate of business equity in marriage renounces it just as emphatically as she claims it, by piecing it out with compensating allowances for woman's weakness, for the exactions of maternity, and even for her purity and love. The balance between the wife's material earnings and expenses, first and last, being confessedly against her in most cases, the claim on material grounds is virtually dropped. The wife's claim rests on her moral value, and on her appeal to our affection and honor, as the weaker and yet the bearer of the heavier weight of our common curse, and here there is no controversy. The claim is conceded: and if any think they would like to have it liquidated in cash, the questions of detail, as how much the sheriff shall be commanded to levy from the husband's property as the purchase-money of the wife's love and purity, of each of the children she has borne him, and so on, might be sent to a referee as soon as a plaintiff can be found with the requisite claims and proofs to make up a case.

It would still remain to be regretted, however, that, the pecuniary value of things being recognizable only from actual sales, the evidence before the referee must be drawn from an unsavory source, and the figures in that market are wretchedly low—lower even than "board and clothes, medical attendance and funeral expenses." A bar would hardly be needed against this pitiable allowance, and yet we will take the responsibility of saying off-hand for the women at large, that they will never tolerate a single precedent of this sort. In a word, they will maintain in matrimony the Right Not to be Paid,

against every sort of innovation and under every possible inconvenience.

Now, in contrast with all this brutal "business," let us see what sort of partnership is actually created (or rather recognized) in marriage by the much-calumniated law of our fathers. Of the estate of her husband (to which in rare cases she makes any clear contribution) the wife is entitled to a share sufficient for a support suitable to his ability, for herself and her children. The real property is held subject to her right of dower, and cannot be disposed of without her free concurrence, for which special safeguards are with peculiar strictness maintained. A man cannot make a will or deed, by which the large interest in his acquisitions given to his wife and possible widow shall be lessened in value, without her positive co-operation. The wife is thus peremptorily invested with a portion from her husband adequate to her wants, and with what is usually the chief share of the income after his death. Nothing seems left to propose, unless to commit his surplus also to her management and disposal; since one or the other must take the responsibility and control of the business affairs. There is no way to unite two wills but by their own volition, and no other way to divide the control of an undivided estate.

Thus the marital vow of the old English marriage service, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," is enforced by the law to the extent of its practicable sense, and of the law's practical power, or very nearly so. Here is partnership indeed. Not a business arrangement, resting on sordid material equivalents, which in practice, as we have seen, would generally condemn the wife for her material weakness to the position and wages of a serf. It is union and more than equality in property, conceded to the wife in her personal right, unpurchased and unearned, undeserved on any principle recognized between man and man; striking down the natural right of a man to control his own acquisitions, and compelling him to submit them in great part to the control and use of one who is not obliged to contribute to them in the smallest degree. Among the principles of law, this one is perfectly unique and anomalous. It is impossible to justify it in the abstract on any other theory than that of a sanctity in woman as wife transcending the claims of secular justice; and this theory we can trace only to the homage of the manly nature to the divine ideal in woman of self-defenseless purity and love, finding expression in the institutes of a rude but chivalrous age. The descent of this highest sentiment of the soul in Christianized man to an embodiment in civil law is a miracle unmatched in secular history. It may be still susceptible of a fuller development in some respects, but it is not to be sacrificed—say you not, O women?—for all else that is or is supposable in legislation. And while there is no general controversy of the proposition to inquire how much farther this principle may be practicably extended in statutes, it should be borne in mind that its limitations in the common law were so left from the gravest considerations of danger to conjugal unity and the rights of society; that innovations already accomplished for the relief of ill-married women from abuses contrary to the spirit of the law have not yet been vindicated by adequate trial; and that we cannot proceed too cautiously in changes which may possibly bring universal disaster in exchange for occasional hardship removed. The enforcement of a pure law of love is a wonderful thing to the least extent, and a most hazardous thing to urge to perfection.

In the control of children, there can be no dispute in the modern mind of the equality of the parents, and it is possible that cases of practical inequality remain in this relation, for which the wisdom of human government might be equal to a remedy. Such cases, of course, are not those, sometimes distressing though they be, which result from the necessary selection of one of the two parents as the lawful head, where both cannot unite. To make the woman supreme instead of the man would be the only alternative, and this would be no juster than the other, while it would greatly overtask her governing force, overload her with responsibility, and degrade the father to impotence and insignificance in which the whole parental authority would break down; besides minor troubles too numerous to mention. In short, it would be rejected as a pure calamity by nine-tenths at least of all the mothers in the world. It is complained that the father may dispose of the children without the mother's consent, and this we are inclined to think is not a necessary evil. The putting away of children is not so often desirable but that the virtuous mother's right to her children might be safely held inviolable. That it is so nearly inviolate in practice, is probably the reason that the abstract wrong has been overlooked.

On the question of enlarged facilities for divorce, the demand for which has rendered the so-called woman's rights movement infamous (though not universally), it is unnecessary here to remark. Virtuous women need no

argument for protesting against the existing laxity of the marriage bond, and sensible women need not be told that their sex is and must always be the chief sufferer, directly and indirectly, by multiplying grounds and means of divorce, of whatever nature.

We have not been able to see our way, as already intimated, to a logical limitation of the natural right of all fully developed human beings and good citizens to equality in the State. Nor have we been able to see anything unfeminine, or opposed to the heavenly culture and priesthood of woman, in the modest act of depositing a ballot, by itself considered, or in the public spirit and the habit of reading which should qualify a woman to make her election intelligently. The question of women's direct participation in government by holding office, we pass over as of no practical importance. By the time that women are commonly elected to office, we shall be ready to see them take office; but it will never be by women's votes. Voting and being voted for, with women, will always be about as far asunder as choosing a husband and being chosen for a husband. We shall concede to ambitious ladies the right to run for Congress, when women vote, if nobody is obliged to vote for them.

The argument that women should involve themselves in the responsibilities of a political class, with a view to enforce their own rights directly in legislation, or of commanding increased (!) consideration in society, is plainly refuted by the extraordinary advance in civil and all other privileges which women have achieved without the agency of suffrage or even of agitation. A relation to the actual voter so intimate and influential that it would disqualify him as a witness, a juror, or a judge, in her cause, must surely give the non-voting woman a full share of real political power, and experience proves that it does so. In reality, the only right to be obtained for women by voting is—the right to vote. We agree that women are needed to purify suffrage and legislation from corruption, and that they are capable of the greatest service in this way. Our only hope of help from them, however, must depend on the maintenance of their own purity. Exalted as is our conception of the feminine type and its office, we do not find that individual women are in anywise superhuman, nor can we advise them, as do some of their professed spokeswomen, to proceed upon the assumption that they are so. They would find that the hardening and depraving influences that corrupt the male voter would affect them as voters in like manner. The progress of evil in politics proves that they have already suffered in their proportion from those influences. Out of its appropriate and favoring sphere, their purity would perhaps decline even faster than that of men in the world. The more exquisite the quality, the less it is fitted to bear coarse exposure. In its native shelter womanly character thrives, and rains influence upon the arena of masculine conflict. Thrust into the collision of worldly forces, woman's simplicity and gentleness, elsewhere so potent, would at once find themselves miserably ridiculous, and give place to opposite extremes which, by a law of nature, would be ultra to everything else of the kind. Again, the political sense is not natural to woman. It is one of the dryest forms of logic, and she is the purest embodiment of feeling and imagination. It is a study of means, adaptations, and compromises; she is the very inspiration of ends and ideals, with little vocation for processes, adjustments, and modifications. Women are not organizers. They act almost altogether individually, even when they act most in concert. But we have no space to pursue this class of considerations. The uselessness and unfitness of political activity to women is usually self-evident in the womanly mind. The positive and terrible danger with which they are threatened in the proposition to accept the right of voting, and thus deprive themselves forever of the right to abstain, is what they have yet to consider and act upon.

In an ideal republic of virtue, the place of woman by the side of man would be clear, and its filling beautiful, and we can respect the enthusiasm of persons of not too practical intelligence who seek in women's suffrage the realization of such a state. But in politics as they are in this present world, there is no more place for women than in the police. The actual condition of the suffrage, while it gives fearful token of the ultimate failure, in the nature of things probable, of the highest form of merely human government, warns off virtuous women with a far-reaching stench which is yet nothing to what it will be able to raise out of a united political organization of the wickedness of both sexes. If the men cannot cope with their scoundrels, what could the women do with theirs? For every bad man we have a bad woman in the same grade and fellowship; and the worst of it is that the bad women are so much more unblushingly, violently and unboundedly bad than their male peers. Here is the trouble for women's suffrage. The primary meetings, which create the candidates of both parties, and thus

narrow the election practically to their own creatures, are certain to contain all the vice and violence which can be raked into the service of their respective parties. With women's suffrage, this terrible force would be numerically doubled and seven-fold intensified. Worst of all, the abandoned women, and also the profane and whiskey-drinking class of married women, who are numerous even in places not populous enough to support many of the abandoned sort, and who are very little better in manners, will bring into the primary meetings and the vicinage of the polls a reeking, sickening, and irrepressible filthiness, such as the vilest conditions of male depravity cannot engender. The reason is, that, besides the proverbial *abandon* with which bad women throw themselves into evil, they dwell in banishment ordinarily amongst society exclusively of their own kind; whereas the worst of men move much among the common walks of life, and so never lose the last exterior traces of self-respect and decency. If we could lead the refined and delicate women of a voting precinct up to the ballot-box, year after year, through a mob armed with buckets full from the sewers and sinks to discharge upon the persons of all women whose lady-like appearance marked them as of the opposite party, we should gather from that success no encouragement to hope that the same ladies would be able to bear up under the obscene vomit to be poured upon them from the mouths of a harpy horde, eager to get the utmost triumph and revenge out of that one day of social chaos. Let no woman flatter herself that this is a bugbear. Popular government will always be the prize of conflict between the antagonist ideas of moral progress and licentious liberty. The warfare of the latter grows more bitter, unscrupulous, and indecent, year by year. With the experience of the past few years before our eyes, it is worse than visionary to count upon the forbearance of that element and its managers from any shameless expedient by which it can deter or neutralize the vote of the party of moral order. Give them the vote of the women for a prey, and see how they will tear it in pieces, devour it, defile it, and stamp the residue with their feet! Their own proper vote will be fully kept good in relative number, and intensified in its diabolic *morale*, *imprimis*. The gullible vote, the bribable vote, the intimidable vote, and the fastidious never-employed vote, will all be doubled and quadrupled, and that not temporarily, by the admission of women to the elections. But their terrible resource will be in the opposite extremes of the female sex: the overpowering loathsomeness of its depravity hurled upon the shrinking delicacy and timid nerve of its pure and cultured portion. Doubt not that such antagonists in politics will see their opportunity and use it with remorseless audacity to the uttermost. Dream not of police protection against words. The indecencies to be encountered will be such as are neither actionable, nor tolerable to toughened men. They will suffice literally to wipe out the women's vote of the party embracing the positive morality and religion of the time from hundreds of poll-lists, and will leave but a noble few on record in almost all populous precincts. Passing the polls in one of the more respectable wards in the city of New York, during a recent election, we paused to survey the long *queue* of voters slowly struggling to their turns, a work of not less than one hour to each individual. Gentlemen whose high character and culture were written all over them, stood tightly sandwiched between villains whose rottenness looked out from flesh and spirit, and tainted the atmosphere; in whose faces gleamed the murky fires of murder and lust that nightly make the darkness terrible and blacken the columns of morning newspapers; the very vermin those gentlemen must carry thence were formidable political foes. We paid involuntary homage to the public virtue that could endure all this to deposit a vote. We believe some women would endure such contact with still fouler wretches of their own sex. We do not believe that one woman in a thousand will consent, knowingly, to assume a duty not required of them, and which imposes a martyrdom like this upon any of them.

But suppose they were able to stand up to the ordeal with equal or superior heroism to that of men: is this toilsome, disgusting, and fruitless conflict a boon to be craved by womankind? To no man, to no voter, is there a Right Not to Vote. Still less to any woman could such a right remain, after the power to vote had once been conferred on the eager, early and often voting class of unprincipled females. Every woman of principle has a personal concern in this question which she cannot shake off, strong though her present intention may be never to use the franchise. She will have to use it, once accepted, or see her brothers go down under the tide of bi-sexed abominations without lifting a finger, a ballot, to aid them. The conflict will irresistibly attract every woman who is positively bad, and by that very fact must force in

every woman who is positively good. Do the women desire this necessity for its own loathsome sake? for, be it remembered, there is nothing under heaven to be gained or hoped from it but itself. Do they prefer to be excused from the sort of ordeal we have feebly described? If so, let them hold fast, while they may, the Right Not to Vote. Once surrendered, it can, in the nature of the case, never be regained, as the right to vote would certainly never be surrendered by the depraved portion of the sex. Among the priceless immunities which Providence has set over against the peculiar trials and wrongs of women, and which they realize as the reward of their generous self-subjection, we conclude that while the right to unconditional support, the Right Not to Sue and be Sued, the Right Not to Propose, and the Right Not to be Hired in matrimony, are sacred and indefeasible, the Right Not to Vote is above all never to be surrendered.

A lady who takes a quiet interest in the proposed "reform" has been for some time in the habit of taking the sense of her female acquaintances on the question of voting. At our last information she had accumulated a list of just two names on the affirmative side. Considerate women, moreover, have begun to exchange their instinctive intolerance of the thought for more positive reflection and utterance, and their protest begins to be heard above the sinister clamor which calls itself the voice of woman. Intuitively they feel that the tendency of all the changes proposed would be not to bring them into liberty, but under new bondage and heavier burdens. It is especially clear to them, we observe, that the privilege of voting would be fraught only with ruin to their cause, conducting toward subjection more galling and degrading than woman has known for centuries. For as the party of license, which must, from the causes we have pointed out, come into permanent ascendency with the coming in of women's suffrage, is necessarily brutal and selfish in its instincts, scorning moral exactions and rights with supreme intolerance, the attainment of the suffrage will lead to additional privileges and immunities only for the baser passions and the more lawless descriptions of women.

The number of women who have been drawn into insurrection so far, seems considerable when massed apart. But if viewed as a fraction of the whole, it is hardly more than infinitesimal. There are many causes to create a class of women out of harmony with society and nature, and it is rather surprising that the class, as represented in the anti-feminine movement, is yet so small. There are, of course, women ill-constituted by nature, malformations, with a preponderance of masculine qualities and faculties; there are those indifferent to or desperate of domestic happiness; there are childless women, ambitious women, and those embittered by personal wrongs; there are women corrupted by infidelity, who constitute the phalanx of the new party, and there are others who from unfortunate associations or habits of mind, are accustomed to regard lasciviousness and brutality as the normal distinctions of sex in the male, and to see in every man a natural enemy. There are persons numerous in both sexes, in an age of light reading, who have learned to use their minds without knowing anything: minds as active as the winds, without other knowledge of life and affairs than they have casually picked up in newspapers and conversation, ready for the broadest generalizations in ignorance of the simplest particulars, and accustomed to dispose of the problems of two thousand years past, unconscious that they were ever propounded before. The simplicity proper to a sequestered and protected sex—best possession of mankind as it is, for a sex to be set apart to conserve—betrays women into inevitable error in complicated worldly affairs; and it is no wonder if noble women are misled when they hearken to plausible theories and utopian propositions beyond their range of experience. The antidote for all these causes of error, in the high moral nature of christianized womanhood, is adequate on the whole to its office. We can see no practical danger of a "reform against nature" so likely, as in the sinister views of politicians and the generous impulses of men mistaking women's interest and desire, both conspiring to spring upon the female sex a committal to suffrage, which once hastily suffered could never be retrieved. If this alarm will not justify the use we have made of these pages, we must appeal to the positive importance of the subject in itself to all men and women, as a matter of social science, of self-knowledge, and of mutual understanding in their personal relations.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

AMERICANS have manifested considerable interest in the Imperial family of Russia since the Grand Duke Alexis came to our shores.

The house of Romanoff has swayed the destinies of the great empire for more than two hundred years; it was in 1613 that Michael Romanoff, the son of the Metropolitan of Rostoff, was elected to the throne with the title of Tsar of all the Russias. Vladislas, with a Polish army, had just been driven from Moscow after making great havoc in and around the Holy City; the country was at war with Sweden, and there was a general feeling of despondency throughout the young Tsar's dominions. The Poles remained in possession of Smolensk, and made frequent raids to the very gates of Moscow, but they were finally driven away. The war with Sweden was terminated through the mediation of France, Holland, and England, and a threatened war with Turkey was averted through the wisdom of Michael. He was sixteen years old when he ascended the throne; he died at the age of forty-nine, after making his life renowned by his enlightened policy and his great interest for the welfare of his people. His son Alexis succeeded him, and made his reign remarkable for the legal reforms he introduced; and he is also credited in the Russian histories with bringing shipwrights from England and Holland. They built several small vessels for the navigation of the Volga, but their achievements did not amount to much. After Alexis came Theodore III.; and after Theodore came Peter, subsequently surnamed The Great. Peter was only ten years of age when he was crowned; he became the ruler of Russia in 1689, when only seventeen years of age.

To enumerate the deeds of Peter would require more space than can be spared for this entire article. His ruling passion was to extend his empire and consolidate his power, and he possessed a persevering mind and a spirit of dogged determination which allowed no obstacles to stand in his way. What he desired he obtained. He created an army and a navy for Russia; he caused the city which bears his name to rise from the marshes of the Neva; he humbled the Swedes and the Turks; he pushed his armies beyond the Caspian Sea; he ordered the construction of roads and canals; he endowed colleges and universities; he established the system of exile in order to people Siberia; he created towns and cities, reformed the courts and the titles and grades of nobility—in fact, he made the name of Russia prominent among nations for the first time in her history. He had his vices as well as his virtues; and his reign, great and glorious as it was, was marred by various acts of injustice. The death of his son Alexis is an indelible stain upon the character of the famous ruler. Alexis had incurred the imperial displeasure by opposing the reforms which had been begun; he fled from the country, but was induced to return, and was thrown into a dungeon on the banks of the Neva. He died suddenly after undergoing severe tortures by order of his father. One of the examinations was personally conducted by Peter, and the torture was applied in his presence.

Peter, the son of Alexis and grandson of Peter the Great, died before reaching his majority, and with his death the male line of the Romanoffs became extinct. The empress Anne, daughter of Ivan, half-brother of Peter the Great, then ascended the throne; during her reign the celebrated Ice Palace was erected. Walls, roof, floors, furniture—everything, even to the four cannons in front of the building, were of ice. The Empress sent one of her buffoons and his bride to pass their wedding-night in this edifice; tradition says that after this occurrence there were no more marriage engagements among the courtiers until the ice palace had melted. After Anne came Ivan VI.; then Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great; then Peter III.; and then that Empress of remarkable memory, Catharine II. The story of her loves and wars would fill a volume; she possessed the ambition and energy of the great Peter, together with his ungovernable caprice, which her sex rather increased than diminished. To be her favorite this month would very likely lead to exile to Siberia the next; at one time she meditated the most tyrannical measures; and a week later she was inclined to give the country a constitution like that of the United States, and to restrict the sovereign as the sovereign of England is restricted. With all her faults she did much for Russia, and there are many laws and institutions still in existence that originated in her reign. Her son Paul succeeded her, but made no mark; then came Alexander I., whose reign was made memorable by the wars with the French, which included the

capture and burning of Moscow. After the declaration of peace he traveled through Europe, and on his return instituted many reforms. He was the first, and thus far the only, member of the Imperial family to visit Siberia. He spent several days in the gold and other mines of the Ural Mountains, and the spot where for more than an hour he personally wielded the pick is marked by a monument. He found that the Imperial hands were better fitted to the scepter than to the tools of the miner, and admitted that he had never known a more fatiguing hour. His death brought Nicholas I. to the throne, and with the new ruler's assumption of power came the revolt of 1825, that sent five conspirators to the gallows, and two hundred men of noble birth to Siberia.

On the day of the revolt the present Emperor, Alexander II., was a boy of something less than eight years of age. It was ascertained that the Imperial Guards of the palace were in the conspiracy, and so, early in the morning, they were marched away and a battalion of soldiers of the line from Finland was substituted. Rough in appearance and uncouth in manner, they formed a marked contrast to the elegant Guards whom they replaced. But under their coarse exterior they had loyal hearts, and as Nicholas looked upon them he felt that they could be trusted. Word was brought to the Emperor that the insurgents had assembled in St. Isaac's Square. He bade farewell to his wife, entered his chapel for a brief prayer, and then took the young Alexander by the hand and led him to the courtyard where the battalion of Finlanders was drawn up. To the care of the soldiers he commended his son, and then rode to the square where the insurgents were gathered. An hour later those that were not killed or wounded were fleeing through the streets and lanes of St. Petersburg, and the monarch returned to the palace to receive his son from the soldiers. The boy had been passed from hand to hand along the whole line, and each man had imprinted a kiss upon his cheek. His tutor came for him, but only to the Emperor would the soldiers deliver their charge. And for years afterward it was the proud boast of the battalion that the Emperor had left his son in its care, and that the men had fondled the future ruler of Russia as they would fondle one of their own peasant-born children. The boy had enjoyed his hour with the soldiers, and it may be that to this incident is due a great part of the devotion which Alexander II. has always displayed for the welfare and prosperity of the rank and file of his armies. The Russian soldier of to-day is better paid, better educated, and better treated in every way than was the Russian soldier of thirty years ago. The term of compulsory service has been shortened, the conscription is reduced, and in several respects the military service has lost its terrors. The Grand Duke Michel, uncle of Alexander, was fond of military display for the sake of its magnificence alone. He would ride at full speed along a line, and detect any officer who had a single button of his coat unfastened, or stood six inches from his proper place. "I hate war," he used to say; "it soils the uniforms, rusts the weapons, and deranges the parades." Alexander hates war because he knows it is detrimental to the prosperity of his country, and would cause the death of many of his soldiers. Were it not for the necessity of being always ready for war in order to maintain peace, it is probable that he would immediately reduce the army to less than half its present proportions.

Alexander II. was crowned at Moscow on the 7th of September, 1856. Nicholas began his reign in the midst of a storm of revolution, whose effect was to make him uncompromising and unyielding in character. "While I live he shall never return from Siberia," was his response to a piteous appeal for the pardon of a man who had been twenty-five years in exile for taking part in the insurrection of 1825. "Take a new rope and finish the execution," was his answer when told that the rope had broken while a conspirator was being hanged. The news of the repulse at Eupatoria was such a shock to him that it led indirectly to his death. A nature stern and unbending cannot meet misfortune as complacently as can its opposite; the blast that prostrates the sturdy oak passes harmlessly over the pliant bush, which rises when the storm is done, and stands as proudly as ever. Nicholas began his reign with acts of severity—Alexander began his with acts of mildness. He instituted the reformation in the army already hinted at; he projected railways, promoted commercial and industrial enterprises, pardoned all exiles who had been more than twenty years in Siberia, and in various ways sought to bring back the prosperity that had been impaired by the war. The greatest glory of his reign, and one that will make his name revered while his nation endures, is the liberation of the serfs. From the time of Catharine II. the subject had been agitated; Catharine had proposed it, some of the Cabinet ministers of Alexander I. greatly desired it, and Nicholas frequently

busied his mind with projects for improving the condition of the serf. Three years before his death he drew up a plan of gradual emancipation, but it did not meet the approval of his Cabinet, and was set aside. Alexander gave his thought to the subject on frequent occasions; and finally, in March, 1861, the proclamation of gradual emancipation was issued. He encountered a great deal of opposition in his Cabinet and among the heavy proprietors of serfs. The shock of the change was great, and for a while the best friends of the measure faltered, but in a little time the crisis was passed, and the nation began its career of freedom. Some of the nobles, like some of our Southern slaveholders, did not believe emancipation possible, and refused to prepare for the change. Many of these persons were ruined by it, and still remain idle, morose, and discontented. Others, in the time between the notice and the enforcement of the proclamation, labored intelligently, and now find their estates more prosperous than ever. The people of all classes are becoming every year more and more adapted to the new order of things, and the feeling is almost universal that there is much good in store for Russia. She is yet in her developing stage. Time, patience, and energy will accomplish all that her ardent friends can wish. The grandest results in the nation's progress are still in the future, and from generations yet to come Alexander will receive his warmest praise.

There are said to be islands in the Pacific where the death of a chief is followed by a careful measurement of all the masculine members of his tribe. The tallest and strongest among them becomes his successor, and is crowned with all the dignity possible in a region where textile clothing is unknown, and a pint of cocoanut-oil rubbed over the skin is considered a full-dress suit for a gentleman. If we did not know to the contrary, we might suppose that physical size and strength were the standard of Imperial selection in Russia as well as in those mythical isles of the Peaceful Sea. Peter the Great was almost a giant in stature, and might have made the fortune of an enterprising showman. Anne, Elizabeth, and Catharine were blessed with great strength of body; Catharine in particular was wont, in moments of wrath, to strike her attendants with such force as to prostrate them, and there are various traditional stories that recount her great bodily force. Paul, the first Alexander, and Nicholas each exceeded six feet in height, and the same is the case with the present Emperor. With hardly an exception, every masculine member of the Romanoff family was or is of a form and bearing to prove him "every inch a king." Nicholas once went in disguise to Stockholm. As he stepped upon the pier, a Swedish officer stood in his way; Nicholas, in plain clothes, frowned upon him as any other traveler might frown, and the officer, half trembling, stepped aside. "What devil of a man can that be?" he said to a friend; "he must be a king, or if not he ought to be one." Nicholas frequently went incognito about the streets of St. Petersburg, but his disguise was generally discovered before he was long on his way. The first time I ever saw Alexander was one afternoon on the Nevski, the Broadway of St. Petersburg. One of those little sleighs, of which there are twenty thousand in the city, was driven near me, and came almost to a halt in consequence of a blockade of vehicles. My eyes wandered carelessly over the crowded street and rested on the sleigh, which did not differ in appearance from dozens of others that were in sight. But something in the face of the man in the sleigh, or rather in the portion of it visible above the fur collar, arrested my attention. There was a look of lofty superiority in the eye and on the brow; the form was erect as a statue, and did not move as others did to regard the cause of the delay. In a moment there was a shout, and one person after another raised his cap as the sleigh dashed through an opening and diminished in the distance. "*Voila l'Empereur*," said a Russian friend at my side. Here was the Autocrat of all the Russias, the ruler of seventy millions of people, and holding authority over one-eighth of the territorial extent of this globe, passing before me unattended, and with no outward indication of his imperial power. In all the hurry and confusion of that busiest street of St. Petersburg he was recognized and cheered by the populace. There are not many rulers who possess, as he does, the hearts of their subjects, and can move among them without a surrounding of guards and secret police to protect them from assassination, and lead the applause at the time it should be given.

A few days later I saw the Czarevitch, the Emperor's eldest son, riding along the Nevski in much greater state than I had seen his father. He was cheered by the people, who had formed a dense crowd in front of the palace where the heir to the throne resided, and naturally enough the cheering ran along the street where he drove, just as it runs along the line of spectators when there is a display of any sort on Broadway. The Czarevitch

was accompanied by his handsome wife, to whom he was married about two months before, and it was hard to say which was the more applauded, the Grand Duke or the Grand Duchess. The Princess Dagmar, as she is best known to the world, is a woman of unusual beauty. She is somewhat above the medium height, has a graceful figure, a pleasant girlish face, features that seem to combine the Italian and German types, and a profusion of hair which she wears in an apparently half-careless way. Her graceful bearing and sweetness of manner have won her the respect and love of all who have met her since she made her residence in the Russian capital. She is popular among all classes, from noble to peasant, and I think it would be no easy task to find a subject of the Autocrat of all the Russias who does not wish her long life and prosperity. Her husband, the Czarevitch, is of the frame and bearing which I have already described as the possession of the Romanoff family. His education, like that of all the members of the Imperial family, has been carefully attended to, and when he ascends the throne he will have no reason to complain that he is ignorant of his duties. He is said to be more conservative than his father, and in sympathy, to a considerable extent, with the "Old Russian" party, which believes not in the modern abominations of railways, telegraphs, and kindred things, nor in the emancipation of the serfs, nor intimate intercourse with foreign nations. How far he may sympathize with the Unprogressives I cannot say; it is possible that he is one of the most liberal of liberals, and the story of his conservatism may be an invention of the enemy. But development, like revolutions, cannot go backward; the heir to the Muscovite throne will find that Russia will not be stopped in her progressive career, and should he attempt to build a Chinese wall of exclusiveness around his empire he will find himself sadly deficient in materials. No great measure can be carried out unless it has the approval of the Imperial Council, and no intelligent councilor is likely to advise a retrograde movement for Russia.

The Empress of Russia, a tall stately lady, with a sad face and the appearance of an aristocratic invalid, is rarely seen in public. She appears only at the State balls and other festivities where etiquette demands her presence, and it is evident that she would prefer to be shut off altogether from the stare of curious eyes. Since the death of her eldest boy, six years ago, she has never been in good health and spirits; she was most devotedly attached to her first-born, and his loss nearly broke her heart. By birth he was heir to the throne; by his death the heirship fell to his brother Alexander, whom I have just described. Next to him is the Grand Duke Vladimir, and next the Grand Duke Alexis, whose name is so well known to Americans. And the heir to the throne, after the Grand Duke Alexander, is the son of the present Czarevitch, born in May, 1868, and now of the age when candy is of more consequence than scepters, and a trundle-bed has greater attractions than a throne.

There is a romantic incident connected with the marriage of the Czarevitch and the Grand Duchess Maria Federovna, otherwise known as the Princess Dagmar. The alliance was first contracted between the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Princess; all the details of the engagement were settled and the marriage was to take place as soon as the Grand Duke's health permitted. He was sent to Nice in the hope that he would recover, but he grew worse instead of better. The Princess loved him and prayed often for his restoration, but her hopes and prayers were of no avail. With the soft breezes of the Mediterranean fanning his cheek, and wafting through his open window the odors of the vine and the olive, he breathed his last. The intelligence fell heavily upon that Danish heart which had been pledged to the young life now gone forever. But the Princess Dagmar was betrothed to the heir to the Russian throne, and, like the throne, she passed to the successor of the boy who had died. After the delay which etiquette demanded, the wedding took place, and the daughter of the King of Denmark became a subject of Russia. The day before the wedding she visited the Garrison church, where the members of the House of Romanoff, since the time of Peter the Great, are buried. Before the latest of all those tombs, where rested the remains of him to whom she had been betrothed, knelt the young princess and placed a funeral wreath on the cold marble. And as she bent before the tomb, her tears told her sorrow, as tears tell the sorrows of those not born in the purple nor cradled or reared in royal and imperial luxury.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 73.)

CHAPTER LII.

LILITH MEETS WITH A MISFORTUNE.

THE next day, leaving a note to inform Charley that I had run home for a week, I set out for the moat, carrying with me the best side-saddle I could find in London.

As I left the inn at Minstercombe in a gig, I saw Clara coming out of a shop. I could not stop and speak to her, for, not to mention the opinion I had of her, and the treachery of which I accused her, was I not at that very moment meditating how best to let her lover know that she was not to be depended upon? I touched the horse with the whip, and drove rapidly past. Involuntarily, however, I glanced behind, and saw a white face staring after me. Our looks encountering thus, I lifted my hat, but held on my course.

I could not help feeling very sorry for her. The more falsely she had behaved, she was the more to be pitied. She looked very beautiful with that white face. But how different was her beauty from that of my Athanasia!

Having tried the side-saddle upon Lilith, and found all it wanted was a little change in the stuffing about the withers, I told Styles to take it and the mare to Minstercombe the next morning, and have it properly fitted.

What trifles I am lingering upon! Lilith is gone to the worms—no, that I *do not* believe: amongst the things most people believe, and I cannot, that is one; but at all events she is dead, and the saddle gone to worms; and yet, for reasons which will want no explanation to my one reader, I care to linger even on the fringes of this part of the web of my story.

I wandered about the field and house, building and demolishing many an airy abode, until Styles came back. I had told him to get the job done at once, and not return without the saddle.

"Can I trust you, Styles?" I said, abruptly.

"I hope so, sir. If I may make so bold, I don't think I was altogether to blame about that book——"

"Of course not. I told you so. Never think of it again. Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try, sir. You've been a good master to me, I'm sure, sir."

"That I mean to be still, if I can. Do you know the parish of Spurdene?"

"I was born there, sir."

"Ah! that's not so convenient. Do you know the rectory?"

"Every stone of it, I may say, sir."

"And do they know you?"

"Well, it's some years since I left—a mere boy, sir."

"I want you then—if it be possible—you can tell best—to set out with Lilith to-morrow night—I hope it will be a warm night. You must groom her thoroughly, put on the side-saddle and her new bridle, and lead her—you're not to ride her, mind—I don't want her to get hot—lead her to the rectory of Spurdene—and—now here is the point—if it be possible, take her up to the stable, and fasten her by this silver chain to the ring at the door of it—as near morning as you safely can to avoid discovery, for she mustn't stand longer at this season of the year than can be helped. I will tell you all. I mean her for a present to Miss Osborne; but I do not want any one to know where she comes from. None of them, I believe, have ever seen her. I will write something on a card, which you will fasten to one of the pommels, throwing over all this horse-cloth."

I gave him a fine bear-skin I had bought for the purpose. He smiled, and with evident enjoyment of the spirit of the thing, promised to do his best.

Lilith looked lovely as he set out with her, late the following night. When he returned the next morning, he reported that everything had succeeded admirably. He had carried out my instructions to the letter; and my white Lilith had by that time, I hoped, been caressed, possibly fed, by the hands of Mary Osborne herself.

I may just mention that on the card I had written—or rather printed the words: "To Mary Osborne, from a friend."

In a day or two, I went back to London, but said nothing to Charley of what I had done—waiting to hear from him first what they said about it.

"I say, Wilfrid!" he cried, as he came into my room with his usual hurried step, the next morning but one, carrying an open letter in his hand, "what's this you've been doing—you sly old fellow? You ought to have been a prince, by Jove!"

"What do you accuse me of? I must

know that first, else I might confess to more than necessary. One must be on one's guard with such as you."

"Read that," he said, putting the letter into my hand.

It was from his sister. One passage was as follows:

"A strange thing has happened. A few mornings ago, the loveliest white horse was found tied to the stable door, with a side-saddle, and a card on it directed to *me*. I went to look at the creature. It was like the witch-lady in Christabel, 'beautiful exceedingly.' I ran to my father, and told him. He asked me who had sent it, but I knew no more than he did. He said I couldn't keep it unless we found out who had sent it, and probably not then, for the proceeding was as suspicious as absurd. To-day he has put an advertisement in the paper to the effect that if the animal is not claimed before, it will be sold at the horse-fair next week, and the money given to the new school fund. I feel as if I couldn't bear parting with it, but of course I can't accept a present without knowing where it comes from. Have you any idea who sent it? I am sure papa is right about it, as indeed, dear Charley, he always is."

I laid down the letter, and, full of mortification, went walking about the room.

"Why didn't you tell me, Wilfrid?"

"I thought it better, if you were questioned, that you should not know. But it was a foolish thing to do—very. I see it now. Of course your father is right. It doesn't matter though. I will go down and buy her."

"You had better not appear in it. Go to the Moat, and send Styles."

"Yes—that will be best. Of course it will. When is the fair, do you know?"

"I will find out for you. I hope some rascal mayn't in the mean time take my father in, and persuade him to give her up. Why shouldn't I run down and tell him, and get back poor Lilith without making you pay for your own?"

"Indeed you shan't. The mare is your sister's, and I shall lay no claim to her. I have money enough to redeem her."

Charley got me information about the fair, and the day before it I set out for the Moat.

When I reached Minstercombe, having more time on my hands than I knew what to do with, I resolved to walk round by Spurdene. It would not be more than ten or twelve miles, and so I should get a peep of the rectory. On the way I met a few farmer-looking men on horseback, and just before entering the village, saw at a little distance a white creature—very like my Lilith—with a man on its back, coming towards me.

As they drew nearer, I was certain of the mare, and thinking it possible the rider might be Mr. Osborne, withdrew into a thicket on the roadside. But what was my dismay to discover that it was indeed my Lilith, but ridden by Geoffrey Brotherton! As soon as he was past, I rushed into the village, and found that the people I had met were going from the fair. Charley had been misinformed. I was too late: Brotherton had bought my Lilith. Half distracted with rage and vexation, I walked on and on, never halting till I reached the Moat. Was this man destined to swallow up everything I cared for? Had he suspected me as the foolish donor, and bought the mare to spite me? A thousand times rather would I have had her dead. Nothing on earth would have tempted me to sell my Lilith but inability to feed her, and then I would rather have shot her. I felt poorer than even when my precious folio was taken from me, for the lowest animal life is a greater thing than a rare edition. I did not go to bed at all that night, but sat by my fire or paced about the room till dawn, when I set out for Minstercombe, and reached it in time for the morning coach to London. The whole affair was a folly, and I said to myself that I deserved to suffer. Before I left, I told Styles, and begged him to keep an eye on the mare, and if ever he learned that her owner wanted to part with her, to come off at once and let me know. He was greatly concerned at my ill-luck, as he called it, and promised to watch her carefully. He knew one of the grooms, he said, a little, and would cultivate his acquaintance.

I could not help wishing now that Charley would let his sister know what I had tried to do for her, but of course I would not say so. I think he did tell her, but I never could be quite certain whether or not she knew it. I wonder if she ever suspected me. I think not. I have too good reason to fear that she attributed to another the would-be gift: I believe that from Brotherton's buying her, they thought he had sent her—a present certainly far more befitting his means than mine. But I came to care very little about it, for my correspondence with her, through Charley, went on. I wondered sometimes how she could keep from letting her father know: that he did not know I was certain, for he would have put a stop to it at once. I conjectured that she had told her mother, and that she, fearing to widen the breach between her husband and Charley, had advised her not to

mention it to him; while, believing it would do both Charley and me good, she did not counsel her to give up the correspondence. It must be considered also that it was long before I said a word implying any personal interest. Before I ventured that, I had some ground for thinking that my ideas had begun to tell upon hers, for, even in her letters to Charley, she had begun to drop the common religious phrases, while all she said seemed to indicate a widening and deepening and simplifying of her faith. I do not for a moment imply that she had consciously given up one of the dogmas of the party to which she belonged, but there was the perceptible softening of growth in her utterances; and after that was plain to me, I began to let out my heart to her a little more.

About this time also I began to read once more the history of Jesus, asking myself as if on a first acquaintance with it, "Could it be —might it not be that, if there were a God, he would visit his children after some fashion? If so, is this a likely fashion? May it not even be the only right fashion?" In the story I found at least a perfection surpassing everything to be found elsewhere; and I was at least sure that whatever this man said must be true. If one could only be as sure of the record! But if ever a dawn was to rise upon me, here certainly the sky would break; here I thought I already saw the first tinge of the returning life-blood of the swooning world. The gathering of the waters of conviction at length one morning broke out in the following verses, which seemed more than half given to me, the only effort required being to fit them rightly together:—

Come to me, come to me, O my God;
  Come to me everywhere!
Let the trees mean thee, and the grassy sod,
  And the water and the air.

For thou art so far that I often doubt,
  As on every side I stare,
Searching within, and looking without,
  If thou art anywhere.

How did men find thee in days of old?
  How did they grow so sure?
They fought in thy name, they were glad and bold,
  They suffered, and kept themselves pure.

But now they say—neither above the sphere,
  Nor down in the heart of man,
But only in fancy, ambition, or fear,
  The thought of thee began.

If only that perfect tale were true
  Which with touch of sunny gold,
Of the ancient many makes one anew,
  And simplicity manifold.

But *he* said that they who did his word,
  The truth of it should know:
I will try to do it—if he be Lord,
  Perhaps the old spring will flow;

Perhaps the old spirit-wind will blow
  That he promised to their prayer;
And doing thy will, I yet shall know
  Thee, Father, everywhere!

These lines found their way without my concurrence into a certain religious magazine, and I was considerably astonished, and yet more pleased one evening when Charley handed me, with the kind regards of his sister, my own lines copied by herself. I speedily let her know they were mine, explaining that they had found their way into print without my cognizance. She testified so much pleasure at the fact, and the little scraps I could claim as my peculiar share of the contents of Charley's envelopes, grew so much more confiding, that I soon ventured to write more warmly than hitherto. A period longer than usual passed before she wrote again, and when she did she took no express notice of my last letter. Foolishly or not, I regarded this as a favorable sign, and wrote several letters, in which I allowed the true state of my feelings towards her to appear. At length I wrote a long letter in which, without a word of direct love-making, I thought yet to reveal that I loved her with all my heart. It was chiefly occupied with my dream on that memorable night—of course without the slightest allusion to the waking, or anything that followed. I ended abruptly, telling her that the dream often recurred, but as often as it drew to its lovely close, the lifted veil of Athanasia revealed ever and only the countenance of Mary Osborne.

The answer to this came soon, and in few words.

"I dare not take to myself what you write. That would be presumption indeed, not to say willful self-deception. It will be honor enough for me if in any way I serve to remind you of the lady of your dream. Wilfrid, if you love me, take care of my Charley. I must not write more.—M. O."

It was not much, but enough to make me happy. I write it from memory—every word as it lies where any moment I could read it—shut in a golden coffin whose lid I dare not open.

CHAPTER LIII.

TOO LATE.

I MUST now go back a little. After my suspicions had been aroused as to the state of Charley's feelings, I hesitated for a long time

before I finally made up my mind to tell him the part Clara had had in the loss of my sword. But while I was thus restrained by dread of the effect the disclosure would have upon him if my suspicions were correct, those very suspicions formed the strongest reason for acquainting him with her duplicity; and, although I was always too ready to put off the evil day so long as doubt supplied excuse for procrastination, I could not have let so much time slip by and nothing said, but for my absorption in Mary.

At length, however, I had now resolved, and one evening, as we sat together, I took my pipe from my mouth, and, shivering bodily, thus began:

"Charley," I said, "I have had for a good while something on my mind, which I cannot keep from you longer."

He looked alarmed instantly. I went on.

"I have not been quite open with you about that affair of the sword."

He looked yet more dismayed; but I must go on, though it tore my very heart. When I came to the point of my overhearing Clara talking to Brotherton, he started up, and without waiting to know the subject of their conversation, came close up to me, and, his face distorted with the effort to keep himself quiet, said, in a voice hollow and still and far off, like what one fancies of the voice of the dead,

"Wilfrid, you said Brotherton, I think?"

"I did, Charley."

"She never told me that!"

"How could she when she was betraying your friend?"

"No, no!" he cried, with a strange mixture of command and entreaty; "don't say that. There is some explanation. There *must* be."

"She told *me* she hated him," I said.

"I *know* she hates him. What was she saying to him?"

"I tell you she was betraying me, your friend, who had never done her any wrong, to the man she had told me she hated, and whom I had heard her ridicule."

"What do you mean by betraying you?"

I recounted what I had overheard. He listened with clenched teeth and trembling white lips; then burst into a forced laugh.

"What a fool I am! Distrust *her!* I will *not*. There is some explanation! There *must* be!"

The dew of agony lay thick on his forehead. I was greatly alarmed at what I had done, but I could not blame myself.

"Do be calm, Charley," I entreated.

"I am as calm as death," he replied, striding up and down the room with long strides.

He stopped and came up to me again.

"Wilfrid," he said, "I am a damned fool. I am going now. Don't be frightened—I am perfectly calm. I will come and explain it all to you to-morrow—no—the next day—or the next at latest. She had some reason for hiding it from me, but I shall have it all the moment I ask her. She is not what you think her. I don't for a moment blame you—but—are you sure it was—Clara's—voice you heard?" he added with forced calmness and slow utterance.

"A man is not likely to mistake the voice of a woman he ever fancied himself in love with."

"Don't talk like that, Wilfrid. You'll drive me mad. How should *she* know you had taken the sword?"

"She was always urging me to take it. There lies the main sting of the treachery. But I never told you where I found the sword."

"What can that have to do with it?"

"I found it on my bed that same morning when I woke. It could not have been there when I lay down."

"Well?"

"Charley, I believe *she* laid it there."

He leaped at me like a tiger. Startled, I jumped to my feet. He laid hold of me by the throat, and griped me with a quivering grasp. Recovering my self-possession I stood perfectly still, making no effort even to remove his hand, although it was all but choking me. In a moment or two he relaxed his hold, burst into tears, took up his hat, and walked to the door.

"Charley! Charley! you must *not* leave me so," I cried, starting forwards.

"To-morrow, Wilfrid; to-morrow," he said, and was gone.

He was back before I could think what to do next. Opening the door half-way, he said—as if a griping hand had been on *his* throat—

"I—I—I—don't believe it, Wilfrid. You only said you believed it. *I* don't. Good night. I'm all right now. *Mind, I don't believe it.*"

He shut the door. Why did I not follow him? But if I had followed him, what could I have said or done? In every man's life come awful moments when he must meet his fate—dree his weird—alone. Alone, I say, if he have no God—for man or woman cannot aid him, cannot touch him, cannot come near him. Charley was now in one of those crises, and I could not help him. Death is counted an awful thing: it seems to me that life is an infinitely more awful thing.

In the morning I received the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Cumbermede,

"You will be surprised at receiving a note from me—still more at its contents. I am most anxious to see you—so much so that I venture to ask you to meet me where we can have a little quiet talk. I am in London, and for a day or two sufficiently my own mistress to leave the choice of time and place with you—only let it be when and where we shall not be interrupted. I presume on old friendship in making this extraordinary request, but I do not presume in my confidence that you will not misunderstand my motives. One thing only I *beg*—that you will not inform C. O. of the petition I make.

"Your old friend,
"C. C."

What was I to do? To go, of course. She *might* have something to reveal which would cast light on her mysterious conduct. I cannot say I expected a disclosure capable of removing Charley's misery, but I did vaguely hope to learn something that might alleviate it. Anyhow, I would meet her, for I dared not refuse to hear her. To her request of concealing it from Charley, I would grant nothing beyond giving it quarter until I should see whither the affair tended. I wrote at once —making an appointment for the same evening. But was it from a suggestion of Satan, from an evil impulse of human spite, or by the decree of fate, that I fixed on that part of the Regent's Park in which I had seen him and the lady I now believed to have been Clara walking together in the dusk? I cannot now tell. The events which followed have destroyed all certainty, but I fear it was a flutter of the wings of revenge, a shove at the spokes of the wheel of time to hasten the coming of its circle.

Anxious to keep out of Charley's way—for the secret would make me wretched in his presence—I went into the City, and, after an early dinner, sauntered out to the Zoological Gardens, to spend the time till the hour of meeting. But there, strange to say, whether from insight or fancy, in every animal face I saw such gleams of a troubled humanity, that at last I could bear it no longer, and betook myself to Primrose Hill.

It was a bright afternoon, wonderfully clear, with a crisp frosty feel in the air. But the sun went down, and, one by one, here and there, above and below, the lights came out and the stars appeared, until at length sky and earth were full of flaming spots, and it was time to seek our rendezvous.

I had hardly reached it, when the graceful form of Clara glided towards me. She perceived in a moment that I did not mean to shake hands with her. It was not so dark but that I saw her bosom heave, and a flush overspread her countenance.

"You wished to see me, Miss Coningham," I said. "I am at your service."

"What is wrong, Mr. Cumbermede? You never used to speak to me in such a tone."

"There is nothing wrong if you are not more able than I to tell what it is."

"Why did you come if you were going to treat me so?"

"Because you requested it."

"Have I offended you then by asking you to meet me? I trusted you. I thought *you* would never misjudge me."

"I should be but too happy to find I had been unjust to you, Miss Coningham. I would gladly go on my knees to you to confess that fault, if I could only be satisfied of its existence. Assure me of it, and I will bless you."

"How strangely you talk? Some one has been maligning me."

"No one. But I have come to the knowledge of what only one besides yourself could have told me."

"You mean——"

"Geoffrey Brotherton."

"*He!* He has been telling you——"

"No—thank heaven! I have not yet sunk to the slightest communication with *him*."

She turned her face aside. Veiled as it was by the gathering gloom, she yet could not keep it towards me. But after a brief pause she looked at me and said,

"You know more than—I do not know what you mean."

"I do know more than you think I know. I will tell you under what circumstances I came to such knowledge."

She stood motionless.

"One evening," I went on, "after leaving Moldwarp Hall with Charles Osborne, I returned to the library to fetch a book. As I entered the room where it lay I heard voices in the armory. One was the voice of Geoffrey Brotherton—a man you told me you hated. The other was yours."

She drew herself up and stood stately before me.

"Is that your accusation?" she said. "Is a woman never to speak to a man because she detests him?"

She laughed, I thought drearily.

"Apparently not—for then I presume you would not have asked me to meet you."

"Why should you think I hate *you?*"

"Because you have been treacherous to me."

"In talking to Geoffrey Brotherton? I do hate him. I hate him more than ever. I spoke the truth when I told you that."

"Then you do not hate me?"

"No."

"And yet you delivered me over to my enemy bound hand and foot, as Delilah did Samson. I heard what you said to Brotherton."

She seemed to waver, but stood—speechless, as if waiting for more.

"I heard you tell him that I had taken that sword—the sword you had always been urging me to take—the sword you unsheathed and laid on my bed that I might be tempted to take it—why I cannot understand, for I never did you a wrong to my poor knowledge. I fell into your snare, and you made use of the fact you had achieved to ruin my character, and drive me from the house in which I was foolish enough to regard myself as conferring favors rather than receiving them. You have caused me to be branded as a thief for taking—at your suggestion—that which was and still is my own!"

"Does Charley know this?" she asked, in a strangely altered voice.

"He does. He learned it yesterday."

"O my God!" she cried, and fell kneeling on the grass at my feet. "Wilfrid! Wilfrid! I will tell you all. It was to tell you all about this very thing that I asked you to come. I could not bear it longer. Only your tone made me angry. I did not know you knew so much."

The very fancy of such submission from such a creature would have thrilled me with a wild compassion once; but now I thought of Charley, and felt cold to her sorrow as well as her loveliness. When she lifted her eyes to mine, however—it was not so dark but I could see their sadness—I began to hope a little for my friend. I took her hand and raised her. She was now weeping with down-bent head.

"Clara, you shall tell me all. God forbid I should be hard upon you. But you know I cannot understand it. I have no clew to it. How *could* you serve me so?"

"It is very hard for me—but there is no help now: I must confess disgrace in order to escape infamy. Listen to me, then—as kindly as you can, Wilfrid. I beg your pardon; I have no right to use any old familiarity with you. Had my father's plans succeeded, I should still have had to make an apology to you, but under what different circumstances! I will be as brief as I can. My father believed you the rightful heir to Moldwarp Hall. Your own father believed it, and made my father believe it—that was in case your uncle should leave no heir behind him. But your uncle was a strange man, and would neither lay claim to the property himself, nor allow you to be told of your prospects. He did all he could to make you like himself, indifferent to worldly things; and my father feared you would pride yourself on refusing to claim your rights except some counter-influence were used."

"But why should your father have taken any trouble in the matter?" I asked.

"Well, you know—one in his profession likes to see justice done; and, besides, to conduct such a case must of course be of professional advantage to him. You must not think him under obligation to the present family: my grandfather held the position he still occupies before they came into the property.—I am too unhappy to mind what I say now. My father was pleased when you and I—indeed I fancy he had a hand in our first meeting. But while your uncle lived, he had to be cautious. Chance, however, seemed to favor his wishes. We met more than once, and you liked me, and my father thought I might wake you up to care about your rights, and—and—but—"

"I see. And it might have been, Clara, but for—"

"Only, you see, Mr. Cumbermede," she interrupted with a half-smile, and a little return of her playful manner—"*I* didn't wish it."

"No. You preferred the man who *had* the property."

It was a speech both cruel and rude. She stepped a pace back, and looked me proudly in the face.

"Prefer that man to *you*, Wilfrid! No. I could never have fallen so low as that. But I confess I didn't mind letting papa understand that Mr. Brotherton was polite to me—just to keep him from urging me to—to—You *will* do me the justice that I did not try to make you—to make you—care for me, Wilfrid?"

"I admit it heartily. I will be as honest as you, and confess that you might have done so—easily enough at one time. Indeed I am only half honest after all: I loved you once—after a boyish fashion."

She half-smiled again.

"I am glad you are believing me now," she said.

"Thoroughly," I answered. "When you speak the truth, I must believe you."

"I was afraid to let papa know the real state of things. I was always afraid of him, though I love him dearly, and he is very good to me. I dared not disappoint him by telling him that I loved Charley Osborne. That time—you remember—when we met in Switzerland, his strange ways interested me so much! I was only a girl—but——"

"I understand well enough. I don't wonder at any woman falling in love with my Charley."

"Thank you," she said, with a sigh which seemed to come from the bottom of her heart. "You were always generous. You will do what you can to right me with Charley—won't you? He is very strange sometimes."

"I will indeed. But, Clara, why didn't Charley let *me* know that you and he loved each other?"

"Ah! there my shame comes in again! I wanted—for my father's sake, not for my own—I need not tell you that—I wanted to keep my influence over you a little while—that is until I could gain my father's end. If I should succeed in rousing you to enter an action for the recovery of your rights, I thought my father might then be reconciled to my marrying Charley instead——"

"Instead of me, Clara. Yes—I see. I begin to understand the whole thing. It's not so bad as I thought—not by any means."

"Oh, Wilfrid! how good of you! I shall love you next to Charley all my life."

She caught hold of my hand, and for a moment seemed on the point of raising it to her lips.

"But I can't easily get over the disgrace you have done me, Clara. Neither, I confess, can I get over your degrading yourself to a private interview with such a beast as I know—and can't help suspecting you knew Brotherton to be."

She dropped my hand, and hid her face in both her own.

"I did know what he was; but the thought of Charley made me able to go through with it."

"With the sacrifice of his friend to his enemy?"

"It was bad. It was horridly wicked. I hate myself for it. But you know I thought it would do you no harm in the end."

"How much did Charley know of it all?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever. How could I trust his innocence? He's the simplest creature in the world, Wilfrid."

"I know that well enough."

"I could not confess one atom of it to him. He would have blown up the whole scheme at once. It was all I could do to keep him from telling you of our engagement; and that made him miserable."

"Did you tell him I was in love with you? You knew I was, well enough."

"I dared not do that," she said, with a sad smile. "He would have vanished—would have killed himself to make way for you."

"I see you understand him, Clara."

"That will give me some feeble merit in your eyes—won't it, Wilfrid?"

"Still I don't see quite why you betrayed me to Brotherton. I daresay I should if I had time to think it over."

"I wanted to put you in such a position with regard to the Brothertons that you could have no scruples in respect of them such as my father feared from what he called the over-refinement of your ideas of honor. The treatment you must receive would, I thought, rouse every feeling against them. But it was not *all* for my father's sake, Wilfrid. It was, however mistaken, yet a good deal for the sake of Charley's friend that I thus disgraced myself. Can you believe me?"

"I do. But nothing can wipe out the disgrace to me."

"The sword was your own. Of course I never for a moment doubted that."

"But they believed I was lying."

"I can't persuade myself it signifies greatly what such people think about you. I except Sir Giles. The rest are——"

"Yet you consented to visit them."

"I was in reality Sir Giles's guest. Not one of the others would have asked me."

"Not Geoffrey?"

"I owe *him* nothing but undying revenge for Charley."

Her eyes flashed through the darkness, and she looked as if she could have killed him.

"But you were plotting against Sir Giles all the time you were his guest?"

"Not unjustly though. The property was not his, but yours—that is, as we then believed. As far as I knew, the result would have been a real service to him, in delivering him from unjust possession—a thing he would himself have scorned. It was all very wrong—very low, if you like—but somehow it then seemed simple enough—a lawful stratagem for the right."

"Your heart was so full of Charley!"

"Then you do forgive me, Wilfrid?"

"With all my soul. I hardly feel now as if I had anything to forgive."

I drew her towards me and kissed her on the forehead. She threw her arms round me, and clung to me, sobbing like a child.

"You will explain it all to Charley—won't you?" she said, as soon as she could speak, withdrawing herself from the arm which had involuntarily crept around her, seeking to comfort her.

"I will," I said.

We were startled by a sound in the clump of trees behind us. Then over their tops passed a wailful gust of wind, through which we thought came the fall of receding footsteps.

"I hope we haven't been overheard," I said. "I shall go at once and tell Charley all about it. I will just see you home first."

"There's no occasion for that, Wilfrid; and I'm sure I don't deserve it."

"You deserve a thousand thanks. You have lifted a mountain off me. I see it all now. When your father found it was no use——"

"Then I saw I had wronged you, and I couldn't bear myself till I had confessed all."

"Your father is satisfied then that the register would not stand in evidence?"

"Yes. He told me all about it."

"He has never said a word to me on the matter; but just dropped me in the dirt, and let me lie there."

"You must forgive him too, Wilfrid. It was a dreadful blow to him, and it was weeks before he told me. We couldn't think what was the matter with him. You see he had been cherishing the scheme ever since your father's death, and it was a great humiliation to find he had been sitting so many years on an addled egg," she said, with a laugh in which her natural merriment once more peeped out.

I walked home with her, and we parted like old friends.

On my way to the Temple, I was anxiously occupied as to how Charley would receive the explanation I had to give him. That Clara's confession would be a relief I could not doubt; but it must cause him great pain notwithstanding. His sense of honor was so keen, and his ideal of womankind so lofty, that I could not but dread the consequences of the revelation. At the same time I saw how it might benefit him. I had begun to see that it is more divine to love the erring than to love the good, and to understand how there is more joy over the one than over the ninety and nine. If Charley, understanding that he is no divine lover who loves only so long as he is able to flatter himself that the object of his love is immaculate, should find that he must love Clara in spite of her faults and wrong-doings, he might thus grow to be less despairful over his own failures; he might, through his love for Clara, learn to hope for himself, notwithstanding the awful distance at which perfection lay removed.

But as I went I was conscious of a strange oppression. It was not properly mental, for my interview with Clara had raised my spirits. It was a kind of physical oppression I felt, as if the air, which was in reality clear and cold, had been damp and close and heavy.

I went straight to Charley's chambers. The moment I opened the door, I knew that something was awfully wrong. The room was dark—but he would often sit in the dark. I called him, but received no answer. Trembling, I struck a light, for I feared to move lest I should touch something dreadful. But when I had succeeded in lighting the lamp, I found the room just as it always was. His hat was on the table. He must be in his bed-room. And yet I did not feel as if anything alive was near me. Why was everything so frightfully still? I opened the door as slowly and fearfully as if I had dreaded arousing a sufferer whose life depended on his repose. There he lay on his bed, in his clothes—fast asleep, as I thought, for he often slept so, and at any hour of the day—the natural relief of his much-perturbed mind. His eyes were closed, and his face was very white. As I looked, I heard a sound—a drop—another! There was a slow drip somewhere. God in heaven! Could it be? I rushed to him, calling him aloud. There was no response. It was too true! He was dead. The long snake-like Indian dagger was in his heart, and the blood was oozing slowly from around it.

I dare not linger over that horrible night, or the horrible days that followed. Such days! such nights! The letters to write!—The friends to tell!—Clara!—His father!—The police!—The inquest!

. . . . .

Mr. Osborne took no notice of my letter, but came up at once. Entering where I sat with my head on my arms on the table, the first announcement I had of his presence was a hoarse, deep, broken voice ordering me out of the room. I obeyed mechanically, took up Charley's hat instead of my own, and walked away with it. But the neighbors were kind, and although I did not attempt to approach again all that was left of my friend, I watched from a neighboring window, and following at a little distance, was present when they laid his form, late at night, in the unconsecrated ground of a cemetery.

I may just mention here what I had not the heart to dwell upon in the course of my narrative—that since the talk about suicide, occasioned by the remarks of Sir Thomas Browne, he had often brought up the subject—chiefly, however, in a half-humorous tone, and from what may be called an æsthetic point of view, as to the best mode of accomplishing it. For some of the usual modes he expressed abhorrence, as being so ugly; and on the whole considered—I well remember the phrase, for he used it more than once—that a dagger—and on one of those occasions he took up the Indian weapon already described, and said—"such as this now,"—was "the most gentleman-like usher into the presence of the Great Nothing." As I had, however, often heard that those who contemplated suicide never spoke of it, and as his manner on the occasions to which I refer was always merry, such talk awoke little uneasiness; and I believe that he never had at the moment any conscious attraction to the subject stronger than a speculative one. At the same time, however, I believe that the speculative attraction itself had its roots in the misery with which in other and prevailing moods he was so familiar.

CHAPTER LIV.

ISOLATION.

After writing to Mr. Osborne to acquaint him with the terrible event, the first thing I did was to go to Clara. I will not attempt to describe what followed. The moment she saw me, her face revealed, as in a mirror, the fact legible on my own, and I had scarcely opened my mouth when she cried, "He is dead!" and fell fainting on the floor. Her aunt came, and we succeeded in recovering her a little. But she lay still as death on the couch where we had laid her, and the motion of her eyes hither and thither as if following the movements of some one about the room was the only sign of life in her. We spoke to her, but evidently she heard nothing; and at last, leaving her when the doctor arrived, I waited for her aunt in another room, and told her what had happened.

Some days after, Clara sent for me, and I had to tell her the whole story. Then, with agony in every word she uttered, she managed to inform me that when she went in after I left her at the door that night, she found waiting her a note from Charley; and this she now gave me to read. It contained a request to meet him that evening at the very place which I had appointed. It was their customary rendezvous when she was in town. In all probability he was there when we were, and heard and saw—heard too little and saw too much, and concluded that both Clara and I were false to him. The frightful perturbation which a conviction such as that must cause in a mind like his could be nothing short of madness. For, ever tortured by a sense of his own impotence, of the gulf to all appearance eternally fixed between his actions and his aspirations, and unable to lay hold of the Essential, the Causing Goodness, he had clung with the despair of a perishing man to the dim reflex of good he saw in her and me. If his faith in that was indeed destroyed, the last barrier must have given way, and the sea of madness, ever breaking against it, must have broken in and overwhelmed him. But, O my friend! surely long ere now thou knowest that we were not false; surely the hour will yet dawn when I shall again hold thee to my heart; yea, surely, even if still thou countest me guilty, thou hast already found for me endless excuse and forgiveness.

I can hardly doubt, however, that he inherited a strain of madness from his father, a madness which that father had developed by forcing upon him the false forms of a true religion.

It is not then strange that I should have thought and speculated much about madness. What does its frequent impulse to suicide indicate? May it not be its main instinct to destroy itself as an evil thing? May not the impulse arise from some unconscious conviction that there is for it no remedy but the shuffling off of this mortal coil—nature herself dimly urging through the fumes of the madness to the one blow which lets in the light and air? Doubtless, if in the mind so sadly unhinged, the sense of a holy Presence could be developed—the sense of a love that loves through all vagaries—of a hiding-place from forms of evil the most fantastic—of a fatherly care that not merely holds its insane child in its arms, but enters into the chaos of his imagination, and sees every wildest horror with which it swarms; if, I say, the conviction of such a love dawned on the disordered mind, the man would live in spite of his imaginary foes, for he would pray against them as sure of being heard as St. Paul when he prayed concerning the thorn from which he was not delivered, but against which he was sustained. And who can tell how often this may be the fact—how often the lunatic also lives by faith? Are not the forms of madness most frequently those of love and religion? Certainly, if there be a God, he does not forget his frenzied offspring; certainly he is more tender over them than any mother over her idiot darling;

certainly he sees in them what the eye of brother or sister cannot see. But some of them at least have not enough of such support to be able to go on living; and for my part I confess I rejoice as often as I hear that one has succeeded in breaking his prison bars.

When the crystal shrine has grown dim, and the fair forms of nature are in their entrance contorted hideously; when the sunlight itself is as blue lightning, and the wind in the summer trees is as "a terrible sound of stones cast down, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains;" when the body is no longer a mediator between the soul and the world, but the prison-house of a lying jailer and torturer—how can I but rejoice to hear that the tormented captive has at length forced his way out into freedom?

When I look behind me, I can see but little through the surging lurid smoke of that awful time. The first sense of relief came when I saw the body of Charley laid in the holy earth. For the earth *is* the Lord's—and none the less holy that the voice of the priest may have left it without his consecration. Surely if ever the Lord laughs in derision, as the Psalmist says, it must be when the voice of a man would in *his* name exclude his fellows from their birthright. O Lord, gather thou the outcasts of thy Israel, whom the priests and the rulers of thy people have cast out to perish!

I remember for the most part only a dull agony, interchanging with apathy. For days and days I could not rest, but walked hither and thither, careless whither. When at length I would lie down weary and fall asleep, suddenly I would start up, hearing the voice of Charley crying for help, and rush in the middle of the winter night into the wretched streets, there to wander till daybreak. But I was not utterly miserable. In my most wretched dreams I never dreamed of Mary, and through all my waking distress I never forgot her. I was sure in my very soul that she did me no injustice. I had laid open the deepest in me to her honest gaze, and she had read it, and could not but know me. Neither did what had occurred quench my growing faith. I had never been able to hope much for Charley in this world; for something was out of joint with him, and only in the region of the unknown was I able to look for the setting right of it. Nor had many weeks passed before I was fully aware of relief when I remembered that he was dead. And whenever the thought arose that God might have given him a fairer chance in this world, I was able to reflect that apparently God does not care for this world save as a part of the whole; and on that whole I had yet to discover that he could have given him a fairer chance.

(To be continued.)

AN ELOPEMENT IN MOSCOW.

One day late in the fall I was sitting quietly writing in my little cabinet at Moscow, when the door-bell rang and my friend Feodor entered.

Feodor was an enthusiastic young Russian with whom I had long been intimate, but whom I had not seen for several months, which he had spent somewhere in the south of Russia, on his mother's estates. My papers were at once pushed aside, and I jumped up to greet him. As soon as he had embraced me three times, in the orthodox Russian style, and answered my questions as to where he had been and what he had been busy with so long, a grave look came over his usually sunny face, and he said, "I've come only on business; I want you to do me a favor."

When he had received assurances of my readiness to serve him, he said he wanted me to come to a wedding. At this my face fell; for I knew that Feodor had an artistic, passionate nature, and was always devotedly in love with some one,—little passions which often threatened to make a rupture between him and his mother,—and I feared he was about to do something rash, especially as the marriage was to be a stolen one. I was soon reassured by learning that it was an affair of his cousin, Baron K., who had come to town only the night before, and had no time to come and ask me in person. I was further informed that the bride was a young country-girl—an orphan ill-treated by a cruel step-mother—and that the marriage was to take place in Moscow, in order that the Baron's mother might not hear of it and prevent it.

I was a little astonished that the Baron, who was a man of thirty-five, with his own property, should not be free to marry as he chose, but was told that, as law and custom then stood in Russia, the objection of a parent could always retard, if not prevent, the marriage of a child in the regular way, no matter how old that child might be.

"The Baron's mother, you know," continued Feodor, "is a lady of the old school, who lives chiefly in Paris and Italy, and she wants my cousin to marry some rich princess of great family. This young lady is only a merchant's daughter, which makes him fear that his mother will hear of it, and prevent the match if the banns are published in the parish church in the usual style. His brother Paul approves of it, and is going to be one of the witnesses. So we all came up here to Moscow, and the wedding will be this afternoon at four o'clock, in the Petroffsky Barracks."

"At the Barracks!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and by a military priest. We find that a three months' residence in Moscow is necessary to enable them to be married by an ordinary priest, and then the banns would have to be published. But an army chaplain is subject only to the Grand Almoner of the army, and not to the Metropolitan, and is free from many of the ordinary rules. If a man wants to marry his cousin, he always goes to a military priest. I had to run about all the evening to find one, and then to beat him down,—he asked such an enormous price. We finally compromised for a hundred rubles, half of which I paid down."

After I had received satisfactory assurances that everything was all right, and that the Baron was very anxious to have me come to see the ceremony, I agreed to join the wedding party at Kokoreff's Hotel, at half-past three. I was, to tell the truth, heartily glad of the chance of seeing and almost taking part in an elopement, and hastily finished up all my business, so as to be on hand in time.

When I got to the hotel, I found the Baron, his brother Paul, and Feodor waiting impatiently for the arrival of the bride, who was somewhere in the neighborhood, under the care of a lady friend, Madame Crazant, a French Creole from the West Indies, who had drifted up to these cold latitudes. After some time two animated bundles of furs drove up to the door in a carriage, and the rest of us got into little droshkies and set out for the Petroffsky Barracks, which were a good mile off. It was past four o'clock, and a violent snow-storm had set in, so that we could scarcely see, and were all whitened with the falling flakes. I could not help thinking of Pushkin's little tale of "The Snow-squall," in which there is a similar elopement, and, the bridegroom losing his way in the snow, a stray traveler, who had stopped for a moment's shelter in the lighted church, is mistaken for him, and seized and married before the error is discovered or he has time to explain. I imagined to myself all sorts of misadventures on this occasion.

Nor was I far out of the way in my apprehensions. At last,—it seemed an age,—we drew through the gate of a courtyard and before the door of an old somber, stuccoed building. We went through a dismal, dark corridor, up dirty stone stairs, along other damp passages, smelling of boiled cabbage, wet boots, and I know not how many other undefined horrible things, guided all along by a soldier in dirty gray overcoat, and halted in the dark before a door which we were told led to the chapel. It was locked. We inquired for the priest, and were told that after waiting some time for us, he had gone. While engaged in debating what to do next, another soldier brought the key, and suggested that possibly the priest might be in the doctor's room. Sending him at once in search, we entered. It was a dirty, low, arched room, a sort of ante-room to the chapel proper. That was of the same character. Large enough for a whole regiment to kneel in, its low arches and heavy piers made it look very squat. A dim light came in at the windows, and enabled us to see the dirty whitewashed walls, and the small wretched pictures of saints hung on them, under which, in lieu of ever-burning lamps, were large iron nails, on which small tapers were stuck by the pressure of the thumb. The altar-screen was somewhat better, and here was an effort at propriety, for the pictures were of due size and covered with the usual gilt facings. One lamp was burning, and two large silver-plate candelabra stood in front of the altar doors. Comparing with this wretched chapel the gorgeous regimental churches at St. Petersburg, one has all the difference between the petted guard and the regular line of the army.

After pacing about for twenty minutes, inspecting the church and trying to comfort the poor bride, who was shivering in her thin white dress, almost ready to cry, and no doubt wishing she had never begun this adventure, our soldier appeared again and lighted up a few candles, and not long after him the chaplain. Such a priest, too, as he was! His robe was stained and greasy, his long hair was uncombed, his face was swollen, and disfigured with a very red bottle-nose, and his breath smelt strongly of *vodka*. I fear his appearance caused us to make some unseemly and disrespectful remarks. At all events, he suspected it, for he harshly reprimanded us for talking French, saying that nothing but Russian or Slavonic should ever be spoken in the Tem-

ple of God, and at the same time brought out a parchment-covered book, and ordered the parties and their witnesses to sign their names in Russian.

This done, he retired behind the altar to put on his vestments, and here a new difficulty arose. The remaining fifty rubles of the stipulated price was to have been paid after the completion of the ceremony; but, beckoning Feodor into the altar, the priest refused to go on until he had the money in his pocket. Feodor came back and consulted with the Baron. There was no help for it; we were afraid that even then he might walk off and leave us in the lurch (he looked capable of it); but we couldn't stop there. There was nothing to do but for the Baron to go up and lay his fifty rubles down on the altar. Finally, these preliminaries being settled, the good father waddled out to the middle of the church, robed in full vestments of cloth of gold. Two soldiers preceded him, one bearing a small reading-desk, the other a large silver candlestick with a gigantic lighted candle.

A square of crimson silk was produced from the bride's bandbox and spread upon the floor beneath the feet of the happy couple, and wax candles decorated with white ribbons and orange-flowers were put into their hands. The priest then threw incense towards the two young people and to all sides of the church, and commenced intoning the service. After a prayer and a formula or two, he brought out two large tawdry gilt crowns, decked with paste gems, and placed them on the heads of the kneeling pair. They were so large that they slipped down almost over their eyes, and when I saw the priest join their hands in the corner of his scarf, as if afraid of soiling his already grimy fingers, and lead them three times around the reading-desk, the scene struck me as so absurd that I could scarcely keep my face straight. I felt still more convulsed when one of the soldiers brought out what seemed to be a silver pap-boat, and administered three spoonfuls of gall and honey —or what passed as such—to each alternately. What the priest read, and what he omitted, I don't know, he read so rapidly; I only know that in ten minutes he had finished what usually takes a full half-hour, and had pronounced the pair man and wife; at all events, the essentials had been accomplished. The cross and gospel were kissed by all, and the ceremony was at an end.

We tendered our congratulations to the Baron and Baroness, packed up the wedding-candles as souvenirs, along with the bride's wreath and veil, leaving the square of crimson silk as the perquisite of the priest, resumed our fur coats, and were about to depart, when the priest again came forward with congratulations, and extended his dirty hand. "For the trouble of waiting so long," he said, in reply to the blank look of the Baron. A five-ruble note was hastily pressed into his hand, which he received with a bow, a gratification given to each of the soldiers, and we were free to go.

It is the custom in Russia for the wedding-feast to be given by the bridegroom at some restaurant or hotel, but Madame Crazant had so desired to give a quiet little dinner at her own house, that it had been decided to give up the greater festivity. Leaving the rest of the party to go straight on with Madame Crazant, Feodor took me along with him to lay in a supply of *paté de foies gras* and other delicacies suitable for the occasion. Wedding-cake is unknown in Russia, and a wedding-feast, therefore, differs from no other as to its constituent parts. When, half an hour after, we had traversed the city and reached Madame Crazant's door, we found three of the party standing there nearly frozen with the cold, and white with the fast-falling snow. The only servant of the establishment had gone off to some of the neighbors, and had locked up the house. Madame had gone off in search. We tried doors and windows, but there was no entering, and we could only stand and shiver. At last the door was opened, and Madame at the same time returned. We were heartily glad of the warm rooms, and fell to with a will on the *zakuska*,—caviare and a little glass of brandy,—the invariable preliminary to a Russian meal. Even the ladies did not disdain this method of restoring their circulation. Madame looked a little grave as we took our places at the table, and while we were finishing our soup she informed us that the rest of the dinner was probably spoiled. The delays we had had, and the negligence of the servant while gossiping in the neighborhood, had caused everything to be well burned up; and instead of juicy roast beef and tender fowl, we had literally dried bones. Fortunate it was for us that we had made our little excursion to the shops of comestibles on the Smiths' Bridge, for what we had brought home was really all that we had to eat, save a delicious salad. We, however, laughed down our disappointment, and were as merry as we could be while we drank the health of the Baroness, in order to soothe the feelings of Madame Crazant, who naturally felt very much mortified at having asked us to such an unsubstantial meal.

The poor bride all this time looked distressed, and could not be cheered up. Not even the wine seemed to warm her, and our gayety was restrained and quieted down by her sadness. While we gentlemen were sipping our coffee, the secret was revealed. Her dress was much too tight, and it became necessary for Madame to retire with her to the adjoining room, unlace her, and rub her vigorously to keep her from fainting away. When the Baroness had recovered, and appeared once more in looser attire, we all begged Feodor, who was an excellent and accomplished musician, to give us some music. His violin was brought out; but, alas! he had forgotten the key at his hotel, and Madame had no piano. Thinking that a change of scene might bring a change of spirits to the party, I urged them all to come to my house for tea. I had a piano there, and Feodor could stop on the way for his key, and we could make one last attempt to be "merry as marriage-bells." All felt a certain nameless something where they were, and all gladly accepted my proposition. The bride said she would go home and change her dress, and her friends would come on with her and join us in half an hour.

The eagerness with which my invitation was accepted made me reflect on my precipitation. A bachelor's house is not always in order, and I began to think that perhaps something there might be disarranged, and thus another scene added to this comedy of errors. I begged permission, therefore, to go straight home to make preparation. Fortunately, everything was in order, but still an irruption of this sort in a small house always causes a commotion. Arkadi went off in post-haste to the baker's, and Avdotia flew about in her anxiety to have the *samovar* well boiling and the table spread. At last my guests arrived, and I can truly say that my tea was the best part of the elopement. We had songs, had our fortunes told by my old Avdotia, and got merrier and merrier; and it was past one o'clock when the wedding-party bade me good-night. I have often seen the Baron since, and I don't think he ever regrets the marriage that was contracted under such ill auspices and with so many little misadventures.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

LET US BE VIRTUOUS.

THE devil is a sharp financier. He manages to make good people, or people who think they are good, pay the dividends on all the stock he issues, and cash all his premiums on rascality. Sometimes, however, the good people get tired, and, taking on a fit of severe virtue, protest. In the city of New York there is a Committee of Seventy operating against seventy rogues multiplied by seven, and all the city is in a state of fierce indignation. It has been found that the public purse has been shamelessly robbed—that the work has been going on for years—and that the robbers are men of power, both in and out of office. We say this is found to be the case, but we do not mean to intimate that the finding is a new one. No one is any more certain to-day than he was five years ago that the tax-payers of the city are systematically robbed. It was just as well known then as it is now, that men in public office were making fortunes illegitimately. The figures that *The Times* and its coadjutors have published have not added to the popular conviction in this matter. They have simply shown how much the public have been robbed, and it is the magnitude of the figures that has roused the moral indignation. The people knew their rulers were doing wrong, but they were too busy with making money to interfere. They knew they were stealing something, but thought it best to permit the theft, and only became overwhelmingly conscientious when they found that the rogues were determined to have their last dollar. Then they grew wide awake, grasped their pockets, cried "stop thief!" and became virtuous.

Shall we—must we—confess that such enormous frauds and robberies as these which we notice are only rendered possible by a low condition of the public morality? Must we confess that only in New York city could such things have happened? Must we confess that this shocking and unparalleled malfeasance is only an outcropping of a universally underlying baseness, and that there are ten thousand men in New York city alone who would have been glad to do exactly what our rulers have done, and would have done it with the opportunity? Think ye that these rogues are sinners above all Galileans? Let us acknowledge the truth. They are proceeded against not because they offend the public conscience, not because they have done wrong, not because they are the enemies of public virtue, not because their example demoralizes and debauches our children, not because they shame and disgrace us in the eyes of the world, not because they have stolen from us constantly, and not because they use us as clean means to dirty ends, for all these have they been doing for years, with our knowledge and consent; but because they have stolen so enormously that we are in danger of being ruined. This rouses us, and we find that we have a conscience, carried for convenience in the bottom of our pockets, and only stirred by thieves who reach very far down.

It is time that a community in which such robberies are possible were alarmed for itself. We are overrun by men of easy virtue. Picking and stealing are going on everywhere. The community is full of men who are anxious to make money without earning it. They fill the lobby at the capital, they fasten in various capacities upon railroad corporations, they hang upon insurance companies, they seek for sinecures everywhere. Their influence is intolerable, yet they are everywhere tolerated. They regard it as no wrong by whatsoever and in what way soever they may be benefited by a corporation. All means are fair which take money from a corporation. Stockholders are systematically robbed, and have been for many years, yet there is not moral force and earnestness enough in the popular protest to gain the slightest attention, or arrest the passage of the plunder for a moment. There is moral rottenness in every quarter. The "deadhead" is everywhere, and the dead-heart invariably keeps it company.

But let us rejoice that we have at last a protest. Ay, let us rejoice that a few have had the opportunity to do what many would be glad to do if they had the opportunity, and thus learn what a wilderness of wolves our apathy and toleration have sheltered and permitted to multiply, until our lives and fortunes are in danger. The popular greed for money, coupled with low morality, runs just as directly into robbery as a river tends to the sea. There is never a railway disaster in which fifty persons are rendered momentarily helpless, that does not find pickpockets and plunderers on board. It is so East or West, North or South. There is never a battle in any locality that does not call from the immediately surrounding country a host of human fiends to strip the slain. Opportunity is all that is needed to prove how universal and powerful is the propensity to steal. What the better elements of society need is union and determination in the effort to shut from rogues this opportunity. No bad man is fit for any office, and the good men of a city who do not think it worth while to unite for the simple purpose of being ruled by good men, have none but themselves to blame if they are robbed. Indeed, by refusing to unite for this purpose, they become participators in the crimes which they condemn.

CHICAGO.

NEVER, in the history of the world, was a local calamity more remarkably national in its character and consequences than the burning of Chicago. There was hardly a community in the United States that had not a direct pecuniary interest in that wonderful city which a tornado, armed with flame, has stricken from the face of the earth. Attracted by the promise of large returns to enterprise and heavy interest on investments, capital has been flowing in a steady stream into Chicago, from all quarters of the Union that had capital to spare, for many years. The real estate of Chicago was heavily mortgaged to the rest of the country, while her magnificent stores were crowded with goods from Eastern cities waiting to be sold and to be paid for. The insurance money, which is to play so important a part in the restoration of the city, will be gathered from the whole nation. The accumulations of nearly all the companies — those accumulations which gave assurance of security to the rest of the country—are swept away. There was not a man in the Union worth a thousand dollars before the Chicago fire, who was not a hundred dollars poorer after it had done its work. The whole nation grew poor in a night, and even now does not realize what it has lost. Depreciated real estate and shrunken values of goods and stocks and bonds tell how universally this loss has fallen. The sufferers upon the ground have the worst of it, we know, but we are all sufferers; and, thank Heaven! we are all bound together by a common sympathy.

Nothing probably in the history of the country has shown us so strongly as this calamity has done the organic unity of the national life. With our river, lake, railroad, and coastwise communications, and our telegraph lines everywhere, our great family of forty millions of people are brought close together. We hear from all our friends, in the morning papers, every day. The interests of every State and every great city are spread before us in the issues of the press; and not a man fails in business or dies, not an accident happens here or there, nothing occurs of universal concern, that is not chronicled and known to some one in every considerable community in the United States. The railway trains are loaded all the time with those who keep up the interchanges of social and business life between States and cities, and who help to make us more and more a homogeneous people. When Chicago was burned, we knew that not only our property had been injured, but that our friends had suffered. The blood as well as the money of the nation had been flowing into Chicago. Had the same calamity visited Marseilles, we should have been moved, but not to any such degree as we have been. Chicago was a part of ourselves, our property, and our domain; and the calamity which destroyed it was as truly national as it was local.

It has been worth something to us to learn how important a part in the life of the nation a city like Chicago plays. No nation ever had such a chance to learn this lesson as we have now. We are an organic whole,—a growth from a germ, with interdependent parts; and no member can suffer without bringing the whole organism into a sympathy of suffering. The entire business of the country was modified by the life of Chicago. American trade and commerce—though unconsciously, perhaps—were based on the existence of Chicago. The same is true of Cincinnati, of St. Louis, of Boston, of New York, and New Orleans. These are all factors in the national life and prosperity. Eliminate one, and there not only comes great derangement to trade, but a universal depreciation of values. St. Louis, so long the rival of Chicago, is a poorer city to-day, because Chicago is

not. There is not a city which felt itself aggrieved, or in any degree overreached or overshadowed by that city, that would not be richer and more prosperous than it is if Chicago were to-day intact and in the full tide of successful trade. The best proof, however, of the vital connection of Chicago with the rest of the nation, is found in the overflowing charities which her houseless population have called forth from every community in the country that had a dollar to give. Such benefactions on behalf of a suffering people are unexampled in history. If the calamity has been without parallel, so has the gift been without precedent; and St. Louis and Cincinnati (a thousand honors to the Christian civilization of the age!) were first to bring succor, and kindest in the noble strife to do good to their unfortunate competitor in the race for business and influence. We have an immeasurable moral good as an offset to our material loss. The national heart has been softened by this resistless appeal to its charities, and we are all better for being turned away for weeks, and for months even, from our selfish schemes, in the contemplation of the wants and woes of others and the unreliableness of our own possessions. But Chicago is to be rebuilt. In five years, it will hardly fail to be as commanding a city as it has ever been; and it is possible that its population will go into the future sobered, chastened, and with a spirit more thoroughly recognizing that Providence in whose hand lie the destinies of cities as well as the fortunes of men.

THE WASHINGTON TREATY AND THE PEACE REFORMERS.

MEETINGS have recently been held in various parts of the country to celebrate the ratification of the Treaty of Washington. They have been held under the auspices of the American Peace Society, which, through its speakers, has claimed that treaty to be largely the work of itself and its affiliated society in England. That the treaty is in the line of the noble policy of these societies there is no question, but we very sincerely doubt whether the peace societies of England and America have had the slightest influence in the making and ratification of this pact between our two great English-speaking nations. These societies have never commanded large attention at home or abroad. Their ideas have been recognized as pure, and as belonging to an advanced standard of national ethics, but they have had very little influence upon politics and political men; and we have no doubt that the Treaty of Washington would have been made and ratified if the peace societies of England and America had never existed. The peace reformers, as they are called, are the products of their age rather than the leaders. An island, springing from the sea, shows first a mountain-top, but it is not the mountain-top that raises the island, even though it crown itself king of the movement.

The two parties to this treaty had motives sufficient for its production aside from a broad peace policy and aside from Christian principle. We hope that something of these found place in their deliberations and decisions; but we do not regard the treaty as in any sense a renunciation of war, and a pledge that all future difficulties between the nations shall be settled in the same sweet way. It was plainly for the interest, alike of England and America, to avoid a war with each other. Nothing was to be gained by either party in a war; on the contrary, much was to be lost by both parties. Although the treaty was made in the interest of Christian civilization, and although, as a lesson in international policy, it is invaluable and of immense influence in the world, we doubt whether the motives which dictated it would stand the highest test, or would flatter the Peace Society, or in any way increase its self-complacency. Still, it is well enough for this society to call attention to the event, and to say that the treaty is a fair exemplification of its policy.

When war ceases among the nations of the earth, if it ever shall cease, it will cease because of their Christianization. The fact that dueling exists in one community and does not exist in another shows, simply, that Christian civilization has not made the same advance in one community that it has in another. Societies formed in a dueling community for the suppression of that particular crime would accomplish very little; but the inculcation of Christian principles and the Christian life would, in time, lift the community above it. Until a community has thus been raised, so that opposition to the duel shall be a matter of principle, there can be no true reform by any agency. It is precisely thus with regard to wars. War and the duel are the same in principle. Both are bequests of barbarism. One is a fight between two men; the other is a fight between two nations. Both are appeals to physical force and skill for the settlement of disputes, and neither can be justified by the spirit of Christianity. Nothing can be more irrational and unphilosophical than the idea of doing away with war by speeches and resolutions and conventions and theories and statistics. So long as there is war in the heart and character of a people, there will be war in fact.

The French nation offers a good field for the experiments of a peace society. It has just been defeated in one of the most remarkable wars of history. The heart of France is bitter with its sense of humiliation, and dark with its purpose of a distant revenge. How much good would it do to talk to the people of France of the beauties and material advantages of a policy of peace, until they have had a chance to revenge themselves upon Prussia? One might as well talk to the wind. Until the heart of France shall be changed by a better religion and more of it—until France is more genuinely and thoroughly Christianized than it ever has been—her war policy and her love of war will not and cannot be changed. Even should half a dozen of the most powerful nations unite in an agreement to settle all their own disputes through an international board of arbitration, they have no defense but war

against the rest of the world, and no power to enforce their policy upon the rest of the world except by means of war. There is no cure for war but the Millennium, and even that would not be hastened if war, by any agreement of the nations, should cease. War seems to have been used by Providence for the working of its own cure. It makes the steps by which the world rises very painful; but until the world is better than it is, war will never be an unmixed evil. The recent war between Prussia and France ought to be and probably will be a blessing to Europe. It is a desperate remedy for a desperate disease, and until the disease is eradicated by the power of a better national life, war will not be abolished, though ten thousand peace societies were active in the world. If reformers of all sorts would theorize less on policy and institutions and law, and devote their entire energies to making the world better in its motives and character, policy and institutions and law would start by a natural growth from the new conditions and take care of themselves.

THE YOUNG IN GREAT CITIES.

THE world learns its lessons slowly. Much of the world does not learn its lessons at all. The young are everywhere growing up amid the ruins of other lives, apparently without inquiring or caring for the reasons of the disasters to life, fortune, and reputation that are happening, or have happened, everywhere around them. One man, with great trusts of money in his hands, betrays the confidence of the public, becomes a hopeless defaulter, and blows his brains out. Another, led on by love of power and place, is degraded at last to a poor demagogue, without character or influence. Another, through a surrender of himself to sensuality, becomes a disgusting beast, with heart and brain more foul than the nests of unclean birds. Another, by tasting, and tasting, and tasting of the wine-cup, becomes a drunkard at last, and dies in horrible delirium, or lives to be a curse to wife, children, and friends. There is an army of these poor wretches in every large city in the land dying daily, and daily re-enforced. A young girl, loving "not wisely, but too well," yields herself to a seducer who ruins and then forsakes her to a life of shame and a death of despair. Not one girl, but thousands of girls yearly, so that, though a great company of those whose robes are soiled beyond cleansing hide themselves in the grave during every twelve-month, another great company of the pure drop to their places, and keep filled to repletion the ranks of prostitution. Again and again, in instances beyond counting, are these tragedies repeated in the full presence of the rising generation, and yet it seems to grow no wiser. Nothing has been more fully demonstrated than that the first steps of folly and sin are fraught with peril. Nothing has been better proved than that temperate drinking is always dangerous, and that excessive drinking is always ruinous. Nothing is better known than that a man cannot consort with lewd women for an hour without receiving a taint that a whole life of repentance cannot wholly eradicate. Since time began have women been led astray by the same promises, the same pledges, the same empty rewards. If young men and young women could possibly learn wisdom, it would seem as if they might win it in a single day, by simply using their eyes and thinking upon what they see. Yet in this great city of New York, and in all the great cities of the country, young men and young women are all the time repeating the mistakes of those around them who are wrecked in character and fortune. The young man keeps his wine bottle, and seeks resorts where deceived and ruined women lie in wait for prey, knowing perfectly well if he knows anything, or has ever used fairly the reason with which Heaven has endowed him, that he is in the broad road to perdition,—that there is before him a life of disgust and a death of horror.

When the results of certain courses of conduct and certain indulgences are so well known as these to which we allude, it seems strange that any can enter upon them. Every young man knows that if he never tastes a glass of alcoholic drink he will never become, or stand in danger of becoming, a drunkard. Every young man knows that if he preserves a chaste youth, and shuns the society of the lewd, he can carry to the woman whom he loves a self-respect which is invaluable, a past freely open to her questioning gaze, and the pure physical vitality which shall be the wealth of another generation. He knows that the rewards of chastity are ten thousand times greater than those of criminal indulgence. He knows that nothing is lost and everything is gained by a life of manly sobriety and self-denial. He knows all this, if he has had his eyes open, and has exercised his reason in even a small degree; and yet he joins the infatuated multitude and goes straight to the devil. We know that we do not exaggerate when we say that New York has thousands of young men, with good mothers and pure sisters, who, if their lives should be uncovered, could never look those mothers and sisters in the face again. They are full of fears of exposure, and conscious of irreparable loss. Their lives are masked in a thousand ways. They live a daily lie. They are the victims and slaves of vices which are just as certain to cripple or kill them, unless at once and forever forsaken, as they live. There are thousands of others who, now pure and good, will follow evil example unwarned by what they see, and within a year will be walking in the road that leads evermore downward.

One tires of talking to fools, and falls back in sorrow that hell and destruction are never full—in sorrow that men cannot or will not learn that there is but one path to an honorable, peaceful, prosperous, and successful life, and that all others lead more or less directly to ruin.

THE OLD CABINET.

A SINGULAR change has come of late over the face of Spring—which would be an odd remark at the shivery time of the year if I meant the season instead of my dog. I have been a long while absent from the old house, and upon my return, this evening, the brisk brown tail that once gyrated in such a spasm of glad welcome, wagged a most feeble greeting. The dog bounded not as of yore to my very shoulder, nor wheeled about me in ecstatic circles. There was a welcoming wriggle still, but not the old, abandoned, unkempt fury.

But as the dear fellow sits yonder near the andirons, there is a tender look in his dark eye that tells me, quite as well as the former agony of joy, that his cup runneth over with the happiness of my coming back. His front is to the fire, but his small, fine head is cocked on one side, while he watches me with full content. And as I look into that frank face of his, every line of which is as familiar to me as—my own, I notice the change of which I spoke.

The hair upon his forehead is turning white, two lines of gray run down even to the point of the nose, and there is a look of age about his features—about his whole bearing indeed—that I never noticed before.

When one comes to think of it,—as terriers go, Spring *is* an old dog. Many a summer has shed its leaves since we laid his mother in her narrow tomb, —a queer little African circus-dog, she—about half Spring's size, and with hide as bare and smooth as an elephant's, save for the half-dozen gray hairs that stood erect on her head, imparting an air of wise and sprightly venerableness,—and the scrimpy tuft at the end of her tail. And Spring's companions have likewise fallen away from him, one by one, leaving him to his solitary path and fireside—solitary save for human sympathy and cheer. Zoo was the last to go—that genial animal the tradition of whose early corpulence still in thin old age hung about his shrunken sides, rendering every movement replete with dignified unwieldiness.

The strangest part of this change in Spring is the old-young look. He seems like a boy with his grandfather's spectacles and wig. I cannot reconcile the gray hairs and weary movements with the atmosphere of youth that remains. His young soul surely is masquerading in this ancient guise. But I can see through the domino, my dog! You may not know that you are wearing any—you wonder, I think, at the unwonted film over the clear vision, at the invisible bands that bind those lithe and willing limbs.

What have the mutations of time, the chemic laws, to do with the souls of us? "He who loves is in no condition old." Spring, my dear fellow, do you love your master?

There, there! that will do, you young rascal,—Down, I say! Down!

I CONFESS that the Hon. Boanerges Brown is one of my stumbling-blocks. There he goes now on his way to Sunday afternoon service, with his godly little wife by his side and his gilt-edged hymn-book under his left arm. He doesn't look like a stumbling-block, you say—so smooth and shaven and broadclothy, with such a sunny smile, such a substantial air altogether; rather, think you, he points a moral as to the prosperity of the righteous—he represents the eternal fitness of things. Is he not, you ask, one of the pillars of the church, first and foremost in every good work; doesn't he teach in the Sunday-school; and make splendid temperance addresses; and isn't he a perfect model of a public-spirited Christian gentleman? And see how he neglects his own business for the Legislature, just on account of the example. 'Stumbling-block, indeed! I should say he was a stepping-stone, or a monument, or a statue, or something else very fine and inspiring.'

Theodosia, thou of the innocent eye and the unsophisticated understanding,—that is just it! Isn't he all this (from one point of view), and does he not do all that—and yet, my girl, don't I know him to be a man given to chicanery and deception, a buyer of votes, a corrupter of morals,—in a word, a politician in about the meanest acceptation of the term.

I say meanest, because I have a great deal more respect for the hard-fisted shoulder-hitter who earns a comparatively honest dollar on election day, by solid and congenial service at the polls; a great deal more charity for the low-lived, perjured "repeater"—than for the "Christian gentleman,"—God save the mark! —who sits in his parlor and counts out the money for their hire. And I have a much better opinion of the miserable drunkard who ends election day in the lock-up, than I have of the eminent temperance reformer who paid for the fellow's drinks.

Now, you know me well enough to know that I don't say this in any spirit of spite against the church or Sunday-school or temperance society to which the Hon. Boanerges belongs. I am talking simply about him, in the light of a stumbling-block. I say that I can't understand how the man reconciles his political actions with his conscience. He may be as sincere in his religious professions as he is earnest in his partisan performances; but somehow I can't put this and that together, and make anything but a jumble. And I say, moreover, that while to me he is an intellectual stumbling-block, to a good many other people, who may not be so firmly grounded in the faith,—some of his discerning political associates, for instance,—I happen to know that he is a very big and very ugly moral stumbling-block.

AND talking about stumbling-blocks, just let me tell you something, dear young person, which will be of service to you. I wish some kind old soul had told

me as much, in the callow days; it would have saved me many a misery.

It is the most natural first thought in the world—when you have found a friend,—"Now, if only my old friend knew this new one. These are just the two souls that should come together." You talk to each of the other—they send postscript greetings in your letters—you carry loving messages between. O, if only they could meet, you say. Well, at last the interview is brought about, through much desire and contriving—you never rest till it is accomplished. But, lo and behold, instead of their running into each other like Avon and Severn, they come together with a grit. There is no use of stirring; they won't mix. Perhaps the very likeness that you saw holds the secret of their ill-adaptation. At any rate the meeting is a failure; it had been better had they never seen each other in the flesh. Before that, half your talk to Bill was about Ned; and each was as anxious as yourself that he should know this wondrous friend. Now, you do not care to mention either to the other. It is a great sorrow and a great mystery.

And it is the same with books. When you can count as many gray hairs as I can, my dear young person, you will not rush at every one you know with your latest literary enthusiasm. O my, don't I remember how it used to be—the surprises, the disappointments, the regrets! When I look back now, I wonder that I could have been so blind as to think that T. could have considered the writings of S. with any degree of allowance. All that made T. what he was, conspired to make it impossible for him to sympathize with S.; and the best proof in the world that S. was all I believed him to be, was the fact that T. found his works utterly uncongenial and insipid. But it was only after many mistakes and bitternesses that I learned philosophy.

And now,—well, there lies the book that, next to the Bible, I hold in deepest love and highest reverence. I cannot tell you all that book is to me: I think there is not a line of it I could spare; reading it, I am as one who walks on some mountain summit, when suddenly the clouds cleave apart, leaving him dizzy with the sense of height. It is art almost in perfection—and more than that it is, I verily believe, a "gospel of gospel to the world."

There are three friends of mine, the familiar tread of whose feet in the hall would make me snatch that volume from the desk and thrust it into the secretest secret drawer of the Old Cabinet.

And there is a little poem in my breast-pocket—wise in a sort of child-wisdom, sweet and clear and musical as the sunset chimes that were sounding a moment ago from the belfry of St. John's,—yes and cheerier, for it celebrates that first Christmas morning

> "In the bleak mid-winter
> Long ago."

Do you suppose I shall give Grandgrind or the Critic a peep at it? No—but I shall send you a copy, friend of my heart, come the blessed Christmas-time.

SINCE the account, in the October number, of "The Shaker Service," several letters have found their way to the OLD CABINET, from Mount Lebanon. One of these is so ungentlemanly in tone and so gross in language, that we should doubt its having been actually written by the chief of that settlement, did we not detect therein the same allusions and modes of speech which render unsavory certain other writings of the distinguished Shaker it has been our misfortune to encounter.

But we very gladly give place to the following, which we think will be read with great interest and pleasure by all who have seen the Shaker service:—

"I was one of the sisterhood who helped to make up that grotesque procession on that lovely Sabbath morning, and it is now vivid in my recollection. Allow me to give *my* views concerning it. The morning was bright and beautiful, and, as my peaceful slumbers were broken, and I had returned thanks to Him who never sleeps, for his kindly care during the shadows of the night, I felt like singing—

> "'Blessed day of rest—the holy Sabbath!
> Bless'd is the hour of devotion and praise!
> Peaceful the influence, gentle the footsteps
> Of angels, who will walk with us
> In the temple to-day.'

"And to *me* there was more vital energy, deeper and closer communings of spirit with spirit, and of the inspiration which is the breath of life to the soul, in that meeting, than I should be able to feel in a dozen Episcopalian, Baptist, or Methodist meetings. I was reared in the Baptist Church, and am familiar with the worship of Presbyterians, Quakers, Congregationalists, and Catholics. The Shaker worship—'the Shaker life, with its selfish self-denial,' may, to the casual and external observer, appear 'barren, false, ungodly;' yet to many it is truly 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.'

"I well remember some of my thoughts while there assembled with the people of my choice. Perchance, at the very moment when our historian was looking at the 'Shaker plaits and homespun brushing the worldly flounces,' and drawing the great contrast, admiring the one and feeling 'melancholy' at the appearance of the other, I also was contrasting the two; and I think my feelings resembled one of old, when I thought of all the 'oppression done under the sun (and even under the profession of Christianity), of the tears of the oppressed,' and of the power of the wealthy classes still to oppress the poor, upon the principle that '*might makes right;*' and I said in my heart, truly 'God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions' to live in pleasure and ease at the expense of his neighbor, who is as good (and possibly more worthy in the sight of God) as himself; and I felt that it was all '*vanity*,' while *you*, my friend, looked upon them as a garden of flowers.

"Again: I thought of the great wrongs done under cover of those gaudy dresses and the costly jewels which hung upon the wearers—how much of this had

been unjustly taken from the hard earnings of the widow, while her orphan children were crying for a morsel of bread. Believe me, *I could not admire;* for I knew there was an eye which pierced through all the glitter and show of that gay throng, and saw diseased bodies, and *souls* too,—a spectacle enough to make angels weep.

"Pardon us, if *we* prefer preserving our *souls, and bodies too*, 'blameless—spotless' unto the coming of that day when all false covering will be removed and all shall appear just as we are, without any disguise, even though at the expense of pleasure, and in plain Shaker garb. The singing of birds, the fields so beautifully dressed in green, the mountains varying in proportion, the hills, and the valleys are all beautiful; *they* are not perverted, but are an honor to their Creator, and harmoniously speak forth his praise.

"Perhaps your Shaker friends are as keenly alive to the beauties of God's creation as are those who ride in their gilded carriages, and seek to ornament the perishable body, while they neglect the *immortal part* which cannot die. A SHAKER SISTER."

The sincerity with which you worshiped, dear Shaker Sister, on that bright Sunday morning of last July, and with which almost every one of your company seemed to worship, gave to the scene, otherwise so ridiculous to the eyes of strangers, the very charm and pathos of which we spoke. Wherever one human heart upreaches toward the heart of the universe,—wherever there is the desire of the soul, the groping, however blindly, toward the light, no matter amid what grotesque surroundings—Howling Dervishes or Dancing Shakers—there we recognize something pathetic—sacred—divine.

But, good Sister, you who profess the Faith of Christ in its simplicity and truth, do you not see how un-Christlike, false, affected this somber garb; how elaborately artificial the outward show of your worship, how selfish and timid this seclusion—unlike, indeed, the manly, strong, helpful, far-reaching life of the Master of us all!

O fellow world's people, shall these Shakers put a shame upon us? Better, ten thousand times sweeter and better, their Religion without Home, than this Home without Religion, which certain silver-tongued, so-called reformers are madly preaching from press and platform to-day!

THE second expedition to the Yellowstone recently returned from that region with stories even more marvelous than those brought by the Langford party of 1870. It has been said, in the West, that every man who goes up there loses his reputation for veracity. But we suppose the most incredulous will be compelled to believe the account of Prof. Hayden, who had charge of the government expedition of 1871; and it is proved by scientific measurements, made by him, that Langford had—with the bug-bears of unbelief and a lost character before his eyes—in many cases greatly underestimated the heights and depths and distances. We believe we do not err in stating that the calm judgment of science accords with the enthusiastic declaration of the first explorers, "that there is not on the globe another region where, within the same limits, Nature has crowded so much of grandeur and majesty with so much of novelty and wonder."

One of the most striking peculiarities of the scenery is the wild, fantastic prodigality of color—and this feature, with the picturesque formations and grand sweeps and stretches of landscape, we shall hope to see faithfully reproduced upon the ample canvases which T. Moran, who accompanied the expedition, intends to devote to these unique, magnificent, and congenial subjects.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THANKSGIVING.

WHEN the first Thanksgiving feast was spread under New England skies, a frugal banquet eked out with much godly conversation and prayer, our forefathers, partaking thereof in the spirit of edification, little guessed what far different Thanksgivings other years were to behold in the America of their adoption. They little dreamed that the day which to them was of such solemn significance, a Sabbath minus penalty and plus good cheer, was to become to their posterity an occasion for idle pleasuring only, for avoidance of customary business, for a dinner unusually profuse, and an evening of yawns and indigestion. For this, speaking in all honesty, is pretty much what our modern Thanksgiving has grown to be.

The religious character of the anniversary is almost lost sight of. Sermons, or what purport to be sermons, are duly preached; but were Elder Brewster to sit among the congregations, we fear he would deny that name to those genial reviews of progress, past, present, and future—those diatribes on slavery, abstracts of the political situation, and short essays on social science, with which our pastors annually favor us. In the city no one considers church-going on Thanksgiving day a duty; and in the country good housewives listen with attention distributed between the Doctor,

"Bumming and bumming away o'er head,"

and the imaginary crackle of that distant turkey for which each feels herself individually responsible. While the men, though they say to each other on the way out, "First-rate discourse that of the minister, wasn't it now?" are upon the whole glad to have it over, and be free to turn with undivided interest to what has grown to be considered the real event, the *raison d'être* of the day—namely, the dinner.

But an ample meal is no longer the rarity and blessing which it was in those early days when

> "Good Miles Standish mixed the bowl
> And stirred it with his sword."

And the charm which in more recent times clung to Thanksgiving as a sort of family sacrament, to which long-scattered members of the same household sat down together beneath the old roof-tree which sent them forth, is rapidly dying away. Year by year sees fewer of these beautiful festivals. "The old order passes, giving place to new." Old customs are decaying. Families separate more widely and more radically than they used, and the spell which once hallowed the day is grown to be, in great measure, a thing of tradition and the past.

Was it the abandonment of bake-ovens which did it? Who that ever tasted can forget the aroma of those dusk-red depths where yet the fragrance of blazing hickory lingered? What chicken-pies emerged thence! What brown bread, what unimaginable piglets in crisp armor of crackling, what ineffable pork and beans! No wonder we cannot, in these days of water-backs, improved ranges, and anthracite, emulate their perfection. No wonder that the turkeys of the period all taste alike, and not one of them in the least like that lordly and well-remembered bird which in the good old times presided over grandfather's Thanksgiving feast.

How delightsome was the long table spread with snowy napery, with grandfather and grandmother in the central seats, all their sons and daughters about them, and every grandchild present, even to baby tied in his high chair and fully alive to the dignity of the occasion. How absorbing was the interest with which we watched the first incision in the plump pastry, and made mental calculations, alas! far too large, of the quantity we should be able to consume! How our youthful appetites failed us in the very prime and heyday of enjoyment! How we longed to eat more pumpkin pie, and more; how, following the advice of our elders, we stood up and "jumped three jumps," and then couldn't. How even our favorite little tarts, crowned with ruby jelly, passed us by unscathed, while we sat, replete and sorrowing! How we petitioned for wish-bones to pull, chicken spines for the construction of "jump-jacks," and longed to have Thanksgiving come very often indeed, a great many times in the year, if not every day.

Shall we ever again see those marvelous spheres, one for each person, whereon, in many-colored segments, cranberry pie and apple, mince, Malborough, peach, pumpkin, and custard, displayed themselves like a gastronomic rainbow? Shall we ever rove with unsated fork through a genuine, old-fashioned Indian pudding, of the kind which in those good days bubbled day and night over wood fires, spicy as Arabia, brown as chestnut, flavorous, delicate? Alas, no! Their epoch is past.

Did those dinners disagree with anybody? We cannot remember that they did. Nowadays, pie-and-penalty are too inseparably connected to admit of mistake. Who hesitated *then* over a second slice? who partook under protest? "Give the little fellow all he wants," said grandfather; "it won't hurt him a bit." And it didn't.

Alas! we have wandered far from those times of cheerful excess and reckless indigestion. The keen relish of appetite which made Thanksgiving dinners so acceptable is no longer ours, and we would not if we could recall the delirious joys of greedy youth.

But let us be thankful still, as indeed there is reason. And though the zest and jollity of the anniversary are past, and dust and darkness abide in the dear homestead where once we frolicked, the noble meanings of the Day remain to enrich us if we will. Love, Reverence, Charity—and the greatest of these is Charity;—and remembering, as we must, in what infinite and bewildering want *this* Thanksgiving sun shines in that city so lately a part of our national boast, let us turn our regrets over the past into hearty work in the present, seeking, each after his ability, to make the sudden desert again blossom as the rose. Thus shall service be accepted as oblation, and we prove not all unworthy of those forefathers from whom we inherit Thanksgiving Day.

POETRY IN DOMINO.

A COMPOST heap, more than almost any other object, exemplifies the principle of the proverb about handsome is being what handsome does. Unsightly and unsavory—yet whoso looks therein may see a poetry and a meaning of which some fairer things are incapable.

Do we love roses—adore violets? Behold a dinner-table spread for these our cherished ones! Myriad tiny rootlets shall sit there and be satisfied, smiling contentment from lips of pink and snow. The dainty mouths we long to kiss, as lily and carnation hold up sweet faces to greet our coming, are none too nice for this homely fare. Gladly each stoops to choose and assimilate its own peculiar food, banqueting as at kings' tables, and uttering voiceless "Grace after meat" in the ear of kind Mother Nature.

In those brown clods, as in embryo, lie hidden the bloom, the fragrance, the glory, which shall enhance a summer. Mysterious alchemy, whose least law we fail to comprehend, is ever at work transmuting the refuse of earth into its choice things. From the impure comes the pure, from decay and death the newness of life, out of the eater meat, and out of the strong sweetness.

Viewed in this light, the veriest barn-yard boasts beauty of its own. We may prefer to contemplate at a distance; but nevertheless, to the eye of faith there shine already the golden harvests and the glitter of the reaper's sickle.

But one may discriminate and refine even in compost; and there is a kind, simple, excellent, and easy of preparation, which no little garden should be without,

and which no fair gardener need be too fastidious to superintend. This is the recipe for it.

Procure in the Spring a dozen large square sods and have them piled in a sunny place convenient to the flower-beds. Throw upon the heap during the summer all rakings and scrapings from the garden, and once a month or so a barrow-load of rich black earth from the street. Every Monday baptize with a pail of warm soap-suds from the laundry, and from time to time stir in a shovelful of dry lime to kill the weeds. When Autumn comes and leaves fall, add as large a quantity as can be conveniently collected, and all Winter long continue to apply the weekly soap-bath. Lying thus for a twelvemonth under sun and shower, your compost heap will by Spring exhibit itself a mound of rich, black, crumbly loam, without mal odor, and be daintiest of dishes to set before the garden kings. Every spadeful committed to the generous soil will be returned with compound interest in bloom and growth and delicious flower-fragrance, for Nature, never grudging in her gifts, reserves her choicest favors for those who wait with friendly hands to spread a banquet before her sweet growing things.

MIGNONETTE BOXES.

It is late, but not too late, for planting mignonette boxes, and we advise everybody who desires to secure a winter enjoyment of the simplest and most refined sort, to set about doing so immediately.

The box may be simple or ornate, as fancy and convenience dictate. It may be tiled, painted in plain colors, made of simple zinc, or papered to match the room. Or it need not be a box at all, but simply a large earthen-ware flower-pot. But it must have proper drainage and the soil must be well sifted and friable, with a proper admixture of sand.

The seeds, lightly sown, should be well watered and set in a sunny *kitchen* window to germinate. Kitchens are admirable places for plants, because of the continual steam which arises from the cooking process. Not a potato is boiled or a cup of tea made that does not yield its quota to enrich the air; your mutton may be said to nourish your geraniums as well as yourself. A pane of glass should be laid over the box for the first few days to keep in the warm moisture and coax forward the growing germs.

When the tiny, double leaves of green are fairly developed, remove the glass and let them bask in sun, with moderate watering. After blossom time begins, do not hesitate to cut flowers now and then, and to pinch here and there a top shoot. The tendency is to spindle and run to seed, and mignonette, properly tended, should be one feast of bloom from end to end of winter, and ready, if set out in spring, to renew its labors and afford flowers for May and June while the spring plantings are coming forward.

Few people are aware of the fact that mignonette, like all plants of delicate fragrance, is never so sweet as when house-grown, and in the room with an open fire. The ventilated warmth seems to coax forth a subtle perfume which even the sun cannot reach, and a whole window-box full will make a room so ineffably delicious that it is a pleasure merely to pass the door. But even a tiny twenty-cent pot from the florist will do that. Would we could set one in every sick-room in the land, and every poor house!

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

MORE "PSYCHIC" DEVELOPMENTS.

Mr. Crookes has published in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* another series of experiments testing the obscure manifestations of power by Mr. Home and others. These tests are much more severe, and much less questionable in their results, than those given before. The possibility of jugglery, or of Mr. Home's "electro-biologizing" the observers, as suggested by Professor Balfour Stewart, seems to be entirely excluded, the effects having been recorded by automatic instruments entirely disconnected from the operators or the observers.

In the first of the new experiments the original board and spring balance were used, with a recording apparatus similar in principle to those employed in meteorological observations. A fine steel point, projecting outwards, was attached to the moving index of the balance. To the front of the balance was firmly fastened a grooved frame carrying a flat box containing a sheet of plate-glass smoked over a flame. The box was made to travel by clock-work in front of the index, the point touching the smoked surface. With the balance at rest and the clock running, a straight horizontal line would be traced. With the clock stopped and a weight applied to the end of the board (now fitted with a rest to serve as a fulcrum), a vertical line would be marked, the length depending on the weight applied. A pull exerted on the end of the board would in like manner be measured by a straight line downward. With the clock running and a variable weight on the short arm of the lever, there resulted, of course, a curve, from which the tension at any moment could be calculated. Several lines obtained under varying conditions are engraved for the report. At first the apparatus was so arranged that the force would have to be exerted through water. This proved as effectual as with solid contact. Next, the water connection was removed, when it was found that the force could be exerted through air. One of the curves thus obtained showed a maximum pull of nearly 1,000 grains when Mr. Home was standing three feet from the apparatus with his hands and feet firmly held.

Another series of experiments was made with a more delicate apparatus. It was first tried in the ab-

sence of Mr. Home, the operator being a "non-professional" lady whose name is withheld; afterwards with Mr. Home. This apparatus would require an engraving to make a description of its operation intelligible. The force was transmitted through a lever and automatically recorded as in the other experiments, every precaution being taken to insure that no shaking or jarring of the table would interfere with the results. Six tracings obtained by this instrument are engraved, two of them having been made while Mr. Home had no visible connection with the apparatus or its supports.

These experiments Mr. Crookes believes to confirm "beyond a doubt" the existence of a force associated with the human organization in some manner not yet explained, by which force the weight of solid bodies may be altered without physical contact. At one trial with a weighing machine in the presence of Mr. Home, the increase of weight was from 8*lbs.*, nominally to 36*lbs.*, 48*lbs.*, and 46*lbs.*, in three successive experiments tried under strict scrutiny. At another time, in the presence of other observers, the increase of weight was from 8*lbs.* to 23*lbs.*, 43*lbs.*, and 27*lbs.*, in three successive trials, varying the conditions.

The problem seems now to have been brought to a point where, as Professor Challis, of Cambridge, says, "Either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony [and he might have added instrumental testimony] must be given up."

SOME FACTS FROM ENGLAND.

THERE is, with all the improvements in science and art, in all that makes luxury, and makes it æsthetic in England, a fearful counterpoise in the accelerating degradation of the lower classes. On every side,—country and town, farm-laborer and factory-laborer,—there comes from the lower stratum of society an ominous murmur, to which wise men could not turn such utterly deaf ears as do the English privileged classes, if the gods had not first taken away their senses. With the accumulation of enormous estates—regal wealth and regal indifference to the poor—pauperism in England is increasing at a rate which, by itself, would indicate immense over-population, but which, taken in connection with the fact that there are incomes of £80,000 and others of £30 per annum (supposing the earner of the latter loses no time from illness or holidays); that even bishops (fathers in Christ) have incomes of £16,000, and their "children" are starving in hard labor—proves that there is something radically wrong in the primary arrangements of society. The English newspapers break out now and then with fragmentary revelations of the condition of the substructure of that community in which nothing is common but the air they breathe. A short time ago we had a case of a postman who died of starvation. We one day asked an intelligent letter-carrier in London some questions as to his service. It seemed that, by performing double service, one in delivering letters and another in the office, he gained *fourteen shillings a week*. In a "harvest-home" which was held this year in Hertfordshire, and at which the farmers were in great glee on account of their abundant harvest, a farm-laborer made a speech in the course of which he put forth the following suggestion:—

> Twelve shillings per week was a moderate wage in this part of the country, out of which the laborer had to pay 2s. per week for rent, 2s. for firing, and, supposing he was imprudent enough to be the father of six children, there was just 1s. per week each left for the maintenance of the father, mother, and children. How, then, was it possible for the laborer to obtain animal food, which they were told was so very necessary for the sustenance of the human frame in the early stages of its development? He did not believe the farmers wished to oppress those beneath them, but he would give them this piece of advice:—Let those young men who had been imprudent enough to get married and have a family do the piece-work, as far as practicable, and thus have a chance of earning a few extra shillings to supply their children with animal food to keep their souls and bodies together.—His speech was much applauded.

Truly, there seems a small margin between this and starvation, and yet we see the disparities increase, and, what seems an unaccountable result of civilization, land in England, while it pays so little profit that it seems hardly worth while to continue the agricultural profession, is being gathered into enormous estates, driving the class of small farmers out of existence, leaving only the broad distinction of great-estate owners and laborers; and these estates are declared to be sought and purchased now, not as a source of profit by agriculture, but as luxuries. This means that there are so many large fortunes made from other sources than land culture, *i. e.*, from trade and manufactures, that the land itself has ceased to play a first part in the political economy of England, and is becoming merely an instrument of social or political ambition. The only State which modern history records in a similar position is Venice. Will history be logical, and prepare the fate of Venice for England? Nor is it trade alone that has helped in this malversation of prosperity, but even the condition of the Church in England assists. What with the selling of livings, and the pushing of incapable younger sons of influential families into the church dignities—not to forget other "places"—not only is the substance of the country drained to keep in luxury a class of privileged paupers, but Christianity itself, whose mission it is to lift the fallen and abase the proud, is perverted to a cause of backsliding and offense to the poor—a millstone around the neck of England against the day when she may be cast into the sea. Where an advertisement like the following can be printed in a sporting paper, *The Field*, without irritating the sense of the community, what can be said of the Church, or its influence on the poor and ignorant:—

> SOLE CHARGE.—In a good hunting country. Furnished house, stables, and stipend, &c., desired for the coming winter by a beneficed clergyman.—Address F., &c., &c.

It comes in our experience once to have met a clergyman of this type at a dinner-party, where he was the hardest drinker and loudest talker. He held three livings, the aggregate income of which was a thousand pounds, and the aggregate flock of which was seven souls. He passed the most of his time in hunting and

shooting when the season permitted, and no one knows how when these failed, he being a bachelor not over forty.

Out of which of these causes come such incidents as the following, told in an English newspaper, the *Western Mail?*—

Quite by accident the veil has been lifted upon a sad social sore at Briton Ferry, a small port on the South Wales seaboard, which boasts of a Board of Health, a sanitary inspector, and high rates. In the course of an inquest on a child which was found dead in bed, it was stated that a family of nine persons, male and female, occupied one sleeping apartment, which, according to the coroner, was scarcely fit for two. The only other bed-room was occupied by lodgers, and the kitchen was common to all. There were no sanitary conveniences attached to the house, and that nothing might be wanting to make the place as perfect a fever-bed as it was possible for human ingenuity to design, the place was surrounded by filth of all kinds. When asked for an explanation, the mother of the child stated that she was compelled to let off a portion of the house in order to be able to pay the rent, and to obtain good and sufficient food for the family. She asserted that the fault lay with the landlords, who would not build houses suitable to the means of laboring men. It does not seem to have occurred either to the coroner or the jury to ask what rent the woman was paying for this fever-den.

But if this is the result of private greed and indifference to humanity, what shall we say of this other, extracted from the record of the investigation into the management of one of the public hospitals of London?

Orlando Guidi, of 27 Stafford street, Lisson-grove, a market gardener's porter, said he had been in the hospital nine days in May. He had seen many patients tied down, but he was never tied down himself. Patients had in some cases been tied down all night. The patients were tied down by the nurses and the convalescent patients. He had often asked for drink during the night, and could not get it. He had asked for beef-tea, milk, and even water. He had been told by the nurses that there was no beef-tea or milk, and that water was not allowed. The beef which was given to the patients was like India-rubber and tainted. Very often he had to send it away. All the patients complained of the meat. There was a great insufficiency of nurses, and he had often seen the ward without any nurse at all. Directly after he got up from his bed, on which he had been for eight days, another patient was put in. While he was there there was no change of sheets on the bed, and none for the new patient. When he had been up a few hours he wanted to lie down again, and the nurse told him to lie down outside another patient's bed. She said, "There is a patient who won't last more than half an hour." He died in a quarter of an hour, and witness was put into his bed. Next day he was sent to the convalescent ward, his bed being close to the water-closet door. When he got into the bed he found vermin the next morning. In the sick ward the sheets were stained with blood. There were only two towels for eighty-four to eighty-eight patients in the convalescent ward, and they were so filthy with vermin that he could not use them. The patients complained to Mr. Gee, the warder, who said, "What can you expect where there is sickness?" There was no bath until a few days before he left the hospital. He himself could not take a bath because he was covered with boils.

Where, then, are the bishops and clergy—the men who make Christ their trade, if not their profession? One can imagine them replying, "When saw we thee sick and in prison and visited thee not?" etc. Even our New York ring and its misdoings are less abominable and uncivilized than all this.

THE revival of French literature after the interruption of the war, the siege, and the rebellion of the Commune, seems to develop a purer atmosphere than has existed among French readers for some years. A few of the popular romancers of the later days of the Empire have appeared on the boards, but they are received very coolly; and works that would have created quite an excitement a year or two ago are now but short-lived in the memories of their old friends. This has been the fate of Flaubert's *Éducation Sentimentale*, and Arsène Houssaye's *Courtisanes*. Frivolity in literature is, to say the least, no longer fashionable. The Parisian public are growing tired of histories of the war, and the subject is now taking the form of drama, and even poetry, for the thoughts of the great struggle must still find vent in some shape. A young favorite of the French stage has made quite a hit in a declamatory poem entitled the *Cuirassiers*, which is genial in expression and extremely pathetic in sentiment, besides being in measure and rhythm very well adapted to the declamation of the French stage. Then we have, by the same author, *The Two Mothers*, in the form of dialogue, in which a German and a French mother meet at the graves of their fallen sons. Another poet of the lyric school, André Theuriet, gives us the *Peasants of Argonne*, who fight more modestly, but not less effectively, than the *Cuirassiers* with their flourish of trumpets. A former Senator, Leconte de Lisle, makes his bow to the new government with a poem entitled the *Evening after the Battle*, but it is a mere rehash of hollow phrases, which have given the wits an opportunity to declare that the Senator has lost his enthusiasm with the loss of his senatorial salary of 30,000 francs. In the line of prose, Lamartine's memoirs are being republished as a consolation for the follies of Victor Hugo; and Ludovic Hans has published a *Guide through the Ruins*, in which he leads the stranger from Père la Chaise to Neuilly, past the Place of the Bastille, the Hôtel de Ville, the Quays, and the Tuileries—the scenes of the most vandal-like destruction of the Commune. And we are astonished to find the great pulpit-orator and theologian, De Pressensé, out in a quasi-defense of the men of the Commune, in which he attributes to them higher motives than the world is, now at least, generally willing to accord them.

THE WALLS OF PARIS are declared, by one who has made them a study during the last year, to have afforded one of the most singular and interesting histories on record. They have been daily covered anew with posters, long and broad, horizontal or vertical, red, green, yellow, or blue. And what an attractive and instructive story these walls would tell of all the proclamations and declarations, protestations and assurances, admonitions and announcements, in the course of twelve months, through the last days of the Empire, those of the Provisional Government, the Commune, and the present so-called Government of Versailles! This would be veritable history, with all its incredible vicissitudes and simple eloquence, such as no historian could depict. But the posters of yesterday are quickly covered by those of to-day, and as quickly forgotten, notwithstanding their glaring inconsistency, and if any are left, one government rapidly annihilates the proclamations of its predecessor. Thus it is only in the most distant portions of the city that one can have the rare good fortune to meet side by side the bills announcing that "not an inch of our territory shall be given up," and those containing the

sad intelligence that not only Paris had succumbed, but even those of the sadder story of Metz, Alsace, and Lorraine. These walls were the theaters of Paris during the siege, and many of the vain players that there declared their determination to die if Paris should fall, are now still strutting their brief hour on the Boulevards. A pilgrimage to some of these distant walls, whose posters the winds and the rains have still respected, would afford a significant lesson to the curious traveler.

ROBERT BURNS in the Swiss-German idiom is the greatest novelty of the season. One would scarcely admit the possibility of successfully transporting the Scottish Bard into German verse, but Corrodi has taken the lays of the sweet singer of the Scotch Highlands, and brought them into such harmony with his own mountain dialect as to convince the world that there must be an innate harmony between the tongues. The Swiss poems sound like the echo of Robert Burns among the Alpine heights, and the translator has found a poetic relation between the tongues that has a deep significance. There seems to be an affinity between the dialects that develops a sympathy, not only in construction, but also in thought and feeling. It were in vain to attempt to put Robert Burns into any Romanic dialect, because the very thoughts are Germanic in their nature.

THE savans who adorn the witty columns of *Kladderadatsch*—the famous German Punch—are busily engaged, in their peculiar way, in discussing the important political questions of the day. "What is Coming Now?" was the title of leading articles recently, and this question is declared to be the most significant of the period. Some persons who have cousins in the War Department declare that the latter is thinking of erecting an Indo-Germanic kingdom. Moltke is said to be studying special maps of the East, with a view to becoming acquainted with the Himalaya passes and the valleys of Farther India. This assertion is strengthened by the fact that a famous Russian fortune-teller has foretold that an approaching event of great importance will result in making Bismarck a duke, and Moltke a prince. Indeed, in view of the boundless treasures of these Indies which the Germans are to conquer, it is also rumored that no less than four milliards are about to be distributed among certain prominent personages, as an incentive to enthusiasm in the campaign. In short, the Battle of Dorking and some other stories of that ilk have turned the heads of many of the Germans, and they feel that the country must go on doing great things. But *Kladderadatsch* in its wisdom ridicules this unrest, and tells them that nothing at all is coming but a period of repose, which they as a nation need, and which they had better now enjoy while they have a chance.

THE HOLLANDERS seem to have been quite busily occupied with literary matters while their neighbors were engaged in deadly warfare, and their record in the line of letters for the year 1870 is very creditable. Among other publications we notice a collection from the Dutch poets of the seventeenth century, and a new and revised edition of the prose writers of the same period. The Society for the Literature of the Netherlands has also published a new history of their transactions. The field of history has been enriched with several original works, and the translations from Macaulay, Guizot, and Schlosser have met with marked favor from the critics and great success at the counters. A work of much promise, entitled *A History of the Skepticism of the Seventeenth Century*, is to appear in numbers, of which the first is just issued. In the line of travel we notice Kan's *Discoveries in Africa*, and *Fourteen Years' Service in the Navy*, together with an account of an expedition to the coast of Guinea in 1869. The insular possessions of Holland in the East receive a due share of attention, and the list closes with a series of biographical works. In short, without actual examinations of their lists, one would scarcely suspect that the Holland Dutch are so active in literary fields as the record proves them to be. They at least seem determined that their language shall not be swamped in the giant growth and rapid extension of more favored tongues.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE seem to have contained nearly all the Jews of France, to judge from the lament uttered in the columns of the *Revue Israélite* of Paris. It declares that nearly one-third of the Jewish population of the country is taken from it by the loss of these provinces, and this third is by far the most valuable and influential fraction of these people within the French realm. The nation thus loses three-fourths of its Rabbis, readers, and teachers, three consistories, the fine Jewish industrial schools in Strasburg and Mulhouse, and the new agricultural school for Israelites, in the process of construction and of great promise. These institutions were bidding fair to do useful work in training the Jews of France to enter the mechanical and agricultural fields of labor instead of confining themselves to trading and peddling. But what France loses Germany gains, and the Jews have almost a new lease of life and liberty in the constitutions of Germany. If affairs continue to go well with them, they will soon cease to be a down-trodden people there at least. In Austria the government has granted the formation of a Jewish theological faculty for the University of Vienna, with the rank and emoluments of the professors in the other faculties. This is certainly a most generous concession and support from a government so purely Catholic.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE NEW PRESIDENT AT YALE.

An academic procession at a Puritan college is not, in itself, an imposing or an exhilarating spectacle. It may have its small crowd of attendant urchins following it or accompanying it, with more or less of sportive excitement. But they are present rather from a general and subtle sense of duty than from any satisfaction with the procession itself. To them, indeed (we speak from memory of our own youthful experience as well as from maturer observation), a procession, of whatever sort, is an event to be made the most of; and when the music of a brass band is heard on the morning of Commencement Day, and it is evident that the alumni have begun to form and march, it is a signal not to be unheeded, even though the promise is so sure to be belied by the performance. But always, to the average urchin, there is a feeling of serious regret, a consciousness of being suddenly let down, as from a reasonable pitch of expectation, when the brass band, with more or less glitter of buttons and stripes and burnished instruments, has passed by, and is straightway succeeded by a somber array of black broadcloth and alpaca, and of wholly unobtrusive hats. To be sure, the silk gown of the president, who follows hard after the players on instruments, is a momentary satisfaction, as it rustles by with whispers of official dignity and scholarly pre-eminence. And it is probable that the grave gentleman on whose arm the president is leaning may be the governor of the commonwealth,—though there is nothing to distinguish him from common mortals. But after him there come not even rustling silk gowns nor citizen governors, but mere ordinary costumes, such as one might see for nothing, anywhere and any day. What is a procession worth,—the aggrieved mind of the average urchin dimly asks itself,—what is a procession worth without some kind of costume to distinguish it? Except that they walk two and two and have a brass band at their head, these are like the people whom we see going to the post-office at mail-time. It is a monotonous procession, and to the last degree unsatisfactory. It is so colorless that an alumnus with green spectacles comes to be hailed as an appreciable relief, a cheerful and enlivening phenomenon in the somber scene.

If the day should be rainy, as it so often is, a certain picturesqueness is afforded to the scene by the array of various umbrellas, by which the moving procession is encanopied. There is room for large variety of size and shape and color in so great a multitude of umbrellas—some from the streets and avenues of the metropolis, silken and slender, carried with a pardonable sense of superiority by young alumni from the best society; some from the rural scenes of Squashville, it may be, undisguisedly of cotton, stout of staff, used to protect the alumnal head through the unfashionable years of hard and ill-paid but not unsuccessful work. Not without a picturesque attractiveness is the umbrella-bearing throng, as it moves through the green to the old church, and executes its one maneuver, when, with uncovered heads, the under-graduates open their ranks and let the alumni pass between them; and not without a certain moral dignity and suggestiveness, as one soberly considers it—the disappointment of the average urchin to the contrary notwithstanding. To those who recognize the faces of the men who have come back to the familiar scenes in which they passed their years of study, and who grow young again as they receive and give the greetings of old time with classmates and associates long separated, there is no lack of interest, of pathos, and even of sublimity in the assembly. Men who have won renown in all the walks of life are there; leaders of thought and of opinion in the State and in the Church; men who have done hard work and good work in society and made the world the better for their living in it; and men who, as they come back to the college walls and call back the college days, and meet the college friends, and salute again the lessening group of old instructors, bear grateful testimony that the strength with which their life-work has been wrought was largely gained here, in the unforgotten time of youth and hope and fresh enthusiasm.

But at the head of the procession on this October morning, and under the protecting shelter of the same umbrella, there are two silk gowns. For this is not Commencement but Inauguration Day. The venerable scholar who, for a quarter of a century, has presided over Yale College, lays down to-day his honorable office—not because of any present infirmities of age, although if hard work, and anxiety, and public responsibility, and inexpressible private griefs could make one old at seventy years, few men should be more aged; but because, with eye undimmed and vigor unabated, he wishes to enjoy the freedom which an unofficial life may give him during the serene evening of his days. And beside him, looking scarcely younger, with the sober cares of office touching him already, and modestly aware how great a vacancy he has been chosen to fill, walks the successor to the chair of Woolsey, Day, and Dwight.

Nothing could be simpler than the ceremony of inauguration. How the fresh young voices of the college choir rolled out the splendid music from the organ gallery! The "Gloria in Excelsis," the "Domine, Salvum fac Præsidem Nostrum," were not unmeaning words of a dead language to those cheerful singers. Then came the solemn prayer and blessing, uttered, as was most fit, by the grave voice which now for almost half a century has been most familiar in that sacred house, in various ministries of prayer and praise and reconciliation, as of God's ambassador. Worthy to be remembered in the annals of friendship is that life-long association of the outgoing president with his neighbor and brother in the ministry and fellow-counsellor in the college, which began when they were school-boys, grew when they were classmates, and has

lasted through these sixty years of changeful life—a fellowship in work and duty, in study and in government, in personal experience of joy and grief, in vigorous and active age, to which the abundant fruits of toil and faithfulness are amply given. Three times, at least, the eyes of men grew dim with sympathy and with the pathos of the scene on that Inauguration Day: first, when the solemn thanksgiving for the good work wrought by the retiring President, uttered by the friend who knew so well how good that work had been, blended with the prayer for blessing and success on the new administration; and again, when the voice of Woolsey, as he gave the college seal and charter into the hands of his successor, grew tremulous in its fine fervor speaking of his "last official act," and of his hopes and aspirations for the institution he had served so long; and yet again, when Porter paid his tribute of affectionate respect to the good man to whom himself had owed so much as pupil, as associate in college government, as beloved and honored friend. There was nothing in the performance but what was genuine. There are few places in the world where every sham is so honestly hated as at Yale College. And there are few men in the world who have done more to make shams intolerable and to make simplicity and honesty and integrity precious and honorable, than has been done by the good and useful man in whom the college world has found, for these twenty-five years, an inspiration and example.

Considered as a feast by which the outward man may be made fat, commencement dinners—nay, even inauguration dinners, are not all that might be wished by a carnal appetite. And indeed, in these degenerate and irreverent days, in which "Young Yale" is having its innings, it is permitted to make open mock of what our fathers would have eaten and been glad. As one listened to the derisive allusions which were made to the refreshments, after the repast had ended and the post-prandial speeches were in order, one would not have been surprised if that presumptuous young man had even gone on to "speak disrespectfully of the Equator." But these are rapid times, and Mother Yale, who has been wont to teach her sons to speak with freedom and with plainness, will endure their criticisms, irreverent though they may be. If the repast seems frugal to the younger sons when they come back from Babylon or wheresoever they have wandered, and from the luxuries of whatsoever sumptuous living, why not bring back with them generous gifts and make their *alma mater* rich enough to spread her tables bountifully? After all, as one looked around upon the good gray heads of older graduates (whether from Squashville or elsewhere), it seemed a small thing whether dinners should be sumptuous or meager. One could so easily count up a score or two of men, of whom if Young Yale, as it grows older, shall show the world the equals, Young Yale shall have the right to grumble and even to dictate counsel. But by that time Young Yale will have come to be Old Yale, and will haply have begun to doubt whether the former ways were not the better, and whether dinners of whatever sort are not vanity.

That little, thin, white-haired, bright-eyed old gentleman who sits upon the platform, under the portraits of the former presidents, graduated seventy-five years ago. What were the dinners in his day, for example? When he entered college, A.D. 1792, Stiles was president. That is Stiles, in the most ancient of the five presidential portraits, with gray wig, and one hand solemnly uplifted—one does not quite know why. Did he always carry one hand lifted up in that fashion, O white-haired alumnus? It was while this alumnus was a junior that the president laid off his gray wig and dropped his hand forever. Then came Dwight, and governed twenty-two good years of prosperous fortune. And then Day for thirty years of active service, and yet another score of serene and beautiful old age. And now Woolsey, rounding out a quarter of a century of work, retires. And Porter, with the cordial acclamations of the increasing throng of graduates, takes the vacant place. And still the bright eyes of the white-haired old man twinkle with interest and sympathy and love for the old college, where he too was once a representative, in those not unremembered days, of Young Yale, with its hopes and its audacities and its opportunities.

The autumn day begins to darken to its close before the great assembly can break up. And in the evening, though the dreary rain drops through the branches of the elms, the carriages roll along the streets, the still unwearied graduates spread their various umbrellas, and a great throng salutes the president in his own house. Later yet, the students with great blaze of torches, march to cheer and serenade the going and the coming man. Through the falling rain-drops, and through "the flying gold" of Autumn leaves, the bright illumination of the college buildings shines and twinkles. So the lights shone and twinkled five and twenty years ago on the inauguration evening. Only there are more buildings now, and goodlier. When once more the light of such illumination shines (may the day be distant!), shall there not be yet more buildings and yet goodlier? Make haste, Young Yale; rapid in many things, be swift in this not least! Why lag the offerings to the "Woolsey fund"? Why tarries the liberal hand that is to give the fifth of the half million?

Let the new president begin his work with the assurance of an irresistible enthusiasm, cordial and generous and limitless, behind him. And let the ancient mother, beautiful in age, grow young again in the devotion of her sons.

WACHTEL.

HERR WACHTEL, whose career in England was not a brilliant one, has been received in this country by the Germans with an enthusiasm rarely evoked in any place by a male singer. His season of German opera at the Stadt Theatre in this city, extending over four weeks, has been attended by every evidence of popular delight and pecuniary success, but it has not

been remarkable for the highest artistic results. The season opened with Adams's "Postilion." Verdi's inevitable "Trovatore" followed, and in rapid succession "Fra Diavolo," Flotow's "Martha" and less popular "Stradella," "The Magic Flute" and "William Tell" were presented. Although the excellence of the representations was in an inverse ratio to the merit of the works—"The Postilion" and "The Trovatore" surpassing the others in the completeness and vigor of impersonation—and although Herr Wachtel himself nearly touched the extremes of good and bad in the repertoire, the audiences bestowed upon all the performances alike the most fervent praise. Any attempt to gauge this singer's qualifications by the popular acclaim of his countrymen would be manifestly unjust to musical art.

His method and culture do not entitle him to deliberate commendation. Like other singers exceptionally endowed with voice, of which Mario and Formes are the best remembered examples of opposite schools, he is lamentably ignorant of the first principles of musical science, and depends in the acquisition of a *rôle* upon his ear entirely. Marvelous as this auricular faculty is, it cannot supply entirely the place of exact musical knowledge. Herr Wachtel's voice is remarkable for its volume, compass, and quality; but it is upon the two first of these characteristics that he mainly depends for his effects. It is somewhat worn, showing, in its constant liability to hoarseness, the unnatural strain that has been put upon it; but it retains the wonderful pliability and metallic resonance of its earlier strength, and accomplishes the much overrated feat of reaching high C with little effort. The reckless use of his exceptional notes has more than any other trait made him a favorite here. He combines, as did no other German singer that we can remember, the most pernicious traits of both the German and French schools. His phrasing is frequently slip-shod and always contrary to the teaching of the Italian masters. And he breaks through all *cantabile* and sentimental barriers with a vehemence that is fatal to the expression of the gentler emotions. For this reason his impersonations of "The Postilion" and "Manrico" were the least objectionable of his several *rôles*. The one exacted nothing but the dash and domination of an animal nature, and the other, by its rapidity and intensity of action, retrieved the indelicacy of expression. In both of these *rôles* his *tours de force* were examples of vocal compass and respiratory strength, and as such they won the unthinking admiration of his auditors as no exhibition of emotional delicacy could have done. In the later works, such as "The Magic Flute" and "William Tell," Herr Wachtel failed to realize the characters he assumed, and in modifying his vocal execution robbed it of much that made it attractive to the public. There is, however, much to admire in the man aside from his art: he has a very fine stage presence, and he has preserved to past the prime of life the elasticity and enthusiasm of youth in unusual integrity. It should be stated that although Wachtel's London and Paris seasons were artistic failures, he has always been a great favorite with the German people, his origin and identification with them seeming to endear him to them as the mere possession of vocal abilities could not do.

JOWETT'S PLATO.

To be his best, the man of to-day must have lived in brief the highest life of each stage of the progress of the race. In fact as well as in poetry, he is "heir of all the ages." If he misses any portion of his inheritance his nature will lack so much of its fullest, richest, roundest development. In mental and spiritual development he must retrace the life history of humanity as in physical growth he has outlined the progress of creation from the monad to the mammal, from the mammal to man. The men of the Vedic Hymns and of Homer were to the men of Plato's time as children to full-statured, quick-witted, inquiring youth. The fully taught and—for teaching and culture are distinct and widely different—the fully cultured man of our later civilization is the same youth grown old and careful, and weighted with over-much to do. His fancy no longer plays about poetic imaginations. The world without is more to him than the world within; and from being a mere æsthetic thinker and doer rejoicing in unproductive strength, he has become a serious director of material forces, a slave to material conquest. To keep him from becoming a joyless worker in middle life, or sullen watch-dog of stocks and bonds in age, the selfish scramble of modern life must not be too early entered upon. Above all, the Attic period of his mental life must be lived to the full. That was the grandest stage in the early progress of humanity. It will ever represent one of the grandest as well as most needful stages of individual progress. It cannot be skipped or hurried over without a personal loss like that the world would have felt had Athens never flourished or Plato never lived. Culture is incomplete, it lacks strength and beauty and light without it.

The flower of Grecian life and thought, the highest type of youthful life everywhere, is found in Plato. He is pre-eminently the leader of young manhood. For two thousand years the richest natures have gained early inspiration, clear vision, intellectual force and elasticity from him. He has been their guide when they were groping for truth, hungry for knowledge, yet perplexed like the Greeks of old with verbal subtleties. He has taught them to look at questions from all sides, to test all things—to construct philosophy rather than learn it. As Mr. Mill observes, "His teaching makes great men by his combination of moral enthusiasm and logical discipline," and he makes them early. He is not a teacher for the old. Those who look to him for a consistent system of philosophy look in vain. He does not *grow* on the matured thinker. He is an inquirer—acute, earnest, suggestive, powerful, yet formative. The intellectual condition in which he works is the condition of inspired and aspiring

youth, and that is the secret of his peculiar fitness for the culture of youth.

"Why should not young men be educated on this book?" asks our own Attic philosopher. "It would suffice for the tuition of the race—to test their understanding and to express their reason." For this part of the culture required by modern life, Plato is indeed sufficient. He is almost indispensable; but hitherto he has been the teacher of the privileged few. To approach him through his native speech is, for most American youth, to exhaust in costly preparation all the years that are fittest for his influence. Our modern culture is so hurried, there is so much to learn and so little time for learning it, that the world's great teachers must speak our mother tongue or we cannot hear them. The Romans were fortunate, Heine said, that they did not have to master Latin Grammar, else they could not have found time to conquer the world. Our youth cannot live with Plato when they need him and enjoy him most, and learn his language too, without sacrificing other acquirements equally important. Thanks to Professor Jowett, the sacrifice is no longer necessary. He has made Plato an English classic, bringing the immortal Dialogues into our literature with hardly a trace that they did not originally belong there. He has lifted Plato out of the narrow confines of an unspoken tongue into the widest field of modern life. "His words of 'sweetness and light,' of moral beauty and intellectual grace, so lovely in their transparent candor, so acute and yet so gentle, so masterly in logic and yet so tender in emotion," may now illumine, invigorate, and inspire every youth who reads our English speech, at the time when the growing man is most open to their guiding power.

Seeing how great an influence Plato has had in forming the best minds of past ages, and of our own age, what may we not expect of him in the wider future? In this light the benefit conferred on English culture by Professor Jowett's noble work can scarcely be overestimated. In bringing out this American edition in all the luxury of Riverside type and printing, at half the cost of the English edition, the publishers (Chas. Scribner & Co.) have done a good part toward making the work as widely popular as it is thoroughly delightful.

BEECHER'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

It is already two or three years since the announcement was made that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was engaged in writing, in book form, that sacred story of the life of Jesus Christ on earth, which, for so many years and with such great success and reputation, he has been engaged in telling from his pulpit.

Those who knew how multitudinous were the occupations which make up his busy life may well enough have doubted whether his cherished purpose would ever be realized. At last, however, the first volume of the work is issued (*The Life of Jesus the Christ*, by Henry Ward Beecher: J. B. Ford & Co.), and the assurance is given that the remaining volume will appear in the course of another year. It is to be sold by subscription only, but probably will, for that very reason, find all the wider and more popular circulation.

That the work would be a popular one was sufficiently assured by the name of its distinguished author. That it would be a learned book was less confidently expected, although it was understood that the author was putting into it the best strength which he possessed. Probably in both respects there may be some disappointment of expectation. The volume before us is really less like the brilliant and pre-eminently popular preaching of Plymouth pulpit than we had expected to find it. And it is more scholarly in its tone, more learned in the research it exhibits, bears more traces of hard and irksome labor, than the reputation of its author would have led us to anticipate. For both of these reasons the book is a better book. It is popular enough in style; charming in the graceful and loving beauty with which the incidents of our Lord's earthly life are narrated; picturesque and poetic in the vividness with which

> "The sinless years
> That passed beneath the Syrian blue"

are made to pass again before our eyes; but, all through the book, brilliancy of style seems sacrificed to simplicity, and the earnest aim of the writer to instruct and to do good is abundantly evident.

Scarcely less evident are the marks of downright hard work. Mr. Beecher has studied so carefully the topography, the natural history, the scenery of Palestine, the almost unaltered Oriental life, that it would seem as if he had seen with his own eyes what he has seen only with the eyes of other men and of his mind. He does not, it is true, except in rare instances, cite authorities and give quotations, and thus impart to his pages that learned aspect which such a method insures; but on every page the results of study are apparent—of wide, thoughtful, and accurate reading, of laborious, although congenial, toil.

Concerning the doctrinal character of the book, there is not the slightest ambiguity. That the life of Jesus the Christ, on earth, was the life of God in flesh, is affirmed with such energy of emphasis, with such clearness of statement, that to doubt where the great preacher of Plymouth pulpit stands in regard to the most fundamental truth will be, henceforth, impossible. Whether he states the prime fact of the incarnation in the doctrinal form which is regarded as orthodox, and which is probably the best and truest (as unquestionably he does *not*), is of comparatively little consequence. It is of very great consequence to know that he appreciates the fact itself as of all facts the greatest and most necessary, the most gracious and divine.

On other questions of doctrine, as from time to time the book encounters them, it is equally outspoken. Concerning miracles, for example, there is no hesitancy or special pleading or resolution of them into extraordinary instances of the working of natural laws.

"Miracles," says Mr. Beecher, "are to be accepted boldly, or not at all. They are jewels, and sparkle with divine light, or they are nothing." It is sufficiently evident, from this quotation, that the book is not to be classed in literature with Christian "apologetics."

Without prolonging this notice unduly, it is safe to say that, while the value of the book is most of all in its popular character and its earnest practical purpose, it is also most worthy of careful and critical study by the members of the learned and sacred profession to which its author belongs. The chapter on the Temptation, for example, is full of thoughtful suggestion: especially the incidental remarks on the nature of the prophetic mood, in which, according to Mr. Beecher's theory, the temptation was endured and conquered.

We call attention to the admirable engraving with which Mr. Marshall (to whose talent and skill we owe already the grand heads of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant) has restored and reproduced the head of Christ in Da Vinci's famous picture of the Last Supper. Those to whom all attempts to represent in art the face of the Lord Jesus are not offensive, will be grateful for the service which Mr. Marshall has performed. Probably most people would gain a better conception of Da Vinci's devout and wonderful work, by means of this engraving, than they would by looking at the old fresco, faded and mutilated, as it remains to-day in Milan.

FROUDE'S LAST BOOK.

THE characteristic peculiarities of Mr. Froude, as a thinker and writer, are too well known to require special notice at this late day. The great historical work by which he is so famous is to be found in any library that makes much claim to completeness. But there are many readers who would like to know more of him than they now do, who cannot command the time necessary for the mastery of the twelve volumes of that work, eminently attractive and readable as it has proved itself to be. To such readers and to all, the collected essays which Mr. Froude has contributed to various periodicals, or given in the form of public addresses, will be very welcome. One such volume was issued a year or two ago, and met with an unusual share of public favor. Another volume (*Short Studies on Great Subjects*, Charles Scribner & Co.) has just made its appearance. First among them, in order of position and of interest, is the celebrated vindication of Calvinism, delivered before the students of St. Andrew's, which has been already published in a separate pamphlet, and which proves how well its author can discern the spirit from the body of history, and how vigorously he can maintain whatever is worth maintaining, and how readily he can let go whatever has become really obsolete. The other papers in the volume are, for the most part, either historical studies or discussions of questions of present political, social, and religious interest. They are all most readable and profitable. Whatever else Mr. Froude may be, he is never dull; and whether one agrees with him or not, it is, at least, not difficult to understand him. That he has ability also for the lighter kinds of literature as well as the more grave, is evident from the "Fortnight in Kerry," with its fresh and charming landscape sketches and its vivid pictures of Irish life and character.

Although the papers in this volume were especially designed for English readers, yet, for the most part, they are suited to the practical needs of Americans also. The masterly paper on "The Condition and Prospects of Protestantism," for example, is scarcely less important for us than it is for the writer's own countrymen. The same tendencies which he examines are visible here. The same grave mistakes of practical Protestantism which he points out and rebukes are those which we have fallen into. The same perils against which he warns thoughtful and earnest Englishmen have menaced us. It will be well if those whose duty it is to watch for souls will heed this strong and able statement of the relations between Romanism and Protestantism, as those relations appear to an educated, fair-minded, and most competent student of history.

"CHAPTERS OF ERIE, AND OTHER ESSAYS."

THE notion that genius is not hereditary, which has been often enough asserted on insufficient grounds, and which has been abundantly refuted by accumulated evidence, receives a new illustration of its falsity in at least one illustrious American family. From John Adams to John Quincy Adams, and again to Charles Francis Adams, the renown of a great name suffers no reproach or loss, but rather gains continual increase of lustre. And it is already evident that in the fourth generation there is ability and integrity which will do no dishonor to the ancient lineage. The articles (some of them widely famous) contributed by Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., and his brother Mr. Henry Adams, chiefly to the *North American Review* (in one instance to the *Westminster Review*), during the last two or three years, have been collected in a volume (*Chapters of Erie and other Essays*, J. R. Osgood & Co.), as indeed they well deserve to be. They grapple with questions the incalculable magnitude of which can hardly be considered without terror; and they assail corrupt and evil practices in society, in commerce, in politics, concerning which it is not too much to say that they imperil the very existence of the republic. The work which has been done in these essays is honest work and hard work. To denounce is easy; to groan and weep is not difficult; but to sit patiently down and study the significance of tendencies in civilization—to get a firm and steady grip of slippery forms of sin, and hold them still while all the world can carefully consider them,—to detect the errors of well-meaning men in places of responsibility and power, and criticise with clearness and vigor what it would be pleasanter to ignore or to commend,—such work as this is hard work, and requires ability, integrity, and courage of no ordinary sort. When we have said that this is the work which the essayists in this volume have given us,

we have sufficiently indicated its substantial and permanent value.

HIGGINSON'S "ATLANTIC ESSAYS."

THE announcement of a new volume by Colonel Higginson is always a delight to lovers of good writing. No paper of his should ever be allowed to drift off into the sea of forgotten magazine contributions. His name is one of the few which give us a right to use the word literature in connection with America; his writings are among the few yet produced on this side of the Atlantic which are worth study as models.

Twelve essays are comprised in this volume, under the somewhat indeterminate title of *Atlantic Essays* (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston). Of course, all good Christians know of the existence of a magazine called the *Atlantic Monthly*, and will infer from this title that these essays must have been printed in it; but then there are three hundred and forty millions of Buddhists, not to mention other sects; and we cannot help smiling to think how perplexed would be any intelligent, but on this point unenlightened, inquirer to discover in the book itself any explanation of the name. But we can forgive so good a book the misfortune of a poor title, and recognize the fact that it could hardly happen twice to one man to hit upon so felicitous a title as the one to Colonel Higginson's first volume of Essays, the *Out-door Papers*.

Higginson's style as a style is worthy of closer analysis and minuter description than we can give it here. It is as individual, as finished, and as recognizable to the careful student and observer of literature, as Lowell's or Hawthorne's. And we should certainly add his name to these two to complete the list of our three foremost masters of prose. We should say also that he is better than Hawthorne in being more healthful of tone, in having more oxygen in him: as he himself so admirably says, "We all know that a vast deal of oxygen may go into the style of a man; we see in it, not merely what books he has read, what company he has kept, but also the food he eats, the exercise he takes, the air he breathes."

And he is better than Lowell in having more earnestness and more directness of aim. He is at heart a believer in the progress, nay, in more, in the ultimate and absolute triumph of humanity. He has the faith of a poet added to the zeal of a reformer. No sentence of his, whatever be its apparent key-note,—whether it be a fine exquisiteness of description of nature, a shrewd dealing with practical points of hygiene, morals, manners, or affairs, a graphic reproduction of historical events, or scenes of travel,—no sentence of his but is really built on the foundations of this faith and warmed by the glow of this zeal. Superficial readers are often misled, by the very simplicity of his style, into a failure to recognize its finish; and readers who are not superficial are perhaps sometimes misled by the very exquisiteness of its finish, and richness of its culture, into a still more unjust failure to recognize how deep down in life and heart its hidden sources lie. Culture is much, and training is much: but all Higginson's culture, varied and rare as it is, all his training, long and faithful as it has been, would not make him the writer he is. Those who, knowing his writings as a whole, take them in connection with his life, know that the true secret of the mingled grace, beauty, and strength of his words is a secret belonging to the highest laws of development and growth; just as in the eternal music of the true masters, the great harmonies, of which thorough-base attempts to give us the key and law underlie and support melodies and movements as varied and different as hours and days.

This volume shows, more than any other of Colonel Higginson's, the wide range of his power as a writer. In the first three essays, "A Plea for Culture," "Literature as an Art," and "Americanism in Literature," are to be seen the poetic faith and the zeal of which we have spoken, added to the professional familiarity and the artistic enthusiasm of the faithful worker in and for his own field. That literature *is* an Art, and that few things within human range are so worth a man's while as to be a true literary artist,—that culture is noble, and means the development, the elevation of every human faculty,—that America has the conditions for ultimate success in this sphere as well as in those more material, are truths forcibly set forth in these essays. We select the brief closing sentence of the Plea for Culture as eloquently illustrative of what we have said of the deep undercurrents in Higginson's writings.

"Between Shakespeare in his cradle and Shakespeare in Hamlet there was needed but an interval of time, and the same sublime condition is all that lies between the America of toil and the America of Art."

He is a philanthropist as well as philosopher, prophet as well as poet, who can briefly set in words not easily forgotten so much inspiring stimulus, so much assuring confidence, as are in this sentence. And as an instance of one of the greatest charms of Higginson's style,—one most rarely found, and one most surely overlooked by indiscriminating or inattentive readers,—his subtle condensation, and even multiplication of thought in a single phrase, we call attention to the four words, "*the same sublime condition.*" This phrase takes hold on the seen and the unseen, the kingdom of faith and the kingdom of law, touches them both with the glory of rhythm, and sets them side by side (as they belong), in the double light of human vision.

The paper on "Fayal and the Portuguese" affords excellent illustration of the truth of Higginson's own definitions, in "Literature as an Art," of the five chief requirements for a good style: "Simplicity, freshness, structure, choice of words, and thoroughness of preparation."

To lift that little empty undowered island into such a realm of success as the central figure of so graphic and lively a sketch, is proof indeed of the right method in the right hand. We wish other countries, other scenes could be given to us by the same processes; and we hope that the "Oldport Papers," which have a

picturesqueness of quality similar to "Fayal and the Portuguese," will be collected in a volume. The fading atmosphere of the old Newport—the new Old-port—will never be so well handed down in any other way.

But the papers which, on the whole, are most admirable in this volume, are the two Historical Sketches, "Mademoiselle's Campaigns," and "A Charge with Prince Rupert." They suggest the query whether, after all, the best field, the true field for the best and truest display of Higginson's especial qualities, as a writer, be not the crowded (but empty !) field of history. In sparkle, in air, in sound, these sketches are like plays. In minuteness, in accuracy, in insight, they are like text-book pages. To reproduce whole periods, the lives of nations, like this, would be a triumph no man has attained. Perhaps it would be impossible. But to approach it would be worth a long lifetime's trial.

In the last three essays, "The Greek Goddesses," "Sappho," and "On an Old Latin Text-Book," we have still another phase of the same graceful flow of chosen words bearing cultured thoughts. In company with Greeks, even though they be goddesses, Col. Higginson is perhaps more at home than anywhere else in the world—(unless it be among birds, or blossoms, or in a wherry). So much familiarity, not only with classics, but with the classic atmosphere, life, age, has rarely been shown without pedantry or wearisomeness. To many cultivated minds, sympathizing more with learning than with enthusiasm, these papers will probably be more charming than any in the book.

In close, we can only say that it is, and has been for many years, a marvel to us that Higginson's writings have not yet more nearly reached the recognition they merit. We have not, and have not had, so many literary men who love their art for their art's sake—who, having the "genius of patience" and the loyalty of faith, the grace of culture and the inspiration of purpose, do work worthy of a permanent place, in permanent literature, that we have excuse for being inattentive to the words of one of them ! However, "The reward of a good sentence is to have written it;" "Art is higher than nations and older than centuries;" and the man who has seen and said those two things can dispense with rewards and wait for centuries.

It is but simple justice to add that the style in which this volume is issued is very bad. The paper is worse than is often seen between covers; the inside margins are so narrow that the book cannot be read without an uncomfortable effort to hold it open to its utmost limit, and the whole expression of the volume is so unworthy of its contents that it is with a sense of outrage that its lovers will lay it down. The same fault of narrow margins exists in a still greater degree in the *Castilian Days*. Such petty economies in execution are small saving and poor policy for publishers, and great wrong to authors.

"CYCLICAL DELUGES."

CAPTIVATED by a sensational review of Adhemar's *Révolutions de la Mer*,—he does not appear to have read the book itself,—Mr. William Bassett Walker, M.R.S.V. (Man Remarkable for Scientific Verdancy?) has gone through a number of popular works on geology and collected all the observations that can be forced to support a theory of periodical deluges. He calls his compilation *Cyclical Deluges*—a thin book with a terrific frontispiece, bearing the imprint of D. Appleton & Co., in New York, and half a dozen publishers in other parts of the world, to provide possibly for the preservation of his precious work at the next cataclysm. Incidental to the main discussion, the "true geological formation of carboniferous mineral" is explained with such a happy unconsciousness of the real elements of the problem, that the author's innocent "trust" that leading geologists "may be induced to pause in holding fast to their theory" of coal-formation is not likely to be disappointed. For all that he offers, the "pause" will be perpetual. The last great deluge, it appears, was Noah's; but that was by no means the first, nor is it to be the last catastrophe of the sort to overtake the world. The next one is to come off in the year 7382. This is the way it is to be brought about: "The earth, being an *oblong* spheroid, is slightly swollen, or bulges out, at the Equator, and the Sun's attraction, acting on this swelling, has the effect of changing the inclination of the axis. . . . This change of direction has the effect of altering the date of the equinoxes already referred to. Now, in the year B.C. 1248, the North Pole attained its maximum duration of heat. Since then the ice has continued to increase *from that date*, and will so continue until it again covers nearly all Europe and North America (of which we have marine and glacial witnesses), and when the maximum is reached the great deluge cataclysm will occur: that is to say, for the last 3,118 years it *has begun* to decrease, or become cooler, and this will go on to the year 7382 of our era before *it* attains its maximum winter duration of cold, at which period, according to Adhemar, the next deluge from South to North is to take place."

In thought and language this paragraph is typical of the whole work. The immediate cause of the predicted deluge is the shifting of the earth's center of gravity by the accumulation of ice at the North. Of course, the numerous facts that upset this ridiculous theory as pitilessly as the theory upsets the earth are carefully kept out of sight; or, more probably, are neither known nor understood by this man who, as he tells us in his opening sentence, is so anxious to "impart advanced information regarding the chief geological phenomena of the globe."

DR. TAYLOR'S SYSTEM.

WE have not room, even if this were the proper place, to review in detail Dr. George H. Taylor's *Diseases of Women* (Geo. Maclean, publisher). Singularly simple and free from technicalities as it is, it is

nevertheless strictly a professional work, dealing with a specialty of disease, and can properly be reviewed at length only in medical journals. But we cannot refrain from giving our testimony to its admirable common sense, and to what we happen to know personally of the remarkable efficacy of Dr. Taylor's methods of cure. The movement treatment is far less known in this country than it should be. We die by our Abanas and Pharpars of costly and stupid and cruel practice, when we might be cured, in a few weeks perhaps, by the inventions of the Swedish philanthropist Ling, whose pupil and representative Dr. Taylor is.

The folly of attempting to do away with effects, while causes remain, is most strongly set forth by Dr. Taylor. Just here is the great value of this volume; just here also is the great superiority, in the diseases peculiar to women, of the movement treatment over all others. It has all nature on its side, working with it: it begins at the beginning.

"The apathy of women, even those who suffer most, to the causes of the diseases which produce their suffering, is inexplicable," says Dr. Taylor. No truer words were ever spoken. When women can be roused from this apathy, half the battle will be won. To that end, we heartily welcome this book, and recommend it. That there need not be so many—half so many—invalid women as there are, we all know and believe; but we act as if we did not know it, as if we accepted them as inevitable; "as if,"—to use Col. Higginson's words in one of his admirable essays,—"as if the Almighty did not know how to create a woman!"

"CASTILIAN DAYS."

"I AM glad I am not writing a guide-book," says John Hay, somewhere in this most delightful book. (*Castilian Days:* J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) So are we; but for all that, if we were going to Spain tomorrow, we should part with our Murray before we parted with *Castilian Days*.

One sees portraits sometimes which he knows instinctively are capital likenesses, though he never saw the originals. It is so with books. Some books vindicate their own claim by an inherent evidence which needs no correspondent knowledge on the part of the reader. In books of travel, just on this point turns the drawing of the line between the enjoyable and the insufferable, the invaluable and the worthless.

It would be difficult to overstate the charm and merit of Mr. Hay's descriptions in this rare quality of verisimilitude and vividness. And yet the fact-hunter would complain perhaps of the absence of detail, unaware that this is the triumph of art in any branch of artistic work,—to reproduce values and not actualities, meanings and not letters, atmospheres and not measurements.

In so far as poetry lies in the producing of instantaneous effects and distinct impressions, we find Mr. Hay's prose more poetical than his verse. The book teems with fine touches in word or phrase which none but a poet would have chosen:—

"Illegitimate jewels;" "Unemancipated slaves of necessity" (the poor); "When the divine child Raphael began to meddle with his father's pallet;" "The deathless work of the men who wrought in faith;" "The highest compliment ever paid to a painter except the one Courbet paid to himself when he refused to be decorated by the man of December;" "Rebellious wonder that lives like his"—(Raphael's)—"and Shelley's should be extinguished in their glorious dawn, while kings and country gentlemen live a hundred years;" "But the world has outgrown them (kings), and the *people here as elsewhere is coming of age;*" "They are tinselled stones, not statues;" "Granite wilderness" (The Escurial); "The fixed plain wrinkled like a frozen sea." These are a few. The same poetic vividness makes the descriptions of the Prado at night, the holiday sights and scenes, the bull fights, the "Field-night in the Cortes," and many other passages, as intensely absorbing as dramatic representations.

The effect is all the greater, too, because Mr. Hay's style is quiet and unimpassioned, and one does not suspect that he is growing absorbed till he finds himself lost, carried bodily to Spain! We do not now think of any American who has written so well, with such information, culture, and graphic strokes, of what he has seen abroad; and we wish Mr. Hay could go everywhere, and some others of our countrymen who write travels, stay at home!

"MY WITNESS."

A VERY faithful witness to a sweet and gentle soul is this little volume of William Winter's. (James R. Osgood & Co.) The title seems a singularly happy one, though it is hard to say why: it might be equally appropriate to any man's book upon any theme under heaven; but after looking through these pages of graceful and unblemished verse, the feeling still remains as unshaken as it is indefinable, that it is especially fitting for this one.

Mr. Winter's verses are pre-eminently graceful verses. There is rarely an unmelodious line, almost never a false one. His range of theme is singularly narrow: perhaps this is one of the reasons that the little volume so recommends itself. One has none of the disagreeable misgiving, which sometimes arises on glancing at the table of contents of a book of poems, that the poet had looked upon the whole universe as only so much material to be worked up: art, science, history, emotion, sensation, experience, all so much capital on no account to be left uninvested.

Mr. Winter's verses evidently have happened; and this is one of the best things which can be said about verses. There is but one way for poets! They are not opera singers!

There is pathos real and deep in some of these simple strains: there is sparkling fun in others; there is exquisite grace and tenderness in some of the love songs: for instance, in "Love's Queen." It is quaint, and strong as well as sweet, having the mellow flavor

of two hundred years ago in it. The best man of two hundred years ago might have written its closing stanza:—

"But thou thyself shalt come not down
From that pure region far above;
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,
Queen of my heart and queen of love!
A monarch in thy realm complete,
And I a monarch—at thy feet!"

A LIBRARY OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO. announce a LIBRARY OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, to be edited by Bayard Taylor, and to be illustrated as profusely as the very popular LIBRARY OF WONDERS, published by the same house. It is proposed to make each volume complete in itself, furnishing a practical and picturesque description of the special country or region to which it is devoted. All that is most valuable and striking in the account of the latest or most reliable traveler will be presented, with a brief summary of the earlier explorations. Occasional volumes will be issued in the series, detailing the adventures of those hunters or other wanderers whose exploits are of remarkable interest. The initial volume will be devoted to our next-door neighbors of *Japan*, and among the books to follow are volumes on *Arabia*, *South Africa*, and Lieut.-Col. Gordon Cummings' *Wild Men and Wild Beasts*.

A THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY.

THE prospectus of a *Theological and Philosophical Library*, edited by Drs. Henry B. Smith and Philip Schaff, has just been issued by Charles Scribner & Co. The design is very comprehensive and includes a series of text-books upon all the main departments of Theology and Philosophy, intended principally to meet the wants of ministers and students in all denominations. At least one condensed standard work will be furnished on each of the scientific divisions of Theology and Philosophy. Some of the books will be translated from the German and other languages, some will be adapted from treatises in our own language, while others will be written especially for the Library by British and American authors of eminence. Scholars of reputation in the various denominations will lend their assistance to the editors in the preparation of the different volumes.

The first work in the Library will be Ueberweg's *History of Philosophy*, in two volumes, to which the distinguished author has made valuable additions through the American translator. Among the works which will follow in due time are a critical edition of the *Greek Testament*, by Professor Tischendorf, with his latest text and a digest of the critical apparatus of his eighth large edition; a translation of Professor Oosterzee's *Didactic Theology;* a volume on *Patristics*, by Professor Hitchcock, and works on Symbolics and the Encyclopedia of Theology.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"THE Judge's Pets" (Hurd and Houghton) will be household pets under many a roof before the Christmas Holidays are over. It is truly a charming book, and, better than charming, sure to make children long to own just such dogs, and cats, and crows, and fawns, and "piggies." Mothers, too, will be better for reading these simple little stories, and learning, if they do not already understand, how a child's life can be brightened, and a child's heart trained to tenderness and kindness, by having some "live" thing to take care of. There is excellent characterization in the description of these "Pets." They are evidently drawn from life. The poor dog Brave, who walked hundreds of miles to get home, and died of the journey; Pero, who rang the front-door bell when he could not get into the house by any other means; the tame crows Jack and Gill, and the fawn with a silver bell on its neck, who trotted up the church aisle one Sunday,—they are all realities, even to the most careless reader. So is the blessed old Judge, whose name we suspect is one very dear to a large circle of hearts. We heartily recommend it to Kriss Kringle to put a large supply of this book into his traveling pack.

Also, a good number of copies of the *Little Folk Songs*, from the same house (Hurd and Houghton), and written by Alexina B. White. Very taking will be the tinkle of them to little ears, and very dainty are the pictures which the older eyes can study while the songs are read aloud.

And, *Four and What They Did*, by Helen C. Weeks (Hurd and Houghton), is another good gift-book ready for the little ones, who all know Mrs. Weeks's name well. This is a collection of short stories, of which "Four and What They Did," and "Jake's Wedding," are much the best. The "Four" are four little children, Johnny and Winthrop and Alice and a baby called "Toddlekins;" and their odd little adventures are most picturesquely told. A drake who was compelled to wear crape rags in mourning for one of his wives; a pussy-cat who, being half-dead with toothache, was saved at last by having a decayed tooth pulled out; a baby three years old, who, having been told that the little birds were kept from getting wet in the rain by their oil bags, gravely anoints herself from head to foot with butter and goes out into a drenching storm,—these and many other comical incidents will bring many a good laugh on small faces this winter.

But one of the most charming treats for the little people is a volume of which we have just seen the advance sheets, *The New Year Bargain*, by Susan Coolidge Roberts Bros., Boston).

This is a series of stories, twelve in number, corresponding to the twelve months of the year. The foundation of the series is a conception by no means unworthy of Andersen himself, and so original and vivid as to entitle Susan Coolidge at once to a high place among writers for children.

Two little German children, Max and Thekla, wandering in the forest on the last night of the year, come upon the New Year busily engaged in making up his twelve months, in shape of great statues. Max slyly steals a handful of the sands, behind the New Year's

back, and the children run home. Before long the whole troop of the months come shouting and pounding on the cottage door, and demanding the missing sands. Each figure is incomplete: one wants an eyelid, one a finger, one a toe, and so on. There were only just sands enough for the twelve; not one to spare. Thekla is frightened, and begs Max to give them up. But Max is courageous and makes conditions. He will only give them up, month by month, as they are needed: each month must come in person after them; must tell a story and give the children a present before the sands will be delivered. It is not necessary to say how unique is this fancy, how suggestive, and how far removed from the dead level of the average fairy story. Month by month the months all come, late on the eve of their predecessor's last day, and sitting by the fireside with Max and Thekla, tell their tales and present their gifts. All the stories are graceful and simple, and characteristic of the month, and the dramatic interest with which the children wait from one month to the next for the coming of their mysterious visitant never flags. The illustrations are by Miss Ledyard, and are full of grace and spirit.

MRS. GREENOUGH'S "ARABESQUES."

ROBERTS BROS. have another book in press for the Holidays, of which we wish we had room to write more in detail. We shall watch its reception with much interest. It is one of the test books. People will no doubt disagree about it as heartily and irreconcilably as they do over McDonald's *Phantastes*, and in so disagreeing will as unmistakably define some of their own mental peculiarities. It is called, with singular and felicitous fitness, *Arabesques*, and is written by Mrs. Sarah Greenough, wife of Richard S. Greenough the sculptor. It contains four stories; all stories of the supernatural. Their very names have a spell and shadow of the unearthly in them: Monarè; Apollyona; Domitia; Ombra. Four medallion heads, designed by Mrs. Greenough's son, are the only illustrations. They chain the eye by their subtle suggestive vitality. The Egyptian witch Monarè; the unhallowed sorceress, Apollyona; Domitia, the Roman Princess in league with Devils; and Mazitka, the most malignant and powerful of wizards, look out upon us, in speaking portraits.

These stories are pure and absolute creations of the imagination, dealing wholly with supernatural elemental forces. They cannot be described. Their atmosphere is on the one hand as realistic as if they were but tales of the every-day life of a village; on the other hand, as uncanny, as fearful, as preternatural as if they were the secret converse of the powers of the air. We know of nothing in literature to which they can be compared except some of Southey's wonderful phantasmal poems.

To the utilitarian, this sort of narrative is foolishness; to the realist, a stumbling-block; and to the mere story-seeker, a fatigue. But those who love art for art's sake, and understand best the true values of things in literature, will recognize this little volume of Mrs. Greenough's as it deserves.

"OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA."

EVERY page of Colonel Knox's *Overland Through Asia* (American Publishing Company) shows the hand of a free and easy newspaper correspondent, who goes through thick and thin with unflagging jollity, making fun and friends under all circumstances, and taking notes of all he sees, all he hears (wayside yarns filling a good part of the volume), and all he thinks of,—especially when he thinks of some absurdly comical story, located anywhere out of Asia. The thread of the narrative runs through numberless digressions, now into China, the next moment into the Arctic Ocean, or Poland, or Persia, or Tennessee; so that on opening the book at random you might imagine the traveler to be anywhere except in Siberia. The result is a compound unlike any other book of travels that we remember. It does not matter how the book is read, forward or backward; every page is readable, and, generally speaking, independent of every other page. The work is illustrated by a multitude of indifferent woodcuts, and gives a good many lively word-pictures of Asiatic character, society, and travel; but for solidity, it constantly reminds one of the flooring of a Ghijiga house the author visited in Kamchatka—"two sticks of wood and a mud-puddle."

MACKENZIE'S SCOTT.

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE has availed himself of the peculiar occasional interest that attaches to the character and writings of Sir Walter Scott, on the occurrence of the centennial anniversary of his birth, to bring out, through the house of James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, a Life of the Great Wizard of the North, which he has had many years in preparation. It recounts in a very rapid and vivid way the brilliant story that runs like a golden tissue through the more elaborate and extensive tapestry of Lockhart's biography, the early success of the poet and troubadour, his literary habits and amazing industry, the rise of the fair towers of Abbotsford, the unexampled enthusiasm awakened by the novels, and finally the melancholy close, with which we are all so familiar, when, encumbered with debt, the great man who had made millions for his debtors, sank in the hopeless effort to redeem his fortunes and his family. There is not a sadder page in literary history. Dr. Mackenzie's volume will supply a long felt desideratum, as a Life of Sir Walter, fuller and more satisfactory than the sketch of the Encyclopedist, and more convenient and compact than Lockhart's, upon which it is mainly based.

FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

MR. T. ROBINSON WARREN has written a capital illustrated manual of *Shooting, Boating, and Fishing, for Young Sportsmen* (Charles Scribner & Co.). Mr. Warren modestly disclaims pre-eminence as a sportsman or a "good shot," but he has an enthusiastic love for the gentler Nimrodian pursuits, and imparts much information of practical value to beginners—in brief compass and pleasant form.

THANKSGIVING IN THE COUNTRY.



Grandpa and his Boy.





The Last Arrival.



"More Turkey."



"Ike" and his City Cousin.



NOT SO EVIDENT.—"Bet I can eat more Turkey than you can!"

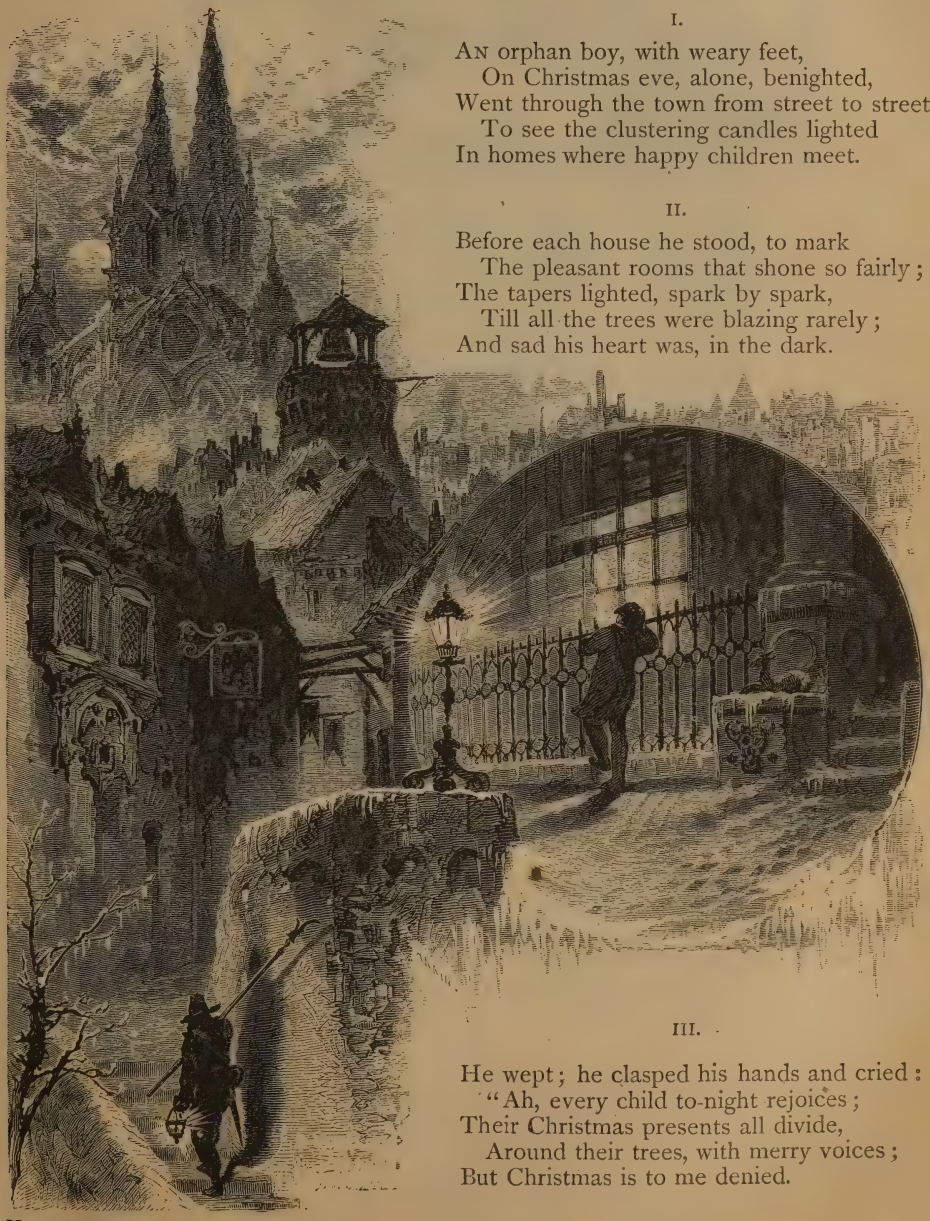


Aunt Maria Jane and "Chawles."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. III. JANUARY, 1872. NO. 3.

THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.



I.

AN orphan boy, with weary feet,
On Christmas eve, alone, benighted,
Went through the town from street to street,
To see the clustering candles lighted
In homes where happy children meet.

II.

Before each house he stood, to mark
The pleasant rooms that shone so fairly;
The tapers lighted, spark by spark,
Till all the trees were blazing rarely;
And sad his heart was, in the dark.

III.

He wept; he clasped his hands and cried:
"Ah, every child to-night rejoices;
Their Christmas presents all divide,
Around their trees, with merry voices;
But Christmas is to me denied.



IV.

"Once with my sister, hand in hand,
At home, how did my tree delight me!
No other tapers shone so grand;
But all forget me, none invite me,
Here, lonely, in the stranger's land.

V.

"Will no one let me in, to share
The light,—to take some corner nigh it?
In all these houses can't they spare
A spot where I may sit in quiet—
A little seat among them there?

VI.

"Will no one let me in to-night?
I will not beg for gift or token;
I only ask to see the sight
And hear the thanks of others spoken,
And that will be my own delight."

VII.

He knocked at every door and gate;
He rapped at window-pane and shutter;
But no one heard and bade him wait,
Or came, the "Welcome in!" to utter:
Their ears were dull to outer fate.

VIII.

Each father looked with eyes that smiled,
Upon *his* happy children only:
Their gifts the mother's heart beguiled
To think of them: none saw the lonely
Forgotten boy, the orphan child.

IX.

"O Christ-child, holy, kind and dear!
I have no father and no mother,
Nor friend save thee, to give me cheer.
Be thou my help, there is none other,
Since all forget me, wandering here!"

X.

The poor boy rubbed his hands so blue,
His little hands, the frost made chilly;
His tattered clothes he closer drew,
And crouched within a corner stilly,
And prayed, and knew not what to do.



XI.

Then, suddenly, there shone a light;
Along the street, approaching nearer,
Another child, in garments white,
Spake as he came—and clearer, dearer,
His voice made music in the night:

XII.

"I am the Christ! have thou no fear!
I was a child in my probation,
And children unto me are near:
I hear and heed thy supplication,
Though all the rest forget thee here.

XIII

"My saving Word to all I bear,
And equally to each 'tis given;
I bring the promise of my care
Here, in the street, beneath the heaven,
As well as in the chambers there.

XIV.

"And here, poor boy, thy Christmas-tree
Will I adorn, and so make glimmer
Through all this open space, for thee,
That those within shall twinkle dimmer,
For bright as thine they cannot be!"

XV.

The Christ-child with his shining hand
Then pointed up, and lo! the lustres
That sparkled there! He saw it stand,
A tree, o'erhung with starry clusters
On all its branches, wide and grand.

XVI.

So far and yet so near! the night
Was blazing with the tapers' splendor:
What was the orphan boy's delight,
How beat his bosom warm and tender,
To see his Christmas-tree so bright!

XVII.

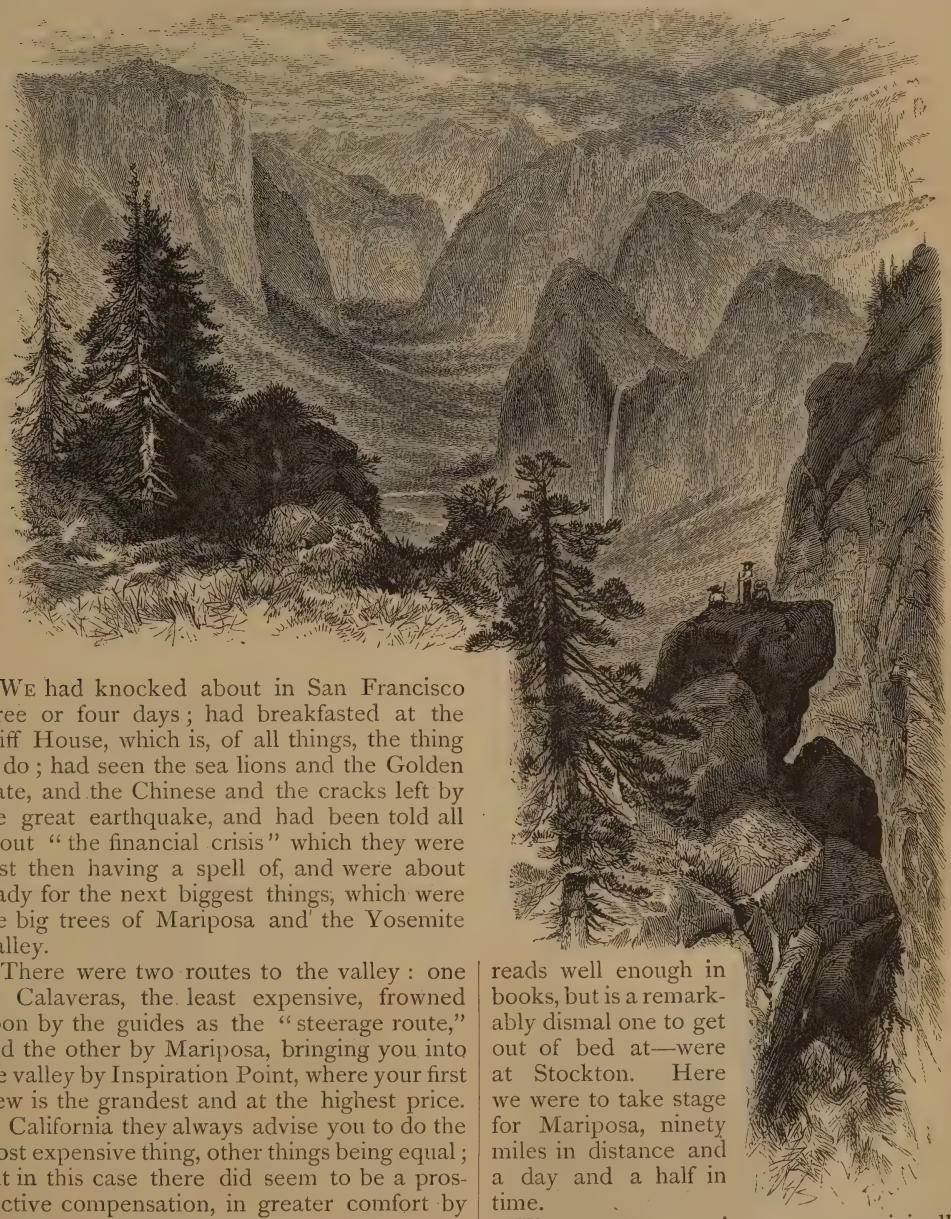
It seemed to him a happy dream;
Then, from the starry branches bending,
The angels stooped, and through the gleam
They lifted him to peace unending,
They folded him in love supreme.

XVIII.

The orphan child is now at rest:
No father's care he needs, nor mother's,
Upon the Christ-child's holy breast.
All that is here bestowed on others
He there forgets, where all is best.



THE BIG TREES AND THE YOSEMITE.



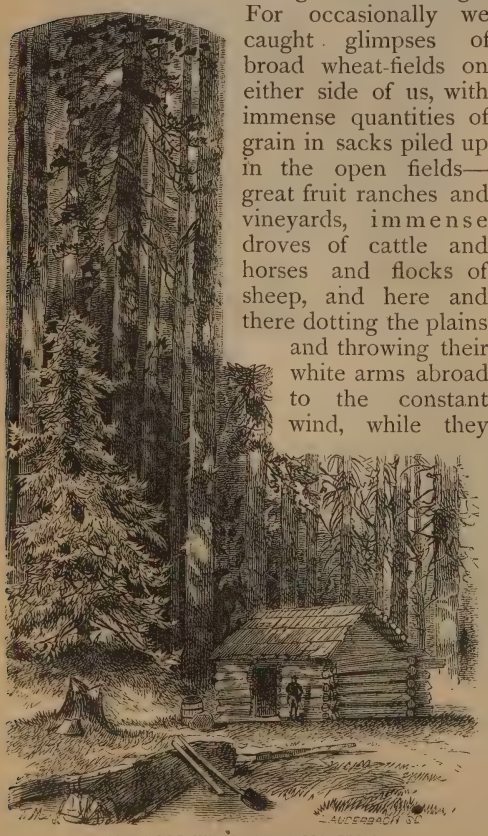
We had knocked about in San Francisco three or four days; had breakfasted at the Cliff House, which is, of all things, the thing to do; had seen the sea lions and the Golden Gate, and the Chinese and the cracks left by the great earthquake, and had been told all about "the financial crisis" which they were just then having a spell of, and were about ready for the next biggest things, which were the big trees of Mariposa and the Yosemite Valley.

There were two routes to the valley: one by Calaveras, the least expensive, frowned upon by the guides as the "steerage route," and the other by Mariposa, bringing you into the valley by Inspiration Point, where your first view is the grandest and at the highest price. In California they always advise you to do the most expensive thing, other things being equal; but in this case there did seem to be a prospective compensation, in greater comfort by the way and more things to see on the route. So we determined to go by Mariposa, and the gentlemanly agent of that route made all our arrangements in advance, for horses and guide for the party. We left San Francisco in the afternoon, steamed up the Bay and into the San Joaquin, the crookedest river that ever started to go anywhere and constantly repented, and at a very early hour—an hour that reads well enough in books, but is a remarkably dismal one to get out of bed at—were at Stockton. Here we were to take stage for Mariposa, ninety miles in distance and a day and a half in time.

There were seven in our party originally; two gentlemen from Milwaukee—fellow-passengers with us from Salt Lake City,—and an English army officer whom we fell in with on the stage, made it up to ten, who were making the Yosemite trip. Then there were passengers for Mariposa and other stations, enough to crowd the stage inside and out, top, bottom, and sides. We were in light

marching order, however, with barely a tooth-brush, pocket-comb, and pipe apiece. It isn't a good trip for trunks; I think even an elephant of ordinary sagacity would leave his trunk at Stockton, and proceed with the merest carpet-bag.

The road, to draw it very mild, was dusty. We had been told it would be. But dust was no name for it. The heavy teams of the ranche-men had cut it up and ground and pulverized it to a condition of volatility fearful to contemplate, and our stage sunk into it to the hubs, while it rose up and enveloped us. The wind followed us, and there was no such thing as getting ahead of the clouds; nothing to do but chew it and sneeze, and try to get used to it, and accept the consolation of the driver that coming back it would be ever so comfortable, because the wind would be in our faces and the dust be blown behind. The amount of real estate we took up was almost incredible. But we managed to worry along through it, and to find something interesting in the country through which we were passing whenever there was a hole in the dust large enough to look through. For occasionally we caught glimpses of broad wheat-fields on either side of us, with immense quantities of grain in sacks piled up in the open fields—great fruit ranches and vineyards, immense droves of cattle and horses and flocks of sheep, and here and there dotting the plains and throwing their white arms abroad to the constant wind, while they sucked from deep wells the moisture for the warm brown fields, were the wind-mills, that to all that coast stand in lieu of clouds and showers.



FIRST LOG HUT IN MARIPOSA GROVE.

We stopped for dinner at a lurid brick hotel near a ferry, which glowed under the hot sun like a two-story oven. He was a shrewd landlord who kept it. He tempted passengers with raw onions. There's always one man in a crowd like that who will eat raw onions from choice—usually an inside passenger. It's easy enough to see that when one man begins it the rest must follow in self-defense, whether they are hungry or not. So we all ate onions together, and the driver rinsed his mouth with a mixture from behind the bar and we started on. It was a pleasant ride in the cool of the morning through the hills to Hornitos, a melancholy little place, where the principal business is waiting for the stage; we reached it about nine o'clock, had a comfortable supper, and went to bed. Next morning at four we were on our way again. We were now pretty well out of the dust, riding over the mountains; the crowd of passengers had thinned out somewhat, our road was through the woods, and we began to enter into the enjoyment of the clear air and mountain scenery.

We breakfasted at eight at Bear Valley, then drove on by the abandoned mines of Mt. Ophir, and the deserted little mining town of Princeton, where a few patient and laborious Chinamen were working over the sand in the gulch in their rough cradles—and in the early afternoon reached Mariposa. Mariposa is a nice little town nestling among the mountains, famous as being the location of the not very profitable gold mine to which it gives its name. It has thriven in its day, but its day has passed. The Yosemite tourists take saddle-horses and guides here for the mountains, and that is about all that keeps the place alive. I judge from the handbills which I saw posted all about, that most of the citizens are candidates for road-master, whatever that may be.

We went down into the mine which they were just then trying to start up, and the Governor got so profoundly interested in a search for "specimens" that we could hardly persuade him to come out for dinner. As a hole in the ground, the Mariposa mine is quite interesting; as a gold mine, the Hoosac Tunnel can give it odds.

Those of the party who indulged the insane delusion that horseback riding would be a pastime, and a relief from the tediousness of the stage ride, took saddle at Mariposa. Others of us put far off as possible the hour of

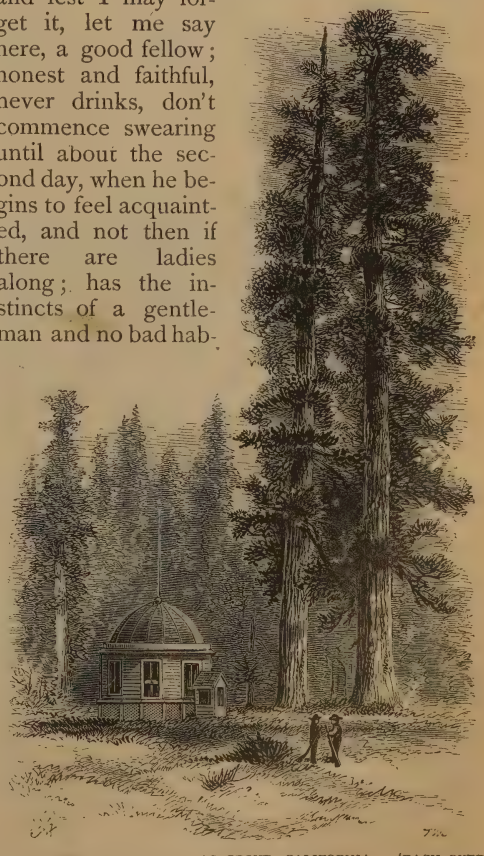


AUGUR-HOLES THROUGH THE ORIGINAL BIG TREE (SHOWING HOW IT WAS FELLED).

mounting, and kept to the stage twelve miles farther, where, at the end of the carriage road, at White & Hatch's charming little hotel, we were to spend the night. There were one or two oases in that long mountain ride of one hundred and fifty miles to the Yosemite, and White & Hatch's was one of the greenest and most delightful of them. Never was shade so shady and inviting, never spring-water so cold and refreshing, bath so exhilarating, supper so perfect and satisfying, or pipes on the piazza in the moonlight so complete a dream of rest and comfort. That night we came so near being satisfied with ourselves that we slept two in a bed all round and were happy.

We found our horses in the morning saddled and bridled at the door, ready for mounting. I am no judge of horse-flesh. It was with no connoisseur's eye that I scanned that gaunt array; but simple in such things as I was, I saw points enough to make me unhappy. They were reminiscences of horses—twelve stranded nightmares. With just a trifle of affectation of the jockey—for it would not do in that presence to acknowledge my ignorance—I went around one very angular specimen twice, and having fully made up my mind that he was not a camel, I laid my hand upon his flowing mane, and said, "This is the charger for me." The battered quadruped turned on me a mild blue eye, in whose prophetic depths the vision of coming events wrestled with some equine distemper, and said plainly "neigh." I did not regard the warning; I only observed that he had a peculiarly limpid eye—also, shortly afterwards, that he was much more limpid in his gait than he was in his eye. He was a yellow animal, sharp-featured all over, with great distinctness of outline under the saddle, a quaint habit of scratching his nose with his off hind foot, great attachment for places, very loth to move away from anywhere, and he groaned like a human being. Nor was he without other accomplishments. In the matter of locomotion, which after all is a consideration in a horse, he was equal to almost anything; he could trot,—but Heaven help the rider when he did,—gallop, lope, pace, walk upon two, three, or four legs, and upon occasion do some fair dancing. For that matter, he had as many gaits as Jerusalem, and he mixed them all up for my benefit whenever I urged him out of a walk. Oh, but he was a cheerful beast.

We got off from White & Hatch's about seven A.M. Our guide was Peter Gordon—and lest I may forget it, let me say here, a good fellow; honest and faithful, never drinks, don't commence swearing until about the second day, when he begins to feel acquainted, and not then if there are ladies along; has the instincts of a gentleman and no bad hab-

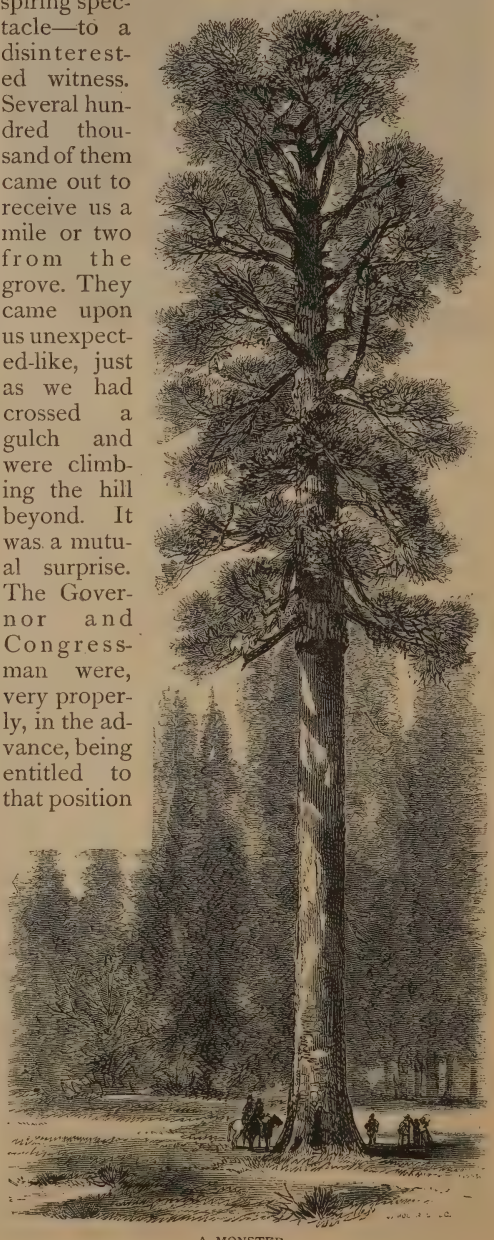


THE SENTINELS, CALAVERAS GROVE, CALIFORNIA. (EACH OVER 300 FEET HIGH.)

its, and so good-natured and obliging that the first time he went into the valley as guide, when the party he went with "wanted to know the name of every bump in the mountains," he gave them out of his own head, and they were never the wiser. Peter Gordon was a good guide and a good fellow; he made consoling remarks to me about my appearance on horseback, and condemned the horse with uncommon discrimination for not keeping up with the procession.

Seven miles from White & Hatch's we branched off from the regular trail which led to Clark's ranche, Peter having decided to strike out and break our own trail to the Big Tree Grove, and go from there to Clark's to spend the night. Ordinarily parties went first to Clark's, and from there to the trees, returning to Clark's to sleep. At the turning-off place was a ranche owned by a man named Hogan. Hogan and his wife had gone off on a visit, and left a Chinaman and two or three remarkably dirty children to keep house. I didn't blame Hogan for going away. What on earth there was there to tempt him back I failed to discover; a more dismal solitude I have seldom seen—Juan Fernandez was Printing-House Square to it. With another guide whom Peter had picked up to take us to the Big Trees direct, we started from Hogan's almost straight up in the air. Up and up we clambered, over the rocks and through the thick underbrush, sometimes riding and sometimes leading our horses, squeezing between stumps or making long detours around the trunks of great prostrate pines, picking our way along by a new trail to the Mariposa grove. It was a perfect day, bright and cheerful, and, in the sun, hot; but our way lay for the most part through the woods and in the shade, and the heat did not disturb us. And so we rode along in a by no means melancholy procession, through the fragrant piny woods, the patter of our horses' hoofs and the clatter of our tongues breaking a stillness disturbed before only by the soughing of the wind through the branches, or the prattle and gush of the mountain brooks, whose pure cool breath came up to us from among the bushes. Occasionally there was a little spurt of excitement as the guide found fresh grizzly tracks in front, and once we came upon a couple of deer feeding a few rods off from us. They were too large game for any weapons we carried, and we suffered them to depart without molestation. I do not doubt we should have treated a grizzly, if we had met one, with the same tender consideration.

We fell in with one species of game, however, which manifested no disposition to flee from the face of man. The "yellow-jacket" is a good bird to hunt, as anybody who has ever been hunted by them can testify. We fell in with several thousand of them during the day, and they seemed very fond of us. They are a bird of very warm attachments; and you always know when they arrive: they do it with so much enthusiasm. The arrival of a great many of them in a party is a very inspiring spectacle—to a disinterested witness. Several hundred thousand of them came out to receive us a mile or two from the grove. They came upon us unexpected-like, just as we had crossed a gulch and were climbing the hill beyond. It was a mutual surprise. The Governor and Congressman were, very properly, in the advance, being entitled to that position



A MONSTER.



THE FALLEN MONARCH.

as much by their distinguished rank as by the quality of their horses. Very properly, too—as I, who brought up the rear of the procession, thought—they received the first greeting and welcome.

A salvo of artillery could not have startled me more than the sublime howl with which the head of the procession all at once broke the stillness and made the forest echoes ring. I looked up in alarm. If I live till my dying day, I don't think I shall forget the scene. The Governor appeared to be in a state of mind. His hands worked like a wind-mill in a tempest, and his feet were a whole ballet corps. His reputation as a parliamentarian was gone in an instant: he was entertaining more than a hundred different motions at the same time. His horse, meantime, was snorting and kicking and jumping up and down in his tracks like an intoxicated mule in a bark-mill. The Congressman, just behind, gazed a moment in horror, then suddenly threw up both hands, shook his head, howled copiously, and *his* horse entered upon a war-dance. The next horse and rider did the same; and in about two minutes there was as fine an exhibition of howling dervishes on that hillside as one would wish to see.

I contemplated it with philosophic composure from the rear of the procession. Suddenly a sound of distress came from behind. I looked, and there was Peter Gordon, off his horse, bent nearly double, pointing one finger at the tableau on the hillside, and absolutely purple in the face with inextinguishable laughter. I think he enjoyed it, if possible, more than the parties who gave the entertainment. I was more contented after that to bring up the rear of the procession with our English friend, who remarked to me, confidentially, that "those blarsted warsps" were the only things in the world he was ever afraid of.

Breaking our own trail made a long journey of it—longer, I suspect, than if we had gone first to Clark's and thence to the trees; but Peter would not admit it—and it was two or three o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the grove. I suppose we never come into such a place without having had frequent rehearsals of our anticipated sensations, and we never come away without having been disappointed. I was in a sort prepared for the big trees; I had gone round them already in my mind, and had worked up pretty carefully what I should probably think about them. I think I had fixed pretty nearly upon the emotions I should take down and spread out, and had arranged judiciously the profound impressions they were to convey to me. I was dismally disappointed. For when, all at once, the procession stopped, and Peter Gordon remarked, as we came up together round a tree, "This is one of 'em—this is the 'Grizzly Giant,' ninety-three feet in circumference, thirty-one feet in diameter, and two hundred and ever so many feet high," I didn't have an emotion. I supposed the spectacle would inspire me, and that I should think of a great many things to put down in a note-book and preserve; that I should soar on the wings of fancy, and all that kind of thing. I confess I was not inspired at all; that I did not think of anything that I wanted to put down, except the lunch,—and as for soaring, nothing in the world could make me soar except my unfor-



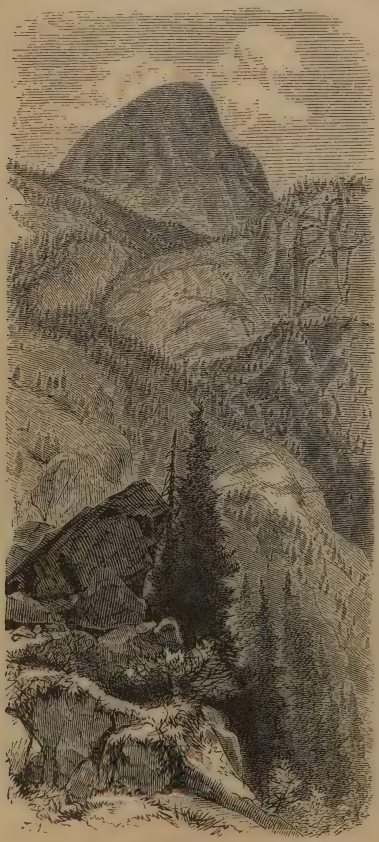
THE PIONEER'S CABIN: "ROOM FOR TWELVE INSIDE."

tunate horse, and he had done it already so that I could hardly turn in the saddle. I looked at the tree, and at Peter, and at the distinguished persons gathered round, who evidently believed the story. I didn't, and I only said: "This is a very inferior entertainment; let us eat up what provisions we have, and go."



NORTH DOME AND ROYAL ARCHES.

But as we got rested a little and began to look about us and to go round some of the trees, the bigness of them grew upon us. The largest were pointed out to us by their names, for everybody who has visited the grove has named one or more trees in honor of themselves or some ambitious friend. A Chicago party that preceded us to the grove and the valley had named everything they could reach, and attached cards accordingly. There was nothing left us to name except Liedig's baby, born in the valley, and that we christened "Schuyler Colfax" as quickly as possible after we got there, for fear the Chicago party would hear of it and come back and get ahead of us with one of their everlasting cards.



SOUTH OR HALF DOME.

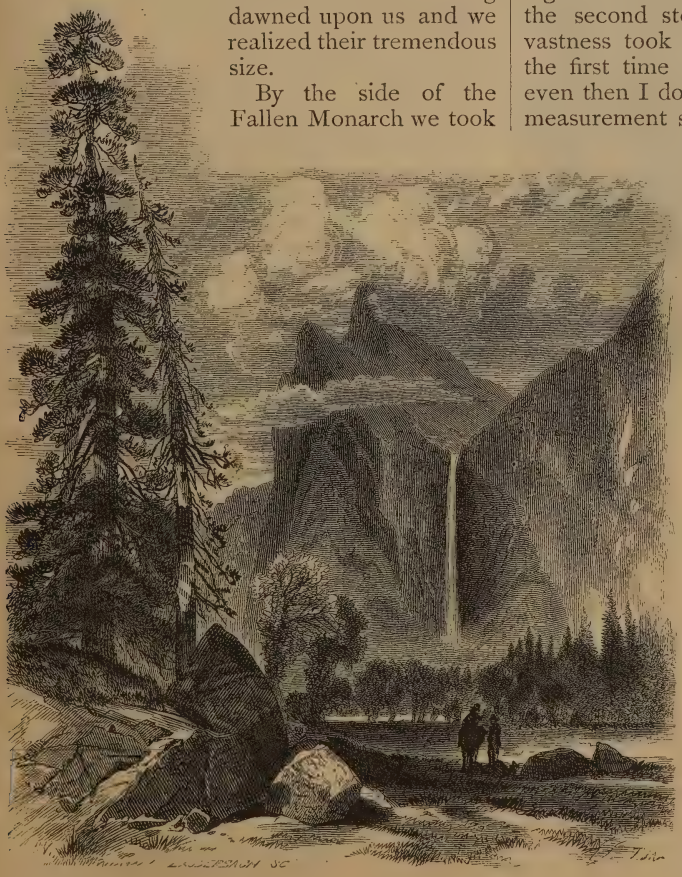
Most of the names given the trees last while the christening party is in the grove, and are never heard of afterward, though the guides promise every one that the name shall be registered, and recorded, and perpetuated. A few names, like "Lincoln," "Grant," and "Sherman," stick to the giants, and are remembered. But, after all, how exquisitely ridiculous it is to be tacking to these hoary old survivors of the storms and tempests of twenty centuries—these grand old kings of the woods who counted their years by centuries when Columbus set sail from Spain, and were in the green and vigor of youth in the days when the Star led the Chaldean sages to the infant Saviour's cradle—how grandly absurd it is to be tacking to these silent witnesses of the passage of two thousand years the names of men who have seen little more than half a century, and whose greatest achievements are all embraced within the scant span of a score of years. And if we might imagine them endowed with sense and memory, with what infinite contempt they must look down upon these puny efforts to press them into the service of some hero of the hour, to help celebrate the greatness, or transmit the name, of some statesman or warrior, whose transient fame a generation may, perhaps, more than measure! what petty trifling must it all seem to these Methuselahs of the forest, who, standing there in their loneliness, for a thousand years have watched the coming and the going of the sun; have seen moons wax and wane; have witnessed the silent, solemn marches of

the stars; beheld new stars come out and old ones flash and die; seen seasons come and go; now listening with leaves astir and rustling to the whispered confidences of Æolus, and now bending their gnarled and tangled tops to the sharp rebuking blasts of the north wind, and yet triumphant over Time and Tempest, looking down upon the long and dim procession of the ages as they pass.

None of us were so profoundly impressed at first with the great size of the trees as we had expected to be, and that I presume was partly because of our fatigue from the long ride, and partly from the fact that we had come upon the Big Trees by such easy stages, through forests of pine trees of immense height and girth. It was not until we had ridden round several of the largest, and sitting upright on our horses had ridden through the hollow burnt-out trunk of one, a section of which lay lengthwise in the trail, and had come down by the side of the "Fallen Monarch," which lay on the ground where it fell, that their full meaning dawned upon us and we realized their tremendous size.

By the side of the Fallen Monarch we took our lunch, and baited the horses. This last was a process peculiar to the country. It consisted in what the guide called "sinching up" the saddle-girths. The only provision the horses had on all the trip was when we happened to stop near a meadow at night, when they were turned loose in it. Eating nothing through the day, they naturally grew spare and suffered constant shrinkage, and this shrinkage the guide had to follow up by a corresponding "sinching" of the saddle-girths. I am told that, with an occasional drink of water and regular "sinching," these animals can be made to last amazingly. So when we took our lunch, Peter Gordon remembered our horses in tenderness and mercy, and "sinched" them every one.

Sitting there by the side of this prone Monarch, and measuring its diameter in my eye, or climbing up twenty-five or thirty feet upon its side—comparing it in my mind with the largest trees I had ever seen elsewhere—imagining it stretched out in some city street, filling all the carriage way and reaching up to the second story windows—the idea of its vastness took full possession of me, and for the first time I grasped its greatness. And even then I do not think the idea of size and measurement so overwhelmed me as did the thought of its vast age and the centuries it had looked down upon. The great space it had filled was nothing to the ages it had bridged over. No inanimate monument of man's work was here—no unwrapping of dead Pharaohs from the mummy-cloths of the embalmers; but here had been life and growth and increase, and running out of roots and spreading forth of branches, and budding leaves and flowing sap, and all the processes of nature with poise and swing from winter's sleep to summer's waking, and the noiseless registering of the years and centuries in figures that could not be mistaken from the heart of the sapling out to the last rind of bark that hugged its age. And though one looks with profoundest wonder at the vast size of these monsters, it is, after all, the suggestion they give of their far reach backward into time that most impresses the beholder.



BRIDAL VEIL FALL.



CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

The rings in the trunks indicate ages varying from a few years to upwards of two thousand. Those of about ten feet in diameter are in the neighborhood of 600 years old. Most of the larger trees have been damaged more or less by fire. One of them, of which a view is given herewith, has been entirely hollowed out, so that our whole party of twelve rode in upon our horses and stood together in the cavity. The tree grows on, and is as green at the top as any of them, notwithstanding the hollowness of its trunk.

We spent three or four hours in the two groves, upper and lower—and just in the edge of the Sabbath twilight, singing in full chorus, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," passed out from among the unhewn columns and sturdy pillars, the groined arches and leafy aisles, the heights and depths, and vistas and recesses, the grandeur and the solitude of these noblest of "God's first temples," and took up our journey towards the valley.

That night we stayed at "Clark's." A Dutchman was keeping the place. He had expected us to dinner, he said—which was very thoughtful of him. He charged it in the bill—which showed great presence of mind. Still I do not think his profit on our entertainment was anything to speak of, for we brought him some remarkable appetites, and unless he got his provisions somewhere for nothing, we *must* have eaten our money's worth.

After our rough ride of upwards of twenty-five miles, we were tired enough to go to bed early and sleep well, which we all did. We were up early next morning and off for eighteen miles more on horseback to Inspiration Point, which overlooks the Yosemite Valley.

There was little of adventure between Clark's and the valley. The way was pretty much up-hill. We left the trail once or twice to climb little peaks and sightly places, which we invariably found had recently been christened with names of the Chicago party, tokens of which were found in the omnipresent "cards;" took our lunch—a miscellaneous mess prepared for us by the Dutchman at Clark's, for which he charged us eleven dollars in coin—at Westfall's, under a tree; saw no grizzlies, and met on the way but one Congressman. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we hitched our horses in the wood, and picking our path a little way through the bushes, came of a sudden upon the dizzy edge, and looked over it into the valley.

There are places as well as times and occasions in this world when speech seems wholly out of place and all talk merest gabble. There was no place for words here in the awful hush that fell upon us as, all at once, we stood upon the edge of this fearful revelation. At first sight it was a great horror—a profound abyss, on whose frightful edge we hung. Three-quarters of a mile stretched off upon a level is easily enough comprehended: you may measure it off in your mind's eye and set the stakes for it; but three-quarters of a mile straight down, and you leaning over the edge of it, is more difficult to grasp; I may give you figures and distances, but no one can realize it without the actual sight. We were at the lower end of the valley, and the

great, ghastly gash in the mountains lay extended before us. Over across from us, white in the sunlight and terrible in the grandeur and gloom of its solitude, was El Capitan, with its three thousand three hundred feet perpendicular of granite, the wall of that side of the valley and the most conspicuous feature of the view. Farther on, upon the same side, were the three peaks, rising one above the other, to which the Indians gave the name of Pompompasus, or Leaping Frogs, changed by some prosaic guide or map-maker to the "Three Brothers."

Directly in front, as we stood looking up the valley, were the Cathedral Rocks, of which this was a rear view. A silvery trickle of water, which we could just see shivering its way down the rock, dropped over the edge of the mountain wall and into the valley below. It was the Bridal Veil Fall, by which the stream of the same name from the Sierras finds its way, by a leap of six hundred and thirty feet, to a rocky basin, whence, in a series of cascades, it tumbles three hundred feet further down to the level of the plain, where it joins the main stream of the Merced. Over the heads of the Cathedral Rocks we could see the peak of the Sentinel, and away beyond, at the extreme upper end of the valley, we could see the grand old Domes of the Yosemite standing opposite each other, distinct and clear in outline, and cleanly cut against the background of the sky. At the right, a little way beyond, Mount Broderick, or Liberty Cap, reared its head above the surrounding peaks; and all around the edges of the valley, towards the horizon, were the rough and ragged outlines of a desolation of mountains.



A NATIVE OF THE VALLEY.



EL CAPITAN; 3,300 FEET HIGH.

At our feet, as we stood there and looked downward, for a few yards there were stunted shrubs and bushes, and then the vision, glancing off, found no resting-place for the eye for all the distance down, until, dizzy and catching our breath, the green plain at the bottom arrested the sight. And there were groves of trees, and green fields and meadows, and the sparkle of a river flowing through it all, and everything in marked and cheerful contrast with the barren and desolate outlook over the edges towards the horizon. It was a dream of beauty deep set in the frame of a nightmare.

After remaining here two hours or more, accustoming our eyes to the sight and to the great distances, and taking in as fully as we were able all the features of the wonderful view, we resumed our saddles for the descent of the mountain and the seven miles' ride to Liedig's. We went down by tedious zigzags and abrupt, almost precipitous, descents, over some of which we led and sometimes were led by our horses—for, with all their gauntness and uncertainty of gait, they were sure-footed, and could pick their way better than we—and



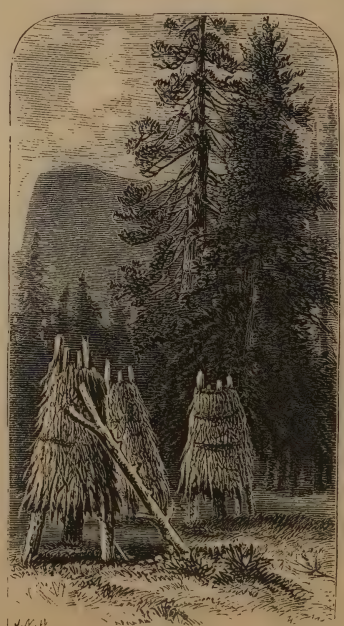
PIUTE INDIAN CAPTAIN.

just about dusk struck the level of the plain. Here we were, in a valley six miles long and from half a mile to a mile in width, almost a dead level, four thousand feet above the sea and sunk almost a mile in perpendicular depth below the general level of the mountains over which we had been all day climbing. The sensation at first is of being walled in in a tremendous grave. You do not comprehend at once the immense height of the walls that surround you. The valley itself seems pinched and narrow, and the trees, which vary in height from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, and are of diameters to correspond, seem small and short and scrubby. Anywhere else they would be remarkable for their size and beauty; here they are dwarfed by amazing heights and distances, and made insignificant by comparison with the grandeur of the surroundings.

With busy eyes intent on all the wonders round us, but turning oftenest to range along the jagged rim and fringe of trees so far above us, vainly trying to comprehend that the walls were actually from half to three-quarters of a mile high, and that the straggling trees growing in the crevices of the cliff, or overhanging its edge, were actually trees one hundred and fifty feet in height, and not the scrubby bushes they looked to be,—we walked our horses slowly along through the openings and among the trees, across the dry bed where, in spring, the mountain torrent had torn its way along, leaving in its wake the great boulders and rocky masses it had wrenched from their foundations, and fording the small stream that issued from the Bridal Veil, came up into a full view of the fall. The trees that intervened hid from sight the slope of rocks and débris down which the stream bounds its last three hundred feet, so that to our eyes it seemed a single fall of the whole nine hundred feet.

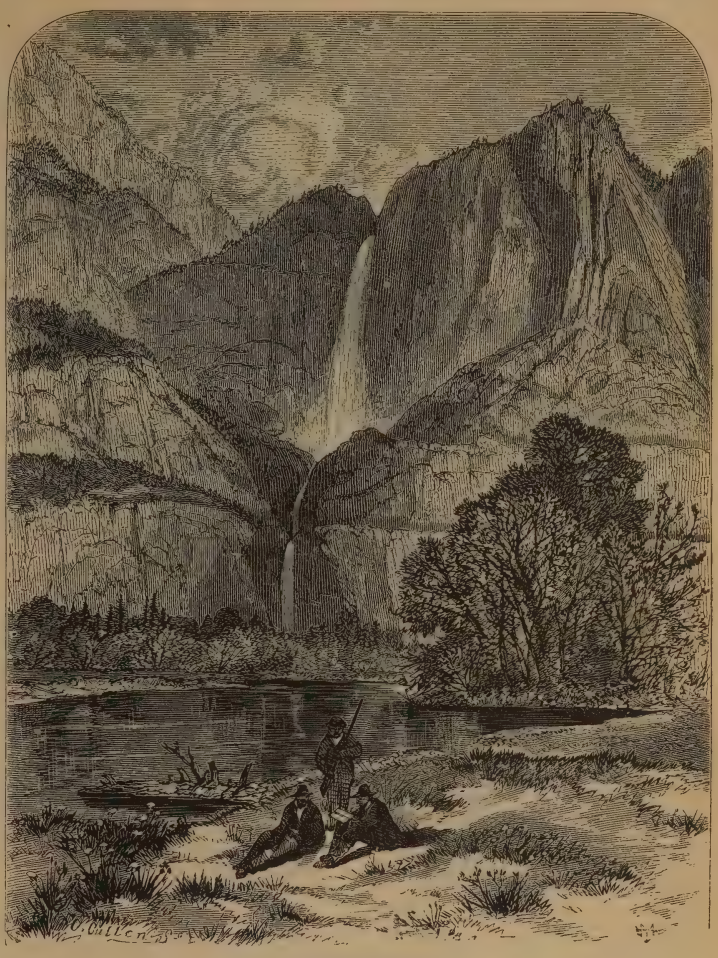
What had appeared from Inspiration Point to be the merest ribbon fluttering down the rock we found was a considerable volume of water, and we forded it as we wound our way along and passed through the narrow gap between El Capitan and the Cathedral Rocks. The great weather-stained, scarred face of El Capitan was on our left, and though its base was almost half a mile away, it towered so high above and seemed so to hang over us, that we should almost have said we could throw a stone against it from the path. No picture by pen or brush can ever convey an idea of the vastness of this view; its magnitude baffles description; nor can the spectator begin to realize it except after seeing it from all points, and studying for days at a time its colossal features in detail. I know of no better way to convey even an inadequate idea of it than by taking some familiar object, as a church spire for instance, for comparison. Let the reader then take as the unit of measurement a church spire, say 200 feet in height. Put yourself upon the curbstone opposite and run your eye along it to the top.

Fix that measure in your mind. Now go back a little way and double church and spire —fancy yourself looking upward to the top of two such spires, 400 feet. Have you fixed



CACHES, OR INDIAN ACORN STOREHOUSES.

your distance? Then go back still farther and double the height of your two spires — imagine yourself looking up to the top of the fourth spire, piled one above another. There's a distance of 800 feet straight up. Take a little time to think it over. Then back still farther, to save something of the effect, and double up again — count them up from the bottom — eight spires high — 1,600 feet. Rest a little, and, if you can, familiarize yourself with the thought and with the distance, for I have not yet done with the eye of your fancy. Now for the last leap in this perpendicular geometrical progression — double the whole eight — and at the top of your sixteenth spire — if I haven't lost you on the way in some of these tremendous upward leaps — reach just a hundred feet beyond — the height of half a spire — then draw a long breath — put your knife into a cloud — you are at the top of El Capitan, 3,300 feet in air.



THE YOSEMITE FALLS.

Keeping that point in mind, drop down from it and spread out under it, for half a mile, a granite curtain, seamed, and scarred, and discolored by the storms and tempests of uncounted ages — at its base pile up a scraggy slope of rocks and mountain débris — plant along the dizzy far-off edge a row of giant pines, that from its foot shall look like bushes — turn a river along its front, and set a grove beside it, and over it all throw the halo and witchery of a golden sunset deepening all its shadows, bringing into relief its outlines, and bathing in a tender light its hoary summit — and you have El Capitan as I saw it on that August afternoon, and seeing it wondered and worshiped.

So in a half dream — a sort of awe of delight, wondering not more at the greatness of the things about us than at how we ourselves had dwindled by the side of them, we sauntered slowly on. A little way beyond, we turned in our saddles and saw behind us the towers and spires of the Cathedral Rocks. The Cathedral Rock itself is 2,200 feet high; the spires are isolated columns of granite by its side, looming up 500 feet above. The resemblance is complete, and the appropriateness of the name apparent.

By this time the sun had slid down behind El Capitan and left the valley dim and dusky in the shadow, and so, with a couple of miles and the luxury of a level road before us, we struck into whatever gait our horses happened to hit upon above a walk, and went on to Liedig's.

Liedig was a good fellow. He and Peter Gordon used to sit on the doorstep nights and talk about "Old Hutchins," who kept the other hotel, in a way that was real civilized and home-like. Hutchins was the only neighbor, and it was refreshing to find that even in that remote solitude, in the face of so many drawbacks, there were neighbors



SENTINEL ROCK.

who could sit right down and abuse each other in an enlightened New England way. Liedig furnished us the only thing that had not already been covered ten or a dozen deep with names, and that was a new baby. As before stated, we hastened to christen it "Schuyler Colfax," it being that kind of a baby, and Mr. Colfax being in the valley at the time. I presume, however, there are three or four names atop of that by this time, as a Congressional party was there the week afterwards. It was a good house—this of Liedig's—or rather, there were two of them. They hadn't Mansard roofs, to be sure—and were only one story high, but they were very comfortable—one contained kitchen, dining-room, and bar-room, and the other a parlor and several sleeping-rooms; and some of the rooms—one of which was occupied by a guest, whose snoring was the only thing that pretended to compete with the mountains in vastness—were floored, and had nails to hang clothes on. Of course, we did not find all the modern conveniences—there was no gas, that was at all luminous—nor was there hot and cold water in every room in the house. We did not expect there would be. But there were candles, and a barrel of water with tin basins, and a long towel on a roller at the corner of the house, and fragments of a looking-glass, in which we could see enough of ourselves to keep us reasonably humble and unhappy. A Digger Indian, who would have rejoiced the soul of Darwin, brought water from the river for the use of guests, and with instinctive honesty that was truly remarkable, never appropriated a drop of it to himself.

After all, when we considered that all the furniture and much of the building material had to be transported on mule-back over the weary miles of mountains, and up and down the precipitous ascents and descents we had just traversed, the wonder was that they had been able to make things so comfortable and convenient as we found them. The table was first-rate, with the juiciest and tenderest of mutton from Liedig's own flock, fine fresh trout from the Merced, excellent vegetables, plenty of fruit and berries, the richest of cream, with good cooking and neat service, and we brought to it excellent appetites with great regularity.

Joe and myself occupied a room between El Capitan and the gentleman who snored. It was a gusty kind of snore, and used to wake us suddenly in the night. Our boots lay against the partition on that side every morning. The latch to our door was of leather, and our carpet was of pine boughs, and the room was frequented somewhat by the domestic fowl about the premises. One of these, a very respectable matron, was seized with that strange infatuation that overcomes at times the soberest of them, and commenced the process of "setting" under my bed. I was not consulted in the business at all, and my discovery of it was, as the coroner's juries say, "sudden and untimely." We had been sitting on the porch that night listening to snake stories from real life. Liedig had told

how a Congressman—it beats all how common Congressmen were that season—coming down the ladders by the Vernal Fall, hearing a hiss, turned and saw a rattlesnake on a shelf of rock within a foot of his head coiled for a spring; Peter Gordon had related one or two anecdotes of a similar heart-rending character, and there had seemed to be a general disposition to make it pleasant for people whose sleeping-rooms were not floored, and who were not fond of snakes. Along in the middle of the night I was wakened by a disturbance of the bed-clothes that hung over the side. I raised my head and listened. There was a kind of rustling nestling sound under the bed, not cheerful, under the circumstances, to listen to. I said in my own mind it was a snake. I deliberated on its size, and concluded it was a large one—too large, indeed, to sleep with in a bed as narrow as that was. I moved out quietly and fumbled for a match—found one—drew it; it went out, of course—who ever knew a match do anything else under such circumstances? Then I determined it was not a snake—or if it was, that it was not a large one—or if a large one there was probably room enough for both of us—and so got back into bed. Had just begun to doze again when a great rustling of the bed-clothes and a perceptible motion as of something crawling under them set me broad awake. There were too many premium notes to be deducted from the face of my life policy for me to stand that any length of time. This time I went for a match in dead earnest, and succeeded in lighting the candle. I lifted the blankets very carefully, the snake was not there; I looked under the bed, no snake there; but away in the corner—her head bobbing like a Chinese image in a tea-store—sat a demure old hen, with nothing under her but straw, and nothing to do but pick away at the blankets that hung over her. I blew out the candle and went to bed. I was too much disgusted to throw a boot at her, or to wake up Joe and tell him about it.

Just back of the hotel the Sentinel Summit towered three thousand feet above us, the topmost thousand feet an obelisk, from which the rock takes its name; at our left as we sat on the porch, the view began with the white cliff, El Capitan; then came the Three Brothers or Leaping Frogs; directly in front was the great Yosemite Fall, with its magnificent leap of two thousand six hundred feet from the lip to the level of the valley; and away yonder at our right were the Domes; with the mountain walls connecting them all. The best distant view of the Yosemite Fall is from Liedig's porch. It is a double fall; the upper one of one thousand five hundred feet, the lower of four hundred with a descent of over six hundred between the two. The shelf on which it first drops has the appearance, from the porch, of being about broad enough to step round on comfortably without danger of falling over the lower edge. It is in fact a third of a mile wide, and not less than fifteen acres in extent. It seems, too, to be but a few minutes' walk from the hotel to the fall. It will take you a good hour to reach the pile of boulders that stretches out from its foot, and half an hour more to clamber over the rocks, up to the pool at the base of the lower fall. We spent one of our five days here among the rocks, and at the base of the



VERNAL FALLS; 350 FEET HIGH.



MIRROR LAKE; WATKINS' AND CLOUDS' REST.

lower fall of four hundred feet almost forgot that there was another nearly four times as high behind it. I did have a notion that such surroundings were not calculated to enlarge a man's conceit of himself; but I observe that a distinguished female lecturer, who has been there and has lectured about it, was not so impressed. She says she looked upon the marvellous scene, and something within her cried: "I am greater than these; before them my essence was; above them and beyond them I can soar." I would not pretend to dispute her, but two thousand perpendicular feet of granite seems a large back-ground for such a tableau.

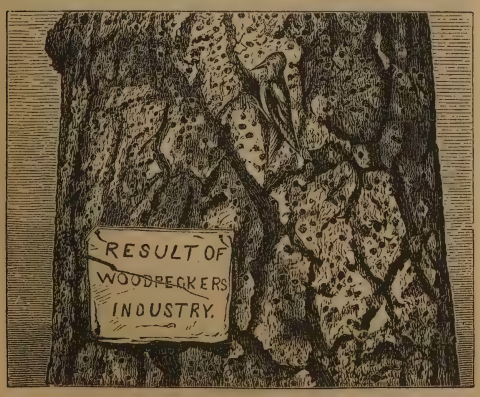
We had so timed our trip as to be in the valley at the full of the moon; so while our days were occupied with rambling about and visiting the various points of interest on horseback or on foot, at night we could lie upon our backs around the camp-fires kindled by the guides, and watch the coming of the moon with its wondrous play of lights and shadows among the summits and along the edges, as she sailed slowly up the sky and poured her radiance over the mountain walls into the valley. One night Joe and I sat later than the rest under the pine-trees in front of the house, waiting for the moon to climb above the Sentinel. It was a perfect night, glittering with stars and without a fleck of cloud; it seemed indeed as though there were never so many stars anywhere else as we saw, looking up from the bottom of that great rift, and through that clear transparent atmosphere, into the blue of the spangled depths.

The walls on the other side of the valley were bathed in a mellow radiance, the face of El Capitan laughed in the moonlight, and the waters of the Yosemite sparkled with silver up and down its whole two thousand feet. Gloomy and dark, with only its summit half crowned with light, the Sentinel towered far up above us, and threw its shadow half across the valley. Slowly the shadow shortened, the light crept up toward us, the fringe of forest away up yonder came out distinct and clear against the sky. Just over a barren strip along the edge there came a luminous ripple —a glow—a rim of fire, and then the full round moon came into view and swung along the ragged line. Watching it closely we were shortly startled by the appearance of something like a line of black that seemed to be tracing itself across the disk. Then there came another, and another, then a heavy upright line, and in a moment a giant pine stood out within the perfect circle, each branch and twig and leaf distinct and clear, and for an instant the moon, to our rapt eyes, hung a glowing picture on the sky. It was only a moment—but a moment to be always remembered—the swift passing of a beautiful vision.

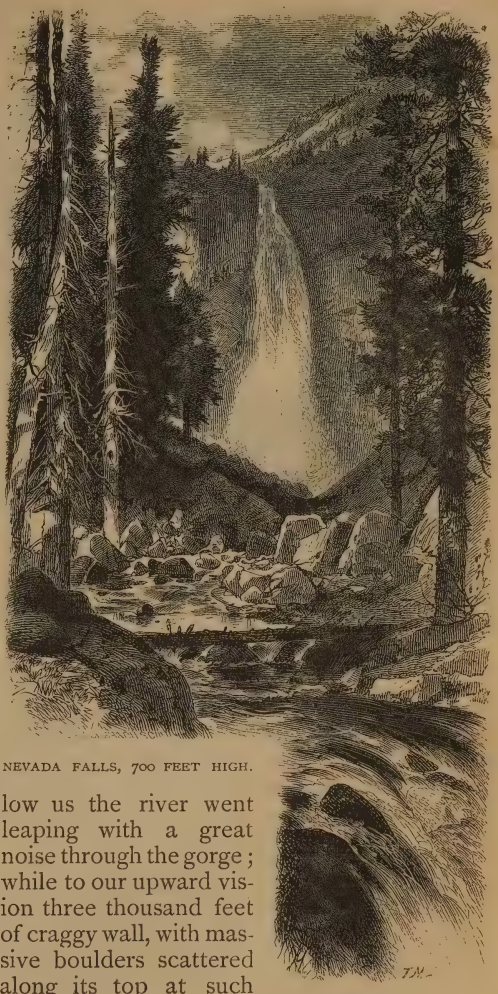
Our second day in the Valley we took for a

visit to the Vernal and Nevada Falls. About two miles up beyond the Yosemite Fall, the main portion of the valley branches out in three narrow cañons, each one distinct, and each having its own special attractions. We took the middle one of these, and followed up the main stream of the Merced to the two falls named. Behind us as we turned into the cañon was the massive North Dome with its Royal Arches; on our left, the South or Half Dome, its crest four thousand eight hundred feet above the valley and inaccessible; on our right, Glacier Point, a bare, smooth rock, with an inclination of about seventy degrees, reaching from the plain almost to the top of the mountain wall; and in front a narrowing gorge beset with trees and bushes and masses of rock, with a tortuous trail along by the bed of the noisy river. The immense boulders which block the way seem to have been dropped with very little regard for regularity or symmetry, and none whatever for the comfort of the traveler.

There were two miles of this rough and uncomfortable horse-back riding, with a gradual narrowing in upon us of the mountain walls, before we came to the point where we were to leave our horses and proceed the other mile and a half of the journey on foot. The winding of the cañon shortly shut us in, with mountain walls all around us. Our horses went picking their way along slowly and carefully through the tangle of trees and rocks, the trail leading us at some times close down by the river, and at others over dizzy and doubtful edges far above it. Growing in cracks and crevices and on narrow shelves, wherever there was room to root themselves, were great pine-trees from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet high, that straggled along up the precipices or fringed the heights, and were dwarfed by their stupendous surroundings; down below us the river went leaping with a great noise through the gorge; while to our upward vision three thousand feet of craggy wall, with massive boulders scattered along its top at such perilous poise that it seemed the finger of a child might loose them, overhung and threatened us.



PINE TREE—RESULT OF WOODPECKERS' INDUSTRY.



NEVADA FALLS, 700 FEET HIGH.

From the point where we left our horses we saw a mile beyond and well up above us the Vernal Fall, a tumble of water three hundred and fifty feet high, and larger in volume than any we had seen, it being the main stream of the Merced. It was a tiresome mile to travel, to the foot of the Vernal, and quite essential, a great part of the way, to be very sure of your footing. The threatening cliffs still overhung us, the cañon having narrowed now so close, it seemed as though we might touch each wall with either hand—the stream flashed down the gorge below us—we were shut in from everything but the strip of blue directly overhead. The situation here makes one unaccustomed to it catch his breath, with a sensation of constriction—a sort of feeling that,



UP VERNAL FALLS.

compared with the great convulsion by which these rocks were rent apart, it would be no very strange thing if the rift should suddenly close and shut us in. At length, after long and laborious clambering over the rocks and along slippery slopes, stopping often to turn back and gather in the kaleidoscopic changes in the view of river, rock, and waterfall, we stand within the envelope of mist at the right of the fall, looking up to where the stream curls over the top three hundred feet above, or downward fifty feet, to where it strikes with tremendous roar upon a bed of rocks and breaks into great clouds of spray, over which the sun has set the seal of the rainbow.

Before this, in the breadth of the valley, where the falls were so far off and so thin in volume that they did not constitute the most prominent feature in the view, we had wondered at and ungrudgingly admired the unique and startling combination of plain and mountain, rock and tree and river, and thought no element of grandeur was lacking. But it needed, after all, the near, wild, leaping and dashing, the glitter and foam and rattle and gush and roar of the tumbling, turbulent torrent to fill it out completely, and round into fulness all its sights and sounds.

We climb the face of the precipice by long ladders, the insecurity of which lends the adventure somewhat of the spice of personal peril, and at the top find ourselves in the upper cañon, which ends abruptly half a mile above in another perpendicular wall, over which the Nevada Fall takes its single leap of seven hundred feet. A singularly formed natural parapet of stone runs along the edge of the cliff from the top of the ladders to the Vernal Fall, over which we could lean with safety and look down into the wild tangle and maze of the lower cañon through which we had come.

Up here there was more breadth, and room to swing one's arms, and there were quiet pools and shaded basins, and just above the fall a beautiful slope, where the stream spread out and slid with a glassy surface over a smooth rock some two hundred feet in length, at an angle of about thirty degrees. Beyond this we followed up the cañon through the underbrush and over the rocks half a mile, till we stood at the foot of the Nevada, directly under the fall. Looking straight upward we saw a great feathery gush of fleeciness, a snowy white outpouring, as though the snow of the High Sierras, whose melting feeds the stream, had, in the poise before that fearful leap, turned back again to the whiteness and purity of its cloud-life before ever it fell. There does not seem to be a line or streak of water in it, but just a great white puff, like smoke from a cannon's mouth. It retains this appearance for the first forty or fifty feet of the fall, when, striking a jutting overhang, it breaks and pours down the face of the cliff. At our left, Mount Broderick or Liberty Cap, an isolated mass of rock nearly perpendicular on all sides, reared its crest two thousand feet above us, and looked down in lonely grandeur upon the wondrous panorama at its base.

The scene was one of wild enchantment, and there was such amazing variety and infinite detail in it all that we found it to be a study as well as spectacle. So retracing our steps to a shady spot half way down the cañon, we lay upon our backs, and with our glasses watched in silence the shifting aspects of the



LIBERTY CAP (MT. BRODERICK.)

fall. Looking up at it from this point the water seemed to fall lazily and with deliberate slowness down over the rock, the lower portion offering to the eye the illusion of a deep-sunk grotto, from whose roof exquisitely woven veils of lace and gossamer dropped down in noiseless, dreamy, and unending succession, covering deep vistas that ran back into the darkness. You forget here the grandeur of the heights, the constriction and pinchedness of the gorge, the wildness of the rocks, and the turbulence of the stream, and give yourself up to a dream of rarest beauty.

The thought of falling from the heights, or being crushed by the rocks, or pinched in by the returning walls of the cañon, is horrible; but here you can lie and contemplate the coming toward you and enveloping you in its arms, of the spirit of the waterfall, and dream of going out of life joyfully in the white beautiful death of its embrace. The Nevada Fall is a thing of beauty, its memory a joy forever. We lingered here until the shadows warned us home, when, with many backward and regretful looks, we turned our faces toward the valley.

The next day we followed up another cañon between the Domes to Mirror Lake, a small sheet of water locked in between high surrounding peaks. Through the morning hours, and until the sun has climbed above the edges of the mountains, the lake is smooth as glass, giving back with such distinctness of outline and perfection of color the reflection of all the surroundings, that in a photograph of the view you can hardly tell where water ends and shore begins. Here we watched for an hour or more the reflection of the mountains and the scattered drifts of cloud that sailed across the sky, until about ten o'clock, as we stood looking into its clear beautiful depths, a wandering drift of cloud gilded with the glory of the coming sun came over the edge and saw its double in the lake. For a moment we watched its changing colors, its gold and crimson and glittering emerald and royal purple and pearly gray, and then, still looking down, we saw the sun steal slowly over the height, and slide along the edge and drop into the water the fullness of his face.

The lake that lay there a moment before, still and glassy, shimmered into a smile and kissed with a ripple the coming of its lord—the mountains and the trees, the rocks and shore wavered, and shook, and broke into a myriad fragments, and the charm was all dissolved.

Another day we rambled round among the rocks of the Bridal Veil basin, and one day we passed at the foot of the Yosemite. So passed our five days in the valley, and at the end of them we mounted our horses and taking the trail out at the opposite side, climbed the rugged paths that led us sometimes where a step out of the way would have plunged us a thousand feet and more into the depths, and left the Valley of Wonders behind us; and yet not behind us, for we shall carry it in memory while memory lasts. And if all my life should be even as the dusty road and rugged steeps by which we reached it, I should thank God for my Yosemite week, when, lying on my back in the beautiful valley, surrounded by domes and towers and spires such as only His hand could raise, my thought could wander out beyond these monuments of His power, and lose itself in the infinitude and eternity of His tenderness and love.

SONG.

I.

Come with the birds in the spring,
Thou whose voice rivalleth theirs;
Come with the flowers, and bring
Sweet shame to their bloom unawares.

II.

Come,—but O, how can I wait!
Come through the snows of to-day!
Come, and the gray Earth elate
Shall leap for thy sake into May!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



I.

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

II.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty—
Jesus Christ.

III.

Enough for Him whom Cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him whom Angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

IV.

Angels and Archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Thronged the air;
But only His Mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshiped the Beloved
With a kiss.

V.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?—
If I were a Shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man
I would do my part,—
Yet what I can I give Him,—
Give my heart.

STEPHEN SKARRIDGE'S CHRISTMAS.

THE COTTAGE.

'Twas Christmas Eve. An adamantine sky hung dark and heavy over the white earth. The forests were canescent with frost, and the great trees bent as if they were not able to sustain the weight of snow and ice with which the young winter had loaded them.

In a by-path of the solemn woods there stood a cottage that would not, perhaps, have been noticed in the decreasing twilight, had it not been for a little wisp of smoke that feebly curled from the chimney, apparently intending, every minute, to draw up its attenuated tail, and disappear. Within, around the hearth whereon the dying embers sent up that feeble smoke, there gathered the family of Arthur Tyrrell—himself, his wife, a boy, and a girl.

'Twas Christmas Eve. A damp air rushed from the recesses of the forest and came, an unbidden guest, into the cottage of the Tyrrells, and it sat on every chair, and lay upon every bed, and held in its chilly embrace every member of the family. All sighed.

"Father," said the boy, "is there no more wood, that I may replenish the fire?"

"No, my son," bitterly replied the father, his face hidden in his hands; "I brought, at noon, the last stick from the wood-pile."

The mother, at these words, wiped a silent tear from her eyes, and drew her children yet nearer the smouldering coals. The father rose and moodily stood by the window, gazing out upon the night. A wind had now arisen, and the dead branches strewed the path that he soon must take to the neighboring town. But he cared not for the danger; his fate and heart were alike hard.

"Mother!" said the little girl, "shall I hang up my stocking to-night? 'Tis Christmas Eve."

A Damascus blade could not have cut the mother's heart more keenly than this question.

"No, dear," she faltered. "You must wear your stockings—there is no fire—and your feet, uncovered, will freeze."

The little girl sighed, and gazed sadly upon the blackening coals. But she raised her head again, and said,—

"But, mother dear, if I should sleep with my legs outside the clothes, old Santa Claus might slip in some little things between the woolen and my skin; could he not, dear mother?"

"Mother is weeping, sister," said the boy, "press her no further."

The father now drew around him his threadbare coat, put upon his head his well-brushed straw hat, and approached the door.

"Where are you going, this bitter night, dear father?" cried his little son.

"He goes," then said the weeping mother, "to the town. Disturb him not, my son, for he will buy a mackerel for our Christmas dinner."

"A mackerel!" cried both the children, and their eyes sparkled with joy. The boy sprang to his feet.

"You must not go alone, dear father," he cried. "I will accompany you."

And together they left the cottage.

THE TOWN.

The streets were crowded with merry faces and well wrapped-up forms. Snow and ice, it is true, lay thick upon the pavements and roofs, but what of that? Bright lights glistened from every window, bright fires warmed and softened the air within the houses, while bright hearts made rosy and happy the countenances of the merry crowd without. In some of the shops great turkeys hung in placid obesity from the bending beams, and enormous bowls of mince-meat sent up delightful fumes, which mingled harmoniously with the scents of the oranges, the apples, and the barrels of sugar and bags of spices. In others, the light from the chandeliers struck upon the polished surface of many a new wheelbarrow, sled, or hobby-horse, or lighted up the placid features of recumbent dolls and the demoniacal countenances of wildly jumping-jacks. The crop of marbles and tops was almost more than could be garnered; boxes and barrels of soldiers stood on every side; tinhorns hung from every prominence, and boxes of wonders filled the counters; while all the floor was packed with joyous children carrying their little purses. Beyond, there stood the candy-stores—those earthly paradises of the young, where golden gum-drops, rare cream-chocolate, variegated mint-stick, and enrapturing mixtures spread their sweetened wealth over all available space.

To these and many other shops and stores and stalls and stands thronged the townspeople, rich and poor. Even the humblest had *some* money to spend upon this merry Christmas Eve. A damsel of the lower orders might here be seen hurrying home with a cheap chicken; here another with a duck; and here the saving father of a family ben-



THE CHRISTMAS MACKEREL SEIZED FOR RENT.

under the load of a turkey and a huge basket of auxiliary good things. Everywhere cheerful lights and warm hearthstones, bright and gay mansions, cosy and comfortable little tenements, happy hearts, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes. Nobody cared for the snow and ice, while they had so much that was warm and cheering. It was all the better for the holiday—what would Christmas be without snow?

AN INEVITABLE ENTRANCE.

Through these joyous crowds—down the hilarious streets, where the happy boys were shouting, and the merry girls were hurrying in and out of the shops—came a man who was neither joyous, hilarious, merry, nor happy. It was Stephen Skarridge, the landlord of so many houses in that town. He wore an overcoat, which, though old, was warm and comfortable, and he had fur around his wrists and his neck. His hat was pushed down tight upon his little head, as though he would shut out all the sounds of merriment which filled the town. Wife and child he had none, and this season of joy to all the Christian world was an annoying and irritating season to his unsympathetic, selfish heart.

"Oh, ho!" he said to himself, as one after another of his tenants, loaded down with baskets and bundles, hurried by, each wishing him a merry Christmas; "oh, ho! there seems to be a great ease in the money market just now. Oh, ho, ho! They all seem as flush as millionaires. There's nothing like the influence of holiday times to make one open his pockets—ha, ha! It's not yet the first of the month, 'tis true; but it matters not—I'll go and collect my rents to-night, while all this money is afloat—oh, ho! ha, ha!"

And so old Skarridge went from house to house, and threatened with expulsion all who did not pay their rents that night. Some resisted bravely, for the settlement day had not yet arrived, and these were served with notices to leave at the earliest legal moment; others paid up their dues with many an angry protest; while some, poor souls, had no money ready for this unforeseen demand, and Stephen Skarridge seized whatever he could find that would satisfy his claim. Thus many a poor, weeping family saw the turkey or the fat goose which was to have graced the Christmas table carried away by the relentless landlord. The children shed tears to see their drums and toys depart, and many a little memento of affection, intended for a gift upon the morrow, became the property of the hard-hearted Stephen. 'Twas nearly nine o'clock when Skarridge finished his nefarious labor. He had converted his seizures into money, and was returning to his inhospitable home with more joyous light in his eye than had shone there for many a day, when he saw Arthur Tyrrell and his son enter the bright main street of the town.

"Oh, ho!" said Stephen; "has he, too, come to spend his Christmas money? He, the poor, miserable, penniless one! I'll follow him."

So behind the unhappy father and his son went the skulking Skarridge. Past the grocery-store and the markets, with their rich treasures of eatables; past the toy-shops, where the boy's eyes sparkled with the delight which disappointment soon washed out with a tear; past the candy-shops, where the windows were so entrancing that the little fellow

could scarcely look upon them —on, past all these, to a small shop at the bottom of the street, where a crowd of the very poorest people were making their little purchases, went the father and his son, followed by the evil-minded Skarridge. When the Tyrrells went into the shop, the old man concealed himself outside, behind a friendly pillar, lest any of these poor people should happen to be his tenants, and return him the damage he had just done to them. But he very plainly saw Arthur Tyrrell go up to the counter and ask for a mackerel. When one was brought, costing ten cents, he declined it, but eventually purchased a smaller one, the price of which was eight cents. The two cents which he received as change were expended for a modicum of lard, and father and son then left the store and wended their way homeward. The way was long, but the knowledge that they brought that which would make the next day something more like Christmas than an ordinary day, made their steps lighter and the path less wearisome.



MAKING OUT THE SCHEDULE.

They reached the cottage and opened the door. There, by a rushlight on a table, sat the mother and the little girl, arranging greens wherewith to decorate their humble home. To the mute interrogation of the mother's eyes the father said, with something of the old fervor in his voice :—

"Yes, my dear, I have got it ;" and he laid the mackerel on the table. The little girl sprang up to look at it, and the boy stepped back to shut the door ; but before he could do so, it was pushed wide open, and Skarridge, who had followed them all the way, entered the cottage. The inmates gazed at him with astonishment ; but they did not long remain in ignorance of the meaning of this untimely visit.

"Mr. Tyrrell," said Skarridge, taking out of his pocket a huge memorandum-book, and turning over the pages with a swift and practised hand, "I believe you owe me two months' rent. Let me see—yes, here it is—eighty-seven and a half cents—two months, at forty-three and three-quarter cents per month. I should like to have it now, if you please," and he stood with his head on one side, his little eyes gleaming with a yellow maliciousness.

Arthur Tyrrell arose. His wife crept to his side, and the two children ran behind their parents.

"Sir," said Tyrrell, "I have no money—do your worst."

"No money!" cried the hard-hearted Stephen. "That story will not do for me. Everybody seems to have money to-night ; and if they have none, it is because they have wilfully spent it. But if you really have none"—and here a ray of hope shot through the hearts of the Tyrrell family—"you must have something that will bring money, and that I shall seize upon. Ah, ha ! I will take this !"

And he picked up the Christmas mackerel from the table where Arthur had laid it.

"'Tis very little," said Skarridge, "but it will at least pay me my interest." Wrapping it in the brown paper which lay under it, he thrust it into his capacious pocket, and without another word went out into the night.

Arthur Tyrrell sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. His children, dumb with horror and dismay, clung to the rounds of his chair, while his wife, ever faithful in the day of sorrow as in that of joy, put her

arm around his neck and whispered in his ear, "Cheer up, dear Arthur, all may yet be well; have courage! He did not take the lard!"

WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS.

Swiftly homeward, through the forest, walked the triumphant Skarridge, and he reached his home an hour before midnight. He lived alone, in a handsome house (which he had seized for a debt), an old woman coming every day to prepare his meals and do the little housework that he required. Opening his door with his latch-key, he hurried upstairs, lighted a candle, and seating himself at a large table in a spacious room in the front of the house, he counted over the money he had collected that evening, entered the amounts in one of the great folios which lay upon the table, and locked up the cash in a huge safe. Then he took from his pocket the mackerel of the Tyrrell family. He opened it, laid it flat upon the table before him, and divided it by imaginary lines into six parts.

"Here," said he to himself, "are breakfasts for six days—I would it were a week. I like to have things square and even. Had that man bought the ten-cent fish that I saw offered him, there would have been seven portions. Well, perhaps I can make it do, even now—let me see! A little off here—and the same off this—so—"

At this moment something very strange occurred. The mackerel, which had been lying, split open, upon its back, now closed itself, gave two or three long-drawn gasps, and then heaving a sigh of relief, it flapped its tail, rolled its eyes a little, and deliberately wriggling itself over to a pile of ledgers, sat up on its tail, and looked at Skarridge. This astounded individual pushed back his chair and gazed with all his eyes at the strange fish. But he was more astounded yet, when the fish spoke to him. "Would you mind," said the mackerel, making a very wry face, "getting me a glass of water? I feel all of a parch inside."

Skarridge mumbled out some sort of an assent, and hurried to a table near by, where stood a pitcher and a glass, and filling the latter, he brought it to the mackerel. "Will you hold it to my mouth?" said the fish. Stephen complying, the mackerel drank a good half of the water.

"There," it said, "that makes me feel better. I don't mind brine if I can take exercise. But to lie perfectly still in salt water makes one feel wretched. You don't know how hungry I am. Have you any worms convenient?"

"Worms!" cried Stephen, "why, what a question! No, I have no worms."

"Well," said the fish, somewhat petulantly, "you must have some sort of a yard or garden; go and dig me some."

"Dig them!" cried Stephen. "Do you know it's winter, and the ground's frozen — and the worms too, for that matter?"

"I don't care anything for all that," said the mackerel. "Go you and dig some up. Frozen or thawed, it is all one to me now; I could eat them any way."

The manner of the fish was so imperative that Stephen Skarridge did not think of disobeying, but taking a crowbar and a spade from a pile of agricultural implements that lay in one corner of the room (and which had at various times been seized for debts), he lighted a lantern and



MR. SKARRIDGE WALKS IN.

went down into the little back garden. There he shoveled away the snow, and when he reached the ground he was obliged to use the crowbar vigorously before he could make any impression on the frozen earth. After a half-hour's hard labor, he managed, by most carefully searching through the earth thrown out of the hole he had made, to find five frozen worms. These he considered a sufficient meal for a fish which would scarcely make seven meals for himself, and so he threw down his implements and went into the house, with his lantern, his five frozen worms, and twice as many frozen fingers. When he reached the bottom of the stairs he was certain that he heard the murmur of voices from above. He was terrified. The voices came from the room where all his treasures lay! Could it be thieves?

Extinguishing his lantern and taking off his shoes, he softly crept up the stairs. He had not quite closed the door of the room when he left it, and he could now look through an opening which commanded a view of the whole apartment. And such a sight now met his wide-stretched eyes!

In his chair—his own arm-chair—by the table, there sat a dwarf, whose head, as large as a prize cabbage, was placed upon a body so small as not to be noticeable, and from which depended a pair of little legs appearing like the roots of the before-mentioned vegetable. On the table, busily engaged in dusting a day-book with a penwiper, was a fairy, no more than a foot high, and as pretty and graceful as a queen of the ballet viewed from the dress circle. The mackerel still leaned against the pile of ledgers; and—oh horror! —upon a great iron box, in one corner, there sat a giant, whose head, had he stood up, would have reached the lofty ceiling!

A chill, colder than the frosty earth and air outside could cause, ran through the frame of Stephen Skarridge, as he crouched by the crack of the door and looked upon these dreadful visitors. And their conversation, of which he could hear distinctly every word, caused the freezing perspiration to trickle in icy globules down his back.

"He's gone to get me some worms," said the mackerel, "and we might as well settle it all before he comes back. For my part I'm very sure of what I have been saying."

"Oh, yes," said the dwarf; "there can be no doubt about it, at all. I believe it, every word."

"Of course it is so," said the fairy, standing upon the day-book, which was now well dusted; "everybody knows it is."

"It couldn't be otherwise," said the giant, in a voice like thunder among the pines; "we're all agreed upon that."

"They're mighty positive about it, whatever it is," thought the trembling Stephen, who continued to look with all his eyes and to listen with all his ears.

"Well," said the dwarf, leaning back in the chair and twisting his little legs around each other until they looked like a rope's end. "Let us arrange matters. For my part, I would like to see all crooked things made straight, just as quickly as possible."

"So would I," said the fairy, sitting down on the day-book, and crossing her dainty satin-covered ankles, from which she stooped to brush a trifle of dust; "I want to see everything nice, and pretty, and just right."

"As for me," said the mackerel, "I'm somewhat divided—in my opinion, I mean,—but whatever you all agree upon, will suit me, I'm sure."

"Then," said the giant, rising to his feet, and just escaping a violent contact of his head with the ceiling, "let us get to work, and while we are about it, we'll make a clean sweep of it."

To this the others all gave assent, and the giant, after moving the mackerel to one corner of the table, and requesting the fairy to stand beside the fish, spread all the ledgers, and day-books, and cash, and bill, and memorandum books upon the table, and opened them all at the first page.

Then the dwarf climbed up on the table and took a pen, and the fairy did the same, and they both set to work, as hard as they could, to take an account of Stephen Skarridge's possessions. As soon as either of them had added up two pages the giant turned over the leaves, and he had to be very busy about it, so active was the dwarf, who had a splendid head for accounts, and who had balanced the same head so long upon his little legs that he had no manner of difficulty in balancing a few ledgers. The fairy, too, ran up and down the columns as if she were dancing a measure in which the only movements were "Forward one!" and "Backward one!" and she got over her business nearly as fast as the dwarf. As for the mackerel, he could not add up, but the fairy told him what figures she had to carry to the next column, and he remembered them for her, and thus helped her a great deal. In less than half an hour the giant turned over the last page of the last book, and the dwarf put down on a large sheet of foolscap the sum-total of Stephen Skarridge's wealth.

The fairy read out the sum, and the woeful



SKARRIDGE AS A BENEFACTOR.

listener at the door was forced to admit to himself that they had got it exactly right.

"Now, then," said the giant, "here is the rent list. Let us make out the schedule." In twenty minutes the giant, the dwarf, and the fairy—the last reading out the names of Stephen's various tenants, the giant stating what amounts he deemed the due of each one, and the dwarf putting down the sums opposite their names—had made out the schedule, and the giant read it over in a voice that admitted of no inattention.

"Hurrah!" said the dwarf. "That's done, and I'm glad," and he stepped lightly from the table to the arm of the chair, and then down to the seat, and jumped to the floor, balancing his head in the most wonderful way, as he performed these agile feats.

"Yes," said the mackerel, "it's all right, though to be sure I'm somewhat divided—"

"Oh! we won't refer to that now," said the giant; "let bygones be bygones."

As for the fairy, she didn't say a word, but she just bounced on the top of the day-book that she had dusted, and which now lay closed near the edge of the table, and she danced such a charming little *fantaisie* that everybody gazed at her with delight. The giant stooped and opened his mouth as if he expected her to whirl herself into it when she was done; and the mackerel was actually moved to tears, and tried to wipe his eyes with his fin, but it was not long enough, and so the tears rolled down and hardened into a white crust on the green baize which covered the table. The dwarf was on the floor, and he just stood still on his little toes, as if he had been a great top dead asleep. Even Stephen, though he was terribly agitated, thought the dance was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. At length, with a whirl which made her look like a snow-ball on a pivot, she stopped stock-still, standing on one toe, as if she had fallen from the sky and had stuck upright on the day-book.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the dwarf, and you could hear his little hands clapping beneath his head.

"Hurrah!" cried the giant, and he brought his great palms together with a clap that rattled the window-panes like the report of a cannon.

"Very nice! very nice, indeed!" said the mackerel. "Though I'm rather di—"

"Oh, no, you're not!" cried the fairy, making a sudden joyful jump at him, and putting her little hand on his somewhat distorted and certainly very ugly mouth. "You're nothing of the kind, and now let's have him in here and make him sign. Do you think he will do it?" said she, turning to the giant. That mighty individual doubled up his great right fist like a trip-hammer, and he opened his great left hand, as hard and solid as an anvil, and he brought the two together with a sounding whang!

"Yes," said he, "I think he will."

"In that case," said the dwarf, "we might as well call him."

"I sent him after some worms," said the mackerel, "but he has not been all this time getting them. I should not wonder at all if he had been listening at the door all the while."

"We'll soon settle that," said the dwarf, walking rapidly across the room, his head rolling from side to side, but still preserving that admirable balance for which it was so justly noted. When he reached the door he pulled it wide open, and there stood poor Stephen Skarridge, trembling from head to foot, with the five frozen worms firmly grasped in his hands.

"Come in!" said the giant, and Stephen walked in slowly and fearfully, bowing as he came, to the several personages in the room.

"Are those my worms?" said the mackerel. "If so, put them in my mouth, one at a time. There! not so fast. They are frozen, sure enough; but do you know that I believe I like them this way the best. I never tasted frozen ones before."

By this time the dwarf had mounted the table, and opening the schedule, stood pointing to an agreement written at the bottom of it, while the fairy had a pen, already dipped in the ink, which she held in her hand, as she stood on the other side of the schedule.

"Now, sir!" said the giant, "just take your seat in your chair, take that pen in your hand, and sign your name below that agreement. If you've been listening at the door all this time, as I believe you have, you have heard the contents of the schedule, and therefore need not read it over."

Stephen thought no more of disobeying than he did of challenging the giant to a battle, and he therefore seated himself in his chair, and taking the pen from the fairy, wrote his name at the bottom of the agreement, although he knew that by that act he was signing away half his wealth. When he had written his signature he laid down the pen and looked around to see if anything more was required of him; but just at that moment something seemed to give way in the back of his neck, his head fell forward so as to nearly strike the table, and he awoke!

There was no longer a schedule, a fairy, a dwarf, or a giant. In front of him was the mackerel, split open and lying on its back.

It was all a dream!

For an hour Stephen Skarridge sat at his table, his face buried in his hands. When, at last, his candle gave signs of spluttering out, he arose, and, with a subdued and quiet air, he went to bed.

WHAT MUST OCCUR.

The next morning was bright, cold, and cheering, and Stephen Skarridge arose very early, went down to the large front room where his treasures were kept, got out his check-book, and for two hours was busily employed in writing. When the old woman who attended to his household affairs arrived at the usual hour, she was surprised at his orders to cook, for his breakfast, the whole of a mackerel which he handed her. When he had finished his meal, at which he ate at least one-half of the fish, he called her up into his room. He then addressed her as follows:—

"Margaret, you have been my servant for seventeen years. During that time I have paid you fifty cents per week for your services. I am now convinced that the sum was insufficient; you should have had at least two dollars—considering you only had one meal in the house. As you would probably have spent the money as fast as I gave it to you, I shall pay you no interest upon what I have withheld, but here is a check for the unpaid balance—one thousand three hundred and twenty-six dollars. Invest it carefully, and you will find it quite a help to you." Handing the paper to the astounded woman, he took up a large wallet, stuffed with checks, and left the house.

He went down into the lower part of the town, with a countenance full of lively fervor and generous light. When he reached the quarter where his property lay, he spent an hour or two in converse with his tenants, and



HURRAH FOR SKARRIDGE!



GRAND FINAL TABLEAU.

when he had spoken with the last one, his wallet was nearly empty, and he was followed by a wildly joyful crowd, who would have brought a chair and carried him in triumph through the town, had he not calmly waved them back.

When the concourse of grateful ones had left him, he repaired to the house of Philip Weaver, the butcher, and hired his pony and spring-cart. Then he went to Ambrose Smith, the baker (at whose shop he had stopped on his way down-town), and inquired if his orders had been filled. Although it was Christmas morning, Ambrose and his seven assistants were all as busy as bees, but they had not yet been able to fill said orders. In an hour, however, Ambrose came himself to a candy-store, where Stephen was treating a crowd of delighted children, and told him all was ready and the cart loaded. At this, Stephen hurried to the baker's shop, mounted the cart, took the reins, and drove rapidly in the direction of the cottage of Arthur Tyrrell. When he reached the place it was nearly one o'clock.

Driving cautiously, as he neared the house, he stopped at a little distance from it, and tied the horse to a tree. Then he stealthily approached a window and looked in.

Arthur Tyrrell sat upon a chair, in the middle of the room, his arms folded and his head bowed upon his breast. On a stool by his left side sat his wife, her tearful eyes raised to his sombre countenance. Before her father stood the little girl, leaning upon his knees and watching the varied expressions that flashed across his face. By his father's right side, his arm resting upon his parent's shoulder, stood the boy, a look of calm resignation far beyond his years lighting up his intelligent face.

'Twas a tableau never to be forgotten!

Able to gaze upon it but a few minutes, Stephen Skarridge pushed open the door and entered the room. His entrance was the signal of consternation. The wife and children fled to the farthest corner of the room, while Arthur Tyrrell arose and sternly confronted the intruder.

"Ha!" said he. "You have soon returned. You think that we can be yet further despoiled. Proceed, take all we have There is yet this," and he pointed to the two cents' worth of lard, which still lay upon the table.

"No, no," faltered Stephen Skarridge, seizing the hand of Arthur Tyrrell and warmly pressing it. "Keep it! Keep it! 'Tis not for that I came, but to ask your pardon and to beg your acceptance of a Christmas gift. Pardon, for having increased the weight of your poverty, and a gift to celebrate the advent of a happier feeling between us."

Having said this, Stephen paused for a reply. Arthur Tyrrell mused for a moment; then he cast his eyes upon his wife and his children, and, in a low but firm voice, he said:

"I pardon and accept!"

"That's right!" cried Skarridge, his whole being animated by a novel delight; "come out to the cart, you and your son, and help me bring in the things, while Mrs. T. and the girl set the table as quickly as possible." The cart was now brought up before the door, and it was rapidly unloaded by willing hands. From under a half-dozen new blankets, which served to keep the other contents from contact with the frosty air, Stephen first handed

out a fine linen table-cloth, and then a basket containing a dinner-set of queensware (third class—seventy-eight pieces, *with* soup-tureen and pickle-dishes) and a half-dozen knives and forks (rubber-handled and warranted to stand hot water). When the cloth had been spread and the plates and dishes arranged, Arthur Tyrrell and his son, aided now by the wife and daughter, brought in the remaining contents of the cart and placed them on the table, while, with a bundle of kindling which he had brought, and the fallen limbs which lay all about the cottage, Skarridge made a rousing fire on the hearth.

When the cart was empty and the table fully spread, it presented indeed a noble sight! At one end, a great turkey; at the other, a pair of geese; a duck upon one side and a pigeon-pie upon the other; cranberries, potatoes, white and sweet; onions, parsnips, celery, bread, butter, beets (pickled and buttered), pickled cucumbers and walnuts, and several kinds of sauces, made up the first course; while upon a side-table stood mince-pies, apple-pies, pumpkin-pies, apples, nuts, almonds, raisins, and a huge pitcher of cider, for dessert.

It was impossible for the Tyrrell family to gaze unmoved upon this bounteously spread table, and after silently clasping each other for a moment, they sat down, with joyful, thankful hearts, to a meal far better than they had seen for years. At their earnest solicitation Mr. Skarridge joined them.

When the meal was over, and there was little left but empty dishes, they all arose, and Skarridge prepared to take his leave.

"But before I go," said he, "I would leave with you a further memento of my good feeling and friendship. You know my Hillsdale farm, in the next township?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Arthur Tyrrell; "is it possible that you will give me a position there?"

"I make you a present of the whole farm," said Skarridge. "There are two hundred and forty-two acres, sixty of which are in timber; large mansion-house, two good barns, and cow and chicken houses; a well, covered in; an orchard of young fruit-trees, and a stream of water flowing through the place. The estate is well stocked with blooded cattle, horses, etc., and all necessary farming utensils. Possession immediate."

Without waiting for the dumbfounded Tyrrell to speak, Skarridge turned quickly to his wife, and said: "Here, madam, is my Christmas-gift to you. In this package you will find shares of the New York Central and Hudson (sixes, of 'eighty-three), of the Fort Wayne (guaranteed), and of the St. Paul's (preferred); also bonds of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western (second mortgage), and of the Michigan Seven Per Cent. War Loan. In all these amount to nine thousand and eighty-two dollars; but to preclude the necessity of selling at a sacrifice, for immediate wants, I have taken the liberty of placing in the package one thousand dollars in greenbacks. And now, dear friends, adieu!"

But the grateful family could not allow this noble man to leave them thus. Arthur Tyrrell seized his hand and pressed it to his bosom, and then, as if overcome with emotion, Mrs. Tyrrell fell upon her benefactor's neck, while the children gratefully grasped the skirts of his coat. With one arm around the neck of the still young, once beautiful, and now fast improving Mrs. Tyrrell, Stephen Skarridge stood for a few minutes, haunted by memories of the past. Then he spoke:—

"Once," said he, his voice trembling the while, "once—I, too—loved such a one. But it is all over now—and the grass waves over her grave. Farewell, farewell, dear friends!" and dashing away a tear, he tore himself from the fervent family, and swiftly left the house.

Springing into the cart, he drove rapidly into the town—a happy man! . . . .

Did you ever read a story like that before?

A CHRISTMAS SYMPHONY.



Oh, Christmas stars! Your pregnant silentness
Mute syllabled in rhythmic light,
Leads on to-night,
And beckons, as, three thousand years ago,
It beckoning led. We, simple shepherds, know
Little we can confess,
Beyond that we are poor, and creep
And wander with our sheep,
Who love and follow us. We hear,
If we attend, a singing in the sky,
But feel no fear,
Knowing that God is always nigh,
And none pass by
Except His Sons, who cannot bring
Tidings of evil, since they sing.
Wise men with gifts are hurrying,
In haste to seek the meaning of the Star,
In search of worship which is new and far.
We are but humble, so we keep
On through the night, contented with our sheep,
And with the stars. Between us and the East,
No wall, no tree, no cloud lifts bar.
We know the sunrise. Not one least
Of all its tokens can escape
Our eyes that watch. But all days are
As nights, and nights as days
In our still ways.
We have no dread of any shape
Which darkness can assume or fill;
We are not weary; we can wait;
God's hours are never late.
The wise men say they will return,
Revealing unto us the things they learn.
Mayhap! Meantime the Star stands still--
And having that, we have the Sign.
If we mistake, God is divine!

II.

Oh, not alone because His name is Christ,
Oh, not alone because Judea waits
This man-child for her King, the Star stands still.
Its glory reinstates,
Beyond humiliation's utmost ill,
On peerless throne, which she alone can fill,
Each earthly woman. Motherhood is priced
Of God, at price no man may dare
To lessen, or misunderstand.
The motherhood which came
To virgin, sets in vestal flame,
Fed by each new-born infant's hand,
With Heaven's air,
With Heaven's food,
The crown of purest purity revealed,
Virginity eternal signed and sealed
Upon all motherhood!

III.

Oh, not alone because His name is Christ,
Oh, not alone because Judea waits
This man-child for her King, the Star stands still.
The Babe has mates.
Childhood shall be forever on the earth;
And no man who has hurt or lightly priced
So much as one sweet hair,
On one sweet infant's head,
But shall be cursed! Henceforth all things fulfill
Protection to each sacred birth.
No spot shall dare
Refuse a shelter. Beasts shall tread
More lightly; and distress,
And poverty, and loneliness,
Yea, and all darkness shall devise
To shield each place wherein an infant lies.
And wisdom shall come seeking it, with gift,
And worship it, with myrrh and frankincense;
And kings shall tremble if it lift
Its hand against a throne.
But mighty in its own
Great feebleness, and safe in God's defense,
No harm can touch it, and no death can kill,
Without its Father's will!

IV.

Oh, not alone because His name is Christ,
Oh, not alone because Judea waits
This man-child for her King, the Star stands still.
The universe must utter, and fulfill
The mighty voice which states—
The mighty destiny which holds,
Its key-note and its ultimate design.
Waste places and the deserts must perceive
That they are priced,
No less than gardens in the Heart Divine.

Sorrow her sorrowing must leave,
And learn one sign
With joy. And Loss and Gain
Must be no more.
And all things which have gone before,
And all things which remain,
And all of Life, and all of Death be slain
In mighty birth, whose name
Is called Redemption! Praise!
Praise to God! The same
To-day and yesterday, and in all days
Forever! Praise!

v.

Oh, Christmas Stars! Your pregnant silentness,
Mute syllabled by rhythmic light,
Fills all the night.
No doubt, on all your golden shores,
Full music rings
Of Happiness
As sweet as ours.
Midway in that great tideless stream which pours,
And builds its shining road through trackless space,
From you to us, and us to you, must be
Some mystic place,
Where all our voices meet, and melt
Into this solemn silence which is felt,
And sense of sound mysterious brings
Where sound is not. This is God's secret. He
Sits centered in his myriads of skies,
Where seas of sound and seas of silence rise,
And break together in one note and key,
Divinely limitless in harmony!

THE LAST MAN OF MEXICAN CAMP.

Mexican Camp was a nest of snow-white miners' tents huddled down in a dimple of the Sierras. If you had stood near the flag-pole in the center of the camp, on which the Stars and Stripes were raised or lowered on the arrival or departure of the Mustang-express,—the only regular thread connecting the camp with the outer world,—and looked intently west, you might have seen, on a day of singular clearness, beyond some new-born cities, the flash of the Pacific in the sun. At your back, mountains black with pine and cedar, then bald and gray with granite, basalt, and cinder, then white with everlasting snow, had made you feel strong and secure of intrusion in the rear. Close about you, on the hillsides and in the gulch, you had seen trees lifting their limbs above the heads of thousands of men who knew for the time no other shelter; while at your feet in the gulch, and as far down as the eye could follow it, the little muddy stream struggled on through little fleets of tin and iron pans, great Mexican wooden bowls, and through cradles, toms, and sluices. You had seen long gray lines of Mexican mules stringing around the mountain, winding into the camp with their heavy burdens; you had heard the shouts, spiced thick with oaths, of the tawny packers. You had heard the sound of the hammer and ax on every hand, for a new city had been born, as it were, the night before, and this was its first struggle-cry and reaching of uncertain hands. All day on either side the stream sat a wall of men washing for gold. The Mexican and the American were side by side that had been breast to breast at Monterey; the lawyer wrought beside his client; the porter found his strong arms made him the superior here to the dainty gentleman to whose wants he had once ministered.

That was a Democracy pure and simple. Life, energy, earnestness. That was the beginning of a race in life in which all had an even start. What an impulse it was! It inspired the most sluggish. It thrilled the most indifferent, dignified and ennobled the basest soul that was there. Mexican Camp has perished, but it has left its lesson—a verdict clear and unqualified in favor of the absolute equality of men, without any recommendation of mercy to masters.

Each man, peer or peon, had six feet of ground. That was made a law at a miners' meeting held around the flag-staff the day it was raised, at which Kangaroo Brown presided with uncommon dignity, considering his long term of service at Sidney, not to mention the many indiscretions laid to his charge before leaving his native country at his country's expense, for his country's good. It was at first passed that a miner should hold five feet only, but a Yankee who had an uncommonly rich claim moved a reconsideration, and without waiting to get a second, made a speech and put his own motion. This was his speech and motion, delivered at the top of his voice: "Boys, I go you a foot better. Blast it, let's give a fellow enough to be buried in, anyhow. All those that say six feet make it manifest by saying *aye*."

There was a chorus. "The *ayes* have it, and six feet is the law; and I now declare this meeting adjourned *sign die*," and the convict chairman descended from the pine-stump where he had stood in his shirt-sleeves, took up his pick and pan, and, divested of his authority of an hour, entered his claim, and bent his back to the toil, as did the thousands of men around him.

As a truthful chronicler I am bound to say that Sunday never did much for the miner on the Pacific. The fault, of course, was the mode of its observance. But there is a promise. The old order of things is passing away; most of the old miners, too—let this be said with reverence—have passed away with their camps. On that day, as it was, all went to town, and the streets became a sea of bearded men. Not a boy, not a woman in sight. On that day were perpetrated nine-tenths of the crimes. Provisions for the week were bought, gold-dust sold or sent away by express to the dependent ones at home, and then the miner gave himself up often to the only diversions the country afforded, cards and intoxication. The men of the Pacific were originally a peculiarly grand body of heroes. The weak of nerve never started, and the weak of body died on the journey there, and the result was a selection of men mighty for good or evil. They were unlike all other men. For example, the noisy border ruffian of the Mississippi bar-room or Western frontier had no counterpart in California. The desperado of the Pacific disdains words. A half-dozen Germans or Irish will make more commotion over the price of a glass than will a camp of Californians in a misunderstanding that ends in as many deaths.

"Are you heeled? then draw," comes quick as a thought; and unless a sharp negative is thrown in against the question, shot after shot follows till some one falls. "Shootists" of the Pacific also have their rules of etiquette. In the face of a thousand pictures and publications to the contrary, I protest that they rarely carry six-shooters except when traveling; and that it is considered in as bad taste to display a pistol as to enter the drawing-room wearing spurs. A man who wears a six-shooter and bowie-knife publishes himself as a verdant immigrant, and is despised for his display. Nor is the desperado of the Pacific the bearded, uncouth ruffian he is represented. He is, in fact, loud neither in dress nor in manner; he is partial to French boots, patronizes the barber, has even been known to wear kid gloves, and is in outward appearance a gentleman.

Mexican Camp flourished like a palm for many years, then, like all placer-mining camps, it began to decline. The gold was washed from the best parts of the gulch, and the best men of the camp, one by one, returned to their homes in other lands, or retired to camps deeper in the mountains, as their fortunes directed. As the Saxon went out, the Celestial came in, but gave no new blood to the camp. Vacant cabins and adobe chimneys stood all up and down the gulch, and lizards sunned themselves upon them undisturbed. The butcher, the great autocrat of the mining camp, began to come around with his laden mules but twice a week instead of twice a day. A bad sign for the camp.

But there was one cabin that was never vacant; it stood apart from town, on the brown hillside, and as it was one of the first, so it promised to be the last of the camp. It always had an ugly bull-dog tied to the door, and was itself a low, suspicious-looking structure that year by year sank lower as the grass grew taller around it, till it seemed trying to hide in the chaparral. It had but one occupant, a silent, selfish man, who never came out by day except to bury himself alone in his claim at work. Nothing was known of him at all, save the story that he had killed his partner in a gambling-house away back

somewhere in '49. He was shunned and feared by all, and he approached and spoke to no one, except the butcher, the grocer, and express-man; and to these only briefly, on business. I believe, however, that the old outcast known as "Forty-nine Jimmy" sometimes sat on the bank and talked to the murderer at work in his claim. It was even said that Forty-nine was on fair terms with the dog at the door; but as this was doubted by the man who kept the only saloon now remaining in Mexican Camp, and who was consequently an authority, the report was not believed.

Let it be here observed that when a mining camp sinks to the chronic state of decay that this now presented, the men remaining in it, as a rule, are idlers, and by no means representative miners. Their relation to the real, living, wide-awake, energetic miner, is about that which the miserable Indians that consent to settle on a reservation bear to the wild sons of the woods, who retire before their foes to the mountains.

This solitary man of the savage dog was known as "The Gopher." That was not the name given him by his parents; but it was the name Mexican Camp had given him, a generation before, and it was now the only name by which he was known. The amount of gold which he had hoarded and hidden away in that dismal old cabin, through years and years of incessant toil, was computed to be enormous.

Year after year the grass stole farther down from the hilltops to which it had been driven, as it were, in the early settlement of the camp: at last it environed the few remaining cabins, as if they were besieged, and it stood up tall and undisturbed in the only remaining street. Still regularly three times a day the smoke curled up from The Gopher's cabin, and the bull-dog kept unbroken sentry at the door.

A quartz lead had been struck a little way farther up the gulch, and a rival town established. The proprietors named the new camp "Orodelphi," but the man of the saloon of Mexican Camp, who always insisted he was born a genius, called it "Hogem." It stuck like wax, and "Hogem" is the only name by which the little town is known to this day.

One evening there was consternation among the idlers of Mexican Camp. It was announced that the last saloon was to be removed to Hogem. A remonstrance was talked of; but when a man known as the "Judge," from his calm demeanor in the face of the gravest trouble, urged that the calamity was not so great after all, since each man could easily transport his blankets and frying-pan to the vacant cabins of Hogem, no more was said.

The next winter The Gopher was left utterly alone, and in the January Spring that followed, the grass and clover crept down strong and thick from the hills and spread in a pretty carpet across the unmeasured streets of the once populous and prosperous Mexican Camp. Little gray horned toads sunned themselves on the great flat rocks that had served for hearth-stones, and the wild hop-vines clambered up and across the toppling and shapeless chimneys.

About this time a closely contested election drew near. It was a bold and original thought of a candidate to approach The Gopher and solicit his vote. His friends shook their heads, but his case was desperate, and he ventured down upon the old gray cabin, hiding in the grass and chaparral. The dog protested, and the office-seeker was proceeding to knock his ugly teeth down his throat with a pick-handle, when the door opened, and he found the muzzle of a double-barreled shot-gun in his face. The candidate did not stay to urge his claims, and The Gopher's politics remained a mystery.

I know but one more incident that broke the dreary monotony in the life of this selfish and singular man. One dark night two men of questionable character were found in the trail, trying to drag themselves to Hogem. They were riddled with shot like a tom-iron. They had been prospecting around for The Gopher's gold, and had received their "baptism of fire" in attempting to descend his chimney.

Here in this land of the sun the days trench deep into the nights of northern countries, and birds and beasts retire before the sunset: a habit which the transplanted Saxon declines to adopt.

Some idlers sat at sunset on the veranda of the saloon at Hogem, looking down the gulch as the manzanita smoke curled up from The Gopher's cabin.

There is an hour when the best that is in man comes to the surface; sometimes the outcroppings are not promising of any great inner wealth; but the indications, whatever they may be, are not false. It is dulse and drift coming to the surface when the storm of the day is over. Yet the best thoughts are never uttered: often because no fit words are found to array them in; oftener because no fit ear is found to receive them.

A sailor broke silence: "Looks like a Fejee camp on a South Sea island."

"Robinson Crusoe—the last man of Mexican Camp—the last rose of summer." This was said by a young man who had sent some verses to the *Hangtown Weekly*.

"Looks to me, in its crow's nest of chaparral, like the lucky ace of spades," added a man who sat apart contemplating the wax under the nail of his right forefinger.

The school-master here picked up the ace of hearts, drew out his pencil and figured rapidly.

"There!" he cried, flourishing the card, "I put it at an ounce a day for eighteen years, and that is the result." The figures astonished them all. It was decided that the old miser had at least a mule-load of gold in his cabin.

"It is my opinion," said the Squire, who was small of stature, and consequently insolent and impertinent, "he had ought to be taken up, tried, and hung for killing his partner in '49."

"The time has run out," said the coroner, who now came up, adjusting a tall hat to which he was evidently not accustomed; "the time for such cases, by the law made and provided, has run out, and it is my opinion it can't be did."

Not long after this it was discovered that The Gopher was not at work. Then it came out that he was very ill, and that old Forty-nine was seen to enter his cabin.

Early one frosty morning in the fall following, old Forty-nine Jimmy sat by the door of the only saloon at Hogem. He held an old bull-dog by a tow-string, and both man and dog were pictures of distress as they shivered from the keen cold wind that came pitching down from the snow-peaks. As I approached, the man shivered till his teeth chattered, and, clutching at his string, looked helplessly over his shoulder at the uncompromising barkeeper, who had just arisen and opened the door to let out the bad odors of his den. The dog shivered, too, and came up and sat down close enough to receive the sympathetic hand of old Forty-nine on his broad bowed head. This man was a relic and a wreck. Nearly twenty years of miner's life and labor in the mountains, interrupted only by periodical sprees, governed in their duration solely by the results of his last "clean up," had made him one of a type of men known only to the Pacific. True, he had failed to negotiate with the savage cinnamon-headed vender of poison; but he was no beggar. It was simply a failure to obtain a Wall street accommodation in a small way. I doubt if the bristle-haired barkeeper himself questioned the honesty of Forty-nine. It was merely a question of ability to pay, and the decision of the autocrat had been promptly and firmly given against the applicant. Perhaps, in strict justice to the red-haired wretch that washed his tumblers and watched for victims that frosty morning, I should state that appearances were certainly against Forty-nine. It is nothing at all against a brave, frugal gold-miner, lifting his heart out of and over the Sierras to a group awaiting him away in the East, to be found wearing patches on his clothes, and even patches on the patches: in fact, I have known many who, coupling a quaint humor with economy, wore—neatly stitched on that portion of a certain garment most liable to wear and tear when the owner had only boulders and hard benches to sit upon—the last week's flour-sack, bearing this inscription in bold black letters: "Warranted superfine, 50 lbs." But Forty-nine had not even a patch, therefore no flour-sack, *ergo*, no flour. The most certain sign of the total wreck of a California miner is the absence of top-boots. When all other signs fail, this one is infallible. You can with tolerable certainty, in the placer mines, tell how a miner's claim is paying by the condition and quality of his top-boots. Forty-nine had no boots, only a pair of slippers improvised from "what had been," and between the top of these and the legs of his pantaloons there was no compromise across the naked, cold-blue ankles. These signs, together with a buttonless blue shirt that showed his hairy bosom, a frightful beard, and hair beneath a hat that drooped like a wilted palm-leaf, were the circumstantial evidences from which Judge Barkeep made his decision.

It would perhaps be more pleasant for us all if we could know that such men were a race to themselves; that they never saw civilization; that there never was a time when they were petted by pretty sisters, and sat, pure and strong, the central figures of Christian households; or at least we would like to think that they grew upon the border, and belonged there. But the truth is, nine cases out of ten, they came of the gentlest blood and life. The border man, born and bred in storms, never gets discouraged; it is the man of culture, refinement, and sensitive nature who falls from the front in the hard-fought battles of the West.

This man's brow was broad and full; had his beard and hair been combed and cared for, his head had looked a very picture. But, after all, there was one weak point in his face. He had a small, hesitating nose.

As a rule, in any great struggle involving

any degree of strategy and strength, the small nose must go to the wall. It may have pluck, spirit, refinement, sensitiveness, and, in fact, to the casual observer, every quality requisite to success; but somehow invariably at the very crisis it gives way. Small noses are a failure. This is the verdict of history. Give me a man, or woman either, with a big nose, —not a nose of flesh, not a loose, flabby nose like a camel's lips, nor a thin, starved nose that the eyes have crowded out and forced into prominence, but a full, strong, substantial nose, that is willing and able to take the lead; one that asserts itself boldly between the eyes, and reaches up towards the brows, and has room enough to sit down there and be at home. Give me a man, or woman either, with a nose like that, and I will have a nose that will accomplish something. I grant you that such a nose may be a knave; it may be equally a genius; but it is never a coward nor a fool—never!

In the strong stream of miners' life as it was, no man could stand still. He either went up or down. The strong and not always the best went up. The weak—which often embraced the gentlest and sweetest natures—were borne down and stranded here and there all along the river.

I have noticed that those who stop, stand, and look longest at the tempting display of viands in cook-shop windows, are those that have not a penny to purchase with. Perhaps there was something of this nature in old Forty-nine that impelled him to look again and again over his shoulder—as he clutched tighter to the tow-string—at the cinnamon-headed bottle-washer behind the bar at Hogem.

As I stood before this man, he turned his eyes from the barkeeper and lifted them helplessly to mine,—

"Charlie is dead."

"Charlie who? Who is 'Charlie'?"

"Charlie Godfrey, The Gopher, and here is his dog;" and as he spoke, the dog, as if knowing his master's name and feeling his loss, crouched close to the old man's legs.

A new commotion in Hogem. Say what you will of gold, whenever any one shuts his eyes and turns forever from it, as if in contempt, his name, for a day at least, assumes a majesty proportionate with the amount he has left behind and seems to despise.

The coroner, who was a candidate for a higher office, marshaled the leading spirits at Hogem and proceeded to the cabin where the dead man lay. He felt that his reputation was at stake, and entering the cabin, said in a solemn voice: "In the name of the law, I take possession of this primeses." Some one at the door, evidently not a friend to the coroner's political aspirations, called out: "O, what a hat!" The officer was not abashed, but towered up till his tall hat touched the roof, and repeated, "In the name of the law, I take possession of this primeses." This time there was no response or note of derision, and it was quietly conceded that The Gopher and all his gold were in the hands of the coroner.

The cabin was a true and perfect relic of what might, geologically speaking, be termed a period in the plastic formation of the Republic. Great pine logs, one above the other, formed three of its walls; the fourth was made up by a fire-place, constructed of boulders and adobe. The bed had but one post; a pine slab, supported by legs set in the center of the earthen floor, formed a table; the windows were holes, chiseled out between the logs, that could be closed with wooden plugs in darkness or danger. Let these cabins not be despised. Their builders have done more for the commerce of the world than is supposed. Some day some cunning and earnest hand will picture them faithfully, and they will not be forgotten.

It is to be admitted that the dead man did not look so terrible, even in death, as the mind had pictured him. His unclosed eyes looked straight at those who came only to reproach him, and wonder where his money was buried, till they were abashed.

Standing there, the jury, under direction of the coroner, gave a verdict of "death from general debility." Some one tried to bring the coroner into contempt again, by afterwards calling attention to the fact that he had forgotten to swear the jury; but the officer replied, "It is not necessary in such cases by the law made and provided," and so was counted wise and correct.

They bore the body of the last man of Mexican Camp to the graveyard on the hill—may be a little nearer to heaven. How odd that nearly all graveyards are on a hill. The places of chief mourners were assigned to Forty-nine and the dog. Whether these places were given because Forty-nine was the only present acquaintance of the deceased, or whether the dog quietly asserted a right that no one cared to dispute, is not certain. Most likely it was one of those things that naturally, and therefore correctly, adjust themselves.

When these bearded men in blue shirts rested their burden at the open grave, they looked at each other, and there was an un-

pleasant pause. Perhaps they thought of the Christian burial service in other lands, and felt that something was wanting. At last Forty-nine stole up close to the head of the grave, hesitated, lifted and laid aside his old slouch hat, and looking straight down into the earth, said, in a low and helpless way :

"Earth to earth and dust to dust!" hesitated again and then continued : "The mustard and the clover seed are but little things, and no man can tell the one from the other ; yet bury them in the uttermost parts of the earth, and each will bring its kind perfect and beautiful, —and—and—man is surely more than a little seed—and—and ;" here he broke down utterly, and knelt and kissed the face of the dead.

The men looked away for a while, as if to objects in the horizon, and then, without looking at each other, or breaking silence, lowered the unshapely box, caught up the spades, and found a positive relief in heaping the grave.

Then the coroner, as in duty bound, or, as he expressed it, "as required by the law in such cases made and provided," directed his attentions to a search for the buried treasure.

Yeast-powder boxes, oyster-cans and sardine-boxes, old boots and quicksilver tanks, were carried out to the light and inspected, without results. "In the straw of the bunk," said the coroner;—and blankets, bunk, and straw were carried out to the sun ; but not an ounce of gold. To make sure against intrusion of the ill-disposed, the unwearied coroner slept on the spot. The next day, the hearth was taken up carefully, piece by piece, but only crickets clad in black, and little pink-eyed mice met the eager eyes of the men. At last some one suggested that as the hard-baked earthen floor was the last place in which one would look for hidden treasures, that was probably the first and only place in which The Gopher had buried his gold. The thought made the coroner enthusiastic. He sent for picks, and, if I must tell the truth, and the whole truth, he sent for whisky also. By sunset the entire earthen floor had been dug to the depth of many feet and emptied outside the door. Not a farthing's worth of gold was found. The next day the chimney was taken down. Lizards, dust of adobes, but nothing more. I am bound to say that, about this time, the memory of the man just taken to the hill was held in but little respect, and that a good or bad name, so far as the over-zealous coroner was concerned, depended entirely on the final results of the search. But one more thing remained to be done : that was to remove the cabin. Shingle by shingle, log by log, the structure was leveled. Wood-rats, kangaroo-mice, horned-toads, a rattlesnake or two that had gone into winter quarters under the great logs, and that was all. Not an ounce of gold was found in the last cabin of Mexican Camp.

The flat was then staked off as mining ground by some enterprising strangers, and they began in the center to sluice it to the bed-rock. They sluiced up the gulch for a month, and then down the gulch for a month, until the whole hill-side was scalped, as it were, to the bone, and the treasure-hunters were bankrupt, but not even so much as the color of the dead man's gold was found.

Hogem was disgusted, and The Gopher was voted a worse man dead than living.

It began to be noticed, however, that Forty nine had mended somewhat in his personal appearance since the death of The Gopher, and it was whispered that he knew where the treasure was. Some even went so far as to say that he had the whole pile of it in his possession. "Some of these nights he'll come up a missing," said the butcher, striking savagely at his steel across his block. In justice to Hogem it must be observed she was not without grounds to go upon in her suspicions. For was not Forty-nine near the man at his death? And if he could get his dog, why not get his gold also?

One night Forty-nine, holding tight to a tow-string, shuffled up to me in the saloon, and timidly plucking my sleeve, said:

"Going away, I hear?"

"Yes."

"To the States?"

"Yes."

"Near to Boston?"

"May be."

"Well, then, look here : come with me!"—and with an old dog bumping his head against his heels, he led the way out the door down the gulch to his cabin. He pulled the latch string, entered, and finally struck a light. Sticking the candle in a whisky-bottle that stood on the greasy table in the center of the earthen floor, he picked up the tow-string, and pointing to the bunk in the corner, we sat down together, and the old dog rested his nose between the old man's legs.

After looking about the cabin in nervous silence for a time, Forty-nine arose with a look of resolution, handed me his string, stepped to a niche in the wall, and taking an old crevicing-knife, struck it in stoutly above the latch.

"This means something," said I to myself. "Here will be a revelation," and I confess

that a vision of The Gopher's gold-bags crossed my mind with tempting vividness. After a while the old man came back, took up the whisky-bottle, removed the candle from the niche, and holding it up between his face and the light, which he held in the other hand, seemed to decide some weighty proposition, by the run of the beads in the bottle, and then turned and offered it to me in silence. As I declined his kindness, he hurriedly took a long draught, replaced the candle, then came and sat down close at my side, took his string, and the old dog again thrust his nose between his knees.

"You see,"—and the man leaned over to me, and began in a whisper and a strangeness of manner that suggested that his mind was wandering,—"you see, we all come out from Boston together: Godfrey, that's The Gopher, Wilson, that's Curly, and I. Things didn't go right with me there, after I came away, so I just let them drift here. Lost my 'grip,' as they say, didn't have any 'snap' any more, as people call it. Godfrey and Wilson got on very well, though, till Wilson was killed."

"Till The Gopher killed him?" I added.

"Well, now, there's where it is," said old Forty-nine, and he shuddered. The dog, too, seemed to grow nervous, and crowded his ugly head up tighter between the old man's legs.

Inartistic as it is, I must add that here he again handed me the string, and rising solemnly, went deliberately through the process of removing the candle, and contemplating the contents of the bottle. Again I declined his offer. I was wondering in which part of that wretched cabin were the bags of gold.

The man sat down and continued his story exactly as before.

"There's where it is. Godfrey did not kill Wilson. The Gopher did not kill Curly no more than did you. You see, Curly was young, a bright, beautiful, sunny-faced boy, that had been petted to death by his mother and a house full of sisters, and somehow, out here, he fell to gambling and taking a bit too much, and one night, when Godfrey tried to get him away from a game, a set of roughs got up a row, upset the table, and Curly got knifed by some one of the set, who made a rumpus to get a grab at the money. Godfrey was holding the boy at the time to keep him from striking, for he was mad with drink. Poor Curly only said, 'Don't let them know it at home,' and died in his arms. Everybody was stranger to everybody then, and no one took stock in that which did not directly concern him. People said Godfrey was right—that it was a case of self-defense, and Godfrey never said a word, never denied he killed him, but went back to the cabin, took possession of everything, and had it all his own way. He worked like a Chinaman, and never took any part in miners' meetings, or anything of the kind, and people began to fear and shun him. By and by all his old acquaintances had gone but me; and he was only known as The Gopher."

Again Forty-nine paused, and the dog crept closer than before, as if he knew the name of his master.

Once more the man arose, lifted the candle, contemplated the beads in the bottle, as before, and returned. He did not sit down, but took up and pulled back the blankets at the end of the bunk.

"I thought as much," said I to myself. "The gold is hidden in the straw."

"Look at them," said he; and he threw down a bundle of papers, and held the dim candle for me to read.

There were hundreds of letters, all written in a fine steel-plate lady's hand. Some addressed to Godfrey, and some to Wilson. Now and then was one with a border of black, telling that some one at home no longer waited the return. Some of the letters I read. "Come home, come home," was at the bottom of them all. I chanced on one addressed to Wilson, of a recent date, thanking him with all a mother's and sister's tenderness for the money he had so constantly sent them through all the weary years. I did not understand it and looked up at Forty-nine. He bent over me, as I sat on the bunk beside the letters, with his candle.

"That was it, you see; that was it. As Godfrey, that's The Gopher, is dead, and can send them no more money, and as you was a going to the States, I thought best that you should drop in and tell the two families gently, somehow, that they both are dead. Say that they died together. He sent them the last ounce he had the week before he died, and made me take these letters to keep them away from the coroner, so that he might not know his address, and so that they might not know at home that Curly had died long ago, and died a gambler. Take one of the letters along, and that will tell you where they are."

Again old Forty-nine resumed the tow-string. He looked toward the door, and when I had stepped across the sill he put out the light, and we stood together.

The old dog knew there was but the one place for his master outside his cabin at such a time, and, blind leading the blind, thither he led him through the dark.

THE TWO MRS. SCUDAMORES.

(Continued from page 208.)

"I DON'T know, indeed," she said, and then suddenly started like one awakened. The words were true when she said them, but by the time he had heard them they were untrue. She gave a great start, and her heart began to beat. She confronted him as she might have confronted her enemy; but she did not say another word; she left it to him to speak.

"Is it so?" he said, with surprise and a shade of regret. "How stupid I must have been, then! How little I must have made myself understood! Mrs. Scudamore, I want to ask you for Amy. I have loved her ever since she was a child. She is the only one I have ever dreamt of as my wife. You know all about me as well as I do myself; there are no explanations to make, except that I love her dearly, dearly, and she says she loves me. I am so happy I cannot talk about it. Why should you turn away? I will not carry her away to the other end of the world. She will always be near you—here—next house as it were. Mother! don't turn away from me. I want a mother as well as a wife. Are you angry? Have I taken you by surprise?"

Mrs. Scudamore kept her face averted. She drew from his the hand he had taken, and with the other put him away from her. "No more—no more," she said. "Yes, I am taken by surprise. I am—angry—no, I am not angry. Sir Reginald, you do my daughter a great honor, but it cannot be—it can never be."

He stood amazed when she had left him, while she went to the table and sat down, leaning her head on her hand. He stood there in the center of the room, petrified. "*Sir* Reginald!—a great honor!" he said to himself, with an amazement which no words were able to express; and for the first moment he thought she was mad—nothing else seemed possible to explain it. He thought that this must be the explanation of all that had troubled his Amy. Her mother must be mad. God help her! it was a terrible calamity, but yet it was not despair, as this would be could he believe her to be in her senses. He hurried after her when she had seated herself. He laid his hand softly upon her arm.

"Dear Mrs. Scudamore," he said.

She shook him off, she waved him away from her, she made as though she would have risen again and left him, and then suddenly turning round caught his hand in her own and wrung it with a passionate, painful clasp. "Rex," she cried, two hot tears dropping out of her eyes. "Rex, don't torture me, don't ask me any more; I would give her to you sooner than to any one in the world, but I cannot, I cannot! Don't ask me again, for the love of God! Go away, and think of Amy no more."

She was so profoundly agitated that he dared not answer her. He stood by her, softly touching her shoulder, trying to soothe her, half distracted, yet not without hope still. Something was the matter with her—with her brain or her health. She could not mean this in sober earnest. The very passion of her words showed that something excited her, and what was there to excite her in his most natural love for her child? So he stood by her, soothing her, waiting till she was calm. When Mrs. Scudamore perceived this, she made an effort to command herself.

"Dear Rex," she said, as calmly as she could, "you think that I am excited, and that I do not mean this. You must think I am mad even, to turn so from my friend's son—from you, whom I have loved all your life; but I am not mad—oh, would to God that I were! Something has happened that makes your marriage with Amy impossible, impossible! You must understand me. It is not with my will I say it—it breaks my heart. But it must be said. Impossible either now or at any other time; whatever you may suffer, or even she—impossible! Rex, it is not with my will."

"But why?" he cried, still unbelieving. "This is mere madness, folly; in Heaven's name, why?"

"I cannot tell you," she said.

And now it was his turn to be angry. He dropped her hand which he had been holding. "You must tell me," he cried. "I will never agree to such a mysterious dismissal. I have a right to know what it is."

"And I say, if it should cost me my life, you shall not know."

She had risen to irritation again. It was easier to be angry than to yield to any other feeling. In the depths of her soul there lay a *soured* irritation with everything and with all the world.

"I refuse to accept your decision," he

cried. "What! I am to be made miserable, and my darling's heart broken without a reason. You tell me calmly we are to be separated, and forever—"

"Do I tell you calmly?" she said, with a miserable smile. "But there has been enough of this. Go away, if you have any respect left for me; leave me, and leave the house as soon as you can; there is nothing but misery here."

But he would not leave her. He stayed and implored, and upbraided, and implored again, till her brain was burning and her heart breaking. When he went away at last in a passion of rage and misery, he was so wild in his disappointment and pain that—though he had struggled with her for leave to see Amy again—he rushed out of the house without asking for her, not trusting himself to such an interview. Mrs. Scudamore went back to the drawing-room alone. She had been a long time away, and the miserable look in poor Amy's eyes, when she lifted them at her mother's entrance, and saw there was no one else coming, went to the distracted woman's heart. The other terrible candidate for Amy's favor was standing in front of the girl, talking to her, trying to make himself agreeable, with a pertinacity which made Mrs. Scudamore sick with anger, but which fell dully upon Amy's abstracted senses. She was wholly absorbed in the strain of listening for sounds outside the room, and though she made wild answers, yes and no, and tried to keep a smile upon her face, she scarcely heard what Tom Furness was saying. He was horrible to her from the fact that he was there, but not from any other cause. Aunt Thomas was looking on with very vivid attention, watching, seeing in some degree what it meant; but Aunt Thomas did not know how Mrs. Scudamore had been occupied, and consequently was not aware of the worst complication of all.

"Amy, I am very tired. If Mrs. Thomas will excuse me, I will go to bed," said Mrs. Scudamore. "Come with me; I have something to say to you now."

"Has Sir Reginald gone?" asked Aunt Thomas, half frightened, and beginning to perceive the possibility of further trouble.

"Yes, he has gone," said Mrs. Scudamore with a deep sigh.

Common sight seemed to be failing her—she saw the others dimly, but without looking at Amy she saw the misery, the wonder, the despair in her eyes. She held out her hand, and they went out of the room together. They were both beyond the reach of ordinary civilities—too much agitated—too unhappy to think of good-nights. This was a want of decorum which their guest was very quick to note. He called out after them, "Good-night, ladies," half angry, half contemptuous. "They don't stand upon ceremony," he said, when the door closed upon them, "they and their Sir Reginalds." And he began to walk about the room fuming. Mrs. Thomas came up to him from her corner. The poor woman was keeping a very hard command over herself.

"Tom," she said, "oh, Tom, you thought I was good to you once."

"Bah!" said he.

"But it is not bah," she said. "Your mother and all of them were very hard on me. They thought I had disgraced the family, and then when you found out all this—Tom, look into your own heart and tell me, since we began struggling for my rights, as you call them, have you been happy since?"

"Auntie, you're a fool. Who was talking of being happy?" he replied.

"I have not," she said, simply. "Do you think it is nice for me to be here, an interloper, poisoning the very air that poor woman breathes?"

"Then why the deuce do you do it?" cried the man. "It's your own fault. Turn them out and be done with it. You can if you like."

"And ruin the children? Tom, oh, Tom! listen to me—like this we shall never have a blessing on anything that we do. Let us take money and go away, and leave them at peace. She'll give money—enough to set you up—enough to make you comfortable; oh, Tom, if I was less good to you in my life——"

"Auntie, you're a fool," he said again, sharply. "Go to bed. Leave them in peace! a likely thing! Take money! Oh, yes, I'll take money and more than money. She knows what I will take. Auntie, hold your tongue and go to bed."

That was the end of one appeal. Another was being made in Mrs. Scudamore's room, with the door locked, and Amy at her mother's knee listening to her fate. It was as fate that the sentence was pronounced. Rex was sent away, never to return. It was impossible, impossible! Mrs. Scudamore said—neither now nor ever could he be allowed to come back. Amy had been kneeling, anxious and unhappy, by her mother's side. At this she sank down softly in her despair—which yet was more consternation than despair—and she, too, with her white lips, with her

eyes hollowed out, and shining as from two white caves, demanded why?

"I cannot tell you why," her mother answered. "Amy, listen to me. That has come to you which comes to few people in this world. Oh, my darling, listen, listen! Would God that it was to me instead! but I *can* do nothing—only you can do it. Don't you think Mary would have died a thousand times, if she could, rather than her Son——"

"Oh, mother, what do you mean?"

"Amy, Amy," cried the miserable woman, with her lips at the child's ear, "you are one of those that must be a sacrifice—a whole sacrifice—what they called a burnt-offering, my best child, my dearest. Amy, I am going to kill you, and I love you best."

"Mother!"

She thought her mother had gone mad. Nothing else could explain it. She thought she was about to be killed there, where she sat, at the feet of her natural protector. The last supreme passion of love and valor came into Amy's heart. She did not stir a hair's-breadth, but held up her white face ready to endure all things. She looked up like Isaac, without a thought of self-defense.

"You think I am mad," said Mrs. Scudamore. "Oh, if I were but mad! Amy, there is only one that can do it—you can save us all from disgrace and ruin—his living to Charlie, my honor to me, an honest name to yourself and the rest. Without you we are outcasts—nameless, homeless. Amy, nothing we have is ours, unless you will buy them back. Amy, everything rests with you."

"Nameless! homeless! our honor! all we have! Oh, what do you mean? what do you mean?" said Amy. "Mother, if I am to do this, I ought to know at least."

"That is the worst—that is the worst," she said. "You must do it and you must not know. Oh, if I could die and spare you—but my dying would do no good. It is only you—only you. Amy, this is what I have to ask of you, my own — to sacrifice yourself for your family—to serve us at the cost of yourself, without knowing why. Oh, my child, can you do it? will you do it, without knowing why?"

Amy was little more than a child; she had all the child's sublime confidence in her natural guides. She had not begun to think of any rights of her own, and she was full of that intense submission of innocence which makes a child's death-bed, a child's martyrdom, so rapturous and so wonderful. She said with her white lips, "I have always obeyed you, mamma. I will do whatever you say now."

But she had to be carried to her room insensible, and laid on her bed like a marble figure, like one dead, when she heard what the nature of the sacrifice was.

CHAPTER VIII.

THINGS went on badly enough at Scudamore that autumn. Amy had consented, as her mother knew she would. And Mr. Tom Furness became a constant guest. It was an arrangement over which Mrs. Thomas shook her head, and against which she had protested in vain to both the mother and the lover. He and she were both steadfast. Mrs. Scudamore was almost more feverishly anxious than he to conclude the matter. But Charlie had not yet come home, and the whole household regarded his arrival with a vague apprehension. He would soon be twenty-one. He knew nothing of the mystery which oppressed all the rest of the house, and the chances were that Mr. Furness would be very far from gaining his approbation. Neither had Mrs. Scudamore been able to screw her courage to the point of consulting the lawyer on the subject. She had asked Mr. Pilgrim to come to Scudamore at Christmas, when Charlie would be at home, and then she had said to herself the struggle would be made once for all. She lived in a fearful state of excitement, able to settle to nothing, trying to shut her eyes to the look of misery in Amy's white face, trying to be unconscious of her failing health and patient suffering. The girl had been crushed all at once by the sudden weight thrown upon her. She had yielded. What could she do else? but it had crushed her altogether. She had no training in suffering, no preparation to bear it, and she succumbed. She felt sure she was going to die. A certain solemnity of feeling came over her. She thought of herself as the bride of the grave. What did it matter for a few weeks, or a few months, if she was happy or miserable? She would be happy in heaven when the end came, and would have done her duty — and that end could not be far off.

Perhaps Amy was not entirely miserable in these thoughts. To die young, when your life has been cut short as hers had been, is not terrible—it is rather sweet to the imagination. She thought of it, and of the grave covered with violets, which would soon be hers, with a youthful exaltation of feeling which was as much joy as grief. And she would have saved her family. She would be as Iphigenia; nay, almost as Christ himself. She would die, thus getting rid of all

misery, and they would be saved. She wrote tender, sweet, religious letters to all her friends, telling them "it was borne in upon her" that she was to die young. She wrote one heart-rending letter to poor Rex. She was kind to Tom Furness even, and very gentle, though she shrank from him; and she had made up her mind how she was to meet Charlie—how she was to say it was her own choice—how she was to refuse all release from her engagement. It was all settled. The only thing that grieved her in her resigned and, as it were, dying state was, that her mother avoided her, and could not bear to behold the sacrifice she had exacted. This was a little hard on poor Amy, but she accepted it like the rest. She made pictures to herself of how her mother would steal out to weep over her grave — of how they would miss her in the house — of how they would say, Amy liked this and that, and hold trifles sacred for her sake. All this was a pleasure to her, though it is strange to say so; and on account of the gentle, early death that was coming, she felt it possible to put up with her fate.

Charlie, for his part, had been absorbed in his college life, and had thought little of home. He had received an indignant, amazed letter from Rex Bayard, which half astonished, half annoyed him. In it Rex informed him that he had been accepted by Amy, but sent away by her mother. "You must be dreaming or she must be out of her mind," Charlie had written back cheerfully, in return; "but never mind, old fellow, have patience only till I get home again." He had no doubt whatever of being able to set everything right when he got home. Evidently things were at sixes and sevens there for want of him—so the young man thought—but when he got back— And then Charlie forgot all about home, and made himself quite happy with his friends.

These three months were very dreary to all in the house. Furness went and came continually, and when he thought Amy repelled him ever so little, he went and threatened her mother, and declared that it would all come to nothing, and that she never meant her daughter to marry him. The whole house began to fear these visits; the servants complained, and Jasper gave warning. Even Woods would have done so, but he was, he said, attached to the family and meant to see this business out. Mrs. Thomas wept and shook her head from the time Tom Furness entered the house till he left it. The children avoided him, for he teased them; and poor Amy tried to be kind to him, and would not allow herself to hate.

All this went on till Christmas; but it is impossible to tell with what sinking, yet swelling, hearts the women of the household looked forward to the arrivals which they expected. Charlie came one day, and Mr. Pilgrim the next. Mr. Tom Furness was there, to Charlie's immense astonishment. He sought his mother out the very first evening, and remonstrated: "Why do you have that fellow here? Aunt Thomas is well enough, but I don't see that we are bound to be complaisant to her friends."

"Don't let us speak of him now—to-morrow," said Mrs. Scudamore. "To-morrow I have something to tell you about him; but for heaven's sake be civil to-night."

"If I do it will he a hard struggle, I can tell you," said Charlie; but yet he did restrain himself as well as he knew how, though the fellow's familiarity, his evident acquaintance with the house, and especially his tone to Amy, made her brother furious. And Amy looked like a ghost and kept out of his way. He was very uncomfortable, for he could not make it out. "Scudamore does not look a bit like itself; everything seems at sixes and sevens," he said to Aunt Thomas. She was the only one who was not changed, and the chief comfort he had.

Next day Mrs. Scudamore led her son and the newly arrived lawyer to the library, and told them her intentions about her daughter. If she had thrown a bombshell between them they could not have been more surprised. There was a terrible scene; Charlie and his mother defying each other mutually. "I will not allow it," he cried. "And I have settled it all," she answered, with an appearance of calm. The lawyer tried to remonstrate, but in vain; and Amy was sent for, and with a face like death solemnly announced that it was of her own choice that she was going to marry Mr. Furness. "It is my own wish," she said, crossing her hands on her breast. The men gazed at her with mingled awe and doubt. Her aspect was that of a martyr, but she smiled as she spoke. She would not give any one an excuse for interfering; no tears came to her eyes, no quiver to her voice. "I shall die soon, and what will it matter?" she was saying to herself.

After this scene it may be supposed that life was not more pleasant at Scudamore. Charlie and his mother did not exchange a word for two or three days, and Furness obtruded his hateful presence upon her, asking for continued interviews, pressing for the mar-

riage. Mrs. Scudamore herself had been anxious to hasten it till now, but a sudden languor seemed to creep upon her, she could not tell how. For the first time she began to hesitate and seek delay. Her child was so young. She was ailing and wanted care. Summer surely was soon enough. She resisted the last decision with feverish force. She would not fix the day. Amy, when appealed to, grew paler yet, but said, "When they pleased." Her mother alone hesitated, and she had not an easy antagonist to meet. He had grown careless in his power over her. He began to address her roughly, even in the presence of others—to warn her that she had better not provoke him—that the consequences might be such as she would not care to face. Her life became a burden to her in those dreadful days. She dared not order him to leave her house, as she often had it on her lips to do. She dared not appeal to Charlie, or even permit him to suspect that this man, whom she had chosen for her son-in-law, was already her tyrant. She even—heaven help her!—kept up the quarrel with her son, that he might not find out the persecution to which she was exposed.

But one day this state of affairs came to an end. There had been a stormy discussion in the morning, and Mrs. Scudamore, driven to her last resources, had promised her final decision in the afternoon. She was in the library, and her persecutor came in and joined her through the window, which was open. It was one of those mild, warm, languid days which sometimes come in the middle of winter, which people call unseasonable, yet enjoy. There was an enormous fire, as usual, in the library, and the window had been opened in consequence. Tom Furness came in by it, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on his head. If he condescended to remove the latter, it was more out of regard to his own comfort than from any respect to her. He began to speak almost before he had got into the room. "Now, look here," he said; "old lady, I hope you have made up your mind. I am not going to be kept hanging on like this month after month. I've told you so. By Jove, I believe you want to leave me in the lurch after all."

"You have my word," said Mrs. Scudamore.

"Your word! Oh, a great deal of good that will do me. I want Amy's word; do you understand? I want no more vague general promises. If your part of the bargain is not to be kept, neither shall mine. Would you like to hear once more, just to leave no manner of doubt, what I can do?"

"You will drive me mad," said Mrs. Scudamore. "How dare you stand and threaten me at the open window? How can you tell who may hear you? And do you know that if you are overheard, if this slander is once spoken in anybody's ears but mine, you lose all your power?"

He turned his back to the window with a careless laugh. "Not much fear of any one hearing," he said. "We are not such agreeable society that people should follow us about to listen. But just look here; you know what will happen if I choose to speak. You know you have no more right to be mistress here than your housekeeper has. You know you're not fit company for decent folks; and your children ain't Scudamores any more than I am. You may thank an honest man for taking a girl without a name into his house. You know as well as I——"

He had gone so far as this without looking at her. Now, quite suddenly, she caught his eye and made him start. She was standing with her lips apart, the breath, as it were, frozen between them, as if she had tried to cry out, and could not; her eyes dilated, fixed on something behind him, and deep lines of anguish about her mouth. Her hands were half uplifted in wonder or appeal to some one, he could not tell which. In that attitude of agony, with pain written deep all over her, she stood as if petrified, an image of ice or stone.

He was frightened by her aspect, though at the moment he did not understand it, and at the same time he became aware that something had darkened the air behind him. He turned round to see what it meant.

This was what it meant. He had scarcely begun to speak when Mrs. Scudamore, lifting up her eyes, saw a shadow behind him; then, dumb with horror, she had seen Charlie appear at the window. He stood still, and she in her misery could not move. She could not cry out. She stood and gazed wildly at him, paralyzed by boundless and hopeless despair.

"You have been listening, have you?" said Tom Furness with a sharp laugh. "Well, you've been wondering what attraction I had. Now you know."

He had not time to say another word. Before he knew that he was threatened he flew out of the window, doubled together like a piece of cloth.

"There's for insulting my mother," the young fellow shouted at the top of his voice, "and there's for Amy, and there's for myself. Did you think you would frighten me?"

"Oh, Charlie!" cried Mrs. Scudamore,

wildly. But Charlie paid no heed. He took up Furness's hat, and tossed it after him. He closed the window loudly with a certain violence. He was trembling with excitement and the thrill of this discovery, and he had not spoken to his mother for three days before.

"Now tell me what it is!" he said, peremptorily. "This fellow has bullied and frightened you. I suppose there must be something to build upon. What is it? You must tell me now."

Mrs. Scudamore wavered for a moment. She had been almost glad to see her persecutor flung thus out of her sight. She had been proud of her boy, and of his young vehemence and indignation; but now once more she was struck dumb—a great blinding horror came over her. Tell him her own shame and his! She could not do it. It would be better, she felt, that he should hear it from Furness, from any one, than from herself.

"I cannot, I cannot!" she said, covering her face with her hands. Was it indeed all over now? or could she make an effort still—one mad attempt to gain the friendship of her persecutor? "You don't know what you have done," she said, wildly. "He is the best friend we have. Let me speak to him, Charlie. Say you are sorry. For the love of God!"

"I think it must be for the love of the devil," he said sadly, "who alone could make divisions among us like this. Mother, can you trust me so little? With my will you shall never speak to the miserable rascal again. Tell me, your son."

"I cannot, I cannot!" she repeated, raising a ghastly face to him, in which supplication and defiance were blended. Charlie was half-crazed with the obstinate mystery that wrapped her round. He did not stop to think, he rushed out of the room to solve it his own way. Even this was a relief to his mother. She sat supporting her death-like face on her hands, with her eyes fixed on the door by which he had disappeared. It was over. He would know all. But at least not from her. There was a pause in which the whole world seemed to stand still. She did not breathe. Silence, awful as fate, was in her miserable heart, and in the house which was hers no longer—which she must leave in ruin and shame.

But she kept her senses. When the door opened, though the figures which came in were as ghosts to her, even then, in her stupor, it gave her a pang to see her boy leading in the woman—that woman—through whom (she said to herself) it had all come. Mrs. Thomas was crying as usual. Crying! Children cry, and it relieves them; but as for Mrs. Scudamore, she was beyond the possibility of such relief.

"I will say nothing till she gives me leave," said Mrs. Thomas among her sobs. "If I was wronged once, it's she that is wronged now. Oh, she's bitterly wronged! cruelly wronged! If my dying would have saved her, I think I would have killed myself; but it wouldn't, for Tom Furness knew. Oh, you poor dear, you are nearly dead of it. Give me leave to speak before it kills you."

There were other people in the room beside. Amy, who came to her mother like a ghost and put her wan arms round her—Amy, who was dying of it too, but without knowing what it was. Mrs. Scudamore turned her white face toward the little assembly, whom she saw but vaguely through the mist that was gathering over her brain. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. She looked like death embodied, but she resisted still. The excitement of the moment, however, rose too high for further silence. Either Mrs. Thomas took her unspoken words for a permission, or she was swept out of herself by the emotion surrounding her.

"This is what it is," she said, "and I wish I had been dead—I wish my tongue had been torn out before I said it. Oh, children, curse me, or kill me, if you will. I was your father's wife years before he ever saw her face."

"My father's wife!" It was Charlie who spoke, with white lips—and then he looked round with a gaze of bewildered despair. He did not know what he had feared, but never this. Then his eyes fell upon his mother, whose face was fixed upon his—not her eyes only, for those were hollow and strained and almost sightless. He threw from him the hand of the other woman, which he had been unconsciously holding, and, rushing forward, supported his mother in his arms. Then the other Mrs. Scudamore, the legal possessor of all, the woman whose presence filled this house with shame, threw herself down at her rival's feet and took her hand and wept over it. "Now the worst is over," she cried, "oh, try to take a little comfort. You have the children on your side—and God——"

At this moment the attention of all was momentarily drawn from the chief sufferer by the entrance of Mr. Tom Furness, who,

having picked himself up, swaggered in, meaning to have his revenge of all who had injured him.

He was struck dumb by the sight he now saw. "Oh, here you all are," he said.

At the sound of his voice everybody started. Amy, who was standing behind her mother, clasped her close and burst into a flood of blessed tears.

For she was free: that shadow was gone which had blighted her life. The cost might be terrible; but not so terrible, not so hideous as the cost of silence. "Mother, we will help you to bear it," she said in her mother's ear. Charlie, too, had come behind her chair to support her. Mrs. Scudamore's head was leaning upon his breast. "We will help you to bear it," said Amy in her joy, with her lips upon her mother's cheek. The next moment she cried out wildly, "Mother! mother! Charlie! look!"

She sat there, almost erect, leaning slightly back upon her son, with her daughter's arms round her, and the woman at her feet who had brought her to shame. Her face of marble looked out awfully from the center of this group upon the frightened crowd of servants who had come in, no one knew how. Even Tom Furness gave a cry of horror. The look of those great, open, sightless eyes of anguish never went out of his soul. She was dead. She had died in harness, fighting to the last for her children and her honor. Henceforward thought of shame or fear of ruin would reach her nevermore.

My space is exhausted, and I cannot dwell longer on this scene, though it moved the entire county, and never, so long as any of the spectators lived, could be forgotten by them. The young people left Scudamore that very night, carrying their dead mother to a little house which had belonged to her in her maiden right. It was a half-ruinous, neglected place, but not too dreary for them in their sorrow. There they buried her, half the county following in wrath and grief and terrible indignation in the funeral train. And then they began a strange, new life, with minds too much confused to realize fully how changed it was.

But the news brought Rex Bayard back with lightning speed from Italy, where he had been trying to learn resignation. And by the time the violets began to bloom on her mother's grave, Amy married him in her sorrow, and the little sisters thus gained a new home. "As for me, it does not matter," said Charlie. He wanted to go away to the end of the world, anywhere, only to forget and be forgotten. His heart he thought was broken; his head he could never hold up again—so he believed; but he had the broken remnants of his mother's property to gather together, and he was but twenty: his old friends stood by him warmly, and Rex Bayard was his brother. So by degrees he reconciled himself to the bitterness of his fate.

Poor Mrs. Scudamore, now legally acknowledged, and abandoned by everybody in her undesired grandeur, made overtures to the young people, which, I am sorry to say, they did not respond to. But at her death she too had justice done her, even by those she had unwillingly dispossessed. She left Scudamore Park and all the property over which she had any control (only one-third of it was entailed, and the will, which Charlie's mother had supposed to be made as a tardy acknowledgment of her own patience, gave power to the other) to Charlie. Tom Furness brought a law-suit against him, propounded another will, and spent a great deal of money, but fortunately in vain. And thus the just heir recovered at last a portion of his inheritance.

It was all that his friends could do, however, to induce Charlie to assume, even now, his father's name. His mother's, he declared, was an honor to him; the other a disgrace. But expediency and appearances carried the day, as they generally do. And this story has fallen into the obscurity of tradition among the Scudamores, who naturally do not care to perpetuate any memory of illegitimacy, however innocent. But the portrait which holds the place of honor in the house is still that of the wife who was no wife, the woman who died with head erect, and eyes open, defying dishonor with her last breath. There is no one in all the line of whom her descendants are more proud.

THE END.

CHRIST-MAS.

WHAT is the Christ of God?
It is his touch, his sign, his making-known:
His coming forth from out the All-Alone:
The stretching of a rod

Abloom with his intent
From the invisible. He made worlds so:
And souls, whose endless life should be to know
What the worlds meant.

Christ is the dear I-Am:
The Voice that the cool garden stillness brake,—
The Human Heart to human hearts that spake
Long before Abraham.

The word, the thought, the breath,—
All chrism of God that in creation lay,—
Was born unto a life and name this day:
Jesus of Nazareth!

With man whom He had made,
God came down side by side. Not from the skies,
In thunders, but through brother-lips and eyes,
His messages He said.

Close to our sin He leant,
Whispering, "Be clean!" The High, the Awful-Holy,
Utterly meek,—ah! infinitely lowly,—
Unto our burden bent

The Might it waited for.
"Daughter, be comforted. Thou art made whole.—
Son, be forgiven through all thy guilty soul.—
Sin,—suffer ye,—no more!"

"O dumb, deaf, blind, receive!
Shall He who shaped the ear not hear your cry?
Doth He not tenderly see who made the eye?
Ask me, that I may give!

"O Bethany and Nain!
I show your hearts how safe they are with me.
I reach into my deep eternity,
And bring your dead again!

"My kingdom cometh nigh.
Look up, and see the lightening from afar.
Over my Bethlehem behold the star
Quickening the eastward sky!

"From end to end, alway,
The same Lord, I am with you. Down the night,
My visible steps make all the mystery bright.
Lo! It is Christmas Day!"

HUNTING ADVENTURES IN INDIA.*



A SHOT AT A WILD BULL

ADVENTURES WITH WILD BULLS.

We had spent a pleasant day at a pretty lake, where we used to rest, and were prepared for a start home, when we observed a heavy storm gathering. The only shelter in the place was an old hut, about as large as a carriage-umbrella, which had been erected by cow-herds. It was constructed of slips of bamboos and teak leaves, and doubtless would have kept off a heavy shower twelve months before. At this time, however, it was rent and torn by the wind, and large patches of the thatch had been blown off. Into it, however, we crept, and covering up the locks of our guns, lit our pipes and waited for the storm to burst. For over an hour the rain came down in a perfect deluge. Our frail protection only seemed to concentrate the heavy drops, which poured through in every direction. The thunder was deafening, and the lightning appeared to strike into the ground all round us. We were somewhat uneasy lest the metal of our guns should attract it; at length we carried them off and laid them down in the open ground at some distance.

The storm went off as speedily as it came, and wringing the wet out of our clothes, we dried our rifles and set off home.

The morning after rain generally brought game to the bag. All old footprints were of course obliterated, and, the ground being soft, any beasts that had recently passed were easily tracked, and the leaves and grass being wet, enabled us to move noiselessly through the jungle. We were therefore out early on the next day, and, my beat on that morning lying on the other side of the river, I crossed with Emaum in the canoe before daybreak, and by the time that objects were distinguishable we were several miles from the bungalow.

As we skirted a fine open glade in the forest, we observed a large herd of cheetul on the far side, and as we were advancing to stalk them we came on fresh marks of a bison—a solitary bull, which had evidently fed and lain down at the covert-side during the night. He had not left the spot more than half an hour; so, taking no more notice of the cheetul, we followed on his track. He had moved deep into the heavy forest, and as

* Condensed from *Wild Men and Wild Beasts; Scenes in Camp and Jungle*, by Lt.-Col. Gordon Cumming.—"Library of Travel and Adventure," edited by Bayard Taylor. Charles Scribner & Co., New York.

we followed we came across another herd of cheetul. Catching sight of us, they dashed off from right to left, making much noise. We stuck, however, to the track of the bull, and found he had been lying down close to the line on which the deer had crossed. They had disturbed him, and he had moved; but we could see by the prints that he was not scared, and had moved slowly, feeding as he went.

Proceeding with much caution for a quarter of a mile farther, Emaum suddenly halted, and pointed out the bull about sixty yards in advance. He stood in a small green space, twenty yards in diameter, on the side of a hill. Beyond was a dense thicket. On this side of him was a ravine, from the sides of which grew bamboos, and one straggling clump of these, about twenty yards from us, came in the line of sight for the bull's shoulder. It was a moment of much perplexity. The bull was by far the finest I had seen, and we knew that if he advanced five paces he would be out of sight. He stood broadside on, and as the intervening bamboos were four and, five inches apart, I determined to take aim between them, and, raising the single rifle, I fired. The bull made a start forward, and stood for a few seconds on the verge of the thicket. I told Emaum to fire with the smooth-bore, which he did at once, and the bull disappeared. Emaum was much disgusted, as the bull had shown no signs of being hit. However, I carefully examined the bamboos through which I had fired, and, finding no mark, I assured him that the bull was not unscathed. We had just reloaded when we heard loud snorts from the thicket, and the African features of Emaum relaxed into a broad grin as he sprang behind the nearest tree in expectation of a charge. The ravine, however, was between us and the bull, and I knew that we were tolerably safe. Presently we heard more snorts and a heavy fall, followed by a crashing of bamboos. Emaum shouted that the bull was down, and was lashing out; but we could see nothing, owing to the density of the covert. Soon the kicks seemed weaker, and we advanced, running forward from tree to tree. There lay the mighty bull at his last gasp. He had not run thirty yards from where we had first seen him, but had stood, sending the blood from his nostrils over the bushes, many feet higher than his head. My shot had taken him about half-way up his body, behind the shoulder, and Emaum's farther back. As he lay on the ground we measured him, and made him out to be about seventeen hands high at the shoulder, with fine well-preserved horns.

Emaum informed me that he had a narrow escape on one occasion when he had wounded a bull. He was pursued, but succeeded in getting behind a tree. The bull drew up



THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.



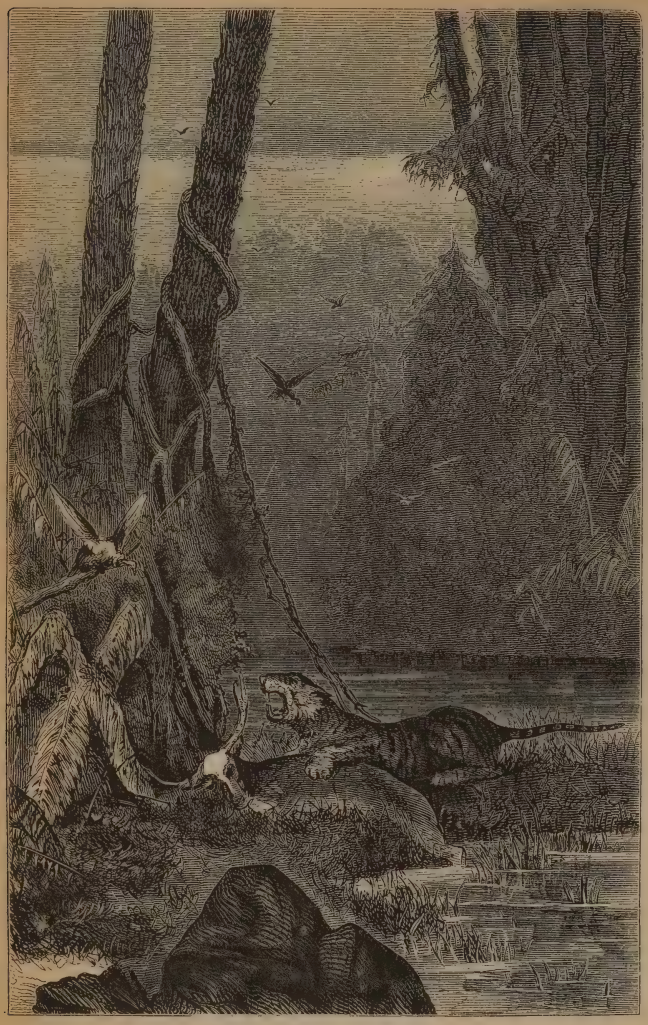
TIGER-HUNTING AT NIGHT.

about twenty yards from him, watching his opportunity, for the forest was of large growth, and Emaum could see no tree up which he had any chance of climbing before the bull could overtake him. At length he bethought himself of his blanket, which he carried over his shoulder, and as the bull drew back for another charge he placed the blanket on the end of his long gun, and holding it out from behind the tree, shook it defiantly. Accepting the challenge, the bull lowered his head, and came on with a rush. Catching the blanket on his horn he dashed on through the jungle, while Emaum, bolting off in the opposite direction, made good his escape.

TIGER-HUNTING AT NIGHT.

We had just passed through a village at some distance from any jungle, and had been assured by the villagers that tigers were unknown among them, when we were addressed by a man in charge of some cattle, who begged that we would shoot the tigers which had killed several of his beasts. On our doubting his statement, he drew our attention to numerous footprints, almost obliterated by those of the cattle which had passed over them. They were in all directions, close up to the houses, and the tigers seemed to have been walking about the village all night. We were much astonished at this, for I had never before known tigers wander so close to human habitations. The man informed us that they came from a belt of ravines and jungle about two miles farther on, and about a mile from the bank of the Nerbudda. He accompanied us for some distance, and showed us their tracks, both new and old, along some cart-ruts formed in bringing grain from the fields. As the moon was near the full, we determined to sit up in trees at night, and rode on to our camp to make the necessary preparations.

We at once sent off men, who erected two platforms in trees about half a mile apart. Round the edges of these seats we had screens formed of boughs, selecting those with soft leaves, to prevent any rustling or noise. Goats were tied with strong ropes on the south side of the trees, about fifteen yards from our hiding-places, in such positions that, as the moon came round, they would remain clear of the shade. My tree was on the path, that of my companion nearer the village, both in open cultivated ground, but clear of crops. About nine o'clock I saw a tiger come across the field and stand in the clear moonlight about 100 yards from my tree. I had made up my mind that he would come along the road and I should get a good shot, when suddenly another tiger came skylarking at him, and, with a playful growl, they both ran across and disappeared behind a rising ground. I had waited for about half an hour, hoping to see them again, when I heard my friend fire, and soon after some men came to call me, and I left my tree and joined him. The tigers had



TIGER DISTURBED BY VULTURES.

come close to where he was posted, and one of them came straight at his goat, sprang on it, and, having killed it, walked forward for a few paces with his tail straight up in the air. At that moment my friend fired, but unfortunately missed, and the tiger went off at speed. In his way lay a cactus hedge nine or ten feet in height, and this he appeared to have taken in his spring, for we found the footprints deep in the light soil on the far side. The tigers did not return.

During the next hot season, when we were quartered at Baroda, Hayward and I organized another expedition to the Toorun Mall hill, in the Akranee Pergunnah of Kandesh.

In the dry bed of a river, close to the village, was a water-hole used by the cattle, and we were informed that a tiger came there every night to drink. We had been out all day without getting a shot; and on our return late in the evening, we found that some men, who had promised to have a platform erected in a neighboring tree, had decamped, leaving their work undone.

The moon did not rise till after nine o'clock, so we remained till then in the village, and then went down to the water-hole, where we had a small breastwork of boughs placed round the foot of an old tamarind tree. In the open space in the bed of the river we tied up a goat, and throwing our blankets into our hiding-place, we arranged our guns, and dismissed all our attendants. As we came down from the village, we had heard the tiger growling on the hillside; but though we remained on the alert a long time, we saw nothing of him. It had been arranged that if the tiger came, and sprang on the goat, we should lie still till he commenced to eat, when we were to rise on our knees and deliver our fire. Altogether, it was rather an insane proceeding; but we were young in those days.

About midnight Hayward was lying fast asleep, when I heard the growl of the tiger at a short distance on the hill behind us. I at once aroused my companion, and we could see by the movements of the goat that it was in a great state of trepidation. Presently we heard the footsteps of the tiger advancing on the dry leaves, and then all was still, save the piteous bleat of the goat as it strained at the rope. The tiger, I believe, stalked him behind the very tree under which we lay, and in a few seconds he made his rush. We kept well down; there was a struggle among the shingle, and then all was still. Thinking that the time had arrived for us to shoot, we raised our heads and saw—no tiger—no goat—no anything!

The rope had given way, and the tiger had carried his prey under some thick bushes, on the far side of the river-bed. We could hear him crunching up the bones as he made his meal; but he was in deep shade, and we could see nothing. About two hours after he moved to a muddy puddle, and drank. We then



RIDING FOR THE FIRST SPEAR.

got an imperfect view, and had a snap shot at him, but he got away untouched; and we returned to the village much disappointed.

Next night we had a platform put up in a tree at another spot, and again tied up our scape-goat. We took up our positions, and had both been asleep, when, on waking, I looked over at the goat, and saw that it was tumbling about in a peculiar manner. I roused my friend, and after looking long in the imperfect light, we made out a panther, lying by the dead goat, with his teeth in its throat. As the beast lay on the yellow grass, it was with great difficulty that we could distinguish it. We got our rifles on him, and fired together, on which the panther gave one grunt, and rushed off among the underwood. On descending next morning, we examined the ground, and found both the bullets in the earth, within a few inches of each other, and on the very spot where the panther had been. We searched about, but did not find him; and next morning we moved our camp. Two days after, some villagers, observing vultures attracted to the spot, again went to the ground, and found the remains of the panther lying among some dead leaves. We must have passed close to him in our former search, but his yellow jacket being so similar to the dry grass and leaves, we had failed to see him, and thereby lost his skin.

HUNTING THE BOAR.

A favorite meet was at Suheej, a few miles further down the river. I was camped at this place with my friend Bulkley in the month of May. The heat was intense; but this was in some respects in our favor, as the pigs were attracted to the cypress in the bed of the river. We left our tents about 9 A.M., our shikarees having been out before daybreak. They met us on the ground, and reported that several hogs had been seen in the early morning entering the covert. Soon after the beaters began to move, a well-grown boar left the jungle, and ascending the bank, went off slowly over the open country. We gave him a good start, and then cantered after him. By the time we topped the bank, he was well away, and we now increased the pace and closed up to him. On finding himself pursued, he halted, looked round for a moment, and then went off at score. We now went at him in earnest, and both being well and evenly mounted, we had a most exciting chase. The pace was good throughout, and the boar ran true for some distant sanctuary, which he was doomed never to reach. I had got the best place, being on his left quarter; and as I made a rush at him, I made sure of the spear, but with a sudden swerve he shot across my front, nearly upsetting my horse, and I missed him. He was less fortunate with Bulkley, who stopped him with a thrust behind the

shoulder, and as the blood streamed from his mouth, we saw that his race was run. He struggled gamely on for a short distance, but my second attempt was more successful, and poor piggy was laid low.

We were now joined by our grooms and a few beaters, the main body having been quietly drawn out of the covert by the shikarees as soon as the pig broke away. The boar was slung on a pole and carried back to the river; and having breathed our horses we remounted and returned to our old places. On reaching the high bank which bounded the cypress covert, we observed a monster boar crossing the broad shallow stream, and making for a patch of cypress of some extent on the other side. In a position commanding a full view of this covert, we had placed a native in a tree as a marker. As we could see him plainly, and he made no indication of the boar having gone on, we concluded he had lain up in the covert. We therefore arranged to put the beaters again into the place which we had first driven, and before long, another pig—a sow this time—came out, and went off, taking much the same line of country as the boar we had killed. She gave a very good and fast run over some very rough ground, but our horses carried us well and never made a false step. As we reached some good riding ground, we pressed in on her, and I took the first spear; on which she stood and seemed determined to act on the offensive. Bulkley advanced at her at a walk—a rather dangerous proceeding, as in the event of the spear missing, both horse and rider are at the mercy of the pig, which can make its rush and do damage before its foes can get away.



BULKLEY TAKES A MUD BATH.

Bulkley, however, stopped her, but so determined was the charge that she managed to run in on the spear and bit him sharply in the foot. Fortunately he was protected by a stout deer-skin boot, and before farther mischief could be done, I had turned and given her the *coup de grace*. Again returning to the river, we were met by grooms leading a couple of galloways, which we mounted, sending off our horses to the tents. We partook of a slight refreshment, and as we smoked our pipes, we formed the plan of attack on the big boar which we had seen crossing the river.

The beaters being sent round, we took up our positions, and stood anxiously waiting the appearance of the monster. Tom-toms and drums were loudly beaten, horns were blown, and guns fired, but still no signs of the game; and it was only when the last man left the covert that I began to suspect the true state of affairs. Leaving the beaters, our shikarees proceeded to examine the ground round the cypress, and on coming to within a few yards of the tree on which our lookout man had been posted, they came on the tracks of the boar, leading up the bank. The villain had either slept on his

post, or had been amusing himself by watching our runs in the morning, and had allowed the boar to pass up the bank unobserved. The footprints were not to be mistaken, for the boar was of the largest size.

Leaving the river, he had made a detour of about two miles in the open country, which, though cultivated, was at this season quite bare of crops. Our men were equal to the occasion, and taking up the track they moved quickly along, scoring the ground at every few yards with a short stick across the prints of the boar's hoofs. We now found that he was crossing a wide bend in the river, and that the tracks would again fall into the bed of the stream. The trackers moved fast and sure, and we followed close in their wake with the crowd of beaters. At length we came to where a smaller stream joined the river, and on the ground between the two was a crop of irrigated maize, about ten feet in height, and looking very cool and green. The smaller stream was about fifteen yards in width, slow and sluggish, having about a foot of water, and an equal amount of black mud below it. We had crossed and sent the beaters to the end next the junction of the streams, when we heard much yelling and shouting, and next moment the boar came out at speed, and dashed down the slope into the stream we had just crossed. Bulkley was only a few yards from him, and driving in his spurs he rushed down the bank, regardless or forgetful of the muddy bottom. His horse seemed to turn heels over head, and as I checked mine and floundered slowly across, he was picking himself out of the black mud and shaking his steed to his legs again. He had lost his hunting-cap, and his spear was buried in the grimy slush. I reached the bank in safety, and gathering up my galloway I went on after the boar. From his great size and weight, I was sure he would make a good fight, and I saw I had work cut out for me, so I determined not to irritate him with a minor poke, but, if possible, to disable or check him till such time as my friend should emerge from the mud and come to my assistance. As the boar went along at an easy canter, I saw I should have no difficulty in overhauling him. We were going up the side of a field, having a high mud-bank on our right, and watching my opportunity I lowered my spear and pressed my horse with the spur. In an instant I was alongside of the boar, and had my spear within a few inches of his shoulder, when, with a savage grunt, he made a sidelong charge at my horse. The spear took him in the neck and checked him, but with a sudden wrench he broke the bamboo shaft, leaving the head imbedded in his muscles. Turning my horse sharp to the left, I got clear away, but having only the headless spear-shaft in my hand, my offensive powers were at an end, and I saw that my only hope



THE BOAR CHARGES.

of getting the boar lay in being able to keep him in view till my friend should rejoin me. In this way we held on over many fields. At times I pursued and tried to turn the boar, at others he pursued me, and then I was forced to "advance backwards." Still no signs of my friend, and I began to fear that either he or his horse had been seriously damaged. The boar had nearly reached the spot from whence we had first started him in the morning, and as he went down the steep bank into the cypress cover, I pulled up in despair. At that moment I saw Bulkley coming along at a hand-gallop, and with a frantic yell I again set off after the boar. Aided by Bulkley, I succeeded in turning him towards the water, into which he hurled himself and lay still, apparently dead beat. Springing from his horse, Bulkley lowered his spear and ran in at him, but the boar rose and charged. He was stopped by a thrust in the neck, but his great weight broke the bamboo, and though Bulkley managed to get away unscathed, we had no spears, and were now powerless for all purposes of attack. Unwilling to leave the wounded beast, and hoping that some of our men with spare spears would soon come up, we followed him slowly down the river, and seeing some cultivators irrigating their fields near the banks, Bulkley rode off to them in the hope of obtaining some offensive weapon.

Presently he came after me armed with a short crooked sword, but by this time the boar was going down a part of the river where he had an abrupt bank six feet in height on his immediate left. Bulkley vainly tried to force him out, as he found it impossible to reach him with the short sword. At length he made a cut, but the boar charging at the same moment, ripped his horse in the foreleg, and finding that he could not again get him to go near the pig, he handed me the sword and I took up the running.

We here came to a tributary stream, joining the river at right angles. Into this we plunged, and as the boar swam almost on a level with my saddle, I rose in the stirrups and made a cut at him with all the force I could muster. Had the weapon served me truly, I should have laid the boar in two halves; but the blade of the sword, being merely fastened into the hilt with lac, fell out, and the pig turned on me. I had just time to fend him off with my hand, receiving as I did so a slight cut over the thumb from his tusk.

Wheeling my horse round, I got away from him, when he crossed the stream, and, turning up the other bank, left the main river. By this time he was nearly exhausted, and our shikaree appeared on the scene, having followed the run on foot. Another sword was procured from some cultivators. The



DEATH OF THE BOAR.



CUMMING ATTACKED BY A BEAR.

shikaree carried his own, and one of his men had an iron-bound club. Leaving our panting steeds, we made a simultaneous rush on the boar, as he stood at bay in the water. He made a last charge, but the swords cut fairly this time, and the huge beast succumbed.

BITTEN BY A BEAR.

We moved northward and encamped at a spot indicated by Himta as being a favorite resort of bears. He had preceded us with several Bheels of the district, and was absent when we reached the ground. Late in the day he sent a man into camp with intelligence of two bears marked down at a spot about three miles from the tents.

We were soon on the road, and were led by our guide to a hill-face, sloping down towards a small river. Here we found Himta and his men seated in trees commanding a view of some long dry grass on the banks of a small watercourse running down the hill-side. Among the grass grew trees and bushes. The markers were unable to point out the precise spot where the bears had lain up, and it was therefore settled that Hunt should take up a position on the face of the hill above them, while I with three men advanced into the grass. We were to proceed quietly, and, if possible, get a shot at them before they moved. If we startled them by our approach, we calculated on my driving them up to Hunt, who went off to his post, accompanied by his two gun-bearers. Having allowed sufficient time to elapse, I advanced into the grass with great caution, closely followed by Bappoo, Buggoo Sing, jemadar of police, and Himta, the two former carrying my spare rifles.

As I was carefully endeavoring to avoid treading on the dry stricks, I came on a covey of the small bustard quail. These birds are generally found in the tree jungles, and sit in the grass closely packed together, rising simultaneously, with much noise, when disturbed. I had almost stepped on them before they rose; and as they flew up into my face I was a good deal startled. I had hardly settled my nerves when I saw the male bear about thirty paces in front of me, making off at speed towards the right. I fired at once, but the smoke came back on me; and, as it cleared away, I saw the other bear, not ten yards off, going away after the first. I let drive with the second barrel, on which she wheeled round and came straight at me, grunting viciously. I had no time to turn to get a second rifle before she was on me. Rising on her hind legs, she attempted to seize me by the throat in her teeth; and, as I fended her off with my left arm, she got it in her mouth, and crunched it up like a cucumber. Meanwhile, she was not idle with her formidable claws, with which she tore open my clothes, and gave me an ugly score across the ribs. At that moment Bappoo rushed in and shot her through the



A PIECE OF STRATEGY.

body. She dropped on all fours, but retained her hold on my hand with her teeth, tugging furiously to get me down. As we struggled, a young bear which she carried on her back, and which had been struck by my shot, fell dead at our feet; and the old lady's temper was evidently not improved by the bereavement.

Bappoo behaved admirably. He again rushed to the front, and, raising his rifle, watched his opportunity for another shot. I called to him not to blow my hand off; and at that instant he fired, and the bear relaxed her grip, and fell back with a ragged hole through her head. All this was the work of a few seconds.

I had now time to examine my hurts. My left wrist was nearly bitten through, both bones were smashed, and the hand twisted round. I was, moreover, cut across the ribs by the bear's claws. Holding up the wounded limb in a hanging position, I turned the hand round into its place, and supported it on the other arm, till Hunt, who had now come up, had cut some slips of bamboo, and bound the whole up with a turban. I was astonished at the utter absence of pain, for the wound was gruesome to behold.

The rage of the bear had evidently been kindled by her offspring being wounded. They generally bring out their young in some cave, or mass of rocks; and, as soon as they can run about, the young bears travel over the country on the backs of their mothers, burying themselves in the long hair, to which they cling with great tenacity, holding their position at any speed, and over the roughest ground. While feeding or undisturbed they descend and run about, scrambling up again with great celerity on the least alarm. Had I pounded the bear on the head with my rifle as she came on, I might have turned her; but the rifle was a new Sam. Smith, and I suppose I was afraid of smashing it. I had reason to be thankful to Bappoo for his cool and plucky conduct, as, with her murdered offspring lying between us, the bear would not have been easily driven off, and would probably have killed me. Mounting the elephant, which had been brought out with us, we went back to the tent, and I remarked to the jemadar that I feared I should not require his assistance in bear-shooting for some time to come.

I had in my camp a native dresser from the dispensary at Maunpore, and by him my wound was artistically bound up. Both bones of the arm were smashed; the ulna was broken about one inch from the joint, and the ends protruded. The radius was also broken. I had, on the third finger of my left hand, a ring which had not been off for many years, and could not be removed. Knowing that my hand would probably swell up, I lost no time in filing this off. Meanwhile, food had been got ready; and, after partaking of refreshment, I mounted on a litter, borne on men's shoul-



THE MOONLIGHT CHASE.

ders, and set off for Mundlaisir, distant thirty miles, hoping there to obtain good surgical treatment. A horseman was sent off before me, with a note to Colonel Keatinge, the political agent, explaining matters.

The Bheels turned out at various places along the road, and carried me to Mheysur by daylight next morning. Thence, Colonel Keatinge's riding cart took me the remaining four miles into Mundlaisir. I had with me a leathern water-bag, or "chagul," having a tin spout, and with it I kept the wound constantly wet. By this the inflammation was completely kept under. Soon after my arrival, my clothes were cut off, and I was sent to bed by Colonel Keatinge, who attended to my wants with much kindness. Charley Hunt, too, was in need of rest, having ridden beside me all night. That evening, Dr. Watson, of the Bengal Army, arrived after a thirty miles' ride from Mhow, and considerably relieved my mind by intimating his intention of endeavoring to save the hand. He pleasantly remarked that any man could cut off a limb, but that it required a surgeon to save one.

I received much attention from all my friends at Mundlaisir, and in about ten days was so far recovered as to be able to be moved in a palanquin to Mhow, where I remained under the surgical care and hospitable roof of Dr. Watson. I have no joint in that wrist, and can only partially close my hand, but the limb is serviceable in most ways; and, as Watson used to remark, "It is better than a hook." My misadventure occurred about the 16th of April, and I was not able to take the field again before the 20th of June.

A PIECE OF STRATEGY.

On my return march to Sirdarpore I sent my men ahead to mark game on the Vindyah hills, and on reaching my tents, four miles from Tirla, I found that a couple of bears had been marked. The grass had been burnt, and the ground was perfectly bare throughout the jungle.

On the side of a very steep slope thinly studded with tall trees, was a bit of rock scarped to the height of seven feet, and extending some twenty yards along the face of the hill. Under this rock were some holes, into which the bears had gone in the early morning. We went very quietly down till we reached the edge of the scarp, when one of the men pointing over showed me the snout and two fore-paws of a sleeping bear protruding from a hole at the base of the rock. At the mouth of this hole grew a peepul-tree, and the noise made by the rustling of its green leaves in the wind prevented the bear from hearing our footsteps. The body of the beast was inside the hole, and the only effect of a low whistle was to make him move his head to the right and left. At length I cast down

a small pebble, on which he made a grab at it with his fore-paws, and then threw himself back into the hole with his hind legs protruding. At length he disappeared altogether, and though we threw down sticks and stones he would not show.

The aforementioned peepul-tree grew up the face of the rock, and I now directed one of my men to climb out into the tree, and having tied a stone into the end of his turban, to shake it over the mouth of the hole. The ruse succeeded admirably. The bear rushed out, and as he rose on his hind legs and furiously attacked the dangling turban, I shot him through the head, and he fell. We then went down to the mouth of the hole, and lit a fire of dry grass, wood, and green leaves. A dense smoke was carried into the hole, and soon after the she-bear bolted with the cub clinging to her back. I shot the old one, and then running in, captured the cub, which we took home alive.

ANOTHER BEAR STORY.

At another time we went off after a bear which had been marked in the early morning. She was lying in an intricate network of small tortuous nullahs having steep clay banks, and we had some trouble in finding her. At length we caught sight of her, and she was instantly slain. She was accompanied by a cub, and, springing down, we hemmed it into a corner and captured it alive. We took it home to the camp, where it was fastened by a dog-chain to a peg before the tent. About midnight I was awoke by Murray calling out that the bear was loose, and on jumping up I saw it making off to the jungle. Shouting to the servants to loose the dogs, we gave chase. A soft haze hung over the forest, but the moon being bright, we were able to keep the bear in view. My trusty Batchelor shot by me, and in another moment was hanging on the ear of the bear, which shrieked in a fiendish manner. We carried him back to the tents, where he was properly secured. Our night-dresses, consisting of flannel shirts and wide cotton drawers, were much damaged by the thorny bushes.

TIGER-HUNTING WITH ELEPHANTS.

About noon, a horseman came in and announced that two bears had been marked down in a ravine about six miles off, near the village of Ringnode. I sent word to the chiefs, and they soon assembled, with their usual motley array of followers, armed with guns, spears, and swords. They also brought two elephants, but were doubtful whether they would stand a charge. I ordered out my own, which, though by no means perfect, was tolerably steady.



ELEPHANT CHARGED BY A TIGER.



A TROOP OF FIVE TIGERS.

These being sent forward, we followed an hour later on horseback, and on arriving near the jungle, I was met by a horseman whom I had sent out with the markers on the previous day. This man assured me he had marked a tiger in some thick corinda bushes, lying on the bank of the nullah in which I had shot the panther a few days before. I supposed that he must have seen another panther, which his excitement had magnified into the nobler animal, but he persisted that it was a tiger proper, which had retired into the thicket to feast on a wild pig which it had killed in the early morning.

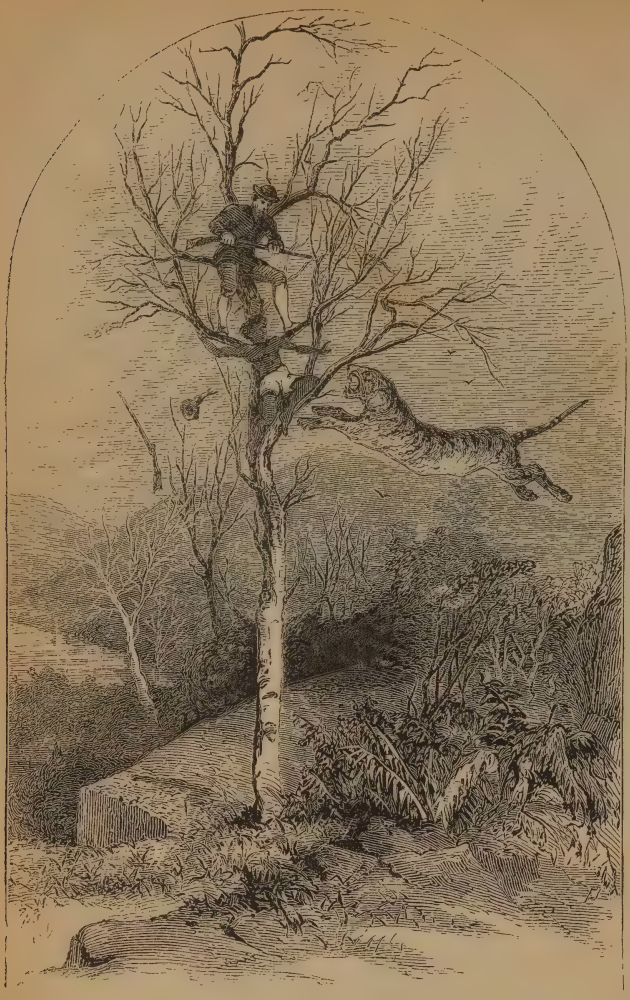
Leaving the main body of my companions, I went forward to examine the place and fix on the plan of action. Through a finely timbered and cultivated country ran a small watercourse, at this season quite dry, but fringed with high dead grass, and having at one spot, on both banks, masses of corinda bushes, twenty yards in depth by two hundred in length. Outside were open fields, from which the opium crop had been recently gathered.

Having no confidence in the shooting of the chiefs, and being at the same time anxious to give them an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, I directed them to advance down the nullah on the elephants, while I went quietly forward on foot, and mounted a tree at the further end of the thicket.

As the elephants came on, the tigress, for such it was, showed herself for an instant, and then retiring under a dense mass of green foliage, lay perfectly quiet. Shots were fired and stones were hurled, but she would not move, and even had the strong thorns not been too much for the elephants, I do not think the chiefs would have cared to go up to the spot where she lay concealed.

At length I determined to alter our tactics, and shouting to the others to clear out of the bushes, I left my tree and mounted another at the other end of the covert. A strong wind was blowing towards me, and I directed my men to fire the grass at the far end of the thicket. In a few minutes the high grass was burning fiercely, but the ground under the green bushes was bare, and the tigress, having chosen her position well, made no sign. The fire soon died away, and as it was now near sunset I feared that we should go home empty-handed. Just then, the horseman who had marked down the tigress came running up to my tree, and implored me to go in with him on my own elephant, leaving all the rest of the party outside. He was greatly excited, and having taken off his long riding boots and drawn his sword, stood ready to guide me to the bush in which the tiger lay concealed.

I called up the elephant and went forward, my guide leading; presently he lay down on the ground, and peering under the bushes assured me that he could see the tiger. I direct-



THE TIGER'S LAST LEAP

ed him to mount a tree, and as soon as I saw he was in safety, I ordered the mahout to drive the elephant forward. This he at once did, and at that instant the tigress charged. The elephant stepped back until it was clear of the bushes. The tigress burst out, I fired down, striking her through the loins, and as she fell over, the elephant turned and fled. It was soon, however, brought up by the mahout, and we again advanced at the thicket into which the tigress had disappeared.

But she was now very savage, and as we approached, she came charging out into the open ground. Again the elephant spun round and went off, and as I looked over her stern, I saw the tigress, in spite of her wound, fast gaining on us. Two more strides, and she would have seized the elephant by the hind leg, but at that moment I grasped the front rail of the howdah in my left hand, and firing my rifle pistol-fashion, I dropped her in the middle of an open field. The flight of the elephant was soon checked, and finding that the tigress did not come on, she permitted herself to be driven up close enough to allow me to put an end to the scrimmage by a final shot.

THE COW-KILLERS KILLED.

We determined not to shift our camp, though, having already killed four beasts close to the same spot, we were not very sanguine about finding more. Buffaloes were, however, again tied up in the evening, and next morning one of our men came in greatly excited, and said that a calf had been killed in the night, and that four fresh tigers were in a patch of cypress in the Nerbudda, close to the junction, where our markers had seen them. We were not long in turning out, and on reaching the place proceeded to examine the ground. The tigers were in a covert some 200 yards in length and 150 broad, thick in parts, but broken into ridges by the action of heavy floods, and between these ridges were open spaces of sand and shingle. On the bank at the angle of the junction was a point from which a good bird's-eye view could be obtained of the bed of the river, and round the corner, in the Maun, was the cypress covert, in and about which we had hunted on the four previous days.

We arranged that I should stand at the angle, while Ward beat up the tigers with the elephant. As he approached the covert the scene became very interesting, and the tigers moved rapidly from one ridge to the other. I had a perfect view of the whole proceeding, and as the beasts showed, we fired with various effects. Several, I knew, were hard hit, but so many were running about the covert that it was impossible to say which were wounded.

Presently, with her tail standing out behind her like a kitchen-poker, the old tigress charged past my post, growling savagely. I had a good shot in the open, but missed her very disgracefully, and she went at full speed round the corner into the Maun river. Meanwhile Ward was not idle, and as I watched

his movements I observed a tiger enter a ridge of cypress on the far side of the covert, and close to the stream of the Nerbudda.

Soon after Ward moved up towards me and said they were all dead with the exception of the tigress which I had let go. I asked "how many were dead?" He replied, "Three." "Then," said I, "there is still a fourth in the covert." Ward was incredulous, so I came down, and mounting the elephant beside him, directed the mahout to move towards the ridge near the water. We beat it down very carefully with no result, but I knew the beast was not far off.

The side of the bank next the river sloped sharply down some eight or ten feet to the water, and was heavily fringed with a thick green shrub. I directed the mahout to take the elephant round and enter the water. This he did, and as we moved along in front of the bank, in water about five feet deep, we spied the tiger lying almost hidden by the bushes. Being anxious to save the skin, only one shot was fired, with the best aim allowed by the imperfect view. On receiving the shot, the tiger roared and sprang clean out from the bank towards us, and was shot in the water swimming at the elephant's head. He was a young tiger, but a most determined beast. When we towed him ashore he was found to be riddled with bullets. We thus had four lying together on the sand. They were all young tigers and tigresses, but as large as the mother, and only to be distinguished at a distance by their imperfect stripes. After a slight refreshment, we followed the old lady into the Maun River, and soon came on her in the cypress. She died game, but the shooting was too good for her this time, and she had no chance.

On the death of the four, we had sent off to the camp for two light carts. These had arrived by this time. Two tigers were placed in each, and with the fifth bound on the elephant, the procession moved on the tents. We had within the week killed ten large tigers, the result of five days' work. Of these, nine were killed within a circle half a mile in diameter. The villagers turned out in considerable numbers, and rejoiced in their own apathetic way. Had we not come, many of their cows would no doubt have suffered. They seemed to think it strange that so many beasts should have been disposed of without loss of human life, or accident of any sort.

DEATH OF A GUN-BEARER.

Near Tanda my usual good fortune took a turn, and I lost one of my gun-bearers by a sad accident.

About 10 A.M. Dhokul came in, having left some of his men on sentry over a very large tiger, which he had come upon suddenly that morning. I was not long in turning out, and, on arriving near the spot, we arranged the plan of attack. I was accompanied by Lieutenant MacTier, who had joined me that morning from Sirdarpore.

The only tree which we could find in any way suited as a position was one standing near the head of a slope some fifty yards in length. This tree had, at about eight feet from the ground, strong shoots growing from the stem. On these I took my stand, accompanied by my gun-bearer, named Foorsut. At the foot of the slope a dry nullah crossed from left to right, and beyond it was a level jungle thinly covered with trees and bushes. The tiger was to be driven from our left down the nullah. Having seen me to my place, Dhokul went off to bring on the beat, and soon after the tiger came trotting down on the far side of the nullah. Unfortunately, my shot struck him too far back, and, turning sharp to the left, he went off at a great pace, while I fired my remaining three shots at random in the hope of doing further damage. Seeing the tiger go off, I did not at once reload, intending to do so when I descended to follow him up on the elephant. Suddenly a man on a tree cried out that the tiger was coming back, and, on looking up, I saw him coming towards us at a sharp trot. On reaching the nullah, he crossed it, and slowly ascending the hill, stood immediately below our tree. With a breech-loading rifle I might have shot him ten times over, and possibly, as he was coming on, I might have reloaded that which I had, but I knew that any movement on our part would probably make him charge, and we were too near the ground to make such a contingency desirable.

All might have yet gone well had the man kept quiet. In an evil moment he spoke, saying that the tiger was below us. The beast looked up, caught sight of us, and at once sprang up the tree. Getting a momentary hold for his claws on the trunk, he seized Foorsut by the waistband with his teeth and dragged him down, and as he fell, bit him three times through the back of the thigh, inflicting twelve deep wounds. I shouted loudly, and hurled my hunting-cap at the tiger, on which he slunk off and went down the hill. Presently the men came up, and we made a litter of boughs and sent the wounded

man off to the camp, where he was attended to by the native apothecary, who always accompanied my office. I mounted the elephant along with Mr. MacTier, and we presently came on the tiger, at which I fired, and on going up found him dead. I believe he had died from the first shot. He was a full-grown male, very large and heavy.

The wounded man progressed favorably, and the bone of the leg seemed uninjured. He was doing well on the following day; but on the morning of the second we observed a slight twitching of the points of the fingers. Towards 3 P.M. he fell off suddenly, and by 4 he was dead.

THE OAK TREE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

NEAR that spot where irregular walls of red sandstone pile themselves together to form Cape Ann, there stood, not many years ago, a venerable oak tree. Its years had been many, and it had seen much that was sad and strange, and some things that were more strange and joyful. One might imagine that every branch could murmur a history—every leaf rustle a tale. But the oak tree, if it had a mystery to reveal, never while it lived revealed it; or, perhaps, of the many who had reclined in its shade, not one had possessed the power to extract a significance from its multitudinous and ceaseless prattle. Certain it is that no one, even of those who had known it longest and most intimately, ever dreamed there was a meaning in its low-toned talk.

The ocean alone was the oak tree's confidant; they kept up a never-ending conversation together. The tree opened its heart unreservedly to its immeasurably ancient friend, who, in return, sent it soft messages on the June breezes, or bellowed forth thunderous warnings on the September gales. No wonder that, under the guidance of an instructor so profoundly wise, of experience so illimitably vast, yet possessing, in all its vigor, the freshness and power of an immortal youth, the oak tree should become inspired, during the two or three centuries of its existence, with countless noble thoughts and lofty aspirations, and long to do something to prove itself a worthy pupil of its mighty master. But many years had passed, and still the opportunity delayed. In summer the tree spread a cool shade across the green-sward, and in winter gave broken branches to kindle poor people's fires; more it could not do, and yet with this it was not satisfied. It yearned for a task commensurate with the height of its love and knowledge; gladly would it have given up its life in the accomplishment of an object worthy of its sacrifice; but alas! it was but a tree, and doomed to stand forever where it grew. Why had it not been made a man, speaking in a language men could comprehend,—able to walk amongst them, and pour forth the truth and wisdom with which its soul was overburdened? In the lonely nights the oak tree tossed its great arms tumultuously abroad, and called to the sea for comfort and counsel; and the sea beat out a resounding answer on the shore, bidding it wait, and trust to the future to bring the opportunity at last.

One night, in the heart of winter, the oak stood looking out across the gloomy ocean, its bare brown arms laden with newly-fallen snow. The prospect was a bleak and dismal one, relieved only by the warm glow of a candle in the window of the neighboring cottage. By the candle sat the young wife of Skipper Donne, who owned the fastest schooner on the coast; and near at hand, in a cradle, a young child lay sleeping. The mother, ever and anon, would turn her face to the window, and a shade of anxiety would flit across her sweet and thoughtful features; but when she looked upon the sleeping child the shade would soften and lighten, and merge at last into a mother's smile. As the hours passed on, however, and still her husband did not return, her eyes were turned more often to the window than to the child. The oak tree wished from the bottom of its heart that it could have soothed and comforted her; standing, as it did, on the plot of ground belonging to the cottage, it felt a special interest and affection for its inhabitants. It rustled its crisp brown leaves, and sighed sympathizingly; but the wife of Skipper Donne never so much as looked at it, unless it were to shudder at its cold branches outlined against the wintry sky. The oak tree was in despair, and had not the heart to seek consolation even from the immemorial friend who sobbed and murmured among the rocks and weeds on the shore. It had never felt quite so miserable.

All at once there sounded on the breeze

the noise of rustling sails, the splash of waves against the ship's side, and the hoarse but low-spoken orders of the skipper to his men. The schooner brought up against the wind, and cast her anchor. Dark figures moved to and fro on her deck; then the boat was launched, some heavy, solid object was lowered into it, the men followed, and the skipper took his place at the helm. They rowed ashore with muffled oars, and drew the boat up silently on a sandy spot between two rocks. Then the heavy, solid object was lifted out, and borne with difficulty up the bank, and set down at the oak tree's foot. It was a square, massive chest, heavily clamped with brass, and studded with nails. Evidently it contained something of vast value; it is in such receptacles as this that tradition places the ill-gotten gains of Captain Kidd, and surely there was room, within its sturdy framework, for a whole fortune of silver and gold. Perhaps, too, this chest was made heavier still by the stain of innocent blood; but, if so, it is a secret which the oak, in life or death, has never once revealed, and therefore let us be thankful.

"Let's anchor her here for the present, my lads," said the skipper to his men. "There's no chance to divide our fortune till these hawks of custom-house officers be off our wake. Let but this night pass, and they find us in the morning safe in port and no tell-tale ballast in the hold, and we may enjoy a merry Christmas even yet. Come! now, to work!"

Thus urged, the men grasped the heavy picks and spades they had brought with them, and in half an hour had made a deep excavation directly under the oak tree's roots; and here the mysterious chest found its resting-place. Then the earth was shovelled back and stamped down; fresh snow was brought and scattered over it, and soon not a sign of the recent disturbance remained. The laborers paused, and their captain spoke again.

"And now, my lads," said he, "we part for this night. But first let us join hands, and swear never, in life or death, to reveal what lies beneath yon oak tree. It belongs to us; we have labored and fought for it; let no outsider, then, deprive us of it. To-morrow, if the coast be clear, we'll heave it up again; but if we must wait longer, let it be in silence; and if any of us should chance, meanwhile, to part his cable, then let the rest divide. Come, your hands!"

The men joined hands accordingly, and swore; and even as the oath was spoken, the topmost branches of the oak tree caught the distant sound of horses' hoofs advancing on the frozen road to the southward. It strove to whisper the news to the skipper, as he leaned against its trunk, but it could not. The sound came nearer. Now the men had departed, and gone down the slope to the boat. The skipper remained awhile musing, with folded arms. At last, in a kind of fanciful humor, he addressed the oak tree:—

"I have confided all I have to thee, my sturdy friend; see to it thou guardest it well. Let no golden kernels be found in thy acorns—no silvery moss upon thy branches. Let no sign appear written on thy leaves of the weighty secret at thy root. And when the time comes for thee to present thy gift, whether it be to-morrow or a hundred years hence, let none but friendly eyes see, or friendly hands accept it. Farewell, till our next meeting."

So speaking the skipper turned away, and directed his steps toward the cottage window, where the light still burned, and seemed to reflect a soft and genial radiance over his weather-beaten face. The oak tree was thrilled as it had never been before. For never yet, in all the long years of its existence, had any human being thought of speaking to it. Mankind, whom it loved so much, had seemed separated from it forever by a gulf that every day grew wider and more deep. But now all was changed. In a moment its loneliness was gone—its solitude was a thing of the past. It had become the guardian of a human secret, the sharer of a human interest, the confidant of a human being. It quivered to its topmost twig with happiness, and the sea rolled an enormous breaker to the shore, and dashed it into snowy foam, for sympathy. Scarcely had the sound died away among the rocks when the sharp crack of a pistol-shot rang out on the beach, succeeded by hoarse cries, and the noise of a furious struggle. The skipper paused, hesitated a moment with his eyes fixed on the cottage window, and then, with set teeth, plunged down the bank and into the midst of the conflict. In his hand he held a pistol. A tall, military figure stepped out to confront him, and demanded his surrender. For answer, the skipper raised his weapon and fired: the tall military figure reeled and feel headlong into the snow; but the skipper also staggered back, catching at the air with his hands, and so sank down upon the shore. The custom-house officers gathered up their prisoners and their dead leader, and rode away, leaving Donne lying where he fell. As the oak tree stood horror-stricken,

the door of the cottage opened, and a woman with a white, terrified face came swiftly across the snow, and knelt down by the body. She strained the rough form fiercely in her arms, and tried to breathe her life through his lips. There were no tears in her eyes: they were unnaturally bright. After a while a faint, quivering smile flickered over her drawn features. She broke forth in tremulous laughter.

"Wake up! Will, dear Will, wake up! baby's waiting to kiss thee; wake up, my darling."

Though her voice was weak and crazed, yet, wakening the endless echoes of immortal love, it made itself heard even across the mighty chasm of death. For a moment, life fluttered back to the man's heart. He felt her with him, and was, perhaps, dimly conscious that he was leaving her destitute in a lonely world. He partly raised his arm, and pointed upwards to where the oak tree was growing on the summit of the slope.

"There!" he whispered, "there is treasure—seek for it!"

The woman, stooping down, caught his words, and they remained forever written in her brain. But what their meaning was she comprehended not, and when she was found the next morning sitting by the dead man, stroking his cold face with a hand scarcely less cold, all she could do was to look vacantly at the group of pitying faces, and say, pointing upwards:—

"There is treasure—seek for it!"

They led her back to the cottage, where the child was crying in the cradle from cold and hunger. At the sight of it, her wandering gaze softened and concentrated; she took it to her bosom and became quiet and silent. But if any one questioned her, or sought to attract or divert her attention, she only fixed her weird eyes upon them, and said gently, pointing upwards:

"There is treasure—seek for it!"

So passed that Christmas day, a hundred years and more ago. During all that time the heavy secret lay hidden and unsuspected at the oak tree's root.

The widow Donne lived for many years, and her son grew up to be a stalwart fisherman, known throughout the country side for his strength and courage, and for the tender care he took of his widowed mother. She had become a gentle, quiet woman, with strange, unfathomable eyes, that fascinated and overawed those she looked upon: and the country people scarcely knowing what to make of her, decided among themselves that she must be a sort of sibyl or prophetess, and her insane wanderings were quoted and discussed as though they contained a germ of wisdom all the more invaluable because no one could comprehend it. Most often on her lips was that mysterious saying about the treasure: it was generally considered to be a religious exhortation, meaning that the treasures of heaven were to be sought for; and it is said that more than one stubborn spirit, whose heart refused to be touched by the good words of the parish minister, was quelled and softened with the crazy utterances of this old fisherman's widow.

But the war of the Revolution devastated the land, and times grew harder and harder. The oak tree, standing immovably in its place, saw poverty tighten its grasp, day by day, and year by year, on the inhabitants of the little cottage. The brass-clamped chest seemed to burn at its root, but it was powerless to speak, or give forth the wealth which had been entrusted to its keeping. Often it questioned the ocean, but the answers it received were hard to understand, and gave the oak tree but scanty comfort. It seemed that it must wait and hope, and that in time, perhaps, the solution of the problem would be attained. Sometimes, in the urgency of its desire, the tree half regretted that it had ever become mixed up with human interests and sorrows: almost preferable seemed its former lonely but more undisturbed and quiet existence. But the link which bound it to mankind could not be broken with a wish; the oak was held to its destiny, and in it found its only happiness, sad though it were.

One Christmas eve, when the widow Donne had grown very old and infirm, she rose up from her place before the fire, and seemed to be making preparations to go out. Her son, accustomed always to humor her fancies, wrapped a warm cloak around her shoulders, and followed her forth into the night. She walked along the shore to a spot just below where the oak tree grew, and there stopped and threw herself upon her knees. A little mound of snow, blown together by the wind, chanced to lie close beside her as she knelt. She stooped down and pressed her lips to it, and stroked it with her aged hands, murmuring unintelligible words. Suddenly she raised her head and pointed upwards, to where the oak stood, bare and brown against the sky.

"There!" she cried, "there is treasure—seek for it!"

Her son lifted her up, and carried her back to the cottage, musing over her strange behavior. "She seemed to point to the old oak tree!" he said to himself, and ever afterwards

the saying about the treasure was associated with the oak tree in his mind. That night the widow Donne died; but that night, also, a child was born to her son. And so another Christmas passed away.

The war had long been over, now, and the land began to be prosperous once more. The little cottage began to look more comfortable: an addition had been built to it, and the little plot of ground adjoining had been enclosed with a picket-fence. Near the further end of this enclosure stood the venerable oak tree: it was looked upon with respect and reverence, as being in some way connected with the destiny of the family. The saying of the old crazy woman about the treasure had been handed down from the last generation, and was now thought to refer to the oak, though how no one could tell. A circular bench had been constructed around its trunk, on which the old widow's son, himself an old man now, used to sit and chat with his children in the summer afternoons. Often was the story of the winter's night fifty years before repeated, when grief and horror had driven the wife of the skipper mad; and many a time was the meaning of the strange sentence so often on her lips discussed. The old oak listened, and longed to drop a word into the conversation which should render all the mystery clear; but it could only sigh and murmur and rustle unintelligibly with its leaves; and sometimes, had it not been for the reassuring thunder of the surf upon the rocks, it would have quite lost heart and hope. But its immemorial friend was just as fresh and vigorous and confident as when the oak first peeped forth out of the acorn, and kept up the tree's spirits in its own despite. They would have risen high enough could that dead weight of gold and silver at its roots have been lifted from its position.

Still time went on, and full eighty years had passed since the night of the skipper's tragic death. His son had followed him, and now a third generation, newly introduced into the world, climbed on the knees of parents who were already approaching middle age. One, a fair-haired girl, with wide blue eyes, was called Mildred, after her great-grandmother, whom she was believed closely to resemble. She was a singular child: shy and reserved in manner, and fond of wandering off by herself among the rocks and trees, listening to the roar of the surf and the sighing of the wind. Her favorite position was at the foot of the old oak tree; she would sit with her fair head leaning against its rugged bole, running over in her mind the strange stories of by-gone years, and striving, in her childish way, to fathom the mystery which seemed to underlie them. The ancient tree seemed to cast a peculiarly grateful shade about this child, and perhaps succeeded better than ever heretofore in establishing some sort of communication. Mildred loved it with all her heart, and told it all her secrets; and the tree received them in the most sacred confidence, never repeating them even to the ocean. The latter, however, appreciated the delicacy of the oak's feelings, and never took the least offense. So the three became and remained fast friends long after the girl had ceased to be a child.

Meanwhile the affairs at the cottage had shared in the general prosperity. Mildred's parents had striven to give their children a better education than they themselves had had: their sons were sent to college, and Mildred's naturally refined and thoughtful nature received such improvement as study and accomplishments could give it. But, when all had been done, and the sons had gone forth into the world, all the money which had been saved was spent, and soon after came the war of '61, and times were hard again, and prospects gloomy. The tree wondered whether the hour to deliver up its secret had not yet come.

One day in August, a young man, elegantly dressed, with a valise in his hand, came to the cottage door and asked if he might have lodging there. All the hotels were filled, and this was his last chance. The Donnes were pleased with the young man's frank address and engaging manner, and finally consented to receive him; and he soon became a favorite with them all. He was rich and well connected, and told them many tales of the outside world which they had never known; but when he talked, his eyes most often sought sympathy from Mildred's; and it was she who listened to him with the most rapt attention; and not many weeks had passed before they knew they loved each other.

Sitting together one evening beneath the oak tree, Mildred told her lover the weird story, which, from her frequent musings over it, had become to her as real as if she herself had been an actor in it. He listened to it in silence, and then remained for some time plunged in thought.

"What was the name of the custom-house captain?" asked he at last.

"I never heard," answered Mildred.

"Because," continued her companion, "you story reminds me somewhat of a tra-

dition in our own family, which resided somewhere here about a hundred years ago. My great-grandfather is said to have ridden at the head of a party of custom-house officers to arrest a desperate pirate who was believed to have gotten possession of a vast amount of treasure. They encountered the whole crew just as they were on the point of embarking, and on their refusing to surrender, at once attacked them. My great-grandfather was killed by the pirate captain, though not before he had himself sent a bullet through his murderer's heart. But no treasure ever was discovered."

"How strange!" murmured Mildred, with wide open eyes; and then her mother's voice called in the young people from the cool night air.

They were to be married that winter, and Holinshed was to build a handsome villa on the site of the old cottage. The library window was to come right under the shadow of the ancient oak tree, and they were all to live together happily for evermore. Early in October, Hollinshed left them, to arrange his affairs and make his preparations. In a month he was to be with them again. He and Mildred parted beneath the time-honored oak, and what passed between them is known to it alone; it was too discreet ever to babble of it, albeit to the garrulousness of old age much might have been allowed. After he had gone, the tree and Mildred were inseparable. The tree dropped gorgeous leaves, tinged with crimson, gold, and green, into Mildred's lap, and she made them into garlands which she wore for its sake, and placed clusters of them about her chamber, so that the earliest light of morning might reveal them to her. The oak now felt a peace and happiness it had never known before. Even the burden of its ancient secret was well-nigh forgotten. What need was there to furnish gold to those who already possessed a superfluity? So, with an involuntary sigh that, after all its hundred years of waiting, it should be permitted nothing more than to witness a joy to which it could not contribute, the venerable tree settled down to the prospect of an uneventful and green old age.

The weeks passed on, and November came: but no Holinshed. The weeks dragged on, and December came: but not Holinshed. Snow lay upon the ground now, and the wintry gusts stripped great brown leaves from the oak tree's knotted arms; these Mildred gathered up and put in her bosom, saying to herself that her heart was not less sere than they. At last the morning of Christmas eve arrived. It was just a hundred years since that heavy box had been intrusted to the oak tree's care. Small chance of its ever seeing the light of day again.

Towards evening Mildred threw her cloak about her shoulders, and slipped unperceived out of the house. The air was still, and warmer than usual; a strange, indefinable moaning came hovering in from the sea; it was evident that a great storm was about to burst upon Cape Ann. Mildred reached the oak tree, and sank down upon the circular bench which still encompassed it, and gazed out upon the desolate Atlantic. The branches of the old tree tried to murmur a word of sympathy, but only gave forth a discordant croak. Mildred's life seemed slipping away from her; she felt as if she could never rise from that bench again.

But in a moment more her ear caught the sound of a hurrying step on the road, and that was all she was conscious of until she found herself in her lover's arms. He had come back to her, and he was safe. At last he said, in a voice whose tremor he could not command:—

"But I've come to tell you that I am not what I was, my darling. We can build no beautiful villa on the site of the old cottage. If you take me now, Mildred, you take a beggar. I have no money—no home. The war has taken the one, and destroyed the other. Yet I will make a fortune with my hands, if I may work for *you* also."

Mildred answered, with her head on his shoulder:—

"You have my love, and you live in my heart; and yet you call yourself a beggar, and homeless." But Holinshed never ventured to do it again.

They went on into the house, and left the tree to itself. A thrill ran through it from topmost branch to root. It lifted its head and waved its arms triumphantly. The dried-up sap seemed to course through its cells once more. It sent forth a low call to the ocean, and the ocean answered with a long-drawn, thunderous moan, through which yet quivered a chord of sublime joy, as if mourning and yet rejoicing that now, after the weary waiting and disappointed hopes of a century, the moment when the end of all must take place had arrived; for no great purpose can be attained without sacrifice, and the oak now felt that the accomplishment of its life-long desire would only be effected at that life's cost. Yet it did not shrink, but gloried in the conviction.

Now the wind began to rise, and black

clouds gathered together to witness the final scene. The sea bellowed like an imprisoned lion, and leaped madly forward up the steep bank, as if striving to clasp its ancient friend in a last embrace. The tree swayed and strained, and was bent hither and thither in the mad throes of its grand agony. Now it seemed to turn towards the house, where those for whom it was about to die were sleeping unconscious of its sacrifice ;—now towards the tumultuous ocean, which for so many centuries had been its constant companion and unwavering friend. Then the wind yelled yet more fiercely, the clouds gathered closer and more darkly still, the sea sent a gigantic breaker booming and foaming to the coast, freighted with a last mighty farewell, and the faithful oak tree, with a final convulsive throb and wild, appalling shriek of victory, was wrenched away from its sturdy foothold in its mother-earth, and flung, crushed and headlong, down the rocky slope.

. . . . . .

"Oh! where is the dear old oak tree?" cried Mildred.

"See! it has been torn up by the roots and fallen head foremost down the bank," exclaimed Holinshed. "But what is that sticking up there in the roots? Is it a rock, or—a box!"

They approached closer. The tree had fallen on its branches, and its knotted and twisted roots spread upward thirty feet into the air. And there, in the midst of them, bound round and firmly clutched, even in death, by those faithful hands, appeared the massive, brass-bound chest, which it had guarded so well, and now delivered up again so nobly. As Mildred and Holinshed gazed up at it in wonder-stricken silence, it was loosened from its position, and fell crashing down upon a jut of rock. The decayed wood was shattered by the blow, and a flood of gold, silver, and precious stones was scattered in countless profusion at their feet—the oak tree's Christmas Gift; only, at the moment, no one thought of that. But the next morning, when the first excitement was over, they sought for the old tree, and sought for it in vain. Its immemorial friend had come up silently in the night, and borne the lifeless remains away upon its soft and mighty bosom.

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

A NEW WONDER STORY BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE was a little fish—a salt-water fish—of good family: I don't recall the name—you will have to get that from the learned people. This little fish had eighteen hundred brothers and sisters all just as old as he; they did not know their father and mother, and were obliged to look out for themselves at the very beginning, and swim round, but that was great sport. They had water enough to drink, the entire ocean; they thought nothing about their food, it came when they wanted it. Each did as it pleased, each was to make out its own story—ay, rather none of them thought at all about that. The sun shone down on the water that was light about them, so clear was it. It was a world with the strangest creatures, and some very horrid and big, with great gaping mouths that could gulp down all the eighteen hundred brothers and sisters, but neither did they think of that, for none of them as yet had been swallowed. The small ones swam side by side close together, as herrings and mackerel swim. But as they were swimming their prettiest in the water and thinking of nothing, there sank with prodigious noise, from above, right down through them, a long heavy thing that looked as if it never would come to an end; it stretched out farther and farther, and every one of the little fishes that scampered off was either crushed or got a crack that it could not stand. All the little fishes, and the great ones with them, from the level of the sea to the bottom, were thrown into a panic. The great horrid thing sank deeper and deeper, and grew longer and longer, miles and miles long. The fishes and snails, everything that swims, or creeps, or is driven by the current, saw this fearful thing, this enormous incomprehensible sea-eel which had come down upon them in this fashion.

What was the thing, anyway? ah, we know; it was the great interminable telegraph cable that people were laying between Europe and America.

There was a confusion and commotion amongst all the rightful occupants of the sea where the cable was laid. The flying fishes shot up above the surface as high as they could fling themselves; the blow-fish took a leap an entire gunshot in length over the water, for it can do that; the other fish made

for the bottom of the sea, and went down with such haste that they reached it long before the telegraph was seen or known about down there; they poured in on the cod and flounders that lived peaceably at the bottom of the sea and ate their neighbors. One or two of the sea-anemones were so agitated that they threw up their stomachs, but they lived after it just the same, for they can do that. A good many lobsters and crabs got out of their excellent shells, and were obliged to wait for their bones to grow back again.

In all this fright and confusion, the eighteen hundred brethren and sisters became separated, and never again met, or ever knew each other after that; only some ten of them remained still in the same place, and so in a few hours they got over the first fright and began to be curious about the affair. They looked about them, they looked up and they looked down, and down in the depths they fancied they saw the fearful thing that had scared them—yes, had scared all, great and small, lying on the bottom of the sea, as far as their eyes could reach; it was quite thin, but they did not know how thick it might be able to make itself, or how strong it was; it lay very quiet, but then that might be a part of its cunning, they thought.

"Let it lie; it does not come near us!" said the most cautious of the little fishes; but the smallest one of all would not give up trying to find out what the thing could be. It had come down from above, so it was up above that one could best find out about it. So they swam up to the surface. It was perfectly still. They met a dolphin there. The dolphin is a sprightly fellow that can turn somersaults on the water, and it has eyes to see with, so it must have seen this and known all about it. They asked him, but he had only been thinking about himself and his somersaults, he'd seen nothing, had no answer for them, and only looked high and mighty.

Then they turned to the seal, which was just plunging in; it was more civil, for all that it eats small fish; but to-day it had had enough. It knew little more than the dolphin.

"Many a night have I lain upon a wet stone and looked far into the country, miles away from here; there are crafty creatures called in their speech *men-folk*. They plot against us, but usually we slip away from them; that I know well, and the sea-eel too, that you are asking about, he knows it. He has been under their sway, up there on the earth, time out of mind, and it was from there that they were carrying him off on a ship to a distant land. I saw what a trouble they had, but they could manage him, because he had become weak on the earth. They laid him in coils and circles. I heard how he *ringled* and *rangled* when they laid him down and when he slipped away from them out here. They held on to him with all their might—ever so many hands had hold of him, but he kept slipping away from them down to the bottom; there he is lying now—till further notice, I rather think."

"He is quite thin," said the small fishes.

"They have starved him," said the seal, "but he will soon come to himself, and get his old size and corpulence again. I suppose he is the great sea-serpent that men are so afraid of and talk so much about. I never saw him before, and never believed in a sea-serpent; now I do. I believe he is the sea-serpent," and with that down went the seal.

"How much he knew! how he talked!" said the small fishes; "I never was so wise before; if it only isn't all an untruth."

"We can, anyway, swim down and see for ourselves," said the littlest fish; "on the way we can hear what the others think about it."

"I wouldn't make a stroke with my fins to get at something to know," said the others, and turned away.

"But I would!" said the littlest fellow, and put off down into deep water; but it was a good distance from the place where "the long thing that sank" lay. The little fish looked and hunted on all sides down in the deep water. Never before had it imagined the world to be so big. The herrings went in great shoals, shining like a mighty ribbon of silver; the mackerel followed after, and looked even finer. There were fishes there of all fashions and marked with every possible color: jelly-fish, like half-transparent flowers, borne along by the currents. Great plants grew up from the floor of the ocean; grass, fathoms long, and palm-like trees, every leaf tenanted by shining shell-fish.

At last the little fish spied a long dark streak away down, and made his way toward it, but it was neither fish nor cable; it was the gunwale of a sunken vessel, which above and below the deck was broken in two by the force of the sea. The little fish swam into the cabin, where the people who perished when the vessel sank were all washed away, except two: a young woman lay there stretched out, with her little child in her arms. They seemed to be sleeping. The little fish was quite frightened, for it did not know that they never again could waken. Sea-weed hung like a net-work of foliage over the gun-

wale above the two beautiful bodies of mother and babe. It was so quiet, so solitary: the little fish scampered away as fast as it could, out where the water was bright and clear, and there were fishes to see. It had not gone far before it met a whale, fearfully big.

"Don't swallow me!" cried the little fish; "I am not even to be tasted, I am so small. and it is a great comfort to me to live."

"What are you doing away down here, where your kind never come?" asked the whale.

So then the little fish told about the astonishingly long eel, or whatever the thing was, that had sunk down from above and produced such a panic amongst all the other creatures in the sea.

"Ho, ho!" said the whale, and he drew in such a rush of water that he was ready to make a prodigious spout when he came to the surface for a breath. "Ho, ho! so that was the thing that tickled me on the back when I was turning round. I thought it was a ship's mast, that I could break up into clothes-pins. But it was not here that it was; no, a good deal farther out lies the thing. I'll go with you and look for it, for I have nothing else to do;" and so it swam off, and the little fish behind it, not too near, because there was a tearing stream, as it were, in the wake of the whale.

They met a shark and an old saw-fish; they, too, had heard of the famous sea-eel, so long and so thin; they had not seen it, but now they would.

"I'll go with you," said the shark, who was on the same road; "if the great sea-serpent is no thicker than a cable, then I can bite through it in one bite," and he opened his mouth and showed his six rows of teeth—"I can bite dents in a ship's anchor, and certainly can bite off the shank."

"There it is!" said the great whale; "I see him." He thought he saw better than the others. "See how it rises, how it bends and bows and curves!"

But it was not the sea-serpent, but an extraordinarily great eel, ever so many ells long, that drew near.

"Why, I have seen him before!" said the saw-fish. "He never has made a hullabaloo in the sea or frightened any big fish out of his wits." And so they talked to him of the new eel, and asked him if he would go with them on their voyage of discovery.

"If that eel is longer than I am," said the sea-eel, "there will be something disagreeable happening."

"Ay, that there will," said the others; 'there are enough of us not to tolerate him!"

and so they shot ahead. But then there came right in their way a great monster, bigger than all of them put together; it looked like a floating island, that could not stop itself. It was a venerable whale. Its head was grown over with sea-weed, its back covered with barnacles, and such innumerable oysters and mussels, that its black skin was altogether whitened.

"Come with us, old fellow!" said they. "Here is a new fish come, and we won't stand it."

"I would rather lie where I am lying," said the whale. "Leave me alone; leave me alone. O ah, O ah! I suffer from a dreadful disease! My only relief is to get up toward the surface and get my back up higher; then the great sea-fowl can come and pick at me. That feels so good! only when they do not drive their beaks in too far; sometimes they go in too deep, quite into my blubber. You can see now how a complete skeleton of a fowl is fixed in my back; she struck her claws in too deep, and could not get them out when I went down to the bottom. And now the little fishes have picked at her. See how she looks, and how I look. I am all diseased!"

"That is all imagination!" said the shark. "I am never sick. No fish is ever sick."

"Pardon me," said the whale. "The eel suffers from headache, the carp has the small-pox, and we all have intestinal worms."

"Nonsense!" said the shark, and refused to hear any further, and the others also would rather not; they had something else to attend to.

At last they came to the place where the telegraph cable lay. It has a pretty long bed on the floor of the sea from Europe to America, over sand-banks and sea-mud, rocky ground and weedy places, entire forests of coral. The currents down there, too, change, whirlpools eddy, and fishes swarm in greater masses than the countless flocks of birds that men see when birds of passage take their flight. There is a stir, a splashing there, a humming and rushing; the rushing still haunts a little the great empty conch-shells when we hold them to our ears.

"There lies the fellow!" cried all the great fishes and the little one with them. They saw the cable, the beginning and end of which vanished beyond the reach of their eyes. Sponges and polyps swayed from the ground, rose and fell over it, so that now it was hidden, now came to view. Sea-porcupines, snails, and worms moved over it. Gigantic crabs, that had a complete fringe of creeping things, stalked about it. Dark sea-anemones,

or whatever the creature is called that eats with its entire body, lay beside it and smelled of the new creature that had stretched itself on the bottom of the sea. Flounders and codfish turned over in the water so as to get an idea about it from all sides. The star-fish, that always bores down into the mud and can keep its eyes outside, lay and stared to see what was to come of all this bustle.

The telegraph cable lay without stirring, but life and thought were in it. Human thought went through it. "The thing is crafty," said the whale; "it is able to strike me in the stomach, and that is my weak point."

"Let us grope along," said the polyps. "I have long arms and limber fingers; I have been moving by the side of it; now I'll go a little faster," and so it stretched its most flexible, longest arms down to the cable and round about it. "It has no scales!" said the polyps; "it has no skin at all. I do believe it never feeds its own young."

The sea-eel laid itself by the side of the telegraph cable and stretched out as far as it could. "The thing is longer than I am," it said; "but it is not length that does anything; one must have skin, stomach, and flexibility."

The whale dove down deeper than it ever had been. "Art thou fish or art thou plant?" it asked, "or art thou only some piece of work made up above that cannot thrive down here amongst us?"

The telegraph cable did not answer; it has no power for that. Yet thoughts go through it, men's thoughts, that rush in one second miles upon miles from land to land.

"Will you answer, or will you take a crack?" asked the fierce shark, and all the other great fishes asked the same thing.

The cable did not stir, but it had its private thought, and such a one it had a right to have when it was full of thoughts. "Let them only give me a crack! then I shall be hauled up and be myself again; that has happened to others of my race in shallower waters." So it gave no answer; it had something else to attend to; it telegraphed and lay in its lawful place at the bottom of the ocean.

Up above, the sun now went down, as men say. It became like flaming fire, and all the clouds glowed with fiery color, each more splendid than the other. "Now we shall get the red light," said the polyps, "and can see the thing better, if need be."

"At it! at it!" shouted the shark. "At it! at it!" said the sword-fish and the whale and the eel. They rushed forward, the shark foremost. But just as it was about to grip the wire, the sword-fish, out of pure politeness, ran his saw right into the back of the shark. It was a great mistake, and the shark lost all his strength for biting. There was a hubbub down in the mud. Great fishes and small, sea-anemones and snails rushed at one another, ate each other, mashed and squeezed in. The cable lay quietly and attended to its affairs, and that one ought to do.

The dark night brooded over them, but the ocean's millions upon millions of living creatures lighted it; craw-fish, not so big as a pin-head, gave out light. Some were so small that it took a thousand to make one pin-head, and yet they gave light. It certainly is wonderful, but that's the way it is.

These sea creatures looked at the telegraph wire. "What is that thing?" they asked, "and what isn't it?" Ay, that was the question.

Then there came an old sea-cow. Folks on the earth call its kind a mermaid, or else a merman. This was a *she*, had a tail and two short arms to splash with, hanging breasts, and sea-weed and sponges on her head, and that was what she was proud of.

"Will you have the society of intelligent people?" said she. "I'm the only one down here that can give it. But I ask in return for it perfectly secure pasturage on the bottom of the sea for me and mine. I am a fish, as you see, and I am also an amphibious animal—with practice. I am the wisest cow in the sea. I know about everything that goes on down here, and all that goes on above. That thing you are pondering over is from above, and whatever plumps down from up there is either dead or comes to be dead and powerless; let it lie there for what it is; it's only some invention of man."

"Now I think there is something more to it," said the little fish.

"Hold your tongue, mackerel!" said the great sea-cow.

"Stickleback!" said the rest, and that was even more insulting.

And the sea-cow explained to them that this terrible thing, which, to be sure, had not given out a single mutter, was only some invention from the dry land. And it delivered a little oration upon the rottenness of men.

"They want to get hold of us," said she. "That's all they live for. They stretch nets for us, and come with bait on a hook to catch us. That thing there is some kind of big string which they think we are going to bite at. They are such stupids! *We* are not. Only do not touch it, and it will shrivel up and all turn to dust and mud. Everything that

comes down from up there is full of cracks and breaks—it's good for nothing."

"Good for nothing!" said all the creatures in the sea, and held fast to the sea-cow's opinion, so as to have an opinion. The little fish had its own thoughts. "That exceedingly long, thin serpent is perhaps the most wonderful fish in the ocean. I have a feeling it is."

"The very most wonderful," say we human folks, and say it with knowledge and assurance. It is the great sea-serpent, long ago the theme of song and story. It was born and nourished and sprang forth from men's cunning and was laid upon the bottom of the sea, stretching from the Eastern to the Western land, bearing messages, quick as light flashes to our earth. It grows in might and in length, grows year by year through all seas, round the world, beneath the stormy waves and the lucid waters, where the skipper looks down as if he sailed through the transparent air, and sees the swarming fish, brilliant fireworks of color. Down, far down, stretches the serpent, Midgard's snake, that bites its own tail as it encircles the earth. Fish and shell beat upon it with their heads—they understand not the thing—it is from above. Men's thoughts in all languages course through it noiselessly. "The serpent of science for good and evil, Midgard's snake, the most wonderful of all the ocean's wonders, our—GREAT SEA-SERPENT!"

A DAY OF SCOTTISH GAMES.

WHEN I looked on the decks of the excursion steamboat at Providence, Rhode Island, and sought vainly for a square inch of space unoccupied by human beings, it was yet a comfort to know that this overcrowded humanity was Scotch. Never having been in Scotland—where Scotsmen are, moreover, said to be growing rarer—I thought it something to see them on board the steamboat *Whatcheer*, where they were a trifle too abundant. Not wishing to be outdone by the bass-drum of the Attleboro Brass Band—which implement of music I saw hanging outside the pilot-house—I hung myself to a stanchion at the starboard quarter, and the boat got under way. I could not have believed that merely going on shipboard could give such a sense of foreign travel. The faces around me were broad and canny; the hair was "gowden," from palest to fiercest shade; the accents had a bonnie burr; and as I hung at my post, like a supplementary figure-head, I felt as if I were ganging to the ewe bughts, Marion, or to the broom of Cowden-knowes, or to any of those mysterious places whither the heroes and heroines of Scotch song are so unceasingly in motion. I said within myself, "Welcome, Scotchmen!" as the original Whatcheer, godfather of the steamboat, may have said, "Welcome, Englishmen." And when a young girl near me said to another, "Jessie and Jean will come doon the day," I felt the same sense of fortunate experience that my English friends enjoyed lately at Oldport, when they for the first time heard American lips say "Eurò-pean." These, then, were the delights of travel. In my case the travel was to extend only eight miles down Narragansett Bay, to the place where the Providence Caledonian Club was to celebrate Sir Walter Scott's "centenary birthday."

And had this sense of enlarged experience proved insufficient, I had only to lift my eyes to the hurricane-deck, and see all the "gathering of the clans" embodied in the piper who stood there, puffing as if he had but an hour's breath in his body and was pledged to give it all for Scotland. The bag-pipes were not new to me; that horrible drone had reached these ears before; but had I been utterly deaf—as I certainly wished to be and seemed at that moment likely to become,—he would have struck me as being equal to the summoning of Clan-Conuil by the mere vehemence of his looks. In what is sarcastically called "citizen's dress" he might have been a commonplace man enough; but he wore the Murray tartan, and he had dirk and sporran and what should have been a claymore, and he had a "glengarry," with St. Andrew's cross, beneath which his small eyes looked wildly forth, half closed in ecstasy, while his thin cheeks grew thinner and thinner, utterly drained of air. His red moustache had a fierce curl, and his thin red beard waved in the breeze, like Ossian's ghosts, and there was a rhythmic rocking to and fro as he beat time, that seemed to represent the tramp of innumerable men; and still came that wheezing drone that took the ear as with a spell and inexorably held it. The interminable note brought strangely back to me the drum-beat played by a little English drum-major in camp—something that stands by itself in my

memory; not so much jubilant or triumphant, but with an undertone of desolation and forlorn hope, mastered and borne on by one resistless and unceasing tide of sound; it seemed as if a million men could be taken up and carried along by it, without chance for retreat; as if there were not between those incessant notes an atom of space in which to insert a recoil of cowardice; and so with this piper. The essence of martial music lies in a certain unrelenting monotony; the more barbarous and unvaried the better; break the spell for an instant, and who knows but your whole army may run away?

But our piper had his forces well in hand, within the walls of a steamboat, and we were all running away together to the pic-nic ground. What is that peculiar process by which a solid mass of people gradually settles itself together and makes room? Is the elasticity in the flesh, or in the garments, or in the spirit? At any rate, there was presently some space to breathe, and I could pass in upon the deck, and could slowly move amid the throng. A clean, staid, cheery, respectable crowd it was. There were a few vagrant Americans like myself; there were a few Germans, mostly members of the band; there were two Italian musicians with harp and song; and a little French boy with his violin, and his quavering chant about "Ma Marguerite" and "Ma Normandie;" but everywhere else there was a visible Scotch origin. A very few had sprigs of heath in their caps,—these I fancied might be gardeners and so have access to that costlier decoration—but many had a thistle in the hat or button-hole; and one woman said to her gallant, "There's yer thistle, but where's the cuddie to eat it?"—and then derisively, "he don't know what a cuddie is; it's just a jackass." From this and from the undisguised wonder with which the juveniles regarded the bare knees of the two pipers, I guessed how rapidly the American children of Scotch parents were drifting from the national words and ways, while yet proud of their origin, and not disposed to ignore it as are often the younger generation of Irish. But so long as they retained sufficient sense of nationality to celebrate Scott's birthday by a pic-nic, "on which occasion the Ancient Games of Scotland" would be "competed for," they were Scotch enough for me.

As we neared the wharf, the two pipers—for there was a second minstrel, son of the first, and wearing inappropriately the Mac Gregor tartan instead of the Murray—struck up "The Campbells are coming;" and thus our clan, numbering some eight hundred, discharged itself upon the bank. Most of these were women and children, and nearly all, the marshals told me, were Scotch by birth or parentage. As we filed up the long and rather shaky pier, we made a very lively company; and though in positive good looks an American crowd would perhaps have had the advantage, yet in health, vigor, and a certain innate respectability of aspect, I think that Scotland would have held its own against all competitors. There was not a lassie of them all possessed of such beauty that one could look at her and say, "That is Christie Johnstone;" but I noticed several most satisfactory little groups of flaxen-haired or ruddy-haired maidens, arrayed in fresh white or buff cambric dresses, with a great abundance of blue ribbons; and I saw some well-built manly young fellows, as athletic in their build as any Germans, but better set up and less slouchy than the average Turner.

The band had landed first, and, as if wishing to assume that leadership on land which the pipers had indisputably held by sea, the brazen gentlemen struck up "Roy's Wife" with vehemence, amid much clashing of cymbals, which they apparently used as being the most barbaric instrument at their command. But it was of no use; to these children of Scotchmen their own hereditary costume was a greater rarity than any mere militia splendors, and, moreover, the bag-pipers, whenever they began, seemed able to drone down Gilmore's Coliseum Orchestra by sheer noise. Where the piping father and son strutted, thither all followed; where McGregor sat, there was the head of the table. Even the flags were deserted for these picturesque minstrels; but my eye was struck by the old Scotch standard—the rampant lion on the orange ground, as described in "Marmion":—

> "Where in proud Scotland's royal shield,
> The ruddy lion ramped in gold."

The other flag bore only the Stars and Stripes; and both had thistles wreathed around them—that most appropriate national emblem, which replaces the cactus in northern zones, giving forth a similar beauty of form and hue from the same environment of thorns.

The place where we had landed—Somebody's Point—was one of those breezy wooded bluffs which line Narragansett Bay, and are devoted to tea-houses, dance-halls, and clam-chowder. The house itself looked respectable enough, and the Caledonian Club had wisely prohibited for the day all drinks more potent than ale, or than a "pious and painful" substitute for conviviality called "tonic-beer."

From the distrust with which this temporary prohibition was received by some applicants, I was led to doubt if the injunction was likely, as the courts say, to be made perpetual.

"Ain't there nothin' else?" said an ill-looking inquirer, obviously American, of the barkeeper.

"Nothin' else," said that monarch, looking away, as if fearful of the human eye, or of himself.

"Ain't ye got just a *dash* o' suthin'?" sternly questioned the interrogator.

"Dunno what he *may* have," answered the yielding bar-keeper, with prospective consolation; "ain't nothin' now."

But I am bound to say that I think the virtue of the establishment held out at least until the first return boat, for I saw only one person who showed the slightest undue exhilaration, and he may have been the victim of a private bottle. There were some casks of ale on tap close to the scene of the games, but I saw none of that excessive drinking which marks German festivals, and which, if it does not end in intoxication, ends in becoming a bore.

The pipers presently marched away southward along the bluffs, and the band and the crowd streamed after them. We emerged from the pine-trees upon an open plain, where a large arena was roped in for the games. There was a little want of method visible—and, indeed, this was the Society's first meeting; but what was wanting in system was made up in good nature.

"A reel! a Scotch reel!" shouted one of the officials—"we always begin with a Scotch reel." "Get in wi' yer lassies," echoed a broad Scotch voice. But neither lads nor lassies seemed over ready to come to the front, and one youth, being vigorously summoned, answered evasively that he could "dance a Virginia reel," which shameful renunciation of his birth-right was received with proper scorn. Still the dancers were not forthcoming; till, at length, three couples appeared, and another being promised, the leader called triumphantly: "All that's not going to dance, keep outside the ropes!" More good-naturedly than I ever saw the thing done before, the whole multitude fell far back, and in the middle of a half-acre of sand and scanty grass the performers stood up to perform their reel. The martial piper was ready with his bags; the crowd stood watching with eager interest, when the leader, who was also Secretary of the Club, moved by one of those sudden calls which so constantly cause the total disappearance of committee-men, hurried off, leaving his partner; the other dancers, after a pause of awkward publicity, gradually slipped away also; and at last, the Secretary's partner, a nice little girl in a checked gingham dress, walked slowly from the center of the ring, chewing meditatively a blade of grass, and leaving nothing in the arena but the pipers and one little, ragged boy, who alleviated public disappointment by standing on his head.

Yet nobody seemed disturbed at this change of programme, and everybody passed, in great good nature, and without very definite announcement, to the first game on the list. There were twelve of these games, in all, and large cards containing the list of prizes were hung here and there on trees in the grove, which seemed to give a feudal and picturesque aspect to the whole encounter; as if some wandering knight, passing through the forest, might, perhaps, doff his armor and try his strength against the rustic throng. But no such mediæval hero appeared; only young mechanics and tradesmen, honest-looking fellows enough, and showing themselves to be in good physical condition, though not specially trained, as it seemed, to the peculiar conditions of the Scottish games.

For instance, in the first contest—"Putting the stone"—there was but one competitor who knew how to derive any advantage from the "race," as it is technically called, of seven feet six inches allowed to each. All but one preferred simply to stand at the line and "put" the stone from the shoulder. Only one had the knack of shouldering it, then obtaining an impetus by a series of short steps, and finally delivering the missile with both hands from the shoulder. This skilled performer was a very powerfully built young stone-cutter named Alexander Dick; and he threw the twenty-one-pound stone a distance of twenty-three feet ten inches. His chief competitor, Robert Hay, a working coppersmith, rather slightly built, came within an inch of this throw, though without a run. And it was surpassed, after the prescribed three trials were over, by a tall Irishman named McDonahue, whose efforts, when regularly competing, had not been so successful. I should add that the games were not confined to Scotchmen, but open to all comers.

The next performance was wholly new to me, and was obviously almost as new to most of the competitors. It was "throwing the light hammer." This implement is simply a perforated iron ball, weighing fourteen pounds, and placed on a hickory handle six feet and a half long. Those who first came forward for the trial held this simply as if it were an axe,

and after swinging it once or twice in the air, heaved it forward as they best could, some ten feet, some fifty. The hammer flew from their hands in rather a wild way, and indeed the very first performer, the tall Irishman, sent it whizzing among the judges with a freedom that seemed likely to diminish the numbers of that honorable body. Still the performance did not seem very remarkable, nor indeed very interesting, until Mr. Dick—I noticed that every man became "Mr." with the judges as soon as he seemed likely to win—stepped forward again with the quiet remark, "That isn't the Scottish way," and proceeded to show the science of the game. Having stripped his broad chest to the shirt, he proceeded to kick up the turf with his feet, by way of securing a better hold, and then daubed his hands with earth, that they might not slip. After this rather imposing preparation he called once or twice to the judges, "Make more room!" with an emphasis that seemed a little ostentatious, till we saw the end. Then standing with his back to the arena—quite unlike his predecessors—and giving three mighty swings with the hammer, he brought his body half round with the last swing, and delivered the missile with a thundering force that carried it twenty feet beyond any previous throw. The applause was vehement, and under its stimulus, both Hay and the Irish McDonahue roused themselves, and without attempting to rival Dick's back-handed demonstration, went far beyond their previous performance.

But all the interest was still concentrated on Dick's throwing. Being offered another trial—for in all these games each performer had three—he said with calm superiority, "I don't mind; that was not a very good throw," and discharged his catapult again, advancing five feet on his first attempt. This time I gladly shifted my place to the safe side of him, for there was really something formidable in that giant swing, and, as he justly cautioned us, "it might slip." Still a third time he tossed it, and with equal force. I am pretty well accustomed to the observation of athletic feats, and certainly I have never seen a more magnificent concentration of all the muscular powers of the body than in those three throws. He sent the hammer sixty-five feet, in one case, which was not perhaps more remarkable than when the slenderer Hay accomplished fifty-five by the straightforward throw; but as a study for the eye, there was no comparison between the efforts. I am since told by experts that neither feat was extraordinary, and that it has been nearly doubled by the more famous performers. Moreover, the hammer in this case was only the "light" one, while the "heavy" hammer weighs twenty-one pounds. I take this to have been originally a quarryman's game, and it is said that the prizes are almost always won by stone-cutters.

Next came the running race, twice round a circle of one hundred and twenty-five yards. As running does not seem so much a knack to be acquired as a thing accessible by the light of nature, there were naturally more competitors for this prize than for those preceding, and it was amusing to see them as they came together, eyeing askance the build and limbs of each other. The six who first gathered were evidently young fellows who had come from the crowd, and who had deemed no farther preparation needful than to strip their feet and roll up their trowsers. There was an evident discontent among them when there appeared from the judges' tent two youths with a rather professional though shame-faced look—the one wearing no visible garment except light shoes and a pair of blue tights faced with scarlet, while the other compromised with genteel costume to the extent of a sleeveless shirt in addition. The look of these men's shoes alone—which were gloomily denounced by the others, in whispers, as having spiked soles—proved intimidating to all rivals, and the judges were besought to prescribe uniformity as to shoeing or stripping. This was refused; but the result justified the alarm, for blue-breeches took the lead very soon, and the race had no interest except when his shirted compeer drew up to him towards the end, coming in a close second, and leaving "the ruck" far behind. Indeed, these two were evidently so well matched as to give the whole race rather a pre-arranged look, in contrast to the evident genuineness of all the other trials. Both the winners were Irishmen, and I believe there was no measurement of the course, nor was the time officially announced. Yet had the race been Olympic, I do not think the winner could have been more warmly congratulated; and I wonder that no enthusiast has argued for the moral influence of athletic contests from the zeal with which winners are always greeted; such patting and pinching and caressing as this youth had to endure, upon his gaunt and denuded shoulders! The little guerdon of three dollars—this being the first and two dollars the second prize in each game—seemed a very inadequate symbol of such copious raptures.

After these glories of tights and spiked shoes, a foot race between ten boys seemed quite a condescension, and there was more of

fun than of severe science in the process of drawing them up in order. Nothing short of a Caledonian Committee-man and a father apiece could possibly keep them in line, and the slightest noise was sure to be accepted by some eager urchin as an equivalent for "go." Three lively false starts, however, took some superfluous elasticity out of the legs of each; and at the fourth attempt they got off so soberly that one youth was fairly left behind, still appealing to his watchful parent to know when the race was to begin. As he had drawn the inside position, he doubtless felt some natural pangs; but it was just as well, for he was one of the smallest of the boys, and the race was easily won by a long-legged youngster who took the lead from the start, and to whom it required some charity to attribute only the prescribed fourteen summers. The boys were only sent once round the ring, instead of twice, and came in with decidedly less puffing than their elder competitors.

This closed the morning's feats, and now dinner was in order. It was announced in the bills as "a first-class shore dinner." This phrase may be vague to the uninitiated, but no bill of fare is required to give it a perfect definiteness of meaning along the shores of Narragansett Bay. A repast of this description implies not merely a vast number of people and a great quantity of food, but its arrangement and mode of serving are as inflexible as anything in the very best society.

In this case there were rough tables under the trees, and plates were laid for two thousand people. I took my place in full view of the kitchen, which consisted of a heap of stones in a back yard. These stones are the fire-place—first the fire is made on them; in an hour it is swept away and replaced by a layer of clams (in the shell), on which are piled green corn and sea-weed, while a cotton bagging covers the whole and excludes the air. The fire and the sea-weed produce a steam which cooks the clams and the corn; and while unattractive to the eye it is really a tolerably clean mode of cookery. I fear the same can hardly be said for the accompanying chowder and the baked fish; but, perhaps, my judgment is biased by the fact that I once lodged with a veteran sea-captain, renowned along Narragansett Bay as a concocter of "shore dinners." There was no stain upon the character of the worthy captain; but I noticed that every chowder party was accompanied by a temporary withdrawal of the family wash-boiler.

As was said, the bill of fare on these occasions is inexorable, and consists of three courses and a dessert. First course: baked clams, with green corn and melted butter. Second course: clam chowder. Third course: baked fish, with raw tomatoes and cucumbers, also white and brown bread. Dessert: clam-cakes, which are fritters made of clams chopped very small and fried in butter. Drink: cold water, and nothing else, unless the bar happens to be open.

It is possible that a "shore dinner," like olives, may require three experiments. This was my first, and it left no inclination for a second; only an inward emptiness which suggested that almost any other form of food would be welcome. I have always had rather a fancy for strange meats, and have contentedly partaken of moose, bear, alligator, and drum-fish; but probably there are some persons sent into the world without being equipped for the appreciation of clams, and I must be one of these. At any rate, the impression left by the dinner was that I should like to have some other dinner; I could have said as the French lady said, when, after reading her lover's first copy of verses, she put out her hand for the second: "*Je préfère l'autre.*" But as I went to the feast less for food than for human nature, I had reason to be satisfied. We sat beneath a pine grove, looking down upon the blue water; white-winged boats were every instant coming and going round the long pier; the tables were being steadily filled by an eager crowd of people; the women were dressed with that gayety of color which has so transformed the aspect of American crowds even within my memory; everybody was pushing, eager, hungry, and good-natured. And however active the crowd may have been in settling to their places, they were inert and sluggish compared with the corps of waiters, white and black, whom I had first seen arrive by sail-boat, then had seen flinging themselves upon the green corn, forty husking like one;—and whom I now saw rushing to and fro between the tables and the "clam-bake," balancing piles of plates upon their very shoulders, it seemed to me, and answering innumerable calls with inexhaustible vivacity. The longer I sat there, the more exciting and bewildering became this maelstrom of waiters; and I was pleased and proud to find at last that my opposite neighbor was himself one of this class, now absent on furlough, and taking his clams like a gentleman. He had served tables, it appeared, at Rocky Point, the climax and glory of "shore" places; he knew what waiting should be; he knew what to exact from his humbler fellows, and by what

taunts to rouse their flagging ambition. He pointed out and encouraged those who excelled, and gave me the names and genealogies of the more eminent waiters, and especially of the chief of staff at Rocky Point, who could carry on his arm no less than sixteen plates of clam-cakes "to wonst."

"The baked clams," he obligingly told me, "is the only clean things to these dinners. You won't get a waiter to eat a shore dinner; they know too much. Have their separate meal. Pie and tea." (What a picture!)

"It beats all," he thoughtfully added, "how little some folks has seen of the world. When the 71st regiment was to Rocky Pint, now, the waiters had to show 'em how to eat a clam. Wanted to eat tails and all!"

I felt how little of the world I too had seen, and wished that somebody would show me how to eat any part of them. Why should not the 71st regiment eat the tails? They seemed as attractive as the heads, supposing the intelligent bivalve to possess that ornament; yet as I looked around, everybody was munching eagerly. I have seldom had such a sense of gustatory solitude, even in sitting an hour after dinner with gentlemen of highly-educated palates, who talked about wines. And it would even appear that with clams, as with wines, the golden mean is difficult to preserve; if you care for them at all, you are tempted to love them too much. I have noticed that with every native Rhode Islander there is a certain tremulous tenderness of voice in speaking of them, such as a stranger never can learn; to appreciate their delights you must have been "born in the purple," or at least by the purple sea. I do not know why oysters are called "natives" in England, but the preëminent native of Rhode Island is the clam.

At last the clatter of crockery subsided—it is just to say that the plates and bowls were scrupulously clean, if their contents were not,—and the tables were cleared. Forty bushels of clams had been consumed,—according to the superintendent of the "bake,"—one hundred and seventeen gallons of chowder, and six hundred pounds of fish, chiefly bluefish and "squid." The robust appetite of good Sir Walter would have rejoiced in this tribute to his memory by his countrymen, though he might have been incredulous at hearing of the absence of liquors—only one halfpenny-worth of sack to this intolerable deal of bread.

But he would have been quite satisfied with the hilarity of the dance-hall, where the festivities were either kept up regardless of dinner, or had been begun after it with a promptness that indicated good digestion. Strolling down thither as soon as my repast was ended, I found the low open building filled with young people, and quadrille sets nearly formed. The very dirtiest master of ceremonies I had ever seen was hurrying through the crowd in his shirt-sleeves, and vociferating, "One more couple wanted here," while the couples he had already mated were standing up, with some shamefacedness of manner, and looking as if they would be better acquainted when once in motion. They were neatly enough dressed, though generally gloveless, and looked like young Americans of the working class. For some reason or other, this seemed the only part of the performance at which Scotland was content to be a looker-on.

Presently the violins struck up, the dirty manager began to shout the familiar figures, and the young people plunged into the dance with an old-fashioned energy that amazed me. I had hardly seen "square dances" since those entertainments retired some years since, in a state of total languor and decline, from what is called polite society. It was almost a pleasure, since "vitality is always hopeful," to find them still kept up in these 'long-shore dance-halls, with an eager zeal that made the most resolute round dances seem rather feeble and inexpressive, suited only for those whom some happy blunderer described as "the effete of society." Even the young men did not walk their steps evasively, as of yore, but danced the soberest "forward two" with a waggish vivacity that almost shook the hats upon their heads. It was not a solid German heartiness, but there was a suggestion of almost French volatility about it, and one almost expected that there would presently be something improper, though there never was. This in the quieter passages; while the slightest suggestion to "swing partners" was received with a vehemence that shook the platform, and must have materially encouraged the motion of the earth upon its axis.

I am sure it indicates some change in our people that they should be found dancing with such ardor at these popular entertainments, for it is not many years since the dance of civilization, in America, was the most mournful of spectacles, and no step downward in the social scale could then revive that exercise from its gloom. I have seen dances of lumbermen in Maine, and of borderers in Kansas, a dozen years ago, and they were discouragingly stupid;—as dull, though not so objectionable, as the coarse "string-games" which even now prevail in those regions of New England where

dancing is still prohibited, and a maiden's lips are held less sacred than her feet. Believing, as I do, that our rural communities suffer for want of innocent amusement, and that no social entertainment is, on the whole, so innocent as dancing, I gladly record these symptoms of the return of joy.

Meantime, a fair proportion of the Scotch merry-makers had returned to the arena where the games were to be resumed. It seemed to take the athletes longer than the dancers to digest their clams, and the eager pipers were blowing themselves hoarse in the effort to collect their "Scots wha hae." As the head piper paced the enclosure I heard remarks uncomplimentary to his nether limbs by stout old women, who had perhaps beheld John Hielandman on his native heather; and indeed our minstrel's bare, thin knees, and his endless drone, made him seem at last but some human grasshopper, the survivor of his race, finishing wearily the song of summer days. To beguile the gathering crowd the same irrepressible boy reappeared to turn somersets; also to stand on his head; sometimes upon the shoe-brush box, which in the morning had afforded him severer occupation. Possibly he showed his bare feet in the air as a sign or allurement for customers, just as harness-makers exhibit a horse's head; but instantly a variety of small urchins followed his example, their success being generally in direct ratio to their raggedness. It is one of the singular compensations of the universe that the boys with the least presentable nether garments have usually the most agility with which to show them.

Soon, however, the arena was cleared, the band played, and all present stood upon their feet once more. Indeed, the first exhibition was one of dexterity in the use of heels, for the Highland Fling was first in order. This was danced upon a square platform of boards laid upon the ground, and the chief performer was our junior piper, whose father, meanwhile, furnished the music. Yes, it was he—as in Clough's delightful "Bothie"—

> "Lo, I see piping and dancing! and whom in the midst of the bustle,
> Cantering loudly along there, or, look you, with arms uplifted,
> Whistling and snapping his fingers and seizing his gay smiling Janet,
> Whom?—whom else but the Piper? the wary precognizant Piper."

But no Janet was here—only a platform of bare boards on a bare plain, and one solitary young piper, wearing the wrong tartan, and trying to achieve by mere jerk of heel and snapping of fingers the sensation that can only be obtained, I suppose, in a peat-reeking hut by a lochside, amid smoke and laughter and kisses—

> "While rang roof and rafter with bag-pipes and reeling,"

as another Scotch poet more lyrically sings. But our young piper won his prize, having but one competitor, a mere civilian, with nothing Scotch visible about him except his cap and, perhaps, his steps. Then came the same triumphant performer, for the sword dance. This was more exciting; there was no waving of broad-swords above the head, such as I had fancied might be, but sword and scabbard were placed cross-wise upon the platform; then began a series of intricate figures, danced with cautious feet, and eyes turned anxiously downward, since, whatever happened, neither blade nor sheath must stir. "Competitors are required to stop," say the rules of the Club, "the moment the swords are touched or displaced." It seemed so like "hop-scotch" set to music that one was set to pondering the etymology of that game, and whether it was really some Scotchman who first hopped it. But our young minstrel went through his performance in a manly and martial way; there was something mediæval and significant in it, and it seemed to rouse an emotion more like national enthusiasm than anything else I saw that day.

The trial of high leaping which followed produced no remarkable achievement, but interested me chiefly (for I had seen better leaping in gymnasiums) by the different types of character it brought out, and by the looks of the contestants. To those who find the human face the most interesting of all visible objects for study, there is a peculiar charm in watching athletic feats. The character must go into the face at such times; a man may attitudinize in the preliminaries, but when he is running at a cord in the air, and obliged to concentrate all his faculties on clearing it, there is no chance for counterfeiting; he looks precisely what he thinks, he thinks about one thing—the cord—and he puts into that thinking all the force that is in him. So looked and so sprang these performers—all manly, slight-built, vigorous young fellows, all of Scotch descent, and all practised in jumping, it was plain enough. Andrew Murray leaped four feet four inches at the first trial, and William Smith the same, after several trials, and these won the prizes, and deserved them, too, considering the sandy ground on which they leaped. But when one remem-

bers that the manuals of athletic exercises set six feet as the possible maximum of agility, and that the English traditions of the famous leaper Ireland, and others, go far beyond this, these particular Caledonian games were not remarkable. When this same Smith afterwards cleared eighteen feet at a running leap, it was a greater exploit. Thackeray makes his young Virginian leap twenty-one feet, and credits the Father of his Country with one foot more.

My day was drawing to a close, but I lingered for the "Hop-step-and-jump." This was perhaps the most interesting trial of the whole, from its closer and more prolonged competition; and the crowd had grown by this time more eager, and pressing within the ropes, left only a narrow lane down which the runners came with their dashing motion. There were ten competitors, each with three trials. What stood for the longest stretch at first—thirty-four feet—was soon overtaken and passed, and as man after man came running, bounding, shaking his foot in air, and leaping with his utmost effort, the judges anxiously measured each attempt, and the result was eagerly repeated among the crowd. The distance went gradually up from thirty-four feet to thirty-six—stopped for a time at Smith's thirty-six feet four, till the first prize was finally won by Albert Duncan with a "hop-step-and-jump" of thirty-seven feet two.

If I had been told before leaving home that I should, after all, miss seeing the sack-race and the three-legged race, I should probably not have come; but I had so heartily enjoyed my out-door day, and the games, if not physically astounding, were yet so honest and innocent and manly, that I was well content. The first boat for Providence was to leave at four, and I must take it. There had been a cricket-match near by, earlier in the day, which had somehow ended before I left my Scotchmen; and the quoit-match, which was also a side-show, I had left unvisited. These I did not mind; but I had never seen a sack-race, and even the name of "three-legged race" had always been a mystery to me. I afterwards learned that it was simply brought about by tying men two and two—the right leg of one to the left leg of his mate—thus making of each pair a combined being that may be called, with consent of the lexicographers, a triped. This joint creature ran on this occasion one hundred and twenty-five feet (as I afterwards learned), with much stumbling and falling; and this, with the sack-race, doubtless made a sufficient two-act farce after the day's melodrama. But I turned away, leaving the pipers still piping, the ale very moderately flowing, the dance-hall still thronged, the fires of the clam-bake dying away into ashes,—and took my square foot of space, be it less or more, on the return steamer. Close beside me squatted the little French boy, counting up the two dollars his "Marguerite" had won for him; the two harpers were on the forward deck; everybody was tired, everybody was happy, nobody was drunk. And as I landed on the wharf, I could honestly count my day well spent, could register another white mark of gratitude for bonnie Scotland, and could wish another hundred years of loving memory to the name of good Sir Walter.

SOME KINDS OF SPIRITUAL QUACKERY.

The analogy between that science which undertakes to minister to the healing of the human body and that which undertakes to minister to the healing of the human soul is close and striking. It is hard to over-estimate the importance of either; it is impossible to deny the failures and defects of both. There ought to be, surely, no antagonism between them; no jealousy or misunderstanding to keep them asunder. They are natural allies. Undoubtedly, the science of divinity has suffered seriously at the hands of its own ministers and religious teachers, when, in their treatment of the sinfulness of man in its forensic aspects (which, indeed, are true enough), and in their definition of sin as a crime against the moral government of God, they have forgotten or ignored the close analogy of sin with physical disease. On the other hand, that tendency of medical science is a true tendency which recognizes disease as a "transgression of the law," and brings it thus into the court of reason for trial and for condemnation; and which relies, for the prevention of it, on the knowledge of reward and penalty as sanctions of the laws of health. To pity the sick and to condemn the sinner is right, no doubt; but a certain measure of condemnation for the sick and of pity for the sinner may be, not inconsistently, right also. For the healing of the body and for the healing of the soul, a judicious practice will combine both kinds of treatment. The doctor may not do without the wise and

sympathetic minister of ghostly aid and consolation; and the minister, to whom there come for counsel and for help so many souls that labor and are heavy-laden, may not seldom find the burdens which he cannot lift made intelligible and manageable by the tender and sagacious wisdom of some good physician. Ever since the days when Luke was the companion and the friend of Paul, it has been evident to those whose eyes could see, that the apostle and the physician should travel hand in hand. Before that, even, when the divine Master both of Paul and Luke united in himself the offices of both, and ministered to sick and sinful men with an impartial ministry of healing and of pardon, the great lesson which the world has since so often overlooked, was taught with sweetest eloquence of word and life. Beautiful are those instances, which ought to be as frequent as they are beautiful, where the parson and the doctor are in sympathetic and intelligent unity, each knowing that he needs the other, and content to supplement and not usurp or underrate the other's work. That recognition of inflexible natural law, to which modern science more and more compels the student of medicine, and which defines the art of healing as a work of gracious reconciliation with offended law, ought certainly to make such instances more frequent. And there is seen to be far more than mere expediency in the custom which our missionary boards have partially adopted, by which the evangelists in foreign lands shall have as part of their equipment a thorough medical education. Especially admirable is that equipment when the one who holds it is a woman, who can bring to her sorrowful sisters, with feminine tenderness and sympathy, the double gospel of salvation for the body and the soul.

In one respect, however, the doctors have the best of it. They have a word of recognized validity and excellence by which their science is defended from dishonor and decay, and by which all impertinent intruders are warned off from its domain. It is a word for which the other science has no corresponding term. It is not the analogue of heresy nor of heterodoxy. For there is heresy and heterodoxy in medicine as well as in theology; and all quacks are not orthodox, nor are all heretics quacks. We need to borrow for the science of theology not the thing, for we already have it in superabundance, but the term; and to designate as spiritual quackery what no other word will properly describe; and to brand as spiritual quacks the offenders against whom all the heavy ordnance of argument and denunciation may be turned in vain, but whom a little musketry of ridicule may dislodge from holy places in which they have perched themselves, and may even put to ignominious flight.

To whomsoever we owe the discovery or the invention of the word, our debt for it is great, for it is singularly felicitous in sound and sense. There is conceivable no better type of the human quack than the quacking fowl, whether that fowl be duck or goose. For both ducks and geese are quacks, of somewhat diverse character, worthy to be studied and to be admired, with something of aversion. That child is happy within whose reach of daily observation is some pond, in which and on the shores of which these fowl are wont to congregate, and where their quackish manners may be noted; and that man is hardly wise who will pass by with utter unconcern such most instructive moral teachers and exemplars.

They are smug and cheerful fowl, whom one can hardly find it in his heart to be severe upon. It might seem that the imposture which they practice is too obvious to be dangerous, and that the small malignancy of which they are capable is beneath contempt. And yet it is impossible to let them quite alone, because they will presume upon such treatment, and, taking it for a sign of deference, or even of timidity, will become aggressive in their quackish absurdity. The mildest-tempered man has sometimes felt a ruffled indignation when the roadside geese, mistaking his humane forbearance for unmanly terror, have come at him with snaky curve of outstretched neck and flattened head and sibilant attack. However inoffensive one may be, it is not human not to answer with resentment such gratuitous hostility. It is true of the quack as of the devil, that if one resist him, with even the slightest positive resistance, he will flee. The trouble is that so often, for the sake of peace, or in the merest and weakest good-nature, we endure him, and encourage his conceit, his falseness, and his petty malice.

Noteworthy, before we pass from the consideration of the type to the study of the antitype, from the feathered to the featherless biped, is the evident consciousness which the quack has of his own imposture. Probably this is more obvious in the duck than in the goose. Any one who has studied carefully, especially in profile, the physiognomy of either bird, has noticed that sly smirk which says as well as language could, "This dignity of carriage, this pronounced, authoritative style

of utterance, this calm self-assertion, is for those who are not sharp enough to see through it. But as for us, let us enjoy the joke. We know we are impostors; but so long as others do not, let us keep it to ourselves;" and the low quack becomes a kind of chuckle as, with leering eye askance, and impudent wag of tail-feathers, the preposterous creature waddles off, to practice on the simple of the earth and those devoid of understanding.

So with the unfeathered quack; his quackery is not complete with mere incompetency; he must know himself to be incompetent. He must permit his mere empiricism to be considered science; he must consent to have his ignorance accounted wisdom. Nay, even besides being a conscious cheat, he must be, more or less, an intentional bully. Feeble and cowardly as he is at heart, he must have that self-defensive energy which enables him to join his voice in a great clamor with all other quacks, and so to overcome, at the beginning, the hostility of honest men. If the duck has more of leering and smirking complacency in his imposture, the goose has more of bullying ferocity in his self-assertion. And there is something almost terrific in that united shriek of indignation, hoarse, violent, deprecatory, resentful, with which a crowd of them bear down on an assailant, from whom, with gasps of terror and wild yells of panic, they are still prepared, if needful, to turn and flee.

It is doubtless in the recognition of these three characteristics, that the common sense of men, which has in it always a share of humor and of satire, has made these feathered quacks the type of those in human form, and has borrowed from their one articulate word the name for a human species. Conceit, the source of such abundant mischiefs; deceit, by which conceit is aggravated and made more subtle and more powerful for evil; and a forcible-feeble malignity which intensifies the other two,—these are the three qualities essential to the quackish character. That quack imperfectly realizes the ideal who, having one or two of them, lacks either of the others.

Rising now from the study of the animal to the study of the spiritual quack, it is to be noticed that what gives him his opportunities, either in medicine or in theology, is the more or less complete popular ignorance of, or popular disbelief in, science. There is a science of medicine. There is a science of theology. There is even beginning to be formulated and developed a science of religion. No one pretends that either of these sciences is complete, or even that the rudiments of any of them are much more than understood. But that there is, in each case, a science to be studied and sought out, to be acquired, to be enlarged and extended, honest men and wise men are well agreed. And that the conditions on which truth is to be attained in any department are hard work and plenty of it, careful, patient, and systematic toil, and reverent willingness to listen and to learn, no one except the quack and his foreordained victim will hesitate to admit.

But in all ages the willingness to reach wisdom by a short cut has been well-nigh as frequent as the haste to get riches by some sudden luck or venture. That royal road to learning has been longed for and discovered almost as often as the philosopher's stone. There have always been superstitious and lazy people, willing to lend credulous ears to the assertions of some mere knave, or knavish fool, who claims discovery of secret things by accident of birth, as seventh son of seventh son; or by the emergencies of personal distress, as when all other remedies had failed and he was forced to find or to invent relief at random, getting it solely by a lucky hit; or in the serene repose of "years that bring the philosophic mind," as when the sands of life have nearly run out, and so, of course, the power to do what common mortals cannot has run in; or yet again by intimate acquaintance with the wild men of the savage woods, who are notoriously competent by virtue of their wildness and untutoredness to grapple with all diseases that flesh is heir to. A wizard that could peep or mutter was often more than a match in popularity for an honest prophet of the Lord, even in Old Testament times; and incantations and charms and gibbering pretenses of possession by familiar spirits were always strangely bewitching, even to good, respectable people that should have known better. Anything which saves the trouble of hard work and patient plodding would be so nice, if it were only possible, that, when any impostor quacks forth his "eureka," there are plenty of people to listen and to believe. The love of mystery; the tendency to accept every unknown thing as magnificent, and possibly beneficent; the deeply-rooted persuasion to which men are prone, that calling a thing so makes it so,—these all co-operate to give the quack his opportunity, and to furnish him, in every age, with easy and abundant victims.

Of course, too, there will be instances in which the quack will be apparently successful. Once, as everybody knows, the Roman capital was saved by quacks. By some strange coincidence, by the operation of some subtle force of imagination or of resolution, sick

people will get well under the most absurd and preposterous treatment. Science, however cautious and however skillful, may be often mistaken, and by her mistakes will give opportunity for irregular empirics to experiment at random. There is a somewhat vague belief, prevalent among certain simple-minded and unlearned folk, that a pill, for example, is a pill,—one being as good as another, in any given case,;—and, of course, proceeding on this theory, there will be now and then an instance (Mr. Buckle might tell us just how often) in which the right pill might hit the right spot and cure the right ailment. At any rate, a prolonged course of experiments based on such a theory would not fail to issue in surprising results, often in a high degree entertaining, and sometimes wonderfully happy. Very much a case in point is the experience of an esteemed acquaintance of our own, as it was recently recounted to us by the patient in person, now enjoying vigorous and robust health. Given up by the physician as incurably ill, and abandoned to his own devices, he proceeded to medicate himself. Quite in a general way he sent an emissary into the woods and fields to dig for roots, ignorant even of the names and properties of what were dug and gathered, and seeking only miscellaneous roots, as one profoundly confident that roots are roots; which roots, being presently brought in abundantly, were abundantly boiled together, and then abundantly administered in heroic doses. That considerate and indulgent providence which watches over fools and drunken men conducted to a happy issue the hazardous experiment, so that it cured instead of killing. And for an uninstructed mind the inference was easy, that what might happen once might happen often, and might even happen always. So that the case might well enough have served as capital and advertisement for any knave who, wishing to get rich by lazy fraud instead of by honest industry, should buy bottles, have an ugly wood-cut of his unpleasant countenance pasted on every label and printed in every newspaper, and begin to sell boiled roots for the benefit of the afflicted and the good of his own impecunious pocket.

In the same way it must be conceded to the religious quack, that successes very wonderful and striking do sometimes follow from his methods; and that he can often, if he chooses, make out for himself a plausible justification. The vast and patient pity of God does humble itself to enter into human hearts by mean and evil ways, turning the purposes of knavish and foolish men into results of wisdom and of truth. "As for you, ye thought evil; but God meant it unto good,"—is a text that is often true of the whole bad brood of impostors who claim some secret and exclusive monopoly of divine grace, some peculiar patent for the saving of men's souls. Once in a while a man, reckless and insensible to any ordinary honest and simple presentation of the gospel of God's truth and love, may be caught by the very grotesqueness of some caricature, and may be so amazed or scared by the extraordinary antics of some howling or dancing dervish, that his attention is won in spite of him, and the good hand of God saves him, by the arrest of his attention, from his insensibility and recklessness and selfish distrust. But the fact that out of obvious evil good can be educed, is no reason why the evil should be tolerated. For, where the quack cures one soul, how many more does he offend and injure?

There is one class especially (and we take it for our chief example) against whose imposture it seems timely to speak some honest word of warning, because these winter months, with their long evenings, are the opportunity for both good and evil forces on a grand scale to exert themselves. It is during these months of winter that, for obvious reasons, our churches are unusually active and energetic in their various forms and methods of work. It is at these times that the wonderful awakenings of zeal and courage and spiritual industry which are fitly called revivals of religion are oftenest seen. And it is at these times, also, that the quackish imitations of them, and the offensive charlatans who claim some peculiar mastery of them, and proprietorship in them, are noisiest and most abundant. It is because there are certainly to be found in history, on a prodigious scale, such great religious movements, for which the phrase "revivals of religion" is the most fit and natural designation, that it is worth our while to rescue that phrase from the abuse and odium, the defamation and discredit which have come upon it, on account of quacks who have appropriated it or claimed prescriptive right in it. We cannot well afford to lose a phrase so fit, so true, and so historic. And if, in our attempt to vindicate the truth and value of it, we run the risk of bringing down upon ourselves that half-ferocious and half-panic-stricken clangor with which we are all familiar, it is a risk to be manfully encountered and endured.

It is hard to see why a revival of religion (rightly understood) should be any more unnatural, or more incredible, or, on any account, more objectionable than a revival of business,

or a revival of learning, or a revival of patriotism. Everybody knows that there come seasons in the business world when all activity ceases, when trade languishes, warehouses are vacant, workmen are idle, speculation is silent. And presently, again, there comes a time when, all the more because of the preceding dullness, the business world is all astir, the streets are thronged with traffic, and the exchange is loud with wild excitement. At such a time one may see decorous and reticent men, to whom their personal dignity is commonly a matter of grave concern, screaming themselves hoarse in the frantic competition of the market, or exhibiting an unseemly alacrity in the pursuit of desirable bargains. Mr. Dombey himself, although, in the opinion of the Chicken, "as stiff a cove as ever he see," might even be "doubled up" with the excitement of such a business revival in an American city, without drawing upon the resources of science for that very palpable and physical "blow in the waistcoat."

Very likely it would be better if our business world could move more quietly, without such violent contrasts of alternate depression and excitement. But as a matter of fact these alternations do occur—not only in commerce, but in almost every intellectual and moral movement. In nature itself there is the day with its busy labor and the night with its silent sleep; there is the summer with its rapid growth, and the winter in which growth ceases, and what has been added to the increase of tree and shrub is toughened and hardened by wind and cold. Everybody knows such alternations in his own experience. John Milton, among literary men, testifies to the seasonable flow of his own verse; at certain times he could not well compose; from equinox to equinox his muse was silent. A steady and continual increase is doubtless better, if it can be had, than a fitful and jerky progress. But surely a fitful and jerky progress, even if by the confused and blundering, half-flying and half-leaping headway of an August grasshopper, is better than no progress at all. And, as a matter of fact, those instances of growth are exceptional in which there is not something spasmodic; and those movements unusual in which a tidal ebb and flow cannot be more or less distinctly seen.

It is only when these alternations are supposed to be outside of law, to happen either by accident or at the mere caprice of some superior will, that they afford the opportunity for quackery and superstition. An eclipse of the sun or moon ceases to be dreadful when it is known to be under law, can be predicted and explained. But what a vast and hideous outcry rises among savages, what tom-toms are beaten, what horns are blown, what clatter and din of every harsh and dreadful instrument is heard, so long as it is thought to be a dragon that is swallowing the planet! How priest or medicine-man will practice with his tricks and arts, and claim the credit of success when the great orb appears again as whole as ever. Did he not beat gong, blow horn, and shriek to heaven for just this purpose? And has not the dragon disappeared? Great is the priest and medicine-man! And from *post hoc* to *propter hoc* is a step so small and easy that the multitude can hardly fail to take it.

So long as a similar theory prevails concerning those great popular religious movements, by which at intervals in its history the Christian church has been characterized, we need not be surprised if similar methods are employed. We have our Christian medicine-men in white cravats and perpendicular vestments. Horns they have,—but not of the symbolic or prophetic sort,—which, being blown with vigor and with something of a sacred toot, herald their advent and invite the expectation of the wondering multitude. And the newspapers are filled beforehand with the advertisement of the skill and power of the revivalist. There may even be printed "testimonials," the very counterpart of those which exemplify the potent virtues of worm syrup and liver pills. And as, in the one case, it appears that Mr. Thusandso, of Suchaplace (to whose respectability and veracity the mayor and several aldermen of Suchaplace bear willing witness), was afflicted with incredibly complicated and distressing ailments, any one of which might well enough have made short work with him,—was given over by physicians,—heard almost in *extremis*, and with utter unbelief in its efficacy, of the medicine in question, and, in order to silence the importunities of anxious friends, sent for the pill or syrup or bitters, took nineteen bottles, or boxes, as the case might be, and surrendered on the twentieth, a miracle of robust and vigorous health; so in the other case it may appear that spiritual ailments of a sort so singular that Topsy in the story, who plumed herself on her pre-eminent wickedness, would have looked on them in envious admiration, vanished, as if by magic, on a trial of the medicine-man's new method, and on the use of his new hymn-book, price twenty-five cents, and for sale at the door.

This tendency to rely on a professional revivalist to bring about what ought to be, if it

is anything worth having, a natural result, is the sure way to encourage quackery and to multiply impostors. That revival which is merely the result of spiritual jugglery, of "making believe very much" in the claims of an audacious pretender, who asserts that he has somehow a mysterious knack at saving souls, is very likely to be fruitful in various mischiefs. A revival of religion does not happen by accident. It is not an effect without a cause. It cannot be produced by artifice or trickery. Whatever mystery there is about it is a mystery in harmony with the known laws of mind and spirit. It comes from God, as all good gifts do. It is the work of the Divine Spirit, if it is a revival of religion at all. But while we reverently acknowledge that His loving will is higher than our thoughts can climb, we do not mean that it is capricious, or arbitrary, or defiant of the laws by which it has wisely chosen to operate. No human philosophy can perfectly explain the working of the will when even one man who has long chosen to do evil chooses, at last, to do right. And of course no human philosophy can perfectly explain the process by which not one only, but scores and hundreds, as by an impulse almost simultaneous, make that great choice. But because we cannot point out the causes of phenomena so wonderful, it does not follow that they have no cause. Because there is a mystery, it is not wise to let the quack play with the mystery, or even make of it his stock in trade.

For we do know some things concerning the way in which spiritual forces operate, in which religious experience, when it is genuine, proceeds. And in this age of enlightenment, we should not need to be informed that ignorance and rawness are disqualifications for the work of religious instruction and training. For us, at least, the time has gone by when, as is said to have been the case among some hard-shell people, the fact that a man "never had no eddication" especially fitted him for a function so delicate and so responsible. We have, to be sure, seen advertised such sorrowful monstrosities as "boy-preachers," — youngsters who, instead of being spanked and put to bed betimes, are suffered to hold forth, by heated gas-light, to audiences which should know better than to listen to them. So, too, the fact that a man has some physical infirmity, is blind, one-legged, or was born without arms, is sometimes thought to be a reason why he ought to teach and preach; and instead of keeping his misfortune hushed up among his friends, or making it the occasion of sympathy and forbearance, it is made boastfully conspicuous, as if it were a positive and egregious virtue. In some quarters, also, it would seem that the mere fact of sex, provided the sex is not masculine, constitutes a call to public ministry in spiritual things; and, not because one is eloquent or learned or experienced or wise, but because one is a woman, young, or with a "wealth of hair," or with a profile Grecian from one point of view and Roman from another, she is thereby ordained to ministerial duty, and upon all creatures rests the obligation to listen to her shrill and piping message, Demosthenic or otherwise. It is curious to see how far a right principle may sometimes be distorted, so that it even comes to be a reversal of itself. To take heed that we despise not one of the little ones is a very sacred duty enforced by the most tender words and act of our great Master. To be careful not to offend our weaker brother is a sublime and magnanimous maxim, worthy of the great soul of the apostle who enunciated it. But to set up the little ones in high chairs of authority, and to commit to them the office of instruction; or to indulge the conscience of the weak brother till it becomes unreasonable and tyrannical, and requires to have the movements of the universe conform to its infirmity, is perhaps stretching these principles to a dangerous extreme. To do this is to open wide the opportunities for, and to put a perilous premium upon, some very evil forms of spiritual quackery.

If therefore there come among us such an one, who claims to have some spiritual patent-right for revivalism, or some infallible directions for short cuts into the kingdom of heaven, let us know him, by that very token, for what he is. Just as we should be suspicious of a politician who should endeavor, by whatever blather-skite methods, to produce to order a revival of patriotism—to rekindle, for example, the flames of the old Sumter enthusiasm, when there is no Sumter in peril, and no brave Anderson (peace and honor to his recent memory!) beleaguered by enemies, and no torn and smoky flag bombarded by the guns of treason; just as we should think little of the wisdom of that merchant who in a dull time should fancy that, by clamorously taking off his coat to a fictitious excitement, he could produce the business revival which the very laws of trade forbid; so we should be slow to give our confidence to any man who claims a similar special mastery over the religious forces which are concerned in a revival of religion. Of course, at certain seasons, by regular annual appointment, as is the case with our Episcopal brethren in their Lenten

service, or at irregular intervals, as is the custom of our Methodist brethren in their protracted meetings, a certain prolonged concentration of attention on religious themes is not unwise. There is intelligible reason for such methods. They accord with common sense and with religious science. But to resort to tricks or artifices, stimulus of advertisement or power of notoriety to accomplish, by some short and speedy process, a work which means the lifting and bearing of Christ's cross by a great multitude at once, the serious change of motive and of conduct in the life of a whole community, seems quackishly unwise and perilous. What wonder is it, if presently this mistake is seen to issue in strife and contention, in jealousy and heart-burnings, in spiteful and deplorable quarrels among the very people whom the revivalist assumes to benefit! What wonder if the newspapers grow black with words of conflict concerning the merits of the celebrity in question! Perhaps by and by his public performances come to be managed as if he were a star performer at a theater; threats of withdrawing him from an unappreciative community are heard; intimations that some other field is clamoring for his services; announcement of his last week, and then of positively his last week, and then, owing to the importunities of friends and contrary to general expectation, "a very few nights more!" Till finally, when the jaded emotions and susceptibilities of the community have become wholly irresponsive, and the fire of excitement has burned out; when stories of the sanctity of the evangelist and of the exhausting nature of his labors, requiring him, as rumor says, to be rubbed down as by some spiritual hostler after every evening's trot, stories which were singularly stimulating to public curiosity, when they were first rehearsed in confidential gossip of the tea-party and conference-room, have grown a trifle wearisome, this Bedouin shepherd of the flocks of other people moves to fresh fields and pastures new. It will be strange if there do not accompany him on his journey divers of the faithful women well stricken in years. Have we not seen him on his pilgrimage taking refreshment at the railway *kahn?* And while one sister holds the plate of oysters, and another one with anxious tenderness manages the spoon, and still another ties the napkin over the perpendicular vestments, he stands a helpless and much coddled spectacle to men and angels. The picture is from life; and surely to the spiritual quack there does come some Nemesis!

We leave him, then, in such an attitude, not utterly unpicturesque, going his way to kindle in some other dry, combustible community the fire of his excitement; and for a moment we linger to poke among the ashes of the fire that has burned out;—a sorrowful task; for now the sects begin to wrangle for what valuables there may be amid the rubbish, and the bad reaction has set in. A peevish disgust at ordinary, wholesome spiritual food, a head-aching weariness as after a religious dissipation. The buzz and hum of the religious machinery is silent, and the routine handiwork of daily life must needs be taken up. To trudge on foot, after one has whirled along for hours in an express train, is apt to be distasteful. And perhaps there will be a good many who will sit down and loaf, or turn aside into the meadows of Doubting Castle or to Demas' silver mine, or go back altogether. It even begins to be a question what the religion is which has been thus artificially revived, and whether it realizes the definition of St. James, "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." Meantime there are some, no doubt, startled and aroused by the great excitement, to whom the shock has proved salutary, and who never quite relapse into the apathy or the flagrant wickedness in which they lived before; some who have been lifted upon a higher plane of conduct, and who prove by living the new life that they have indeed been born by the new birth.

But are not such incidental evils always found, even in revivals of religion which are not artificial? No doubt. So in a revival of patriotism, even when it is so unmistakably genuine as ours when Sumter fell, there are incidental risks and evils. Our zeal is often without discrimination, our eagerness grows often hasty and unreasonable, and when the crisis is past, there is a better chance for thieves to steal and demagogues to mislead than ever before. The very devil will have turned patriot, and work his mischiefs with the juggle of that sacred name. It would be better, as we have said before, that we should make our progress steadily rather than spasmodically. But we must make it as we can. And when such great revivals come as the good gift of God, who knows the times and seasons, we should thankfully accept them, even if they be convulsive and full of risks and perils. The day of the Lord, however it may come, is a good day, welcome always to those who know whose day it is. When the great revival which history calls the Reformation came, it was, to those who knew the day of their visita-

tion, like light out of darkness, like death out of life. The revival of religion in the Roman Catholic Church, of which our own age witnesses the beginning, but shall not see the end, is not of man. It is the result of a historic necessity and of a divine providence and love. So every strong reaction from error and iniquity and godlessness, on however small a scale, in however secluded a country village or outlying parish it may occur, is to be received and welcomed, to be longed for and prayed for, and, in all fit ways, to be labored for. But if we find a man or class of men who claim to make such crises, whose profession it is to produce them, to whom shall we liken them but to the Hottentot rain-makers, who in dry times juggle on the hill-tops, and trust to luck or to the caprice of nature for the desired relief?

A somewhat similar superstition begins to attach to certain sacred places. For, even among Protestant Christians, whose boast is in their superiority to externals, and who have small opinion of the worth of relics and shrines, and of saints and angels as objects of adoration, there is beginning to grow up a curious imitation of the very things against which they protest. Is not the literature of our Sunday-schools beginning to exhibit a crude and sentimental angelology in its hymns and songs? Has it not niches on its book-shelves for its canonized saints, big-headed little boys preserved in memoirs and enshrined in stories? Has it not its relics even—locks of hair put up for sale at missionary-meetings, or handed down as—may we say—hair-looms, from generation to generation? So, also, there is danger that some religious meeting, famous for its fervor and unweariedness, may come to be regarded as a place whence prayer ascends with more directness and potency than elsewhere; and we hear of requests for help and sympathy sent to it from afar—requests some of which are pathetic enough, and all of which may be fit enough, if only the notion does not prevail that there is some mysterious charm about the place which is to give them certain efficacy. Heaven may surely be as near in Madison Square as in Fulton Street, in London as in New York, in Asia as in America. And of course there is no harm done when a Bombay Christian asks Fulton Street to pray for his Mussulman uncle, provided that he does not thereby discourage himself from the personal duty of trustful and unceasing prayer, and provided, also, that he does not encourage Fulton Street to think itself a trifle nearer to the mercy-seat than any other place on earth. Water for baptism is as potent and as gracious when it is taken from the Croton as when it is laboriously brought from Jordan; and the incense of devout and humble worship is as fragrant when it goes to heaven from a prairie cabin, as when a noonday prayer-meeting in the metropolis offers it up from some place famous for its holy memories and associations.

So, too, there is no harm done when, in the conduct of some Christian charity, the management declines the ordinary methods of soliciting assistance, and prefers to take such gifts as come to it from the good-will of people who have seen the good work in which it has been engaged. Once in a while there is a charity so obviously meritorious, so free from waste and ostentation, that it scarcely needs to ask for help. Its works praise it and solicit for it without need of other eloquence or importunity. But if such a charity should presently begin to plume itself on its success, and openly profess itself superior to common ways and means, a kind of miracle among things natural, there are some good men to whom it would thereby become odious. There is no such effective advertisement as to advertise that one does not advertise. Some years ago, when there arose a slight unpleasantness between one of our city theaters and a notorious newspaper, the theater in question began vehemently to call all men to witness that it did not advertise in the New York *Soandso*. But it did not seem that, after all, that theater was any less efficiently advertised because of its withdrawal from the columns of the *Soandso*. By a sagacious combination of business adroitness and personal animosity it satisfied its resentment and published its announcements at a single stroke. So, to have it publicly asserted that this philanthropic work or that religious enterprise has never asked for money, but has gratefully received and wisely used whatever aid has come to it, in answer to the prayers and faith of its well-known directors, is really to solicit help by an adroit and probably successful method. But to advertise that one does not advertise, to solicit indirectly on the ground that no solicitation is practiced, and to set down as a kind of miraculous income what is obviously the result of causes and motives such as operate continually in human affairs, is to run a great moral risk, to say the least. It is not always disingenuous, probably; it is not always spiritual quackery; but how easily it may become so, how perilous the tendency is in that direction, it is not difficult to see.

Concerning this very matter of advertising there is something more to be said. Among

the doctors of medicine it is one sure and infallible sign of a quack that he indulges in the practice of sensational advertising. It may not be wise to insist too rigidly upon the same test for the detection of the religious quack. But if one reads the column of "Religious Notices" in almost any Saturday morning newspaper, he will find some announcements which, to say the least, have a most unpleasant sound. Not to mention the persistent, and probably sincere, earnestness with which the Prophet Ice warns of the wrath to come, and finds in each week's news a welcome opportunity to add a screed of doctrine to the burden of his grievous testimony; and not to mention notices of so-called spiritual "circles," "séances," "harmonic or progressive bands," or whatever they may call themselves, it is easy to find among the regular and even orthodox "intimations" much that suggests the quackish note of the familiar barn-yard fowl. At one place Mrs. Blank, "the successful leader of children's services, will address the children and friends;" and there will be "excellent music and singing by the children;" Miss Dash, pianist. Subsequently "grand reunion and tea social." Or again, the Honorable Mr. Whey, a candidate for office in the impending election, and ingenuously advertised as such, will give his views on certain points of a politico-religious sort. Or yet again, a Reverend Brother will discourse at 7 P.M. on that fruitful, soul-stirring, and most evangelical theme, "Jehoiakim's Penknife—Seats free," as, indeed, they ought to be, that none may have excuse for failure to receive the solemn message. The seats are also free on that other occasion when "The Elements that Constitute a Superior Young Lady will be the topic of discourse;" and one conjectures, with unsatisfied wonder, whether the sermon on "Personal Examination" which was announced for the second service of the same day had any logical connection with the first discourse. Am I a superior young lady? is surely a practical question; and, in that case, what elements constitute me? ought to be a matter of public interest and importance.

Of course it will not do to be too hard on such announcements, which, after all, are sometimes errors of taste and judgment merely; but what shall we say of those irreverent notices such as one hears in times of revival excitement, and which undertake to indicate more or less definitely the presence of the Eternal Spirit at a fixed time and place. "We hope for a crowning season of power to-night," was the announcement at the close of a protracted meeting,—and the "crowning season of power" was to begin at half-past seven, doors open at seven o'clock. So again, in a recent Saturday paper, preaching was promised on the next day by Reverend Brother Asterisk, a District Chairman, in the morning, in the afternoon, and in the evening, at such a place, at such and such fixed hours. "We expect the Master to be present to baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire." We read with an indignant shudder the audacious claim; and yet the writer, who announces thus the movements of the Lord of Lords with much the same glib familiarity and confidence with which he speaks of Brother Asterisk, has probably no thought of impropriety or offense. When Mr. Matthew Arnold complains of a certain Protestant theology that it talks "about God just as if he was a man in the next street, whose proceedings it" (the theology referred to) "intimately knew and could give account of," we feel some disposition to resent the charge; but if our Protestantism is to issue in such audacity as this, which is so audacious that it does not even know itself to be audacity, we may admit some salutary justice in his criticisms.

Indeed, the field for criticism which is opened by the very title of this paper is so vast, and the opportunity for protest so obvious, that there is an embarrassment of riches to discourage us in our attempt to deal with spiritual quackery as it deserves. We have tried to indicate, not to occupy the field. And the phrase which we have used may serve to put us in remembrance of the perils which beset us in an honest effort either to teach or to learn religious truth. The risks and toils of an apostle were abundant surely in the days when the great Missionary to the Gentiles went forth in his apostolic journeyings; it was hard enough to be "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren;" but we in these days, happily escaping many of the ills in his sad catalogue of risks, may well confess ourselves "in perils among quacks." Happily the great practical duties of religion, "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world," are obvious and simple. Of such religion, "pure and undefiled before God and the Father," we can help to bring revivals, by honest and devout minding of our daily Christian business. And such religion needs no advertising and will seek for none. From quackish imitations, or dilutions, or corruptions of it, may the good Lord deliver us!

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 231.)

CHAPTER LV.

ATTEMPTS AND COINCIDENCES.

It was months before I could resume my work. Not until Charley's absence was as it were so far established and accepted that hope had begun to assert itself against memory; that is, not until the form of Charley ceased to wander with despairful visage behind me and began to rise amongst the silvery mists before me, was I able to invent once more, or even to guide the pen with certainty over the paper. The moment, however, that I took the pen in my hand another necessity seized me.

Although Mary had hardly been out of my thoughts, I had heard no word of her since her brother's death. I dared not write to her father or mother after the way the former had behaved to me, and I shrunk from approaching Mary with a word that might suggest a desire to intrude the thoughts of myself upon the sacredness of her grief. Why should she think of me? Sorrow has ever something of a divine majesty, before which one must draw nigh with bowed head and bated breath:

> Here I and sorrows sit;
> Here is my throne: bid kings come bow to it.

But the moment I took the pen in my hand to write, an almost agonizing desire to speak to her laid hold of me. I dared not yet write to her, but, after reflection, resolved to send her some verses which should make her think of both Charley and myself, through the pages of a magazine which I knew she read.

> O look not on the heart I bring—
> It is too low and poor;
> I would not have thee love a thing
> Which I can ill endure.
>
> Nor love me for the sake of what
> I would be if I could;
> O'er peaks as o'er the marshy flat,
> Still soars the sky of good.
>
> See, love, afar, the heavenly man
> The will of God would make;
> The thing I must be when I can,
> Love now, for faith's dear sake.

But when I had finished the lines, I found the expression had fallen so far short of what I had in my feeling, that I could not rest satisfied with such an attempt at communication. I walked up and down the room thinking of the awful theories regarding the state of mind at death in which Mary had been trained. As to the mere suicide, love ever finds refuge in presumed madness; but all of her school believed that at the moment of dissolution the fate is eternally fixed either for bliss or woe, determined by the one or the other of two vaguely defined attitudes of the mental being towards certain propositions; concerning which attitudes they were at least right in asserting that no man could of himself assume the safe one. The thought became unendurable that Mary should believe that Charley was damned—and that forever and ever. I must and would write to her, come of it what might. That my Charley, whose suicide came of misery that the painful flutterings of his half born wings would not bear him aloft into the empyrean, should appear to my Athanasia lost in an abyss of irrecoverable woe; that she should think of God as sending forth his spirit to sustain endless wickedness for endless torture;—it was too frightful. As I wrote, the fire burned and burned, and I ended only from despair of utterance. Not a word can I now recall of what I wrote:—the strength of my feelings must have paralyzed the grasp of my memory. All I can recollect is that I closed with the expression of a passionate hope that the God who had made me and my Charley to love each other, would somewhere, some day, somehow, when each was grown stronger and purer, give us once more to each other. In that hope alone, I said, was it possible for me to live. By return of post, I received the following:—

"Sir—After having everlastingly ruined one of my children, body and soul, for *your* sophisms will hardly alter the decrees of divine justice,—once more you lay your snares—now to drag my sole remaining child into the same abyss of perdition. Such wickedness—wickedness even to the pitch of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, I have never in the course of a large experience of impenitence found paralleled. It almost drives me to the belief that the enemy of souls is still occasionally permitted to take up his personal abode in the heart of him who willfully turns aside from revealed truth. I forgive you for the ruin you have brought upon our fondest hopes, and the agony with which you have torn the hearts of those who more than life loved him of whom

you falsely called yourself the friend. But I fear you have already gone too far ever to feel your need of that forgiveness which alone can avail you. Yet I say—Repent, for the mercy of the Lord is infinite. Though my boy is lost to me forever, I should yet rejoice to see the instrument of his ruin plucked as a brand from the burning.

"Your obedient well-wisher,

"CHARLES OSBORNE.

"P.S.—I retain your letter for the sake of my less experienced brethren, that I may be able to afford an instance of how far the unregenerate mind can go in its antagonism to the God of Revelation."

I breathed a deep breath, and laid the letter down, mainly concerned as to whether Mary had had the chance of reading mine. I could believe any amount of tyranny in her father—even to perusing and withholding her letters; but in this I may do him injustice, for there is no common ground known to me from which to start in speculating upon his probable actions. I wrote in answer something nearly as follows:—

"SIR—That you should do me injustice can by this time be no matter of surprise to me. Had I the slightest hope of convincing you of the fact, I should strain every mental nerve to that end. But no one can labor without hope, and as in respect of *your* justice I have none, I will be silent. May the God in whom I trust convince you of the cruelty of which you have been guilty; the God in whom you profess to believe, must be too like yourself to give any ground of such hope from him.

"Your obedient servant,

"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."

If Mary had read my letter, I felt assured her reading had been very different from her father's. Anyhow she could not judge me as he did, for she knew me better. She knew that for Charley's sake I had tried the harder to believe myself.

But the reproaches of one who had been so unjust to his own son could not weigh very heavily on me, and I now resumed my work with a tolerable degree of calmness. But I wrote badly. I should have done better to go down to the Moat, and be silent. If my reader has ever seen what I wrote at that time, I should like her to know that I now wish it all unwritten—not for any utterance contained in it, but simply for its general inferiority.

Certainly, work is not always required of a man. There is such a thing as a sacred idleness, the cultivation of which is now fearfully neglected. Abraham, seated in his tent-door in the heat of the day, would be to the philosophers of the nineteenth century an object for uplifted hands and pointed fingers. They would see in him only the indolent Arab, whom nothing but the foolish fancy that he saw his Maker in the distance could rouse to run.

It was clearly better to attempt no further communication with Mary at present; and I could think but of one person from whom, without giving pain, I might hope for some information concerning her.

. . . . . .

Here I had written a detailed account of how I contrived to meet Miss Pease, but it is not of consequence enough to my story to be allowed to remain. Suffice it to mention that one morning, at length, I caught sight of her in a street in Mayfair, where the family was then staying for the season, and overtaking, addressed her.

She started, stared at me for a moment, and held out her hand.

"I didn't know you, Mr. Cumbermede. How much older you look! I beg your pardon. Have you been ill?"

She spoke hurriedly, and kept looking over her shoulder now and then as if afraid of being seen talking to me.

"I have had a good deal to make me older since we met last, Miss Pease," I said. "I have hardly a friend left in the world but you—that is, if you will allow me to call you one."

"Certainly, certainly," she answered, but hurriedly, and with one of those uneasy glances. "Only you must allow, Mr. Cumbermede, that—that—that—"

The poor lady was evidently unprepared to meet me on the old footing, and, at the same time, equally unwilling to hurt my feelings.

"I should be sorry to make you run a risk for my sake," I said. "Please just answer me one question. Do you know what it is to be misunderstood—to be despised without deserving it?"

She smiled sadly, and nodded her head gently two or three times.

"Then have pity on me, and let me have a little talk with you."

Again she glanced apprehensively over her shoulder.

"You are afraid of being seen with me, and I don't wonder," I said.

"Mr. Geoffrey came up with us," she answered. "I left him at breakfast. He will be going across the park to his club directly."

"Then come with me the other way—into Hyde Park," I said.

With evident reluctance, she yielded and accompanied me.

As soon as we got within Stanhope Gate, I spoke.

"A certain sad event, of which you have no doubt heard, Miss Pease, has shut me out from all communication with the family of my friend Charley Osborne. I am very anxious for some news of his sister. She is all that is left of him to me now. Can you tell me anything about her?"

"She has been very ill," she replied.

"I hope that means that she is better," I said.

"She is better, and, I hear, going on the Continent, as soon as the season will permit. But, Mr. Cumbermede, you must be aware that I am under considerable restraint in talking to you. The position I hold in Sir Giles's family, although neither a comfortable nor a dignified one——"

"I understand you perfectly, Miss Pease," I returned, "and fully appreciate the sense of propriety which causes your embarrassment. But the request I am about to make has nothing to do with them or their affairs whatever. I only want your promise to let me know if you hear anything of Miss Osborne."

"I cannot tell—what——"

"What use I may be going to make of the information you give me. In a word, you do not trust me."

"I neither trust nor distrust you, Mr. Cumbermede. But I am afraid of being drawn into a correspondence with you."

"Then I will ask no promise. I will hope in your generosity. Here is my address. I pray you, as you would have helped him who fell among thieves, to let me know anything you hear about Mary Osborne."

She took my card, and turned at once, saying:

"Mind, I make no promise."

"I imagine none," I answered. "I will trust in your kindness."

And so we parted.

Unsatisfactory as the interview was, it yet gave me a little hope. I was glad to hear Mary was going abroad, for it must do her good. For me, I would endure and labor and hope. I gave her to God, as Shakspeare says somewhere, and set myself to my work. When her mind was quieter about Charley, somehow or other I might come near her again. I could not see how.

I took my way across the Green Park.

I do not believe we notice the half of the coincidences that float past us on the stream of events. Things which would fill us with astonishment, and probably with foreboding, look us in the face and pass us by, and we know nothing of them.

As I walked along in the direction of the Mall, I became aware of a tall man coming towards me, stooping as if with age, while the length of his stride indicated a more vigorous period. He passed without lifting his head, but in the partial view of the wan and furrowed countenance I could not fail to recognize Charley's father. Such a worn unhappiness was there depicted, that the indignation which still lingered in my bosom went out in compassion. If his sufferings might but teach him that to brand the truth of the kingdom with the private mark of opinion must result in persecution and cruelty! He mounted the slope with strides at once eager and aimless, and I wondered whether any of the sure coming compunctions had yet begun to overshadow the complacency of his faith; whether he had yet begun to doubt if it pleased the Son of Man that a youth should be driven from the gates of truth because he failed to recognize her image in the faces of the janitors.

Aimless also, I turned into the Mall, and again I started at the sight of a known figure. Was it possible?—could it be my Lilith betwixt the shafts of a public cabriolet? Fortunately it was empty. I hailed it, and jumped up, telling the driver to take me to my chambers. My poor Lilith! She was working like one who had never been loved! So far as I knew, she had never been in harness before. She was badly groomed and thin, but much of her old spirit remained. I soon entered into negotiations with the driver, whose property she was, and made her my own once more, with a delight I could ill express in plain prose—for my friends were indeed few. I wish I could draw a picture of the lovely creature, when at length, having concluded my bargain, I approached her, and called her by her name! She turned her head sideways towards me with a low whinny of pleasure, and when I walked a little away, walked wearily after me. I took her myself to livery-stables near me, and wrote for Styles. His astonishment when he saw her was amusing.

"Good Lord! Miss Lilith!" was all he could say for some moments.

In a few days she had begun to look like herself, and I sent her home with Styles. I should hardly like to say how much the recovery of her did to restore my spirits; I could not help regarding it as a good omen.

And now, the first bitterness of my misery having died a natural death, I sought again some of the friends I had made through Charley, and experienced from them great kindness. I began also to go into society a little, for I had found that invention is ever ready to lose the forms of life if it be not kept under the ordinary pressure of its atmosphere. As it is, I doubt much if any of my books are more than partially true to those forms, for I have ever heeded them too little; but I believe I have been true to the heart of man. At the same time, I have ever regarded that heart more as the fountain of aspiration than the grave of fruition. The discomfiture of enemies and a happy marriage never seemed to me ends of sufficient value to close a history withal—I mean a fictitious history, wherein one may set forth joys and sorrows which in a real history must walk shadowed under the veil of modesty; for the soul still less than the body will consent to be revealed to all eyes. Hence, although most of my books have seemed true to some, they have all seemed visionary to most.

A year passed away, during which I never left London. I heard from Miss Pease—that Miss Osborne, though much better, was not going to return until after another winter. I wrote and thanked her, and heard no more. It may seem I accepted such ignorance with strange indifference; but even to the reader, for whom alone I am writing, I cannot, as things are, attempt to lay open all my heart. I have not written, and cannot write, how I thought, projected, brooded, and dreamed—all about *her;* how I hoped when I wrote that she might read; how I questioned what I had written, to find whether it would look to her what I had intended it to appear.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE LAST VISION.

I HAD engaged to accompany one of Charley's barrister friends, in whose society I had found considerable satisfaction, to his father's house, to spend the evening with some friends of the family. The gathering was chiefly for talk, and was a kind of thing I disliked, finding its aimlessness and flicker depressing. Indeed, partly from the peculiar circumstances of my childhood, partly from what I had suffered, I always found my spirits highest when alone. Still, the study of humanity apart, I felt that I ought not to shut myself out from my kind, but endure some little irksomeness, if only for the sake of keeping alive that surface friendliness which has its value in the nourishment of the deeper affections. On this particular occasion, however, I yielded the more willingly that, in the revival of various memories of Charley, it had occurred to me that I once heard him say that his sister had a regard for one of the ladies of the family.

There were not many people in the drawing-room when we arrived, and my friend's mother alone was there to entertain them. With her I was chatting when one of her daughters entered, accompanied by a lady in mourning. For one moment I felt as if on the borders of insanity. My brain seemed to surge like the waves of a wind-tormented tide, so that I dared not make a single step forward lest my limbs should disobey me. It was indeed Mary Osborne; but oh, how changed! The rather full face had grown delicate and thin, and the fine pure complexion if possible finer and purer, but certainly more ethereal and evanescent. It was as if suffering had removed some substance unapt,* and rendered her body a better-fitting garment for her soul. Her face, which had before required the softening influence of sleep and dreams to give it the plasticity necessary for complete expression, was now full of a repressed expression, if I may be allowed the phrase—a latent something ever on the tremble, ever on the point of breaking forth. It was as if the nerves had grown finer, more tremulous, or rather, more vibrative. Touched to finer issues they could never have been, but suffering had given them a more responsive thrill. In a word, she was the Athanasia of my dream, not the Mary Osborne of the Moldwarp library.

Conquering myself at last, and seeing a favorable opportunity, I approached her. I think the fear lest her father should enter gave me the final impulse; otherwise I could have been contented to gaze on her for hours in motionless silence.

"May I speak to you, Mary?" I said.

She lifted her eyes and her whole face towards mine, without a smile, without a word. Her features remained perfectly still, but, like the outbreak of a fountain, the tears rushed into her eyes and overflowed in silent weeping. Not a sob, not a convulsive movement accompanied their flow.

"Is your father here?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I thought you were abroad somewhere—I did not know where."

Again she shook her head. She dared not

* Spenser's "Hymne in Honour of Beautie."

speak, knowing that if she made the attempt she must break down.

"I will go away till you can bear the sight of me," I said.

She half-stretched out a thin white hand, but whether to detain me or bid me farewell, I do not know, for it dropped again on her knee.

"I will come to you by and by," I said, and moved away.

The rooms rapidly filled, and in a few minutes I could not see the corner where I had left her. I endured everything for a while, and then made my way back to it; but she was gone, and I could find her nowhere. A lady began to sing. When the applause which followed her performance was over, my friend, who happened to be near me, turned abruptly and said,

"Now, Cumbermede, *you* sing."

The truth was, that since I had loved Mary Osborne, I had attempted to cultivate a certain small gift of song which I thought I possessed. I dared not touch any existent music, for I was certain I should break down; but having a faculty—somewhat thin, I fear—for writing songs, and finding that a shadowy air always accompanied the birth of the words, I had presumed to study music a little, in the hope of becoming able to fix the melody—the twin sister of the song. I had made some progress, and had grown able to write down a simple thought. There was little presumption, then, in venturing my voice, limited as was its scope, upon a trifle of my own. Tempted by the opportunity of realizing hopes consciously wild, I obeyed my friend, and, sitting down to the instrument in some trepidation, sang the following verses:—

I dreamed that I woke from a dream,
And the house was full of light;
At the window two angel Sorrows
Held back the curtains of night.

The door was wide, and the house
Was full of the morning wind;
At the door two armèd warders
Stood silent, with faces blind.

I ran to the open door,
For the wind of the world was sweet;
The warders with crossing weapons
Turned back my issuing feet.

I ran to the shining windows—
There the wingèd Sorrows stood;
Silent they held the curtains,
And the light fell through in a flood.

I clomb to the highest window—
Ah! there, with shadowed brow,
Stood one lonely radiant Sorrow,
And that, my love, was thou.

I could not have sung this in public but that no one would suspect it was my own, or was in the least likely to understand a word of it—except her for whose ears and heart it was intended.

As soon as I had finished, I rose and once more went searching for Mary. But as I looked, sadly fearing she was gone, I heard her voice close behind me.

"Are those verses your own, Mr. Cumbermede?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

I turned trembling. Her lovely face was looking up at me.

"Yes," I answered—"as much my own as that I believe they are not to be found anywhere. But they were given to me rather than made by me."

"Would you let me have them? I am not sure that I understand them."

"I am not sure that I understand them myself. They are for the heart rather than the mind. Of course you shall have them. They were written for you. All I have, all I am, is yours."

Her face flushed and grew pale again instantly.

"You must not talk so," she said. "Remember."

"I can never forget. I do not know why you say *remember*."

"On second thoughts, I must not have the verses. I beg your pardon."

"Mary, you bewilder me. I have no right to ask you to explain, except that you speak as if I must understand. What have they been telling you about me?"

"Nothing—at least nothing that——"

She paused.

"I try to live innocently, and were it only for your sake, shall never stop searching for the thread of life in its raveled skein."

"Do not say for *my* sake, Mr. Cumbermede. That means nothing. Say for your own sake, if not for God's."

"If *you* are going to turn away from me, I don't mind how soon I follow Charley."

All this was said in a half-whisper, I bending towards her where she sat, a little sheltered by one of a pair of folding-doors. My heart was like to break—or rather it seemed to have vanished out of me altogether, lost in a gulf of emptiness. Was this all? Was this the end of my dreaming? To be thus pushed aside by the angel of my resurrection?

"Hush! hush!" she said kindly. "You must have many friends. But——"

"But you will be my friend no more? Is that it, Mary? Oh, if you knew all! And you are never, never to know it!"

Her still face was once more streaming with tears. I choked mine back, terrified at the thought of being observed; and without even offering my hand, left her and made my way through the crowd to the stair. On the landing I met Geoffrey Brotherton. We stared each other in the face, and passed.

I did not sleep much that night, and when I did sleep, woke from one wretched dream after another, now crying aloud, and now weeping. What could I have done? or rather, what could any one have told her I had done, to make her behave thus to me? She did not look angry—nor even displeased—only sorrowful, very sorrowful; and she seemed to take it for granted I knew what it meant. When at length I finally woke, after an hour of less troubled sleep, I found some difficulty in convincing myself that the real occurrences of the night before had not been one of the many troubled dreams that had scared my repose. Even after the dreams had all vanished, and the facts remained, they still appeared more like a dim dream of the dead—the vision of Mary was so wan and hopeless, memory alone looking out from her worn countenance. There had been no warmth in her greeting, no resentment in her aspect; we met as if we had parted but an hour before, only that an open grave was between us, across which we talked in the voices of dreamers. She had sought to raise no barrier between us, just because we *could* not meet, save as one of the dead and one of the living. What could it mean? But with the growing day awoke a little courage. I would at least try to find out what it meant. Surely *all* my dreams were not to vanish like the mist of the morning! To lose my dreams would be far worse than to lose the so-called realities of life. What were these to me? What value lay in such reality? Even God was as yet so dim and far off as to seem rather in the region of dreams—of those true dreams, I hoped, that shadow forth the real—than in the actual visible present. "Still," I said to myself, "she had not cast me off; she did not refuse to know me; she did ask for my song, and I will send it."

I wrote it out, adding a stanza to the verses:—

> I bowed my head before her,
> And stood trembling in the light;
> She dropped the heavy curtain,
> And the house was full of night.

I then sought my friend's chambers.

"I was not aware you knew the Osbornes," I said. "I wonder you never told me, seeing Charley and you were such friends."

"I never saw one of them till last night. My sister and she knew each other some time ago, and have met again of late. What a lovely creature she is! But what became of you last night? You must have left before any one else."

"I didn't feel well."

"You don't look the thing."

"I confess meeting Miss Osborne rather upset me."

"It had the same effect on her. She was quite ill, my sister said this morning. No wonder! Poor Charley! I always had a painful feeling that he would come to grief somehow."

"Let's hope he's come to something else by this time, Marston," I said.

"Amen," he returned.

"Is her father or mother with her?"

"No. They are to fetch her away—next week, I think it is."

I had now no fear of my communication falling into other hands, and therefore sent the song by post, with a note, in which I begged her to let me know if I had done anything to offend her. Next morning I received the following reply:—

"No, Wilfrid—for Charley's sake, I must call you by your name—you have done nothing to offend me. Thank you for the song. I did not want you to send it, but I will keep it. You must not write to me again. Do not forget what we used to write about. God's ways are not ours. Your friend, Mary Osborne."

I rose and went out, not knowing whither. Half-stunned, I roamed the streets. I ate nothing that day, and when towards night I found myself near my chambers, I walked in as I had come out, having no intent, no future. I felt very sick, and threw myself on my bed. There I passed the night, half in sleep, half in a helpless prostration. When I look back, it seems as if some spiritual narcotic must have been given me, else how should the terrible time have passed and left me alive? When I came to myself, I found I was ill, and I longed to hide my head in the nest of my childhood. I had always looked on the Moat as my refuge at the last; now it seemed the only desirable thing—a lonely nook, in which to lie down and end the dream there begun—either, as it now seemed, in an eternal sleep, or the inburst of a dreary light. After the last refuge it could afford me it must pass from my hold; but I was yet able to determine whither. I rose and went to Marston.

"Marston," I said, "I want to make my will."

"All right!" he returned; "but you look as if you meant to register it as well. You've got a feverish cold: I see it in your eyes. Come along. I'll go home with you, and fetch a friend of mine who will give you something to do you good."

"I can't rest till I have made my will," I persisted.

"Well, there's no harm in that," he rejoined. "It won't take long, I dare say."

"It needn't, anyhow. I only want to leave the small real property I have to Miss Osborne, and the still smaller personal property to yourself."

He laughed.

"All right, old boy! I haven't the slightest objection to your willing your traps to me, but every objection in the world to your *leaving* them. To be sure, every man, with anything to leave, ought to make his will betimes;—so fire away."

In a little while the draught was finished.

"I shall have it ready for your signature by to-morrow," he said.

I insisted it should be done at once. I was going home, I said. He yielded. The will was engrossed, signed, and witnessed that same morning; and in the afternoon I set out, the first part of the journey by rail, for the Moat.

(To be continued.)

THE ASSAULT OF ANTINOÜS UPON ULYSSES.*

Ulysses entered, seemingly an old
And wretched beggar, propped upon a staff,
And wrapped in sordid weeds. He sat him down
On the ashen threshold, just within the doors,
And leaned against a shaft of cypress wood,
Which some artificer had skillfully
Wrought by a line and smoothed. Telemachus
Called to the swineherd, bade him come, and took
A loaf that lay in the fair canister,
And all the flesh which his two hands could grasp.
"Bear this to yonder stranger; bid him go
And ask a dole from every suitor here.
No beggar should be bashful in his need."
He spake, the hind obeyed, and drawing near
Ulysses, said to him in winged words:
"These from Telemachus, who bids thee ask
A dole from every suitor, for he says,
No beggar should be bashful in his need."
Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:—
"May Jove, the sovereign, make Telemachus
A happy man among the sons of men,
And grant him all his heart desires in life."
He spake, and took the gift in both his hands,
And laid it down upon his tattered scrip
Close to his feet. Then while the poet sang,
He ate, and just as he had supped, the bard
Closed his divine recital. Then ensued
Great clamor in the hall, but Pallas came
And moved Ulysses to arise, and ask
From every suitor there a dole of bread,
That he might know the better from the worse,
Though none were to be spared. From right to left
He took his way, and asked of every man,

* From the forthcoming second volume of W. C. Bryant's Translation of the Odyssey, Book xvii., now in press, and soon to be published by J. R. Osgood & Co.

With outstretched hand, as if he had been long
A beggar. And they pitied him and gave,
And looked at him with wonder, and inquired
One of another who he was, and whence.
Then spake Melanthius, keeper of the goats :—
"Give ear, ye suitors of the illustrious queen ;
As to this stranger, I have seen him once ;
The swineherd brought him ; but I know him not,
And of what race he is I cannot tell."
He spake ; Antinoüs chid the swineherd thus :—
"Why hast thou brought him, too well known thyself ?
Have we not vagabonds enough ? enough
Of sturdy beggars, pests of every feast,
Or is it a light matter that they throng
Hither to waste the substance of thy lord,
And therefore thou art with this fellow here ?"
And thus, Eumæus, thou didst make reply :—
"Antinoüs, high as is thy station, thou
Hast spoken ill. What man goes ever forth.
To bid a stranger to his house, unless
The stranger be of those whose office is
To serve the people, be he seer, or leech,
Or architect, or poet heaven-inspired,
Whose song is gladly heard ? All these are called
To feasts wherever men are found. But none
Call in the poor to live upon their means.
Antinoüs, thou, of all the suitor train,
Dost ever with the greatest harshness treat
The servants of Ulysses, chiefly me.
I heed it not while sage Penelope
Dwells in the palace with her god-like son."
Then interposed discreet Telemachus :—
"Nay, have no strife of words with him, I pray.
Antinoüs takes delight in bitter words,
And rails, and stirs up railing in the rest."
And then he turned, and thus with winged words
Bespake Antinoüs : "Truly thou dost care
For me as might a father for a son,
Bidding me drive a stranger from my door
With violent words—which God forbid. Take then
Somewhat and give to him. I grudge it not,
Nay, I advise it. Fear not to offend
My mother or displease a single one
Of all the household of the godlike chief,
Ulysses. But thou hast no thought of this.
It suits thee best to feast and never give."
Antinoüs thus rejoined : "O utterer
Of big and braggart words ! Telemachus,
If all the other suitors would bestow
As much as I will, he would not be seen
Within these halls for three months yet to come."
So speaking, he brought forward to the sight
From underneath the board a stool, on which
Rested his dainty feet. The others all
Gave somewhat to Ulysses till his scrip
Was filled with meat and flesh. Then as he went
Back to the threshold, there to feast on what
The Greeks had given him in his rounds, he stopped
Beside Antinoüs, and bespake him thus :—

"Give somewhat also, friend. Thou dost not seem
One of the humbler rank among the Greeks,
But of the highest. Kingly is thy look;
It therefore will become thee to bestow
More freely than the rest, and I will sound
Thy praise through all the earth. Mine too was once
A happy lot, for I inhabited
A palace filled with goods, and often gave
To wanderers, whosoever they might be
That sought me out, and in whatever need.
And I had many servants, and large store
Of everything by which men live at ease
And are accounted rich. Saturnian Jove,
Such was his pleasure, brought me low; for, moved
By him, I joined me to a wandering band
Of pirates, and to my perdition sailed
Upon a distant voyage to the coast
Of Egypt. In the river of that land
I stationed my good ships, and bade my men
Remain with them and watch them well. I placed
Sentries upon the heights. Yet confident
In their own strength, and rashly giving way
To greed, my comrades ravaged the fair fields
Of the Egyptians, slew them, and bore off
Their wives and little ones. The rumor reached
The city soon: the people heard the alarm,
And came together. With the dawn of day
All the great plain was thronged with horse and foot,
And gleamed with brass, while Jove the Thunderer sent
A deadly fear into our ranks, where none
Dared face the foe. On every side was death.
The Egyptians hewed down many with the sword,
And some they led away alive to toil
For them in slavery. Me my captors gave
Into a stranger's hands, upon his way
To Cyprus, where he reigned a mighty king,
Demetor, Jasus' son, and thence, at last,
I came through many hardships to this isle."
Antinoüs lifted up his voice, and said:—
"What god hath sent this nuisance to disturb
The banquet? Take thyself to the mid-hall,
Far from my table, else expect to see
An Egypt and a Cyprus of a sort
That thou wilt little like. Thou art a bold
And shameless beggar. Thou dost take thy round
And ask from each, and foolishly they give,
And spare not nor consider; well supplied
Is each, and freely gives what is not his."
Then sage Ulysses said, as he withdrew:—
"'Tis strange; thy mind agrees not with thy form.
Thou wouldst not give a suppliant even salt
In thine own house,—thou who, while sitting here
Fed at another's table, canst not bear
To give me bread from thy well-loaded board."
He spake. Antinoüs grew more angry still,
And frowned, and answered him with wingèd words:—
"Dealer in saucy words! I hardly think
That thou wilt leave this palace unchastised."
He spake, and raised the footstool in his hand,

And smote Ulysses on the lower part
Of the right shoulder. Like a rock he stood,
Unmoved beneath the blow Antinoüs gave,
But shook his head in silence as he thought
Of vengeance. Then returning, he sat down
Upon the threshold, where he laid his scrip
Well filled, and thus bespake the suitor train:—
"Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious queen.
Grief or resentment no man feels for blows
Received by him while fighting for his own,—
His beeves or white-wooled sheep. But this man here,
Antinoüs, dealt that blow on me because
I have an empty stomach; hunger brings
Great mischief upon men. If there be gods
Or furies who avenge the poor, may death
O'ertake Antinoüs ere his marriage-day."
He ended. Then again Eupeithes' son,
Antinoüs, spake:—"Eat, stranger, quietly:
Sit still, or get thee hence; our young men else
Who hear thy words will seize thee by the feet
Or hands, and drag thee forth and flay thee there."
He spake, and greatly were the rest incensed,
And one of those proud youths took up the word:—
"Antinoüs, it was ill of thee to smite
That hapless wanderer. Madman! what if he
Came down from heaven and were a god! The gods
Put on the form of strangers from afar,
And walk our towns in many different shapes,
To mark the good and evil deeds of men."
Thus spake the suitors, but he heeded not
Their words. Telemachus, who saw the blow,
Felt his heart swell with anger and with grief,
Yet from his eyelids fell no tear; he shook
His head in silence, pondering to repay
The wrong. Meantime the sage Penelope
Heard of the stranger smitten in her halls,
And thus bespake the maidens of her train:—
"Would that Apollo, mighty with the bow,
Might smite thee also." Then Eurynomè,
The matron of the household, said in turn:—
"O were our prayers but heard, not one of these
Should look upon the golden morn again."
Then spake again the sage Penelope:—
"Mother, they all are hateful; every one
Plots mischief, but Antinoüs most of all;
And he is like black death to be abhorred.
A friendless stranger passes through these halls,
Compelled by need, and asks an alms of each,
And all the others give, and fill his scrip,
Antinoüs flings a footstool, and the blow
Bruises the shoulder of the suppliant man."
So talked they with each other where they sat
In the queen's chamber, 'mid the attendant train
Of women, while meantime Ulysses took
The evening meal.

AT HIS GATES.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.



R. and Mrs. Robert Drummond lived in a pretty house in the Kensington district; a house, the very external aspect of which informed the passer-by who they were, or at least what the husband was. The house was embowered in its little garden; and in spring, with its lilacs and laburnums, looked like a great bouquet of bloom—as such houses often do. But built out from the house, and occupying a large slice of the garden at the side, was a long room, lighted with sky windows, and not by any means charming to look at outside, though the creepers, which had not long been planted, were beginning to climb upon the walls. It was connected with the house by a passage which acted as a conservatory, and was full of flowers; and everything had been done that could be done to render the new studio as beautiful in aspect as it was in meaning. But it was new, and had scarcely yet begun, as its proprietor said, to "compose" with its surroundings. Robert Drummond, accordingly, was a painter, a painter producing, in the meantime, pictures of the class called *genre;* but intending to be historical, and to take to the highest school of art as soon as life and fame would permit. He was a very good painter; his subjects were truly "felt" and exquisitely manipulated; but there was no energy of emotion, no originality of genius about them. A great many people admired them very much; other painters lingered over them lovingly, with that true professional admiration of "good work" which counteracts the jealousy of trade in every honest mind. They were very saleable articles, indeed, and had procured a considerable amount of prosperity for the young painter. It was almost certain that he would be made an Associate at the next vacancy, and an Academician in time. But with all this, he was well aware that he was no genius, and so was his wife.

The knowledge of this fact acted upon them in very different ways; but that its effect may be fully understood, the difference in their characters and training requires to be known. Robert Drummond had never been anything but a painter; attempts had been made in his youth to fix him to business, his father having been the senior clerk, much respected and utterly respectable, of a great City house; and the attempt might have been successful but that accident had thrown him among artists, a kind of society very captivating to a young man, especially when he has a certain command of a pencil. He threw himself into art, accordingly, with all his soul. He was the sort of man who would have thrown himself into anything with all his soul; not for success or reward, but out of an infinite satisfaction in doing good work, and seeing beautiful things grow under his hand. He was of a very sanguine mind, a mind which seldom accepted defeat, but which, with instinctive unconscious wisdom, hesitated to dare the highest flights, and to put itself in conflict with those final powers which either vanquish a man or assure his triumph. Perhaps it was because there was some hidden possibility of wild despair and downfall in the man's mind, of which only himself was aware, that he was thus cautious of putting his final fortune to the touch. But the fact was that he painted his pictures contentedly, conscientiously, doing everything well, and satisfied with the perfection of his work as work, though he was not unaware of the absence from it of any spark of divinity. He did not say it in so many words, but the sentiment of his mind was this:—"It is good work, work no man need be ashamed of. I am not a Raphael, alas! and I cannot help it. What is the good of being unhappy about a thing I cannot mend? I am doing my best; it is honest work, which I know I don't slight or do carelessly; and I can give her everything she wants except that. I should be too happy myself if she were but content." But she was not content, and thus his happiness was brought down to the moderate pitch allowed to mortal bliss.

She was very different from her Robert.

She had been a young lady of very good connections when she first met the rising young artist. I do not say that her connections were splendid, or that she made an absolute *mésalliance*, for that would be untrue. Her people, however, had been rich people for several generations. They had begun in merchandise, and by merchandise they had kept themselves up; but to have been rich from the time of your great-grandfather, with never any downfall or even break in the wealth, has perhaps more effect on the mind than that pride which springs from family. Well-descended people are aware that every family now and then gets into trouble, and may even fall into poverty without sacrificing any of its pretensions. But well-off people have not that source of enlightenment. When they cease to be very well off, they lose the great point of eminence on which they have taken their stand; and, consequently, success is more absolutely necessary to them than it is to any other class in the community. Helen Burton besides was very proud, very ambitious, and possessed of that not unusual form of *amour propre* which claims distinction as a right—though she had not anything particular in herself to justify her claim. She had, or believed she had, an utter contempt for that money which was the foundation of her family pride; and she was, at the same time, too well endowed in mind, and too generous in temper, to be able to give herself up sincerely to worship of that rank, which, as their only perpetual superior, tantalizes the imagination of the plebeian rich, and thrusts itself constantly before them. Helen could have married the son of a poor lord, and become the Honourable Mrs. Somebody, with her mother's blessing, had she so willed. But as her will took a totally different direction, she had defied and alienated her mother, who was also a woman of high spirit, and only some seventeen years older than her only child; the consequence was that when Mrs. Burton found herself abandoned and left alone in the world, she married too, as truly out of pique as a girl sometimes does when deserted by her lover; and at her death left everything she had to her husband and the two small babies, one of them younger than Helen's little Norah, whom she left behind. So that a little tragedy, of a kind not much noted by the world, had woven itself around the beginning of her married life. The mother's second marriage had not been a success, but was Helen to blame for that? Nobody said she was, no one around her; but sometimes in the silence of the night, when she alone was awake, and all her household slept so peacefully—— Robert, good Robert, was not a success either, not such a man as she had hoped. She loved him sincerely, was grateful to him for his love, and for his constant regard to her wishes. But yet, in the depths of her heart,—no, not despised him, the expression is too strong,—but felt a minute shade of indignation mingle in her disappointment with him for not being a great genius. *Why* was he not a Raphael, a Titian? She had married him with the full understanding that he was such, that he would bring her sweet fame and distinction. And why had not he done it? Every time she looked at his pictures she found out the want of inspiration in them. She did not say anything. She was very kind, praising the pretty bits of detail, the wonderful perfection of painting; but Robert felt that he would rather have the President and all the Hanging Committee to pass judgment on his pictures than his wife. Her sense that he had somehow defrauded her by not mounting at once to the very height of his profession, seemed to endow her with a power of judgment a hundred-fold more than was justified by her knowledge of art. She saw the want of any soul in them at the first glance, from under her half-closed eyelids—and it seemed to Robert that in her heart she said: "Another pretty piece of mediocrity, a thing to sell, not to live—with no genius, no genius in it." These were the words Robert seemed to himself to hear, but they were not the real words which, in her heart, Helen uttered. These were rather as follows:—"It is just the same as the last. It is no better, no better. And now everybody says he is at his best. Oh! when his worst begins to come, what will become of us?" But she never said an uncivil word. She praised what she could, and she went her way languidly into the drawing-room. She had come down out of her sphere to give herself to him, and he had not repaid her as she expected. He had given her love—oh, yes; but not fame. She was Mrs. Drummond only; she was not pointed out where she went as the wife of the great painter. "Her husband is an artist" was all that anybody ever said.

The effect of this upon poor Robert, however, was much worse even than it was upon his wife. Some time elapsed, it is true, before he discovered it. It took him even years to make out what it was that shadowed his little household over and diminished its brightness. But gradually a sense of the absence of that sympathetic backing up which a man expects

in his own house, and without which both men and women who have work to do are so apt to pine and faint, stole over him like a chill. When anything was said against his pictures outside, a gloom in his wife's face would show him that worse was thought within. He had no domestic shield from adverse criticism. It was not kept in the outer circle of his mind, but was allowed to penetrate down to his heart, and envelop him in a heavy discouragement. Even applause did not exhilarate him. "*She* does not think I deserve it," was what he would say to himself; and the sense of this criticism which never uttered a word weighed upon the poor fellow's soul. It made his hand unsteady many a day when his work depended on a firm touch—and blurred the colours before his eyes, and dulled his thoughts. Two or three times he made a spasmodic effort to break through his mediocrity, and then the critics (who were very well pleased on the whole with his mediocrity) shook their heads, and warned him against the sensational. But Helen neither approved nor condemned the change. To her it was all alike, always second-rate. She did her very best to applaud, but she could not brighten up into genuine admiration the blank composure in her eyes. What could she do? There was something to be said for her, as well as for him. She could not affect to admire what she felt to be commonplace. Nature had given her a good eye, and intense feeling had strengthened and corrected it. She saw all the weakness, the flatness, with fatal certainty. What, then, could she say? But poor Robert, though he was not a great artist, was the most tender-hearted, amiable, affectionate of men; and this mode of criticism stole the very heart out of him. There is no such want in the world as that want of backing up. It is the secret of weakness and failure, just as strong moral support and sympathy is the very secret of strength. He stood steady and robust to the external eye, painting many pictures every year, getting very tolerable prices, keeping his household very comfortable, a man still under forty, healthy, cheerful, and vigorous; but all the time he was sapped at the foundations. He had lost his confidence in himself, and it was impossible to predict how he would have borne any sudden blow.

It was about this time that Mr. Reginald Burton, a cousin of Helen's, who had once, it was supposed, desired to be something nearer to her, found out the house in Kensington, and began to pay them visits. The circumstances of her marriage had separated her from her own people. The elder among them had thought Helen unkind to her mother; the younger ones had felt that nothing had come of it to justify so romantic a story. So that when Reginald Burton met the pair in society it was the reopening of an altogether closed chapter of her life. Mr. Burton was a man in the City in very extensive business. He was chairman of ever so many boards, and his name, at the head of one company or another, was never out of the newspapers. He had married since his cousin did, and had a very fine place in the country, and was more well off still than it was natural for the Burtons to be. Helen, who had never liked him very much, and had not even been grateful to him for loving her, received his visits now without enthusiasm; but Drummond, who was open-hearted like his kind, and who had no sort of jealousy about "Helen's friends," received him with a cordiality which seemed to his wife much too effusive. She would not accept the invitation which Mrs. Burton sent to pay a long visit to Dura, their country place; but she could not be less than civil to her cousin when he insisted upon calling, nor could she openly resist when he carried off her husband to City dinners, or unfolded to him the benefits of this or that new society. Drummond had done very well in his profession, notwithstanding Helen's dissatisfaction with his work; and also notwithstanding her dissatisfaction, she was a good housewife, doing her duty wisely. She had a hundred a year of her own, which Drummond had taken care to have settled upon herself; but since they had grown richer he had insisted upon letting this accumulate as "a portion for Norah," and the two had laid by something besides. For painter-folk it will be readily seen they were at the very height of comfort—a pretty house, one pretty child, a little reserve of money, slowly but pleasantly accumulating. And money, though it is an ignoble thing, has so much to do with happiness! Drummond, who had been quite content to think that there was a portion saving up for Norah, and to whom it had not occurred that his little capital could be made use of, and produce twenty and an hundredfold, gradually grew interested, without being aware of it, in the proceedings of Mr. Burton. He began to talk, half laughingly half with intention, of the wonderful difference between the slowly-earned gains of labour and those dazzling results of speculation. "These fellows seem simply to coin money," he said, "half in jest

and whole in earnest;" "everything they touch seems to become gold. It looks incredible——" and he wound up with a nervous laugh in which there was some agitation. Helen had all a woman's conservatism on this point.

"It *is* incredible, you may be sure," she said. "How can they invent money? Some one will have to pay for it somewhere;" which was a sentence of profound wisdom, much deeper than she thought.

"So one would say," said Drummond, still laughing; "but nobody seems to suffer. By Jove! as much as—not to say I, who am one of the rank and file—but as Welby or Hartwell Home get for one of their best pictures, your cousin will clear in five minutes, without taking the slightest trouble. When one sees it, one feels hugely tempted"—he added, looking at her. He was one of those men who like to carry their people's sympathy with them. He wanted not acquiescence simply, but approval; and, notwithstanding that he was very well used to the absence of it, sought it still. She would not—could not, perhaps—enter warmly into the subject of his pictures; but here was a new matter. He looked up at her with a certain longing—ready, poor fellow, to plunge into anything if she would but approve.

"I hope you won't let yourself be tempted to anything, Robert, that you don't see the end of," she said; but so gently that her husband's heart rose.

"Trust me for that," he said joyously, "and you shall have the first fruits, my darling. I have not as fine a house for you as your cousin can give to his wife, but for all that——"

"For all that," she said, laughing, "I would not change with Mrs. Reginald Burton. I am not tempted by the fine house."

"I have thought how we can make this one a great deal better," he said, as he stooped to kiss her before he went out. He looked back upon her fondly as he left the room, and said to himself that if he wished for gain it was for her sake—his beautiful Helen! He had painted her furtively over and over again, though she never would sit to him. A certain shadow of her was in all his pictures, showing with more or less distinctness according as he loved or did not love his temporary heroine; but he knew that when this was pointed out to her she did not like it. She was anxious that everybody should know she did not sit to him. She was very indignant at the idea that a painter's wife might serve her husband as a model. "Why should a painter's profession, which ought to be one of the noblest in the world, be obtruded upon the outer world at every step?" she said. But yet as he was a painter, every inch of him, his eye caught the *pose* of her head as she moved, and made a mental note of it. And yet she was not, strictly speaking, a beautiful woman. She was not the large Juno, who is our present type of beauty; she was not blazing with colour—red, and white, and golden—like the Rubens-heroines of the studio; nor was she of the low-browed, sleepy-eyed, sensuous, classic type. She was rather colourless on the contrary. Her hair was olive-brown, which is so harmonious with a pale complexion; her eyes hazel-grey; her colour evanescent, coming and going, and rarely at any time more than a rose tint; her very lips, though beautifully formed, were only rose—not scarlet—and her figure was slight and deficient in "grand curves." Her great characteristic was what the French call *distinction;* a quality to which in point of truth she had no claim—for Helen, it must be remembered, was no long-descended lady. She was the produce of three generations of money, and a race which could be called nothing but Philistine; and from whence came her high-bred look, her fanciful pride, her unrealisable ambition it would be difficult to say.

She went over the house with a little sigh after Robert was gone, professedly in the ordinary way of a housewife's duty, but really with reference to his last words. Yes, the house might be made a great deal better. The drawing-room was a very pretty one—quite enough for all their wants—but the dining-room was occupied by Drummond as his studio, according to an arrangement very common among painters. This, it will be perceived, was before the day of the new studio. The dining-room was thus occupied, and a smaller room, such as in most suburban houses is appropriated generally to the often scanty books of the family, was the eating-room of the Drummonds. It was one of those things which made Helen's pride wince—a very petty subject for pride, you will say—but, then, pride is not above petty things; and it wounded her to be obliged to say apologetically to her cousin—"The real dining-room of the house is Mr. Drummond's studio. We content ourselves with this in the meantime." "Oh, yes; I see; of course he must want space and light," Reginald Burton had replied with patronising complacency, and a recollection of his own banqueting-hall at Dura. How Helen hated him at that moment, and how much aggravated

she felt with poor Robert smiling opposite to her, and feeling quite comfortable on the subject! "We painters are troublesome things," he even said, as if it was a thing to smile at. Helen went and looked in at the studio on this particular morning, and made a rapid calculation how it could be "made better." It would have to be improved off the face of the earth, in the first place, as a studio; and then carpeted, and tabled, and mirrored, and ornamented to suit its new destination. It would take a good deal of money to do it, but that was not the first consideration. The thing was, where was Robert to go? She, for her part, would have been reconciled to it easily, could he have made up his mind to have a studio apart from the house, and come home when his work was done. That would be an advantage in every way. It would secure that in the evening, at least, his profession should be banished. He would have to spend the evening as gentlemen usually do, yawning his head off if he pleased, but not professional for ever. It would no longer be possible for him to put on an old coat, and steal away into that atmosphere of paint, and moon over his effects, as he loved to do now. He liked Helen to go with him, and she did so often, and was tried almost beyond her strength by his affectionate lingerings over the canvas which, in her soul, she felt would never be any better, and his appeals to her to suggest and to approve. Nothing would teach him not to appeal to her. Though he divined what she felt, though it had eaten into his very life, yet still he would try again. Perhaps this time she might like it better—perhaps——

"If he would only have his studio out of doors," Helen reflected. She was too sure of him to be checked by the thought that his heart might perhaps learn to live out of doors too as well as his pictures, did she succeed in driving them out. No such doubt ever crossed her mind. He loved her, and nobody else, she knew. His mind had never admitted another idea but hers. She was a woman who would have scorned to be jealous in any circumstances—but she had no temptation to be jealous. He was only a moderate painter. He would never be as splendid as Titian, with a prince to pick up his pencil—which was what Helen's semi-Philistine pride would have prized. But he loved her so as no man had ever surpassed. She knew that, and was vaguely pleased by it; yet not as she might have been had there ever been any doubt about the matter. She was utterly sure of him, and it did not excite her one way or another. But his words had put a little gentle agitation in her mind. She put down her calculation on paper when she went back to the drawing-room after her morning occupations were over, and called Norah to her music. Sideboard so much, old carved oak, to please him, though for herself she thought it gloomy; curtains, for these luxuries he had not admitted to spoil his light; a much larger carpet—she made her list with some pleasure while Norah played her scales. And that was the day on which the painter's commercial career began.

CHAPTER II.

DRUMMOND'S first speculations were very successful, as is so often the case with the innocent and ignorant dabbler in commercial gambling. Mr. Burton instructed him what to do with his little capital, and he did it. He knew nothing about business, and was docile to the point of servility to his disinterested friend, who smiled at his two thousand pounds, and regarded it with amused condescension. Two thousand pounds! It meant comfort, ease of mind, moral strength, to Drummond. It made him feel that in the contingency of a bad year, or a long illness, or any of the perils to which men and artists are liable, he would still be safe, and that his wife and child would not suffer; but to the rich City man it was a bagatelle scarcely worth thinking of. When he really consented to employ his mind about it, he made such use of it as astonished and delighted the innocent painter. All that his simple imagination had ever dreamed seemed likely to be carried out. This was indeed money-making he felt—Trade spelt with a very big capital, and meaning something much more splendid than anything he had hitherto dreamt of. But then he could not have done it by himself or without instruction. Burton could not have been more at a loss in Drummond's studio than he would have felt in his friend's counting-house. Mr. Burton was "a merchant;" a vague term which nevertheless satisfied the painter's mind. He was understood to be one of the partners in Rivers's bank, but his own business was quite independent of that. Money was the material he dealt in—his stock-in-trade. He understood the Funds as a doctor understands the patient whose pulse he feels every day. He could divine when they were going to rise and when they were going to fall. And there were other ways in which his knowledge told still more wonderfully. He knew when a new invention, a new manufacture, was going to be popular,

by some extraordinary magic which Drummond could not understand. He would catch a speculation of this sort at its tide, and take his profit from it, and bound off again uninjured before the current began to fall. In all these matters he was knowing beyond most men; and he lent to his cousin's husband all the benefit of his experience. For several years Drummond went on adding to his store in a manner so simple and delightful, that his old way of making money, the mode by which months of labour went to the acquisition of a few hundred pounds, looked almost laughable to him. He continued it because he was fond of his art, and loved her for herself alone; but he did it with a sort of banter, smiling at the folly of it, as an enlightened old lady might look at her spinning-wheel. The use of it? Well, as for that, the new ways of spinning were better and cheaper; but still not for the use, but for the pleasure of it!—So Drummond clung to his profession, and worked almost as hard at it as ever. And in the additional ease of his circumstances, not needing to hurry anything for an exhibition, or sacrifice any part of his design for the fancy of a buyer, he certainly painted better than usual, and was made an Associate, to the general satisfaction of his brethren. These were the happy days in which the studio was built. It was connected with the house, as I have said, by a conservatory, a warm, glass-covered, fragrant, balmy place, bright with flowers. "There must always be violets, and there must always be colour!" he had said to the nurseryman who supplied and kept his fairy palace in order, after the fashion of London. And if ever there was a flowery way contrived into the thorny haunts of Art it was this. It would perhaps be rash to say that this was the happy time of Drummond's married life, for they had always been happy, with only that one drawback of Helen's dissatisfaction with her husband's work. They had loved each other always, and their union had been most true and full. But the effect of wealth was mollifying, as it so often is. Prosperity has been railed at much, as dangerous and deadening to the higher being; but prosperity increases amiability and smooths down asperities as nothing else can. It did not remove that one undisclosed and untellable grievance which prevented Mrs. Drummond's life from attaining perfection, but it took away ever so many little points of irritation which aggravated that. She got, for one thing, the dining-room she wanted—a prosaic matter, yet one which Helen considered important—and she got, what she had not bargained for, that pretty conservatory, and a bunch of violets every day—a lover-like gift which pleased her. Things, in short, went very well with them at this period of their existence. Her discontents were more lulled to sleep than they had ever been before. She still saw the absence of any divine meaning in her husband's pictures; but she saw it with gentler eyes. The pictures did not seem so entirely his sole standing-ground. If he could not grow absolutely illustrious by that or any personal means of acquiring fame, he might still hold his own in the world by other means. Helen sighed over her Titian-dream, but to a great extent she gave it up. Greatness was not to be; but comfort, and even luxury were probable. Her old conditions of life seemed to be coming back to her. It was not what she had dreamed of; but yet it was better to have mediocrity with ease and modest riches, and pleasant surroundings, than mediocrity without those alleviations. To do her justice, had her husband been a great unsuccessful genius, in whom she had thoroughly believed, she would have borne privation proudly and with a certain triumph. But that not being so, she returned to her old starting-ground with a sigh that was not altogether painful, saying to herself that she must learn to be content with what she had, and not long for what she could not have.

Thus they were happier, more hopeful, more at their ease. They went more into society, and received more frequent visits from their friends. The new studio made many social pleasures possible that had not been possible. Of itself it implied a certain rise in the world. It gave grace and completeness to their little house. Nobody could say any longer that it was half a house and half a workshop, as Helen, under her breath, in her impatience, had sometimes declared it to be. The workshop phase was over, the era of self-denial gone—and yet Robert was not driven from the art he loved, nor prevented from putting on his old coat and stealing away in the evenings to visit the mistress who was dearer to him than anything else except his wife.

This was the state of affairs when the painter one day entered Helen's drawing-room in a state of considerable excitement. He was full of a new scheme, greater than anything he had as yet been engaged in. Rivers's bank, which was half as old as London, which held as high repute as the Bank of England, which was the favourite depository of everybody's money, from ministers of state

down to dressmakers, was going to undergo a revolution. The Riverses themselves had all died out, except, indeed, the head of the house, who was now Lord Rivers, and had no more than a nominal connection with the establishment which had been the means of bringing him to his present high estate. The other partners had gradually got immersed in other business. Mr. Burton, for instance, confessed frankly that he had not time to attend to the affairs of the bank, and the others were in a similar condition:—they had come in as secondaries, and they found themselves principals, and it was too much for them. They had accordingly decided to make Rivers's a joint-stock bank. This was the great news that Drummond brought home to his wife. "I will put everything we have into it," he said in his enthusiasm, "unless you object, Helen. We can never have such another chance. Most speculations have a doubtful element in them; but this is not at all doubtful. There is an enormous business ready made to our hands, and all the traditions of success, and the best names in the City to head our list—for of course the old partners hold shares, and will be made directors of the new company—— And—you will laugh, Helen, but for you and the child I feel able to brave anything—I am to be a director too."

"You!" cried Helen, with a surprise which had some mixture of dismay. "But you don't know anything about business. You can't even——"

"Reckon up my own accounts," said the painter placidly—"quite true; but you see it is a great deal easier to calculate on a large scale than on a small scale. I assure you I understand the banking system—at least, I shall when I have given my mind to it. I shouldn't mind even," he said, laughing, "making an effort to learn the multiplication table. Norah might teach me. Besides, to speak seriously, it doesn't matter in the least: there are clerks and a manager to do all that, and other directors that know all about it, and I shall learn in time."

"But, then, why be a director at all?" said Helen. She said this more from a woman's natural hesitation at the thought of change, than from any dislike of the idea; for she belonged to the race from which directors come by nature. Poor Drummond could not give any very good reason why he desired this distinction; but he looked very wise, and set before her with gravity all the privileges involved.

"It brings something in," he said, "either in the way of salary, or special profits, or something. Ask your cousin. I don't pretend to know very much about it. But I assure you he is very great upon the advantages involved. He says it will be the making of me. It gives position and influence and all that—"

"To a painter!" said Helen: and in her heart she groaned. Her dream came back like a mist, and wove itself about her head. What distinction would it have given to Raphael or to Titian, or even to Gainsborough or Sir Joshua Reynolds, to be made directors of a bank? She groaned in her heart, and then she came back to herself, and caught her husband's eyes looking at her with that grieved and wondering look, half aware of the disappointment he had caused her, humbled, sorry, suspicious, yet almost indignant, the look with which he had sometimes regarded her from among his pictures in the day when art reigned alone over his life. Helen came abruptly to herself when she met that glance, and said hurriedly, "It cannot change your position much, Robert, in our world."

"No," he said, with a glance of sudden brightness in his eyes which she did not understand; "but, my darling, our world may expand. I should like you to be something more than a poor painter's wife, Helen—you who might be a princess! I should not have ventured to marry you if I had not hoped to make you a kind of princess; but you don't believe I can; do you?" Here he paused, and, she thought, regarded her with a wistful look, asking her to contradict him. But how could she contradict him? It was true. The wife of a pleasant mediocre painter, Associate, or in time Academician—that was all. Not a thorough lady of art such as—such as—— Such as whom? Poor Andrea's Lucrezia, who ruined him? That was the only painter's wife that occurred to Helen.

"Dear Robert," she said earnestly, "never mind me: so long as I have you and Norah, I care very little about princesses. We are very well and very happy as we are. I think you should be careful, and consider well before you make any change."

But by this time the brightness that had been hanging about him came back again like a gleam of sunshine. He kissed her with a joyous laugh. "You are only a woman," he said, "after all. You don't understand what it is to be a British director. Fancy marching into the bank with a lordly stride, and remembering the days when one was thankful to have a balance of five pounds to one's credit! You don't see the fun of it, Helen; and the best of the whole is that an

R.A. on the board of directors will be an advantage, Burton says. Why, heaven knows. I suppose he thinks it will conciliate the profession. We painters, you see, are known to have so much money floating about! But, any how, he thinks an R.A.——"

"But, Robert! you are not an R.A."

"Not yet. I forgot to tell you," he added, lowering his voice, and putting on a sudden look of gravity, which was half real, half innocently hypocritical. "Old Welby died last night."

Then there was a little pause. They were not glad that old Welby was dead. A serious shade came over both their faces for the moment—the homage, partly natural, partly conventional, that human nature pays to death. And then they clasped each other's hands in mutual congratulation. The vacant place would come to Drummond in the course of nature. He was known to be the first on the list of Associates. Thus he had obtained the highest honours of his profession, and it was this and not the bank directorship which had filled him with triumph. His wife's coldness, however, checked his delight. His profession and the public adjudged the honour to him; but Helen had not adjudged it. If the prize had been hers to bestow, she would not have given it to him. This made his heart contract even in the moment of his triumph. But yet he was triumphant. To him it was the highest honour in the world.

"Poor old Welby!" he said. "He was a great painter; and now that he is dead, he will be better understood. He was fifty before he entered the Academy," the painter continued, with half-conscious self-glorification. "He was a long time making his way."

"And you are more than ten years younger," said Helen. Surely that might have changed her opinion if anything could. "Robert, are you to be put upon this bank because you are an R.A.?"

"And for my business talents generally," he said, with a laugh. His spirits were too high to be subdued. He would not hear reason, nor, indeed, anything except the confused delightful chatter about his new elevation, in which the fumes of happiness get vent. He plunged into an immediate revelation of what he would do in his new capacity. "It will be odd if one can't make the Hanging Committee a little more reasonable," he said. "I shall set my face against that hideous habit of filling up 'the line' with dozens of bad pictures because the men have R.A. at their names. Do you remember, Helen, that year when I was hung up at the ceiling? It nearly broke my heart. It was the year before we were married."

"They were your enemies then," said Helen, with some visionary remnant of the old indignation which she had felt about that base outrage before she was Robert Drummond's wife. She had not begun to criticise him then—to weigh his pictures and find them wanting; and she could still remember her disgust and hatred of the Hanging Committee of that year. Now no Hanging Committee could do any harm. It had changed its opinion and applauded the painter, but she—had changed her opinion too. Then this artist-pair did as many such people do. By way of celebrating the occasion they went away to the country, and spent the rest of the day like a pair of lovers. Little Norah, who was too small to be carried off on such short notice, was left at home with her governess, but the father and mother went away to enjoy the bright summer day, and each other, and the event which had crowned them with glory. Even Helen's heart was moved with a certain thrill of satisfaction when it occurred to her that some one was pointing her husband out as "Drummond the painter—the new R.A." He had won his blue ribbon, and won it honestly, and nobody in England, nobody in the world was above him in his own profession. He was as good as a Duke, or even superior, for a Duke (poor wretch!) cannot help himself, whereas a painter achieves his own distinction. Helen let this new softness steal into her soul. She even felt that when she looked at the pictures next time they would have a light in them which she had not yet been able to perceive. And the bank, though it was so much more important, sank altogether into the background, while the two rowed down the river in the summer evening, with a golden cloud of pleasure and glory around them. They had gone to Richmond, where so many happy people go to realise their gladness. And were the pair of lovers new betrothed, who crossed their path now and then without seeing them, more blessed than the elder pair? "I wonder if they will be as happy ten years hence?" Helen said, smiling at them with that mingling of sweet regret and superiority with which we gaze at the reflection of a happiness we have had in our day. "Yes," said the painter, "if she is as sweet to him as my wife has been to me." What more could a woman want to make her glad? If Helen had not been very happy in his love, it would have

made her heart sick to think of all her failures towards him; but she was very happy; and happiness is indulgent not only to its friends, but even to itself.

CHAPTER III.

MR. BURTON, however, was soon restored to pre-eminence in the affairs of the Drummonds. The very next day he dined with them, and entered on the whole question. The glory which the painter had achieved was his own affair, and consequently its interest was soon exhausted to his friend, who, for his part, had a subject of his own, of which the interest was inexhaustible. Mr. Burton was very explanatory, in his genial, mercantile way. He made it clear even to Helen, who was not above the level of ordinary womankind in her understanding of business. He had no difficulty in convincing her that Robert Drummond, R.A., would be an addition to the list of directors; but it was harder to make the reasons apparent



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why "Rivers's" should change its character. If it was so firmly established, so profitable, and so popular, why should the partners desire to share their good fortune with others? Mrs. Drummond asked. Her husband laughed with the confidence of a man who knew all about it, at the simplicity of such a question, but Mr. Burton, on the contrary, took the greatest pains to explain all. He pointed out to her all the advantages of "new blood." The bank was doing well, and making enormous profits; but still it might do better with more energetic management. Mr. Burton described and deplored pathetically his own over-burdened condition. Sometimes he was detained in the city while the guests at a state dinner-party awaited him at home. His carriage had waited for him for two hours together at the railway, while he was busy in town, toiling over the arrears of work at Rivers's. "We have a jewel of a manager," he said, "or we never could get on at all. You know Golden, Drummond? There never was such a fellow for work—and a head as clear as steel; never forgets anything; never lets an opportunity slip him. But for him, we never could have got on so long in this way. But every man's strength

has its limits. And we must have 'new blood.'"

Thus Helen gradually came to an understanding of the whole, or at least thought she did. At all events, she understood about the "new blood." Her own Robert was new blood of the most valuable kind. His name would be important, for the business of "Rivers's" was to a considerable extent a private business. And his good sense and industry would be important too.

"Talk about business talent," Mr. Burton said; "business talent means good sense and prudence. It means the capacity to see what ought to be done, and the spirit to do it; and if you add to this discretion enough not to go too far, you have everything a man of business needs. Of course all technical knowledge has to be acquired, but that is easily done."

"But is Robert so accomplished as all this?" Helen said, opening her eyes. She would not for all England, have disclosed to her cousin that Robert, in her eyes, was any thing less than perfect. She would not, for her life, have had him know that her husband was not the first of painters and of men; but yet an exclamation of wonder burst from her. She was not herself so sure of his clear-sightedness and discretion. And when Robert laughed with a mixture of vanity and amusement at the high character imagined for him, Helen flushed also with something between anger and shame.

"Your own profession is a different thing," she said hastily. "You have been trained for that. But to be an R.A. does not make you a man of business—and painting is your profession, Robert. More will be expected from you now, instead of less."

"But we are not going to interfere with his time, my dear Helen," said her cousin cheerfully. "A meeting of directors once a week or so—a consultation when we meet—his advice, which we can always come to ask. Bless my soul, we are not going to sweep up a great painter for our small concern. No, no; you may make yourself quite easy. In the meantime Drummond is not to give us much more than the benefit of his name."

"And all his money," Helen said to herself as she withdrew to the drawing-room, where her little Norah awaited her. His money had increased considerably since this new era in their lives began. It was something worth having now—something that would make the little girl a heiress in a humble way. And he was going to risk it all. She went into the conservatory in the twilight and walked up and down and pondered—wondering if it was wise to do it; wondering if some new danger was about to swallow them up. Her reasonings, however, were wholly founded upon matters quite distinct from the real question. She discussed it with herself, just as her husband would discuss it with himself, in a way common to women, and painters, and other unbusiness-like persons, on every ground but the real one. First, he had followed Reginald Burton's advice in all his speculations, and had gained. Would it be honourable for him to give up following his advice now, especially in a matter which he had so much at heart? Secondly, by every means in his power, Reginald Burton took occasion to throw in *her* face (Helen's) the glories and splendour of his wife, and of the home he had given her, and all her high estate. Helen herself was conscious of having refused these glories and advantages. She had chosen to be Robert Drummond's wife, and thrown aside the other; but still the mention of Mrs. Burton and her luxuries had a certain stinging and stimulating effect upon her. She scorned, and yet would have been pleased to emulate that splendour. The account of it put her out of patience with her own humility, notwithstanding that she took pride in that humility, and felt it more consistent with the real dignity of her position than any splendour. And then, thirdly, the thought would come in that even the magic title of R.A. had not thrown any celestial light into Robert's pictures. That very morning she had stood for half an hour, while he was out, in front of the last, which still stood on his easel, and tried to reason herself into love of it. It was a picture which ought to have been great. It was Francesca and Paolo, in the story, reading together at the crisis of their fate. The glow and ardour of suppressed passion had somehow toned down in Drummond's hands to a gentle light. There was a sunset warmth of colour about the pair, which stood in place of that fiercer illumination; and all the maze of love and madness, all the passion and misery and delight, all the terror of fate involved, and shadow of the dark, awful world beyond, had sunk into a tender picture of a pair of lovers, innocent and sweet. Helen had stood before it with a mixture of discouragement and longing impossible to put into words. Oh, if she could but breathe upon it, and breathe in the lacking soul! Oh, if she could but reflect into Drummond's eyes the passion of

humiliation and impatience and love which was in her own! But she could not. As Helen paced up and down the pretty ornamented space, all sweet with flowers, which her husband's love had made for her, this picture rose before her like a ghost. He who painted it was an R.A. It was exquisitely painted—a very miracle of colour and manipulation. There was not a detail which could be improved, nor a line which was out of drawing. He would never do anything better, never, never! Then why should he go on trying, proving, over and over, how much he could, and how much he could not do? Better, far better, to throw it aside for ever, to grow rich, to make himself a name in another way.

Thus Helen reasoned in the vehemence of her thoughts. She was calm until she came to this point. She thought she was very calm, reasonable to the highest pitch, in everything; and yet the blood began to boil and course through her veins as she pursued the subject. Sometimes she walked as far as the door of the studio, and pausing to look in, saw that picture glimmering on the easel, and all the unframed canvases about upon the walls. Many of them were sketches of herself, made from memory, for she never would sit—studies of her in her different dresses, in different characters, according as her husband's fond fancy represented her to himself. She could not see them for the darkness, but she saw them all in her heart. Was that all he could do? Not glorify her by his greatness, but render her the feeble homage of this perpetual, ineffectual adoration. Why was not he like the other painters; like—— Her memory failed her for an example; of all the great painters she could think of only Rubens' bacchanalian beauties, and that Lucrezia would come to her mind. It was about the time of Mr. Browning's poem, that revelation of Andrea del Sarto, which elucidates the man like a very ray from heaven. She was not very fond of poetry, nor anything of a critic; but the poem had seized upon her, partly because of her intense feeling on the subject. Sometimes she felt as if she herself was Andrea—not Robert, for Robert had none of that heart-rending sense of failure. Was she Lucrezia rather, the wife that goaded him into misery? No, no! she could not so condemn herself. When her thoughts reached this point she forsook the studio and the conservatory, and rushed back to the drawing-room, where little Norah, with her head pressed close against the window to take advantage of the last glimmer of light, was reading a book of fairy tales. Great painters had not wives. Those others—Leonardo, and Angelo, and the young Urbinese—had none of them wives. Was that the reason? But not to be as great as Michel Angelo, not to win the highest honours of art, would Robert give up his wife and his child. Therefore was it not best that he should give up being a painter, and become a commercial man instead, and grow rich! Helen sat down in the gathering darkness and looked at the three windows glimmering with their mist of white curtains, and little Norah curled up on the carpet, with her white face and her brown curls relieved against the light. Some faint sounds came in, soft as summer and evening made them, through the long casement, which was open, and with it a scent of mignonette, and of the fresh earth in the flower-beds, refreshed by watering and dew. Sometimes the voices of her husband and cousin from the adjoining room would reach her ear; but where she was all was silent, nothing to disturb her thoughts. No, he would never do better. He had won his crown. Helen was proud and glad that he had won it; but in her heart did not consent. He had won and he had not won. His victory was because he had caught the *vassal* fancy of the public, and pleased his brethren by his beautiful work; but he had failed because—because—— Why had he failed? Because he was not Raphael or Leonardo—nor even that poor Andrea—but only Robert Drummond, painting his pictures not out of any inspiration within him, but for money and fame. He had gained these as men who seek them frankly so often seem to do. But it was better, far better, that he should make money now, by legitimate means, without pursuing a profession in which he never could be great.

These were not like a wife's reasonings; but they were Helen's, though she was loyal to her husband as ever woman was. She would have liked so much better to worship his works and himself, as most women do; and that would have done him good more than anything else in earth or heaven. But she could not. It was her hard fate that made her eye so keen and so true. It felt like infidelity to him, to come to such a conclusion in his own house, with his kind voice sounding in her ear. But so it was, and she could not make it different, do what she would. He was so pleased when he found she did not oppose his desires, so grateful to her, so strongly convinced that she was yielding her own pleasure to his, that his

thanks were both lavish and tender. When their visitor had left them, and they were alone, he poured out his gratitude like a lover. "I know you are giving in to me," he said, "my love, my self-forgetting Helen! It is like you. You always have given up your pleasure to mine. Am I a brute to accept it, and take my own way?"

"I am not making any sacrifice, Robert. Don't thank me, please. It is because I think you have judged right, and this is best."

"And you think I am so blind and stupid not to see why you say that," he said in his enthusiasm. "Helen, I often wonder what providence was thinking of to give you only such a poor fellow as I am. I wish I was something better for your sake, something more like you; but I have not a wish or a hope in the world, my darling, except for you. If I want to be rich, Helen, it is only for you. You know that, at least."

"And for Norah," she said, smiling.

"For Norah, but most for Norah's mother, who trusted me when I was nobody, and gave me herself when I had little chance of being either rich or great," said Drummond. He said it, poor fellow, with a swelling of his heart. His new dignity had for the moment delivered him even from the chill of his wife's unexpressed indifference to his work. With a certain trustful simplicity, which it would have been impossible to call vanity, he accepted the verdict of his profession—even though he had doubts himself as to his own eminence, they must know. He had won the greatness he wanted most, he had acquired a distinction which could not but vanquish his own doubts and hers. And as he was now, he would not change positions with any man in England. He was great, and please God, for Helen's sake, he would be rich too. He put his arm round his wife and drew her into the open conservatory. The moon was up, and shone down upon them, lighting up with a wan and spiritual light the colourless silent flowers. It was curious to see them, with all their leaves silvered, and all their identity gone, yet pouring forth their sweet scents silently, no one noting them. "How sweet it is here," said the painter, drawing a long breath in his happiness. It was a moment that lived in his mind, and remained with him, as moments do which are specially happy, detaching themselves from the common tenor of life with all the more distinctness that they are so few.

"Yes, it is the place I love best," said Helen, whose heart was touched too, "because you made it for me, Robert. The rest is ordinary and comfortable, but this is different. It is your sonnet to me, like that we were reading of—like Raphael's sonnet and Dante's angel." This she said with a little soft enthusiasm, which perhaps went beyond the magnitude of the fact. But then she was compunctious about her sins towards him; and his fondness, and the moonlight, and the breath of the flowers, moved her, and the celestial fumes of Mr. Browning's book of poetry had gone to Helen's head, as the other influences went to her heart.

"My darling! it will be hard upon me if I don't give you better yet," he said. And then with a change in his voice—cheerful, yet slightly deprecating, "Come and have a look at 'Francesca,'" he said.

It was taking an unfair advantage of her; but she could not refuse him at such a moment. He went back to the drawing-room for the lamp, and returned carrying it, drawing flecks of colour round him from all the flowers as he passed flashing the light on them. Helen felt her own portrait look at her reproachfully as she went in with reluctant steps following him, wondering what she could say. It made her heart sick to look at his pet picture, in its beauty and feebleness; but he approached it lovingly, with a heart full of satisfaction and content. He held up the lamp in his hand, though it was heavy, that the softened light might fall just where it ought, and indicated to her the very spot where she ought to stand to have the full advantage of all its beauties. "I don't think there is much to find fault with in the composition," he said, looking at it fondly. "Give me your honest opinion, Helen. Do you think it would be improved by a little heightening of those lights?"

Helen gazed at it with confused eyes and an aching heart. It was his diploma picture, the one by which most probably he would be known best to posterity, and she said to herself that he, a painter, ought to know better than she did. But that reflection did not affect her feelings. Her impulse was to snatch the lamp from his hand, and say, "Dear Robert, dearest husband, come and make money, come and be a banker, or sweep a crossing, and let Francesca alone for ever!" But she could not say that. What she did say faltering was—"You must know so much better than I do, Robert; but I think the light is very sweet. It is best not to be too bright."

"Do you think so?" he said anxiously.

"I am not quite sure. I think it would be more effective with a higher tone just here; and this line of drapery is a little stiff—just a little stiff. Could you hold the lamp for a moment, Helen? There! that is better. Now Paolo's foot is free, and the attitude more distinct. Follow the line of the chalk and tell me what you think. That comes better now?"

"Yes, it is better," said Helen; and then she paused and summoned all her courage. "Don't you think," she faltered, "that Francesca—is—almost too innocent and sweet?"

"Too innocent!" said poor Robert, opening his honest eyes. "But, dear, you forget! She was innocent. Why, surely you are not the one to go in for anything sensational, Helen! This is not Francesca in the Inferno, but Francesca in the garden, before any harm had come near her. I don't like your impassioned women." He had grown a little excited, feeling, perhaps, more in the suggestion than its mere words; but now he came to a stop, and his voice regained its easy tone. "The whole thing wants a great deal of working up," he said; "all this foreground is very imperfect—it is too like an English garden. I acknowledge my weakness; my ideal always smacks of home."

Helen said no more. How could she? He was ready laughingly to allow that England came gliding into his pencil and his thoughts when he meant to paint Italy: a venial, kindly error. But candid and kind as he was, he could not bear criticism on the more vital points. She held the lamp for him patiently, though it strained her arm, and tried to make what small suggestions she could about the foreground; and in her heart, as she stood trembling with pain and excitement, would have liked to thrust the flame through that canvas in very love for the painter. Perhaps some painter's wife who reads this page, some author's wife, some woman jealous and hungry for excellence in the productions of those she loves, will understand better than I can describe it how Helen felt.

When he had finished those fond scratches of chalk upon the picture, and had taken the lamp from her hand to relieve her, Drummond was shocked to find his wife so tremulous and pale. He made her sit down in his great chair, and called himself a brute for tiring her. "Now let us have a comfortable talk over the other matter," he said. The lamp, which he had placed on a table littered with portfolios and pigments, threw a dim light through the large studio. There were two ghostly easels standing up tall and dim in the background, and the lay figure ghostliest of all, draped with a gleaming silvery stuff, pale green with lines of silver, shone eerily in the distance. Drummond sat down by his wife, and took her hand in his.

"You are quite chilly," he said tenderly; "are you ill, Helen? If it worries you like this, a hundred directorships would not tempt me. Tell me frankly, my darling—do you dislike it so much as this?"

"I don't dislike it at all," she said eagerly. "I am chilly because the night is cold. Listen how the wind is rising! That sound always makes me miserable. It is like a child crying, or some one wailing out of doors. It affects my nerves—I don't know why."

"It is nothing but the sound of rain," he said, "silly little woman! I wonder why it is that one likes a woman to be silly now and then? It restores the balance between us, I suppose; for generally, alas! Helen, you are wiser than I am, which is a dreadful confession for a man to make."

"No, no, it is not true," she said with indescribable remorse. But he only laughed and put his arm round her, seeing that she trembled still.

"It is quite true; but I like you to be silly now and then—like this. It gives one a glimmer of superiority. There! lean upon me and feel comfortable. You are only a woman after all. You want your husband's arm to keep you safe."

"What is that?" said Helen with a start. It was a simple sound enough; one of the many unframed, unfinished drawings which covered the walls had fallen down. Robert rose and picked it up, and brought it forward to the light.

"It is nothing," he said; and then with a laugh, looking at it, added, "*Absit omen!* It is my own portrait. And very lucky, too, that it was nothing more important. It is not hurt. Let us talk about the bank."

"Oh, Robert, your portrait!" she said with sudden unreasonable terror, clutching at it, and gazing anxiously into the serene painted face.

"My portrait does not mind in the least," he said, laughing; "and it might have been yours, Helen. I must have all those fastenings seen to to-morrow. Now, let us talk about the bank."

"Oh, Robert," she said, "let us have nothing to do with it. It *is* an omen, a warning. We are very well as we are. Give

up all these business things which you don't understand. How can you understand them? Give it up, and let us be as we are."

"Because a nail has come out of the wall?" he said. "Do you suppose the nail knew, Helen, or the bit of painted canvas? Nonsense, dear. I defy all omens for my part."

And just then the wind rose and gave a wailing cry, like a spirit in pain. Helen burst into tears which she could not keep back. No; it was quite true, the picture could not know, the wind could not know what was to come. And yet——

Drummond had never seen his wife suffer from nerves or fancies, and it half-amused, half-affected him, and went to his heart. He was even pleased, the simple-minded soul, and flattered by the sense of protection and strength which he felt in himself. He liked nothing better than to caress and soothe her. He took her back to the drawing-room and placed her on a sofa, and read the new book of poetry to her which she had taken such a fancy to. Dear foolishness of womankind! He liked to feel her thus dependent upon his succour and sympathy; and smiled to think of any omen that could lie in the howling of a wind, or the rising of a summer storm.

(To be continued.)



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

SHAKERISM.

SOMETHING has been written recently, in another department of this magazine, on the public worship of the Shakers, which has not been relished by that eccentric sect; and we hear that they have shut out the world from their social religious gatherings. We are glad they have taken this step. No poorer way of spending Sunday was probably ever found than that of attending a Shaker meeting; and when it is remembered that no one from "the world" ever looked in upon such a gathering with any motive but that of curiosity, it will be seen that the Shakers themselves have lost nothing by the change. They probably never made a convert by their exhibition, or excited in the minds of the strange witnesses of their worship any feelings but those of mingled wonder and pity. If other sentiments than these were ever roused, we fear they were not in consonance with the spirit of the day. But they have a right to worship as they will, and to do it without intrusion and disturbance. If they find their way to the Good Father by a road that seems so very strange to us, it is entirely their business, or a business between them and their Maker. If a worldly man is moved to mirth by their methods, why, they must wonder and pity too, and not get angry about it. This thin-skinned sensitiveness to frank and honest comment will never do. It is not only a sign of weakness, but a proof of the consciousness of it.

It is curious to see how quickly the marriage relation begins to be tampered with when any body of religionists begins to get new light, or light additional to, or independent of, the Christian revelation. The Mormon gets new light, and forthwith he gets new wives. The Shaker gets new light, and straightway he divorces himself from womankind. The Spiritualists of the baser sort get new light, and adopt the most free and easy policy of "touch and go." Always with new light this institution of Christian marriage shows, by its perturbations, how central and vital it is in our social system. To the observant philosopher this matter of marriage has become a sort of test or touchstone in the examination of every new scheme of social and religious life; and it may safely be calculated that any scheme which interferes with Christian marriage—any scheme which interferes with its prevalence and freedom, or reflects upon its honor and purity, or undermines its sacredness, or cheapens its obligations—is either intentionally or mistakenly unchristian; sometimes the former, often the latter.

The assumption of the Shaker is that he leads a purer life than the world around him, in consequence of the fact that none marry or are given in marriage within the circle of his sect. He acknowledges that the society of woman in the intimate relations of a wife would be inexpressibly sweet to him. He acknowledges that it would be delightful to be surrounded by his own children, and that the loves of wife and children would be full of pleasure and satisfaction to him. All this he sees and talks about with candid and respectful outsiders. Indeed, it is this fact that gives the great significance to his life and his religion. Destroy the idea lying in the representative Shaker's mind, that he merits something for the voluntary surrender of these loves and satisfactions, and his Shakerism has gone to ruin. He is to get something for his self-denial. He is to win the favor of Heaven, and a high seat in heaven itself, as a reward for his hardships. He lays up treasure by his sacrifices. That is Shakerism, pure and simple. That is Shakerism in the kernel. It is the central, vitalizing idea of the system. Modes of worship, and supplementary revelations, and industrial policies, do not make Shakers. It is the thought that by surrendering the sweet sinfulness of marriage, and undertaking the "angel life" in this world, he achieves pre-eminence among the saints, that makes the Shaker, and replenishes his little sect from year to year.

In this assumption of the Shaker lies a gross insult to his own father and mother, and to all fatherhood and motherhood in the world. Even the virgin Mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was not set apart from marriage, and all that came of marriage, by the divine office to which she was appointed; and He Himself ministered to the pleasures of a marriage feast which he attended with his married Mother. Many, many times he called himself "the bridegroom," and the marriage relation was the favorite among his figures for illustrating the pure and loving intimacy and sympathy between Himself and his church. The Shaker is horribly mistaken. Men and women were made to live together in Christian marriage; and the experience of the world has proved that it is not those who live out of wedlock who live purely. The unnatural position of the Shaker concentrates his thoughts upon this subject, and we venture to say that it occupies more thought, and more damaging thought, among Shakers, and celibate priests, and monks and nuns, than among any other people of equal education and equally good principles in the world. Human nature is human nature, and the strongest human passion cannot be denied its legitimate object without a constant protest that destroys personal peace, and wars perpetually upon the purity of the mind. It is useless for the Shaker to say that he lives more purely for his celibacy. We know better, and the world knows better. He lives a life of torture and of meagre satisfaction, and he knows it; and if he did not think that he was in some way making something by it, he would, save for his sensitive personal pride, forsake it. As it is, he simply starves himself and his dupes, and shuts himself off from personal happiness and personal usefulness. Who is doing the Christian work of the world? Is it the Shaker? Not he. He draws the lines around him, and selfishly takes care of his own. His scheme of self-denial proves itself utterly selfish,

in that it gives birth to no self-denying enthusiasms. He does not go out where men and women live and work for the world, but he stays at home and works for himself. He has neither part nor lot in the great schemes for Christianizing mankind. This work, which he shuns, is done by those gross men and women who marry and are given in marriage. Why, there is more Christian heroism in the humble little household of the Methodist pioneer minister and his devoted wife, surrounded by their children and their humble flock, than all the Shaker establishments of the United States ever dreamed of. Are we to talk about such a family as being more impure and less saintly than those who hold themselves apart from each other, and spend their lives in fighting a passion which God made strong that his institution of the family life might be well-nigh compulsory? Out upon such nonsense! The truth is, that the doctrines of these people are an insult to the Christian world, and nothing but their failure to secure a wide adoption has kept them from being denounced. They have little influence in the world, and will have less as the world grows wiser and better. The best thing the Shakers can do is to pair off, and go to separate housekeeping. In their long association they have had rare opportunities for studying each other, and they must by this time understand their "affinities." There is no good reason why a Shaker should not have a wife, and there are ten thousand good reasons why he should, including those which concern his own personal purity, and the pleasure with which the Good Father regards the peace and the heart-satisfactions of his children.

THE FAULTS OF CULTURE.

Is it heresy to say that no pursuit can be more selfish than that of culture for its own sake? If there is forgiveness for such a sin, either in this world or the world to come, let us commit it, and so have the pleasure of uttering a very earnest conviction. Any competent observer cannot fail to have noticed that the seeking of that which is most admirable in intellectual finish and furniture, simply for the sake of holding it in possession, has the same degrading effect upon the soul that comes to the miser from hoarding his gold. "The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind" was a typical devotee of selfish culture; and it is safe to declare that all men and women who pursue culture as an end, failing to devote it to any purpose involving self-surrender, are mean in their degree. So it often happens that as men grow more learned by study, and more skilled in intellectual practice, and more nicely adjusted and finished in their power, and more delicate and exact in their tastes, do they lose their sympathy with the world of common life, and become fastidious and disdainful and cold. They seem able to warm only toward those who praise them and who set an extravagant value upon their possessions, and to hold fellowship with none but those of kindred pursuits.

It is often noticed, with surprise and regret, that as culture comes in faith goes out. The fact seems strange to those who think that faith, if it is a rational thing in itself, should grow vigorous and far-reaching with the rising power and deepening delicacy of the mind. "Is it only the ignorant who have faith?" they ask; "and must man surrender this divinest of all possessions when culture enters?" Ay, he must, if culture is pursued as an end in itself. Culture thoroughly Christianized—culture pursued for ends of benevolence—strengthens faith; but culture that ends in itself and its possessor is infidel in every tendency. The culture which is pursued for its own sake makes a god of self, and so turns away the soul from its relations—earthly and heavenly—that self becomes the one great fact of the universe. A culture which does not serve God by direct purpose, and with loving and reverent devotion, is the purest type of practical infidelity; and there are notable individual instances, even in so young a civilization as ours, in which constantly ripening culture has been a constantly descending path into Paganism. We fear that any thoughtful American, undertaking to name those in his own country who have carried intellectual culture to the highest point, would be obliged to indicate men and women to whom Christianity has no high meaning, and by whom it wins no victories.

When culture is selfish all its sympathies are clannish. There is nothing outside of its circle to be either admired or tolerated. Such culture can have no broad aims, except the selfish aim to be broadly recognized. Whatever work it does is done for the few. To contribute by kind and self-adaptive purpose to the wants of the many is what it never does. It is too proud to be useful. It would be glad to command or to lead, but it will not serve. It works away at its own refinement and aggrandizement, but refuses to come down into the dusty ways of life, to point men upwards and to help them bear their burdens. The world all might go to the dogs or the devil for anything that selfish culture would do to prevent it. That work is done, and must always be done, by those who have faith—by the humble who have something better than culture, or the high who have placed their culture under the control of that law of love whose feet stand upon the earth, and whose hands grasp The Throne.

The farmer, in recommending an animal to a purchaser, talks of flesh that is "worked on," in contradistinction to that which is acquired while standing still and feeding. The one acquisition is recognized as possessing qualities of power and endurance which the other does not. It is precisely so with culture. That which is "worked on"—that which comes while its possessor is busy in ministry—is as beautiful as it is valuable. This indeed is the only culture that comes to a man as a legitimate, healthful, and valuable possession. The florist can show us flowers whose beauty has been won by culture, but it has been won at the fatal cost of their fragrance. There may be much in even a selfish culture to admire, but if there is nothing to inhale, our hearts are still hungry. We are obliged to go near to see that which should come to us on all the wings of the air.

There is a sort of blind worship of culture among the people, which would not be worship were it not blind. If they could comprehend its narrowness of sympathy and its selfishness of purpose; if they could see and measure its greed for praise and its contempt for them and their acquisitions and pursuits; if they could feel its arrogance and pride, its charms would all disappear. If they could see how, in their earnest coveting of the best gifts, those who possess them had utterly forgotten the "more excellent way," they would shrink from them in terror or in pity. It is sad to think that from the most notable school of personal culture in the country faith long since departed, with limping wings, while devotion to the work of making the world better went out with faith. Men who ministered at the altar have forsaken it; and men who broke bread to the multitude refuse to taste it themselves, even when it is presented to them in the name of Humanity's Highest and Divinity's Best. God save us all from the influence of such a culture as this, and help us to be grateful that it has seen its best or its worst days, and is dying at its root! Christianity must kill it or Christianity must die. It must kill Christianity or it must die. The event is not doubtful.

A culture that is in itself a mistake cannot by any possibility become a bar of sound judgment on any subject. It is not safe to trust it in any question of religion, or morals, or society, much less in any question of art or literature. Its own productions the people have always declined to receive as useful to them in any degree, for they have no relation to their wants. Indeed, the wants of the world are things that the devotees of culture "for its own sake" are quite apt to despise, though they not unfrequently undertake to tell the world what is good. Such blunders as they have made in the past prepare us to be surprised at nothing they may do in the future. It would not be strange if they should conspire to perpetuate the egotistical twaddle of Henry Thoreau and gild by their approval the influence of his wretchedly selfish life. Nay, it is possible that they will try to induce the world to accept as poetry the preposterous balderdash of Walt Whitman.

THE OLD CABINET.

When I look at faces which I have known from boyhood, and from which, not yet old, so much of the boy look has fled away; already weary-wise, worldly and suspicious; when I look at other faces—wrinkled and gray, and covering hearts as gray and wrinkled; the bloom rubbed from the peach and the delicate, cloudy film from the plucked apricot—I ask my heart if this is the penalty of experience, the cost of life.

And while I am awaiting the answer there passes before me—a broad brow over which flits a stray white lock like a little flurry of snow, eyes gray-blue, deep and clear, a nose with a Wellington hook, a finely drawn mouth, firm and prominent chin, deep lines in the cheek, telling of long toil and pain—Dantesque features full of sad and solemn majesty—and over all a grace and tenderness that holds whatever is simple, teachable and pure in childhood.

It is no ideal face, but one of real flesh and blood—the index to a soul that has kept itself unspotted from the world. Not that the man has held aloof from his kind, or consorted only with the saintly. His very profession has forced him into contact with all sorts of men, all horrors of women, all degrees of guilt and dirtiness. But, bearing in his breast some subtle charm, he has walked amid uncleanness without a soil, and carried into the shadow of the tomb the glow of immortal youth.

Would I put my name to it? Or, if it had been written by a sister of mine, would I be willing that she should let it go out with her name? *Yes* to the first, *yes* to the second. And *yes* to both, though the story had a thousand-fold more of heart-history in it. I don't think any one should write at all, unless he is willing to give of his best and inmost. The foolish will think they have made discoveries, and as for the rest—deep calleth unto deep.

There is something else that troubles you. I think you need not be so worried by this bug-bear of 'imitation.' This is what is said of almost every new writer. And comparative description is so much the easiest. But you must notice that it is not to one author alone that you are likened. It is to several of a certain school or method.

Write naturally and always at your finest, and by and by they will be saying, not that Brown (being you) reminds them of Robinson, but that this new man Jones reminds them of Brown.

I suppose there are few singers who have never had a master. Sometimes those who cry the loudest for originality may appear to others among the most decided copyists, while in fact it has been merely the natural and perhaps unconscious adoption of a congenial method.

You can take two modern cases for your comfort: Morris with his Chaucer; Tennyson with his Theocritus, as it has lately been made to appear.

And sometimes spasms of striving after the heights of originality tumble men into the pit. A man cannot get higher than his head—without standing on it.

So much by way of consolation and encouragement. I should not have said it were not your sensitiveness a healthful sign; and did I not think you would take care to repress every tendency toward echo, affecta-

tion, and mannerism. All virtues and rewards will be yours if in literature—as in life—you obey the injunction of *The Scarlet Letter*—Be true! Be true! Be true!

Now let me congratulate you on the good fortune of your selection of a line of literary work. "It is no commonplace felicity merely to choose wisely what one will do." Here is a story—by a master of English—which affords a notable example of infelicity in this regard. Delicacy of diction refined to the point of distraction. The evidence of a harassing self-consciousness. Exquisite inapposite descriptions, and witty conversations out of place. Passion so finely painted that you admire the art and are not one whit moved by the passion itself. No burden, no abandonment. I could almost scream under the oppressive expectancy of the *bon mot* with which every paragraph is sure to snap off,—the certain looking for of epigram at the chapter ending. Should you cut *Jane Eyre* the wound would run red. Chop this story into little pieces—as you might a jelly-fish—and each morsel will shine, not bleed.

The affectation against which I would warn you, above all others, is that of scouting the idea of use in art. If there is a truth that encircles the universe, what shallow art is that which consists in ignoring it? Let us have the highest culture, the most beautiful forms. (Remember God's sunsets.) But—a sentence not so much for the sake of itself as for the sake of what it says. I was going to say that I would rather be the author of the hyphen in the title of the poem on page 304, than of all Rossetti's sonnets.

Perhaps, my dear boy, you think I have been preaching—and preaching about long enough. If so, this "Prayer of an Author,"—found by a friend in a Romanist book of devotion, written in German by Eckartshausen, 1795, and which has come to the Old Cabinet by a strange chance this very evening—will do to close the service:—

"O God of Love! All science and wisdom comes from Thee. I thank Thee, Supreme Being, for the talents thou gavest me; let me devote these to the profit of my fellow-men. Since Thou hast given me the ability to write, do Thou never let me forget that this ability is Thy gift, and that therefore I have no cause to take any credit to myself for this. Preserve me from pride, so detrimental to true knowledge, and guard my soul from the spirit of dogmatism and from literary fault-finding. Since Thou hast placed me in a position to make various attainments, oh! do Thou keep me from neglecting my heart while I am busy in cultivating my mind. Do not let me become a peevish, captious bookworm, seeking no intercourse beyond the moth that devours my papers. Let the attainments Thou hast given me blossom for the good of humanity, and give me the grace of awakening gentle feelings in the hearts of my brother-men, of guiding them into the paths of the Good and the True. Lead my heart, O God of patience! into brotherly sentiments toward all mankind, and if I combat prejudice, let me never aggrieve persons. Enlighten my understanding and guide my pen, so that I may write down nothing contrary to Thy holy will.

"May my mind be moulded into an instrument of Thy goodness, and work Thou therewith. Let my tongue be the interpreter of Thy Love. Give my words the emphasis and my style the force that may move the hearts of men and lead them by gentle paths to true happiness.

"Bless thou my labors, and if I earn ought thereby, let me use my gains in brotherly love. Preserve me from plagiarism and trading in literature, and let me share with mankind all thou hast given me,—my mind, my attainments, my gains,—so that I put the pound Thou hast committed to me out at interest for eternity. AMEN."

THEODOSIA! Girl! See what I've found in the rubbish drawer of the Old Cabinet! Don't you remember our first concert! If here isn't my half of the very programme we played philopena with!—faded and creased and torn.

How it all comes floating back on these crumpled wings—the crush, the many-tinted odorous flutter, the music, the being there. O that hour of delicious intoxication!—with seats unreserved and scrambled for; backs broken against the wooden ridge that ran around the wall. Signor Pianissimo, Madame Clara Cantabella: I wonder who the wandering minstrels were that brought out the social grandeur of the town!

But one thing I know. Dearer to my soul the recollections stirred by the half-vanished odor of this yellow scrap than the fresh and ringing memory of last night's Faust—with prima donna, full orchestra, and private box.

And so it is—as we grow older our ideal moves forward and lifts higher; but the enjoyment dwindles. The mystery, the surprise, the tingling delight of childhood—these are gone forever.

But, dear heart, is it forever? Are there not moments, briefer it may be, sooner lost among the sordid hours, when the old child spirit comes again, and with it something akin to the former joy?

I wonder if it is not a prophecy—if this is not what it all means—Christmas, the Christ-child, gifts and worship of the Magi. "In the olden time," said the preacher, "a star led the wise men to the Child. Perhaps in the time to come a child shall lead the wise men to the stars."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

CHRISTMAS GREENERY.

In a quaint chronicle of old customs we are told that, "Wherever druidism existed, the houses were decked with evergreens in December, that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unnipped with frost and cold winds until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes."

There is something charming in the faint, fine flavor of this ancient fancy, with its pathetic yearning after the vanished summer and its prophecies of hope. Something subtle, too, and tender in its recognition of the possible presence of the "sylvan spirits" in the habitations of men. Ah! those spirits still come to our homes, working their charm through leaf and bud and blossom, hinting of freshness, of freedom, of all beautiful things, renewing the courage which else would fail, and wiling us insensibly from the heat and burden of every day into the refreshment and the wider life of nature.

Every mignonette-pot, every ivy spray which we cherish during long winters becomes the dwelling of one of these invisible elves. Its spell is upon us, its unheard voice breathes hope into our hearts. And when with loving fingers we hang the wreaths which commemorate the great Birthday of the year, these voices take on higher meanings, singing not only of the transient splendors of woods and gardens, but of that fadeless Summer which at Christmas time, eighteen centuries ago, bloomed for the whole world.

So let us not question whether the sweet custom had origin in far-away and forgotten heathenism. Whatever its source, it bears the stamp of ages of Christian usage, and is poetic legacy to us from the early dawn of faith. Let us celebrate Yule-tide with green boughs as our forefathers did, teaching little fingers to aid in the work, and childish eyes to hail it as earnest of all holiday pleasure; so shall our own realization of the season be brightened, and "Merry Christmas" come to each and all of us with a deeper and truer meaning.

Dressing a house with evergreens is by no means the laborious work many people imagine it. The heavy, cumbersome wreaths used in trimming churches are out of place in small rooms, where lightness and elegance should be the effects aimed at. In fact there is no need of *tying* wreaths at all—especially if ground-pine is largely employed in the decoration of a parlor.

The choice varieties of this pretty plant are rare in our woods, but the commoner sort can be found anywhere in the New England and Middle States. If gathered before the snow falls and stored away in a perfectly cool cellar, it will keep fresh for a fortnight or more—in fact until it is wanted. Care should be taken to press it closely into a barrel, and it should be sprinkled lightly with a watering-pot once or twice a week, to prevent dryness.

There is no Christmas green which is more satisfactory than this. The long pliant shoots, tufted with feathery palm-shaped leaves, adapt themselves to every curve and angle. Nothing can be easier to manage—it is but a touch, a twirl, and you have a graceful ornament for cornice, frame, window, or door. Swung from a cord, twined over a chandelier, trained in a light drapery about a picture—the result is delightful and immediate. A couple of pins, a tack, or the elastic toughness of the stem itself, holds all in place, and five minutes suffices to produce effects which half an hour's laborious "bunching and tying" after the old method would not accomplish.

Then there is no end to the variety which can be secured by mixing this with other evergreens. Laurel boughs, twigs of soft-pine, hemlock, *arbor vitæ*, sprays of holly or *Mahonia*, are all susceptible of pretty combination. The evergreen ferns which we can gather in the woods at all times during the winter may be gracefully massed in a bowl or deep vase beneath a picture, as a sort of clasp to a branching frame of light vine-like wreaths of the ground-pine. Autumn-leaves roughly pressed in large boughs, and grouped high up on walls behind engravings or above doors, are extremely bright and decorative. Clusters of smaller leaves, with gold and brown ferns, many colored sumachs, and delicate creepers—*Linnea*, *Chiogones*, partridge-berry vine, blackberry sprays, or wild strawberry tendrils—make a beautiful finish *below* a bracket or some choice bit of art which the household desires to honor. The shining brown cones of the fir mingle well with evergreens of all sorts—a lichened twig with its scales of pearly gray and filaments of pale moss will not come amiss, and perhaps a bird's-nest couched on its bough, to which a few yellow leaves still cling. With these materials, skillful fingers to group them together, and here and there, round some specially prized medallion or *passe-partout*, a delicate arabesque of that exquisite climbing fern which has of late come into the market as an object for sale, the decorative paraphernalia of the season may be said to be complete.

And then as—

> "Christmas loves the jolly crew
> Who cloudy care defy,"

do not forget to add that eye of the room, a blazing fire, which as a venerable authority says is "The visible heart and soul of Christmas." And while twining the wreaths warm yourselves as well with these words from the same old chronicle:—

"Every holly bough and lump of berries with which you adorn your houses is an act of natural piety as well as beauty, and will enable you in summer days to relish that green world of which you show yourselves not unworthy."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

According to old custom, the Yule season lasted from Christmas Eve until Twelfth Night—a period of

nearly a fortnight, all of which was regarded more or less as a holiday over the Christian world.

Looking back, it would seem as if the poetry and the grace of the whole year were crowded by general consent into this brief interval. Each day of the blessed twelve boasts its tradition and its special observance. Many of these traditions are of wild and singular beauty. In Devonshire the oxen were supposed to fall on their knees at midnight of Christmas Eve and "make a moan like human creatures." Peasants gravely asserted that, having kept watch for the purpose, they had seen the animals perform this act of devotion! In another part of the same county, where was a valley caused by an earthquake some hundreds of years ago, in which a whole village and its church were swallowed up, the country people were once accustomed to assemble in great numbers to *listen for the sound of the buried bells* ringing far underground in honor of the Lord's birthday. Another superstition scarcely less poetic prevailed about Glastonbury, where was a marvelous hawthorn, supposed to be descended from the thorn-staff of Joseph of Arimathea, which, as the legends tell us, he planted in the ground on the eve of the Crucifixion, upon which it immediately budded into leaves, and the next day was found loaded with milk-white blossoms. This highly-descended shrub was popularly believed to blossom unfailingly on the morning of Christmas Day, and persons came from long distances to witness the miracle. If it failed to occur, the superstitious looked upon it as of bad omen.

The origin of Twelfth Day is a little obscure, but it is supposed in some manner to have been instituted in honor of the Eastern Magi who brought gold, myrrh, and frankincense to the Bethlehem manger. It is also the festival of that highly objectionable old character, St. Simon of Stylites. In old times the day was observed with great pomp and circumstance, but of late years it has fallen into disuse. Twelfth-Night parties are, however, still given in London, and as some of our young people who have read about them in English books may like to know how they are managed, or even perhaps to try an American imitation, we will give a short account of them.

The first essential of a Twelfth-Night party is a large richly-frosted plum-cake in which a dried pea and a bean is baked. The London pastry-cooks ornament these cakes with all sorts of devices in sugar—kings, queens, lords, ladies, dragons, lions, fish, milk-maids, serpents, and innumerable other forms. With these are sold "characters"—a series of pasteboard slips, each bearing a small picture and a few rhymes, more or less comic. These slips are numbered; those meant for girls are put with one box, and those for boys with another. When the young people are all assembled, the cake is cut into slices corresponding to the number of the company. The boy who draws the bean is pronounced king, the girl who draws the pea, queen. Their majesties are solemnly enthroned side by side in two large chairs, and the boxes of "characters" are passed about among the rest of the party, each child being expected to read his or her verse aloud, and to support the character drawn for the rest of the evening. Of course this makes much fun, especially when the part allotted happens to be a grotesque one, such as "Sir Gregory Goose" or "Sir Punbelly Clumsy."

The evening winds up with a dance and supper, and what with the quaint character of the entertainment, and its novelty, we are not sure but it might be advantageously introduced as a holiday pleasure on this side the sea, and form a refreshing variety to the stereotyped "children's party," of which in our large cities each winter produces such dreary examples.

THE CLOTHES OF THE PERIOD.

In days of yore, when Paris ruled the modes, each season was expected to bring forth an unfailing crop of new fashions. The spring-bonnet was antiquated in Autumn; sleeves, veils, aprons, all the minor points of dress suffered quarterly changes; and the gown which was pride of our hearts but a short twelvemonth before, became by mere force of events a shabby dud, to be altered or cast aside as convenience and economy dictated.

But we have changed all that, or rather Germany has changed it for us. The influence of the Teutonic mind is seen not less in the permanence than in the solid character of our present wearing apparel. And looking about this season for novelties in dress we find the list a brief one and easily catalogued.

For street-suits soft woolen stuffs are still the favorite material. There are half a dozen varieties of cashmere—*Drap de France*, *Drap de Paris*, *Drap de Nice*, *Drap d'Eté*, etc.—all serviceable and pretty, and to be had of any quality and color. Made up in the prevailing Polonaise, with double-cape cloak or cape-jacket, warmly lined, and worn over a silk or poplin under petticoat, of black or some harmonious shade, they make warm and useful costumes, admirably suited to our cold winter climate.

For in-doors the most striking new things are the cretonne morning dresses, *à la Watteau*, which on slender figures are often exceedingly picturesque and graceful. But we have detected certain ponderous friends of ours buying the same, and have shuddered at the probable effect. Visions of broad backs rendered broader by the wide plait, and rotund forms amplified by a trellis-work of jungle flowers and tropical leaves of all bright hues, arise before our eyes and——but we forbear! A republic is little worth if the right of each citizen to make himself or herself hideous when so disposed is not inalienably guaranteed.

Another novelty is lace of various colors for dress trimmings. Silks and cashmere of all the soft tints—gray, chestnut, *fumé*, *écru*—are extremely pretty, with a garniture of lace of the corresponding color—two shades—a lighter and a darker. Straw-colored lace is also used for black silks.

Basques are as much worn as ever. The shape varies little from that of last season—some have the *gilet* front and some, finished off like a round waist be-

fore, have the postillion lappets behind. Over-skirts are exceedingly *bouffantes*, and are made with short apron-like fronts, with which the long, looped back breadths are gathered on either side.

Bonnets are of indescribable shape, big, high, unsheltering, with trimming perched directly on the top. They are unbecoming to almost all faces, and it is to be hoped that as the winter advances something less outrageous may be introduced. Hats incline to the turban form, and seem likely to regain their old popularity.

And, to conclude, there is really not a fashion which is noticeably different from or an improvement on last Winter's. So why not bravely wear our old clothes, and remembering, to quote the excellent words of a writer in one of our weekly papers, that "on this keen west wind that is blowing there comes a cry from fifty thousand women, homeless and well-nigh naked, what if the money we save from new trappings be invested in that sweet old fashion of charity, which shall be still at its freshest when all other fashions of this world have passed away?"

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE periodical flare-up in England against the Yankee has this year been apropos of the copyright. One of the habitual grumblers of England having let off his growl at the "Yankee pirates" of copyrights, an American replied, denying the fitness of the term *as American*, and declaring that the true enemies of the copyright between the two nations were the English publishers. This set the whole London press in agitation, and epithets and objurgation have run their course in delightful ignorance of facts and causes and effects. The rash Yankee who ventured to dispute the right to abuse was buried in abuse, and government, public, and publishers of America were alike relegated to the abyss in which pirates revel.

Your Englishman rarely can generalize or comprehend an abstraction—he can never put himself in any one's place, and all matters are judged from his peculiar interest. He looks neither backward nor forward, but estimates the supreme good as that which conveniences him for the moment, and is as exclusive as a Chinaman in his standard of excellence or of what should be determined. His mental map of the world is like that of the Chinese, in which their country is a great central island, and all others little outlying atoms inappreciable in their value. Civilization is the development of British influence, and true law and political organization that which England has (or is about to have); all other systems are spurious and other interests fungoid. In all the discussion of the copyright question no English paper considered that the English publishers pirate American and other books without question. To steal English books is piracy; to take American, a matter of course. Nor did one of them ever think, any more than in the old slavery question, that whatever abuses might be in America came from English law and English practice—practice, too, from which their hands are barely clean yet in reference to all continental nations. For years they have plundered the whole world and brought us up in the practice; and now it suits their interest to be honest, and no sentence of moral obloquy is too bitter for the Americans, accused of doing just what they have always done, and, so far as we are concerned, do now.

But, in a deeper sense still, England and English law are responsible for the false position of the copyright question. Her forms of legislation practically deny that an author has an absolute right of property in what he writes. It concedes him, as an act of grace, protection in the use of it a certain time, as an act of policy to encourage literature; it concedes to authors of reciprocating nations the right, under certain other conditions, to hold their property in England. All this is but temporizing with the question, and while it makes property by legislation, it permits all other nations to refuse to do the same. If England had long ago declared that an author's right to his work was as good as a blacksmith's to his, the question would have been settled in all civilization which had relations with England; but, having taught that there is no property, inherent and absolute, in thought, she has made it impossible that people should recognize its sequestration as theft; and if thought-property has not its due protection in America, it is because our system of jurisprudence is founded on the English, which has never recognized the principle of right in such property.

Yet the history of civilization is but the record of the development of the rights of property, and the very subtlety and spiritual nature of the right has alone, perhaps, prevented it from being recognized in modern legislation. If there is no property in the result of one's mental labors, what production of human industry or enterprise can claim property rights? That obliquity of public opinion which, in Homer's day and long since, permitted the kings to indulge in piracy and devote the tithes to the gods, which almost to our own day recognized the slave-trade as a means of civilization, was directness compared with that which consents to the theft of an author's book; because, while the merchandise may have been gotten by piracy, and the slave may have been redeemed from a worse slavery to a better one, the book robs no one, but consents to the rights of all—that which it gets freely from others, it gives to others again; its individuality, its form distinguishing it from other books are its own—the result of the author's peculiar life, training, and labor are his as absolutely as any form of labor can be—in spite of every artificial and conventional law.

The legal maxim that property is the creation of law is then simply a legal definition of the thing, and has the same relation to the fact that a statute has to the justice of which it is the formal recognition,—the right of property and the right to justice being equally inherent conditions of all human organization, the one being as imperative a condition of social coherence as the other is of civic. And yet, while the statement of these truths in reference to real estate seems to most people platitude, the application of them to that which is of all things most indisputably proper and personal—the work of a man's brain—is so incomplete that society and the State as an act of grace permit, in certain cases, an author to retain the use and benefit of his own ideas and the expression of them, and by the very conditions of permission and restriction deny his right of property.

The legal maxim alluded to is in effect a legal falsehood. Law does not create property or any right to property; it simply recognizes what the community have decided must be recognized. Law is the embodiment of public opinion, and statutes which are not portions of that opinion never pass beyond the effectiveness of the dead letter. At one time law made slaves property; made the goods of one man who was weak the property of any one who was stronger; the ship and its lading of the citizen of one State became the ship and lading of any citizen of another who was able to make individual war successfully on the former; it now makes, in the same erroneous acceptation, the goods of every French peasant the property of the first Uhlan who saw fit to confiscate it. Yet no civilized person hesitates to call individual war in Malay waters piracy, slavery the worst of crimes against "property," or Uhlan-confiscation sheer robbery; though African law permits one, Malay law another, and European law the other.

When, then, civilized legislation bases a copyright law on the principle of the absolute right of a man to what he has produced, instead of on the quick-sand policy of doing something for the author, to promote book-making, the moral sense of the community, enlivened by the presence of that principle, will find a reason for a copyright treaty which is not at present recognized.

THE MUNICH CONGRESS, with its thousands of learned and enthusiastic attendants from all parts of Europe, has placed the great religious movement of Germany on an entirely new platform. It has now become one of reform, notwithstanding the earnest protestations of its venerable leader. Dollinger was most anxious to keep it an "Old Catholic" protest against the innovations of the new dogmas, but he was largely outvoted by those who loved him and respected his general judgment, but could see no very beneficial results to accrue from standing still. This is clearly a revolution in the church, and revolutions neither stand still nor go backward. It is the old story of history, that the flock runs ahead of the shepherd who has assembled it. The Congress was decidedly in favor of forming new congregations with a creed so modified that all evangelical sects might look on it favorably, and many associate with it without violence to their convictions. The learned Professor Froschammer has now taken the field in favor of a thoroughly active and liberal movement that will not be at all satisfied with the unfortunate appellation of "Old Catholic." His platform would expel the Jesuits, abolish monasticism, permit marriage to the clergy, and the choice of its pastor to the congregation. He would do away with auricular confession and image worship, and all the distinctive traits of "Old Catholicism," and introduce a veritable reform. And this is doubtless the popular standard just now.

ALL GERMANY seems to have gone mad on the subject of Congresses during the last few months. The world is familiar with the famous ecclesiastical conventions of Heidelberg, Mayence, Fulda, and Munich fighting the battle of old and new Catholicism, but there have been many other Congresses.

In Stuttgart the German jurists met for consultation regarding a revised judicial code for the new Empire, while in Lubeck there was a gathering of the agricultural experts of the land, and in Bamberg a session of the practicing attorneys. In ancient Nuremberg a grand convention of all the trades-unions of Germany held an assemblage that lasted several days, and ended with a festive banquet, at which were made some of the most impressive and significant speeches on the matter of labor reform that have ever been uttered on German soil. These have effected another great meeting in Berlin, to bring the agitation to the very steps of the throne, and force the government to notice the matter in an official manner. And even now the excitement in this regard is so great that Bismarck finds it more troublesome than the war and peace questions. Even a "Fashion Congress" has had its meeting in Berlin, and has resolved that the Germans are able to invent their own fashions, and are determined to free themselves from the tyranny of France in this regard. Numerous delegates appeared from all parts of Germany, and they resolved on founding a "Fashion School" and appointing teachers with fixed salaries. The fall and winter fashions were decided on, and a list of premiums offered for handsome and acceptable models and patterns.

NUREMBERG is rejoicing in the success of its great German National Museum, which for seventeen years has been rapidly increasing in every department. This old town has been selected as the seat of this monument, because it, more than any other in the Fatherland, is a representative center of all that is peculiar to German art and literature. Nearly every city and every prince in Germany is represented in some way, first by annual contributions to its treasury, and then by everything that can contribute to give it variety and completion. All political and religious professions unite on its platform, and a great effort is exerted to make it so national as to rise above the atmosphere of contention. Radicals and conservatives, progressives and ultramontanes, free-thinkers and orthodox, all

join hand in hand. Catholic bishops and Protestant clergy join with savans, merchants, soldiers, and artisans, to adorn its apartments and make it the genuine expression of German science, art, and culture. The enterprise has received a new impetus with the unification of all German lands, and the Nuremberg National Museum now bids fair to be one of the most interesting collections in the world.

THE JESUITS appear to have received orders along the line to attack the Freemasons. The ultramontane journals of all Europe have begun a fearful and united crusade against them, especially those of Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and Baden. They vie with each other in the most violent outbursts of temper and serious accusations. They are called a "most dangerous league of rascals for the mutual protection of criminals." This campaign of the Jesuits seems to be set in motion because of the increase of lodges attendant on the quasi rebellion from the Catholic Church. The Masons are making great accessions to their numbers in all parts of Germany, and the Grand Lodge enjoys the protectorate of the Emperor. Wherever ultramontanism has been strong, there new lodges have been established, as in Augsburg, Munich, Bamberg, and Wurzburg. The Grand Lodge of Italy has transferred its seat to Rome, and there will shortly be held in that city a general assembly of all its Masons, under the very eyes of the Infallible Pope. The battle between the Masons and the Jesuits is waged perhaps with even more acrimony than that between the ecclesiastical antagonists.

THE RUSSIANS seem to be waking up to the matter of school and military training since the late war, and even the military officers are engaged in gathering statistics of school attendance in the different districts of the realm. The *Military Archives*, a journal of St. Petersburg, after giving the rate in the old Russian provinces and those of the Southwest and Siberia, calls attention to the fact that attendance is very much greater in Poland and the Baltic Provinces than in any other part of the Empire. This is mortifying to the Old Russians, but they acknowledge the superiority of the Polish and German subjects, and are now calling on the Russian Provinces proper to wake up to their deficiency in this respect.

IN FRANCE, Leduard has just published a pamphlet entitled *Our Disorders, and the Means of Remedying them.* The work is a pretty good mirror of the "Disorders," but fails entirely in its promise of the means of applying the remedy. In the same line we find by Testut an essay on the origin, history, and true character of the famous association known as the "International," which is just now the bugbear of Europe. And the trial of Rochefort led the public to relish a rehash of his most bitter and cutting sayings in the form of a collection from the *Lanterne*, evidently in the intent of hurling at Thiers the weapons forged for the late Emperor.

But nothing is so suggestive of the perplexed state of public opinion in France as the extreme variety of the political effusions; the publishers evidently find it difficult to count on their public. An edition of the political manifestoes, letters, and effusions of the Count de Chambord lately appeared; but the venture fell so dead that the proprietor of a circulating library complained that his one copy still lay on his shelves with leaves uncut. And yet Thiers and Henry the Fifth still hold their place side by side in some of the print-shop windows. The "Man of Sedan," however, has undoubtedly done one favor to his countrymen, by leading them to study rather than to despise their enemies. The French indifference to everything foreign seems now about to cease, and an inclination to study the language of their hated conquerors is actually growing among them. In the show-windows of the most elegant bookstores may be seen lying broadly and proudly among the novels of Sand or of Feuillet, a German Dictionary, and Ahn's *German Grammar and Exercises* smile on the passer-by, not as barbarians, but as teachers. Even the *Political Letters* of the great German radical, Vogt, have been translated into French, and evidently find readers. The influence of these teachings is observable in the fact that the government now dares to talk about compulsory education and universal military obligation, after the manner of their German enemies.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

OPERA IN NEW YORK.

THE prosperity which has attended the various operatic ventures this year is remarkable. Those of us who gravely questioned if the expensive luxury would ever become profitable or popular, or, indeed, could ever be enjoyed at all in the American Metropolis, without the sacrifice of managers and money, may now change our tune. Opera has succeeded. Nor has it been the solitary annual experiment fought out through tribulation, but a triple visitation proffering English, German, and Italian opera almost simultaneously—each company provided with new artists, and two of them at least equipped with chorus and orchestra of extraordinary magnitude and excellence. Everything seems to have been propitious at last. The stockholders of the Academy were unusually liberal; the public came generously at the bidding of Parepa-Rosa, and Wachtel, and Max Strakosch; the choruses sang without striking; the prima donnas withstood the climate; the press was lavish of praise. And all this looks as if our metropolis had passed through that social or æsthetic condition in which opera is a snare and a delusion. The impresarii with full treasuries will not need to be congratulated. If felicitations are in order, let us bestow

them upon the public, which has grown suddenly into the appreciation of the costly luxury of dramatic music.

Still one cannot help thinking that the veteran impresario who now presides over the orchestra at the Academy has not had his life unprofitably prolonged, in living to see this thing and have a hand in it, albeit not a managing hand; and it must be a gracious sight, after so many toilsome years of pioneer scolding and scheming.

To Madame Parepa-Rosa belongs the prestige of opening this brilliant season. The organization and outfit of her English Opera Company were in themselves significant of a new condition of affairs. Never before had English Opera assumed the importance and dignity of grand opera; never had it employed such combined talent. We had grown to regard it, at the best, as an echo of opera proper—a dilution of drama and music for weak ears; but the Parepa-Rosa season, while it claimed the attention of the public newly, challenged at the same time the admiration of the critics. The management displayed an earnest and determined intention to make this branch of lyric art the best of its kind. The success which attended the experiment was all the more gratifying because English Opera was just going to pieces in London for the fiftieth time, on the Scylla of public indifference. Madame Parepa-Rosa was herself the Queen of English song, and though she had two capable prima donnas ready to take her place, in Mme. Van Zandt and Miss Clara Doria, the fluctuations at the box-office on the off-nights indicated that she was the great attraction, and we were reminded again of the peculiar popularity of this singer. That popularity is, in the first place, confined to America. Mme. Rosa was never recognized in England as a great lyric artist. Her large choral style eminently fitted her for oratorio, in which she achieved high honors; but upon the lyric stage she was shown to be deficient in histrionic ability, and even the *disinvoltura* essential to the lighter rôles of opera. But such was the charm of her voice for us that the shortcomings of her impersonations, the unbecoming character of her girlish assumptions, and the rather ponderous gayety of her comedy, were all disregarded here. She swept away all critical objections in a flood of magnificent vocalism.

Mr. Max Strakosch followed close upon the Parepa-Rosa troupe with what the daily papers called "the opera season *par excellence*." This season brought us Christine Nilsson and a new tenor, M. Capoul, and it was very soon discovered that they were the cornerstones of its excellence. Two works, new to this country, were announced in the prospectus. They were "The Hamlet" and "Mignon" of Ambroise Thomas. The first of these was almost immediately withdrawn from the répertoire, and the other has just been produced as we write. The operas presented were "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Il Barbiere," "Martha," "Don Giovanni," "Il Traviata," "Faust," and "Mignon." This is a somewhat hackneyed list. The merit of representation was, however, sufficient to compensate in a measure the absence of novelty. Mlle. Nilsson's most satisfactory and in some respects her greatest rôles, were the *Marguerite* in "Faust" and her *Lucia*. Both of these were remarkable for the depth and force of the characterization. The "mad scene" in "Lucia" and the generally omitted chapel scene in "Faust" evinced the possession in an extraordinary degree of those talents which we missed in Mme. Parepa, and there is no doubt that in the combination rather than in the separate excellence of her vocal and dramatic powers is to be found the secret of her popularity. As a vocalist it is generally felt that Mlle. Nilsson has been somewhat overrated by the enthusiastic Americans, who, in the first gush of admiration, accorded to her all the endowments and attainments that a cooler judgment despairs of seeing in one prima donna. Her voice, unique and characteristic in its quality, as is her northern face,—large and resonant, too, in its unforced utterances,—is yet not what we call a rich voice. It lacks both the purity of *timbre* and the strength of vibration of Parepa's, nor has it the compass of Patti's or Murska's. It is less mobile, but more sympathetic than Mme. Rosa's, if the distinction can be apprehended, executing with less fluency, but taking color from emotion with the susceptibility of a maiden's cheek. Without the delicacy of *nuance* and the pure method of Kellogg, and incapable of the intricate instrumental cadenzas with which our gifted countrywoman, Mrs. Moulton, recently startled the critics, she is nevertheless a more dramatic singer than any of them, and belongs, by right of natural gifts rather than by extraordinary artistic attainments, to the small group of sentimental prima donnas who have come to us with honor out of the French school.

Of Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon" one hearing has enabled us to form a tolerably just estimate. It is a gracious rather than a great work, built rather than evolved by the latest French method. It is one of the composer's later productions, but, like "Le Songe d'une Nuit d'été," it is, strictly speaking, a lyrical paraphrase, with no creative genius apparent in the story, and little that is strongly original in the music. The melodies are light and somewhat fantastic in movement, showing the French tendency to lapse into dance measure continually; the best of them being a polonaise, which caught the ear by its rhythm rather than its originality. The concerted music is of the eclectic order, employing all the modern expedients to enhance its effect, but lacking breadth and color, and failing in the intenser situations to rise to the height of dramatic expression. The opera was, however, admirably suited to the singers, nearly all of whom are of the French school. It was produced with unusual realistic additions of scenery and dresses, and its spectacular merits as much as anything else made it a general topic of discussion in art circles.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S reappearance on the stage in this city after ten years' absence proved bene-

ficial to the drama, for she attracted that class of the community to the theater which, by reason of the frivolity and sensuality on the one hand, and the ponderous incompetency on the other, had well-nigh deserted it entirely. It was something to see gathered in Booth's theater night after night the conservative and staid elements of society, glad to have the opportunity of enjoying the play with intellectual zest. Miss Cushman's season was an artistic success. She appeared first as *Queen Katharine* in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.;" afterwards as *Lady Macbeth*, and, at the urgent solicitation of her friends, finally assumed the *rôle* of *Meg Merrilies*, which she had made peculiarly her own in former years. The Shakespearian characters were genuine triumphs of histrionic skill, in which culture had softened the many harsh characteristics of her early style. It was, in fact, indicative of Miss Cushman's improved taste and power that she preferred the mild intellectuality of Queen Katharine in which to exhibit her talents, to the realistic and overwrought *Meg Merrilies*, and we can conceive of no more praiseworthy achievement than this, that an actress whose fame rests upon the intense and somewhat masculine portrayal of an unnatural character should outgrow the desire to present it, and succeed in the impersonation of its very antithesis. Miss Cushman, whose genius is of the vehement American kind, fitful, fierce, and impatient of scholarly restraint, is one of the most brilliant examples that the American stage affords of that genius successfully subdued and disciplined, after many years, to the proper and equable work of art—which is to elevate and refine through the emotions, and not simply to move us through the senses. Miss Cushman's triumph was, no doubt, made more conspicuous by the poverty of the English stage at this time in great actresses. With the popularization of French society dramas under the name of comedy, women of true tragic power appear to have deserted the boards, and it is obviously true that there is no school to which we may look for their future development. A tragic actress capable of renewing, however vaguely, the triumphs of Siddons in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" is as great a novelty as the drama of our day can produce. We can understand this by a reference to Booth's theater, an establishment which lays claim to tragedy as a specialty, but which is forced for the greater part of the season to resort to such entertainment as Lotta, and Owens, and Maggie Mitchell can furnish, and during Mr. Edwin Booth's season is without a leading woman capable of adequately supporting him in such *rôles* as *Hamlet*, *Richard*, and *Iago*.

During Miss Cushman's engagement she was the recipient of many intellectual tributes which evinced a strong desire on the part of the educated public to sustain the legitimate drama. It is also proper to say that her Shakespearian representations were quite as successful in a commercial sense as her *Meg Merrilies*. She returns here in the Spring to play a farewell engagement.

"AMERICANISMS."

PROFESSOR SCHELE DE VERE, of the University of Virginia, is generally and favorably known to American readers, not only by magazine articles and works in general literature, but by contributions to philology, of which the most important are his *Comparative Philology* (published in 1853), and his *Studies in English* (in 1867). If we are not mistaken, the present will prove the most popular of all his productions. (*Americanisms; the English of the New World.* By M. Schele de Vere, LL.D., etc. Charles Scribner & Co.) It is an exposition of the peculiarities of American speech, made not in the form and manner of a dictionary, but in connected narration. Each source of new words and phrases is taken up by itself, and treated descriptively. Thus, the first chapter is entitled "The Indian," and sets forth the enrichment that our language has undergone by the introduction of aboriginal names of every kind, from *Mississippi* down to *wigwam* and *succotash*. The second takes up, one after another, the immigrant nationalities (among which, however, we miss the Irishman); those that follow, in like manner, deal with the Great West, the Church, Politics, Trade of all kinds, Afloat, On the Rail, and Natural History; then comes a very long chapter (150 pages) of "Old Friends with New Faces"—that is to say, obsolete or dialectic English revived, and accepted words with new and peculiar meanings; "Cant and Slang," which have had a plentiful representation in the earlier parts of the volume, next get a share of it all to themselves, and the whole is wound up with a few pages on New Forms and Nicknames. The style of treatment throughout is attractively gossipy and readable; we have no scientific treatise and catalogue, but a free talk on matters of curious and universal interest. A full index at the end adds virtually the advantage of an alphabetic arrangement.

The author speaks in his Preface with due modesty of his degree of success in the task undertaken. No one, of course, can pretend to make such a collection either complete or accurate in all its parts. He may have devoted a lifetime to gathering in from every quarter, and seeking explanations of what he gathers, and yet much will have escaped him, and much will have been put in not quite a true aspect. A first edition is a tentative one, put forth to invite additions and corrections from whoever can make them; and we hope that such will flow in upon Professor Schele de Vere from every quarter. We have noted a number of cases calling for remark, but our study of the book has been too cursory as yet to make the list worth giving here.

This work will be likely to give to one looking at American speech from the outside a too unfavorable opinion of its quality. The average Englishman, especially, is sure to draw the conclusion that the normal American uses the vocabulary here presented as his daily food; a conclusion in which there will be at least a grain—we could wish it were a bigger one—of injustice. A collection of such a kind made among us has to go

farther down into the mass of low and vulgar talk than would one made in England, because a lower style of English gets into print, forces itself upon public attention, and maintains itself without shame, here than there. We have a little fear, too, that the collecting and describing of such English will exert a perceptible influence in its favor, lending it a degree of respectability which it would not otherwise possess. Still, we have been of late so soundly lectured on the proprieties of speech that we are perhaps in a good condition to bear without injury a little impulse in the other direction. It is, after all, the collective taste and judgment of the community that determines the course of development taken by its language; and that depends on causes too deep and wide-working to be affected by single productions. If men like Professor Schele de Vere will be careful themselves to write good English only, they may safely amuse themselves by playing with the bad English of others.

"JAPAN IN OUR DAY."

WHILE Capt. John Smith was laying the foundation of the first permanent Saxon settlement of this country, the founder of the Japanese Empire carved on the wall of his summer-house at Yedo these lines:—

> "From this window I look upon Fusi-yama
> With its snow of a thousand years;
> To my gate ships will come from the far East
> Ten thousand miles."

On the ruins of a broken system Iyeya erected a new Japan; and when his provincial town of a single street had grown to be a magnificent capital, his prophecy came true. From the twin empire across the sea ships came to his gate, beat down the barriers his descendants had raised, and brought new life and a nobler career to his nation. In its westward march the course of Empire overtook the East, and ancient Japan suddenly became one of the most youthful and progressive of nations. Two civilizations have met and mingled. Steam and electricity are henceforth to be the moving powers of Japan, and our multiform contrivances for their employment are finding their way into every part of the newly opened empire. Science commissions are the new order of the day. Shiploads of American school-books and school material are already conveying strange ideas to the slant-eyed youth of the Orient, and five hundred of the more promising sons of Japan are in our institutions of learning, preparing themselves for the posts of honor given in the emergency to illustrious Americans.

The lively popular curiosity awakened by these events for fresher and fuller information concerning the daily life of this curious people, whose Yankee wide-awakeness contradicts all our old-time teachings in regard to Eastern sluggishness, makes the selection of *Japan* for the initial volume of the Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure, edited by Bayard Taylor (C. Scribner & Co.), exceedingly happy. The purpose is to furnish a cheap, trustworthy, picturesque, and entertaining survey of the various lands and races of the world, with a brief yet reasonably complete account of "what has been dared and endured in opening up our planet to the knowledge of civilized man." The works chiefly drawn upon in compiling the volume before us are those of Sir Rutherford Alcock and M. Aimé Humbert, minister from Switzerland to Yedo. M. Humbert's magnificent and charming volumes have contributed most, both in text and illustration, and very appropriately, for his painstaking and sympathetic studies of the Japanese give at once later and fuller information concerning them than anything in English.

BRET HARTE'S VERSE AND PROSE.

ORDINARILY, it would be only impertinent in the critic to take into account any of the personal relations of the writer to the public, or to the publisher, in considering the merits of a book. But the wide advertisement which has been made of the curious contract between Mr. Bret Harte and his publishers forbids the idea that it is a matter only for the private gossip of the clubs, or a business arrangement which has no part in literary discussion. It is not every day that an author deliberately farms out the products of his brain for a specified term; and it is not every day that any commercial transaction receives such general *bruit* as that concluded by Mr. Harte with his publishers. So, when we seek for reasons for the publication of *East and West Poems*, other than those which ought to appear (but do not) on the face of things, we naturally turn to the contract, and think we find there some explanation for this bare attempt at mere book-making. The verses which make up the volume are, in the main, unworthy Mr. Harte's genius; they are the gleanings of his portfolio, the work of his cruder years, judiciously omitted from his previous collection of poems. Still, it is noteworthy that the best of the serious poems, which are among the best the author has ever written, have been produced under Atlantic inspirations. Mr. Harte has improved on himself since his arrival from the Pacific, spite of the critics. These covers hold (with a few elegantly finished bits of versification) many things which the world—and the author—would willingly let die; but they make a book.

This may seem an unkind thing to say of the little volume which contains such an exquisite piece of color and sentiment as "A Greyport Legend," and a vigorous painting like "Hawk's Nest." But when these fair words are said, what else remains? "A Newport Romance" is dainty, and, just missing perfectness in expression, is almost inconsequential and anti-climax in finish. "Truthful James" is deadly wearisome in his weak endeavor to repeat the success achieved in "Her Letter," one of the most delicious specimens of *vers de société* ever written. For the rest, we have a sense of being amused with such diversions as "The Stage-Driver's Story," "Songs Without Sense," and "St. Thomas;" for the "Aspiring Miss De Laine" let us have charity and wonder; charity for its utter newspapery commonness, and wonder that it finds its way into an authorized edition of Mr. Harte's poems. Alas, for the exigencies of the book-maker!

This much we say in sorrow rather than in anger,

for we have a right to expect better things (or nothing) of the pen that has given us "The Mountain Heart's-Ease," "Her Letter," "Dickens in Camp," and the queer, quaint poems in dialect by which the world—unfortunately—best knows Mr. Harte. Yet, after all, it is possible that the author is not altogether certain of the field into which he shall direct his flight. Possibly he is trying his wings only, and so we have now but these experiments. He does not expect, of course, to always do all these things, and to do all well. Tales, sketches, romances, songs, idyls, scholarly verses and dialect doggerel, parodies and epics, plays and lectures—surely Mr. Harte does not propose to turn his hand to these, and thus be everything by turns and nothing long? Let us rather believe that he has found, as his readers have, sufficient amusement in "The Heathen Chinee" and "The Society upon the Stanislaus," and is ready for more serious work.

We do not like to think that the world will always best know Mr. Harte by his verses; it is pleasanter to believe that the genius which has given some touches of its power in the dialect poems, and has created a new literature in his prose works, will do something nobler than either of these; or, failing this, the fine poetic instinct which unconsciously makes the whole world kin will hereafter find its best expression in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Miggles," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." The poetry of Mr. Harte's graver verse is conventional, and so passes into the great class to which it belongs, taking its humble place in the vast volume which includes a multitude of names, from Milton down to the poor "talented youth" whose rough numbers grace the poet's corner of the village newspaper. But the so-called dialect poems surprise and startle with the unexpectedness of their delicate and subtle thought expressed in rude language. Here is the body of poetry, though the garniture be doggerel. It has the sudden surprise of wit, but it has the unworthiness of the pun, of which one's best is ever his worst. It is the poet masquerading, hiding lovely fancies under a grotesque garb. Tennyson's little maid in "Guinevere" confesses—

> "I cry my cry in silence and have done;
> None knows it."

But the poor woman of "Dow's Flat" only "took on when no one was nigh," which is the same thought differently expressed. We all know the bold Byronic Corsair of multitudinous verse, but in Mr. Harte's lines he surprises us in the charming company of the writer of "Her Letter," when she—

> "Went down the middle
> With the man that shot Sandy McGee."

How much better all this finds expression in the prose writings to which we have just referred. No matter how barren and unpromising the subject, the delicate touch of the master gilds the rude unlovely figures with undying beauty. The four or five best sketches of Mr. Harte contain more poetry than all his verses. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" has a poetic suggestion in its little plot, and the story, cast though it is in the rude life of a mining camp, is musical with idyllic sentiment. Kentuck's tender joy over the finger with which the baby had "rastled," the unexpressed satisfaction of the camp with the soft yoke which the mysterious young life puts on the rough community, the crooning of "Man-o'-War Jack" to the sleeping child, and the "indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness" which pervaded the camp, the "kind o' think" which reminded Cockney Simmons of Greenwich—surely this is poetry worth reams of Newport legends and mining doggerel. So in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," where, though the framework of the story is commonplace enough, a glamour of romance and sentiment invests "the Duchess," the gambler, and even "Mother Shipton" with a tender glory. So in "Tennessee's Partner," the "redwoods, burying their moccasoned feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier" which the Partner is taking to the cabin of Tennessee. The surprised hare is "pulsating in the ferns by the roadside." Who that has read "The Idyl of Red Gulch" can forget how the fading sun-rays stole up from Miss Mary's face, as, standing by the window, she heard the story which disillusioned her? Or the abject attitude of the Magdalen who kissed the hem of her dress? Or the bunch of azaleas which the departing schoolma'am took from the bush under which she first saw the helpless figure of the blonde Samson? And so of all the magical pictures, realistic, yet glorified by the tenderest sentiment of humanity, that are bound up in the slender volume on which rests Mr. Harte's best fame.

It is a noble thing to so enrich the poorest, meanest phases of human life; it is a gracious gift thus to be able to give voice to the sweet, unconfessed thought which underlies all human nature; and so, while we will not quarrel with the uncouth rhymes which the author sometimes amuses himself withal, may we not hope that he will hereafter use his rare poetic powers to better purpose than writing verse?

UEBERWEG'S "HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY."

IT would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the enterprise projected by Professors Smith and Schaff of the Union Theological Seminary, in this city, and undertaken by the publishing house of C. Scribner & Co., by which it is proposed to furnish for American students a Theological and Philosophical Library. When a young student begins his course of theological study he is often sorely puzzled to know how best to spend what little money he may have saved for books. He does not even know what he most needs, nor, if he did, would he know how to get what he most needs. In one or two Theological Seminaries, the attempt has been made to aid him by the publication of a catalogue of standard books which are *desiderata*, and from among which, if he knows how and where to find them and can afford to buy them, he may make his choice. But by this grander and more practical plan of the Theological and Philosophical Library, the attempt is made

to issue, with something of uniformity of size and economy of cost, a series of text-books which, if the student buys them one by one as, in the progress of his course of study, he needs them, will presently give him an apparatus at once compact and complete. The experience and judgment of the distinguished editors may be confidently trusted to provide that the books selected for translation or for publication shall be of the highest value and authority.

That they will be of the highest value and authority is abundantly indicated by the appearance (as the first of the series) of *Ueberweg's History of Philosophy*, of which the first volume is issued in season for a brief examination this month. The reputation of this learned author is already world-wide, and will, by the translation of this his greatest work, and by its introduction into this series, become even popular, so far as a reputation strictly scientific can be called popular. To write a History of Philosophy requires extraordinary endowments. If the historical spirit predominates in the author, there will be danger of diffuseness and of narrative superficiality; if the philosophic spirit predominates, the author is almost sure to be the partisan of some theory, and to give to his own opinions and dogmas a disproportionate and unfair emphasis. It is easy to see, from even a brief examination of this volume, that it is admirably distinguished by fairness and learning and condensation; and that it affords a sufficient apparatus for any student who desires either to obtain a rapid and comprehensive survey of the progress of philosophical thought, or to follow out with more minute and careful investigation any particular branch of the growth of the philosophy of centuries. The unity and continuity of thought which is presupposed by the very plan of such a book as this is admirably shown; and one marvels at the clearness with which a few words of general statement bring out the characteristics of a body of thinking which extends through volumes of argument and was developed by years of patient toil and growth.

The editors have been fortunate in securing the coöperation of the President of Yale College, whose eminent success in philosophical study fits him better than any man on this side of the water to enrich and perfect the labors of the great German. President Porter's annotations will, no doubt, be especially apparent in the second volume, which is understood to be nearly ready for publication. We will only add that the arrangement of the material of the volumes is such that they may be consulted more or less rapidly and comprehensively, as the student desires: the few words of summary in large type standing by themselves, and the more minute and detailed information under each section following in smaller type and in more compact and inconspicuous arrangement. The translation, which seems to us generally felicitous, has the advantage of the author's own revision and the reward of his gratified commendation. Almost his last work on earth was in connection with this publication, in which his interest was deep and lively.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

A FEW holiday books have reached our table at this writing. *Songs of the Heart* (Charles Scribner & Co.), while partly made up of the far famous *Folk Songs*, is enriched by a number of charming additional poems and pictures. The first illustration is a design by Miss Hallock accompanying Stedman's exquisite New England idyl, "The Doorstep." It is as strong in handling as it is delicate and quiet and true in sentiment. Several of the most effective pictures are by T. Moran, his best accompanying "The Two Villages," page 18, and "Polar Days," page 100. Miss Ledyard's outline sketch on page 96 is one of her daintiest pieces, and R. S. Gifford furnishes a new and spirited illustration for McKay's swinging sea verses entitled "Making Port," with which the readers of the *Monthly* are familiar. Baker's clever *vers de société*, "Love's Young Dream, A.D. 18—," which first appeared in *Scribner's*,—are also preserved here with Miss Ledyard's dainty drawings; and thus in poem and illustration we have the grave and gay, the lively and serene,—heart-songs in word and picture for all times and seasons, all conditions and tastes.

REV. J. G. WOOD'S superb new volume, *Insects at Home*, is issued by the publishers (C. Scribner & Co.) in time and appropriate style for the holidays. No writer has done more to popularize certain branches of natural history than Mr. Wood, and the title of the present book, as of others by the same author, is an indication of his peculiarly happy manner of mixing scientific detail with the most curious and entertaining description and anecdote, and of throwing a human interest around the homes of the tiny people. More than seven hundred figures illustrate this account of the habits, anatomy, and transformation of insects; and some of the pictures (as the readers of the MONTHLY have had the opportunity of observing) are among the finest wood engravings of such subjects ever made. Many of the figures are only slightly shaded, so that the colors may be supplied according to the directions in the letter-press. The same publishers are just beginning a new series of the Wonder Library—the initial volume being *Mountain Adventures*, edited by J. T. Headley. This volume contains—besides some very striking and other very fine illustrations—graphic accounts by different hands of mountain scenery and adventure in both the Old and New World. Taylor's *Japan*, elsewhere noticed, also comes under the general head of illustrated works for the holidays.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & SONS have issued an edition of D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, with twelve large and costly steel engravings, two hundred illustrations on wood, and sumptuous binding—a really noble gift for this season of generous giving. Their holiday red-line edition of Hood's *Poems*, with a critical memoir by Wm. M. Rossetti, is rich in illustration by the best of native and foreign artists, and affords a gratifying indication of American appreciation of one of the most humane and imaginative of English poets. *The Picture Gallery of the Nations*, published

by the Putnams, contains brief sketches and numerous illustrations of both strange and familiar scenes in all lands.

"TOLD in pictures by Frölich, and in rhymes by Tom Hood," "Pictured by Frölich and narrated by Charlotte M. Yonge," that is the way for a Christmas book to come. But it does not so much matter, after all, who does the rhymes or the narrative if Frölich does the drawing of the pictures, and children are to be pictured. Ah, the dear little chubby faces, how does he make them so alive, that every mother's heart warms to them as if they had been "taken" from her own darlings!

Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe, *Puss and Robin*, and *The Lost Child* (Macmillan & Co.), are three of the most delightful of this year's holiday books which come to us crowned with the charm of this magic master's magic touch.

Everybody knows dear Tom Hood's jolly rhyme of Puss and Robin. "Rob and Bob, and Kitty and Cat;" how indignant were Bob and Kitty, that the Cat should try to catch Robin; how they stoned her, how they chased her, till she took refuge in a cellar. Then

> "Shouted the delighted elves,
> Now, we'll catch the bird ourselves!"

In and out of fire-places, over and under and on chairs, under beds they go. Poor Robin is caught at last, and put in a cage by the triumphant infant philanthropists. No picture in the book is so good as the one of the elated Bob, tumbling poor Robin into the cage, unless it be the finale,

> "Whereat,
> End Rob and Cat,"

which succinct period is illustrated simply by a small black archway, down which all of Pussy has disappeared except her uplifted and hasty hind legs and tail.

Everybody knows also Henry Kingsley's pathetic story of *The Lost Child*, as told by Geoffrey Hamlyn. But there is a pathos in these pictures which was not in the story.

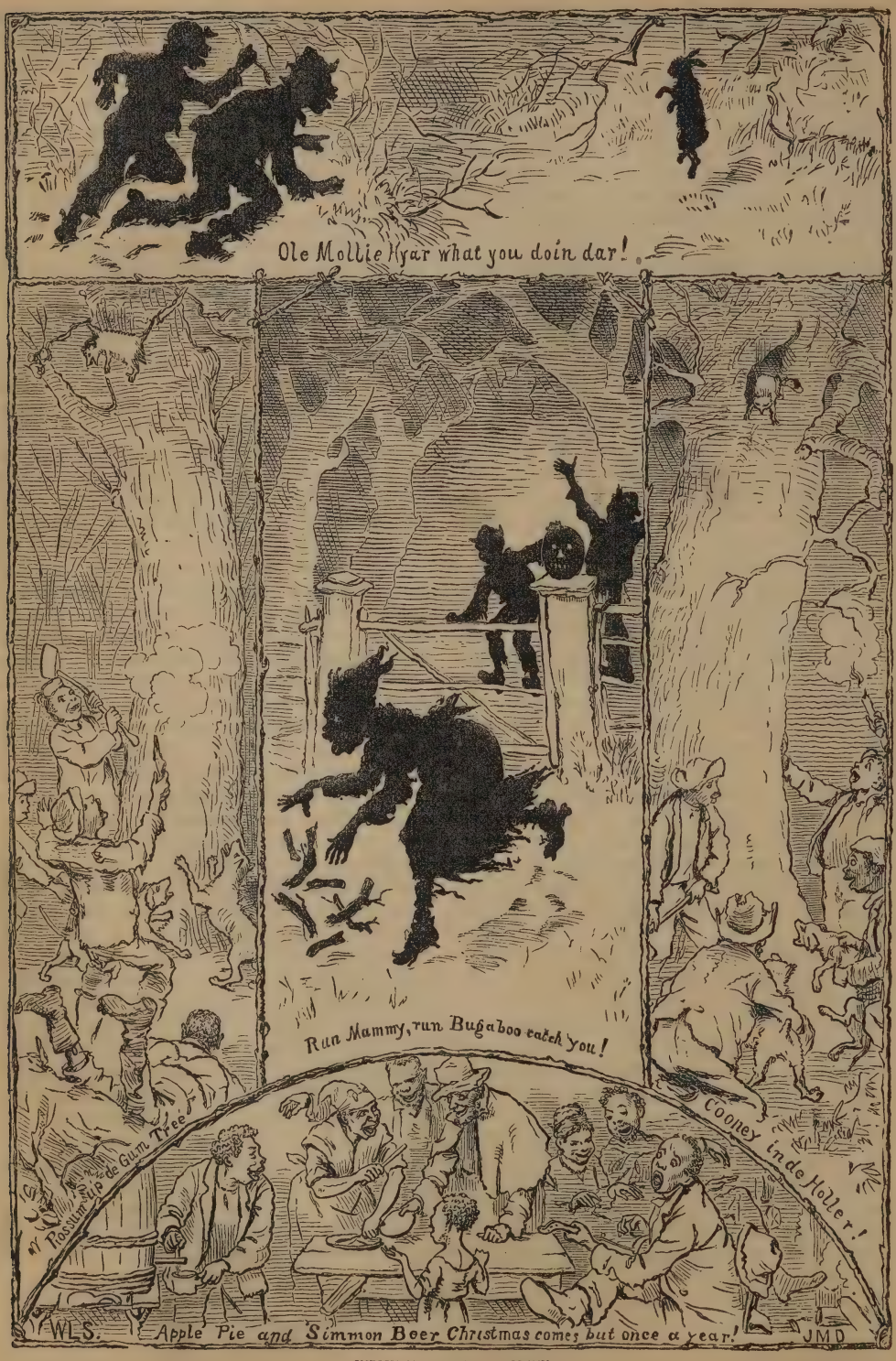
Miss Yonge's story we think is new, and it certainly has a charm of imagination and picturesqueness hardly to be looked for from that writer. Little Lucy, turning over and over a geographical globe in her uncle's library, falls into a series of half-somnambulistic dream-sleeps in which she makes flying visits to all the countries whose names she reads. She is met in each land by a companion of her own age, and the conversations are ingeniously characteristic, conveying information without being in the least dull. Nothing could be more charming than the picture of Lucy standing tip-toe on a Labrador rock, while her little attendant Esquimaux spears codfish; or dashing along in a reindeer sledge in Kamschatka; or watching the little African Tojo brain a crocodile. It is a rare triumph to have combined so much information with so much fun, to have made a geography into a fairy book.

"THE BOOK OF THE EAST."

The Book of the East is the distinctive title of the latest collection of poems which has been made for the press by Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, a volume that comes to us from Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. Mr. Stoddard is one of the truest poets of America, and writes nothing carelessly or without a definite artistic purpose. In the present volume he is represented in his characteristics of power of thought and power of diction, and it may be questioned if he has ever written more vigorous or more tender verse than this collection contains. The lines on Shakespeare, the tribute to Thackeray in the grave, the commemorative stanzas in recognition of the genius of Bryant, and the verses that were wrung from him by the death of his child, may be cited as equal to anything in his previous volumes. Certainly, when in after-times the student shall seek for the fittest contemporary expression of the public feeling at the loss of Lincoln, and the highest characterization of the man himself, it will be found in Mr. Stoddard's nervous ode. A few of the poems in this collection startle us by the manner in which the poet approaches some of the most tremendous problems of life here and hereafter; but there is nothing irreverent in them, and perhaps the melancholy tone of the querist is induced less by want of faith than by the awe such problems naturally inspire. *The Book of the East* derives its name from an *anthologia* of Persian and Chinese fancies, which Mr. Stoddard has gracefully versified. Many of these are pretty, all are genuine, and some are little worthy of the care with which they have been reset in English rhymes.

FRENCH TRAGEDIES.

THE tragedies of Racine and Corneille, since the death of Rachel, have ceased to excite interest in the public mind, having been handed over, with the pompous old classicisms of the French Tragic Muse, to the limbo of forgotten things; but as specimens of classic French composition, they may be classed with the sermons of Massillon and the letters of Pascal. In this regard they are the best exercises in French that can be presented to the student, and Professor Edward S. Joynes, of the Washington and Lee University of Virginia, has performed a most acceptable service in editing *Le Cid* and *Athalie* for the use of classes in the French language. Professor Joynes's task has been performed with knowledge and discrimination, and Messrs. Holt & Williams, who never commit a fault in assigning to authors the work they can most profitably perform, have brought out the two plays in a very neat and appropriate guise.

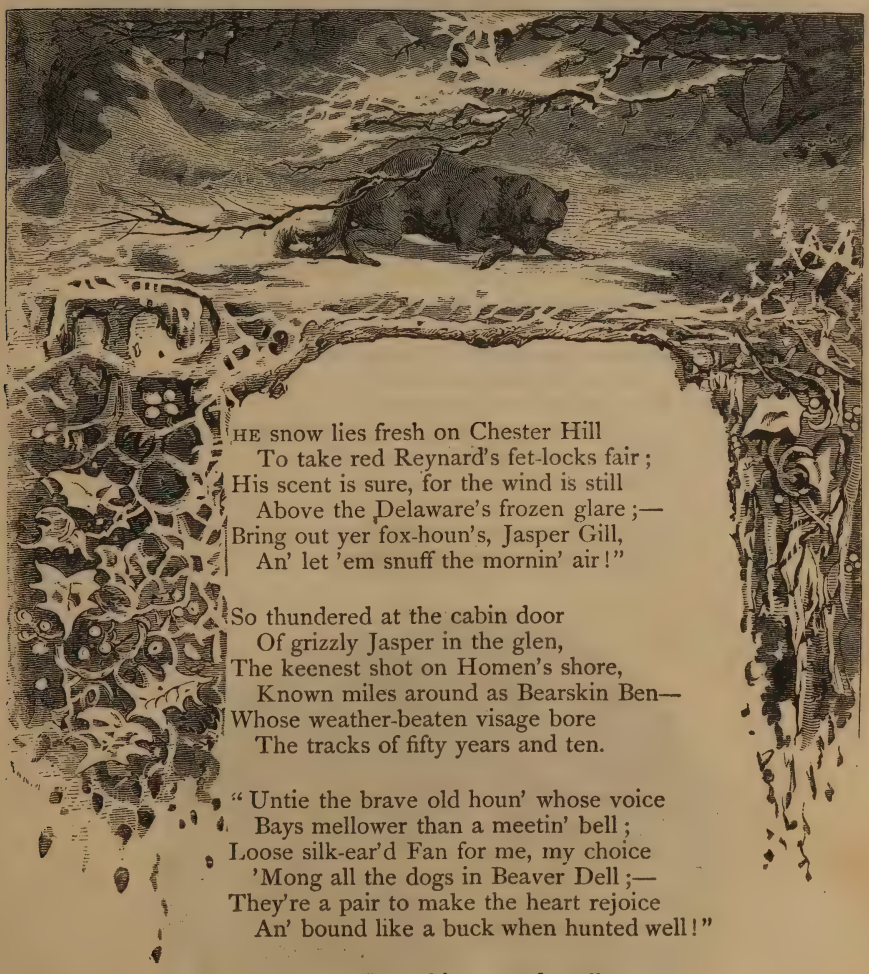


CHRISTMAS IN OLE VIRGINNY.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1872. No. 4

THE FOX-HUNTERS.



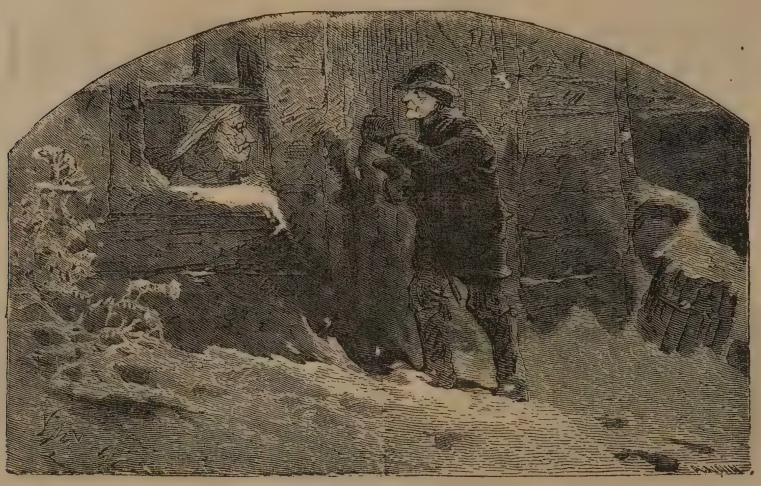
THE snow lies fresh on Chester Hill
To take red Reynard's fet-locks fair;
His scent is sure, for the wind is still
Above the Delaware's frozen glare;—
Bring out yer fox-houn's, Jasper Gill,
An' let 'em snuff the mornin' air!"

So thundered at the cabin door
Of grizzly Jasper in the glen,
The keenest shot on Homen's shore,
Known miles around as Bearskin Ben—
Whose weather-beaten visage bore
The tracks of fifty years and ten.

"Untie the brave old houn' whose voice
Bays mellower than a meetin' bell;
Loose silk-ear'd Fan for me, my choice
'Mong all the dogs in Beaver Dell;—
They're a pair to make the heart rejoice
An' bound like a buck when hunted well!"

Gray Jasper hears his comrade call,
And, whistling to his eager pack,
Down snatches from the cabin-wall
His rifle, hung on stag-horn rack;
Bids wife farewell till twilight-fall,
And strides away on the red-fox track.

O'er mountain-crest, 'cross lowland vale,
Where Hero hotly leads the chase,



These bluff old woodsmen press the trail,
Close Indian-file, with tireless pace—
Till, hark! the fox-hound's deep-toned hail
Proclaims the game on the home-stretch race.

Athwart the brow of Chester Hill
Scared Reynard, like a blazing sun,
Flies on before his foes until,
O'erleaping rock and ice-bound run,
He draws the aim of Jasper Gill
Along the barrel of his gun.

The ledges ring to the rifle's crack!
The fatal bullet whistles past!



A loud "halloo" comes echoing back
To Bearskin Ben, on the rising blast:
A crimson stream bedyes the track;—
And Reynard strikes his flag at last!



"Call in the dogs!" cries Jasper Gill;
"The sport is done, the chase is o'er;—
I've gi'n yon thievin' skulk a pill!
He'll rob my poultry-yard no more.
Come, Ben, let's beat to the cabin sill,
Where the old wife waits us at the door."

Beside a roaring hickory blaze,
With laugh and joke and rustic cheer,
These glib-tongued cronies sound the praise
Of dog and gun in Molly's ear,
Till the old dame's needle almost plays
A tune through her good man's hunting-gear.



THE WONDERS OF THE WEST—II.

MORE ABOUT THE YELLOWSTONE.



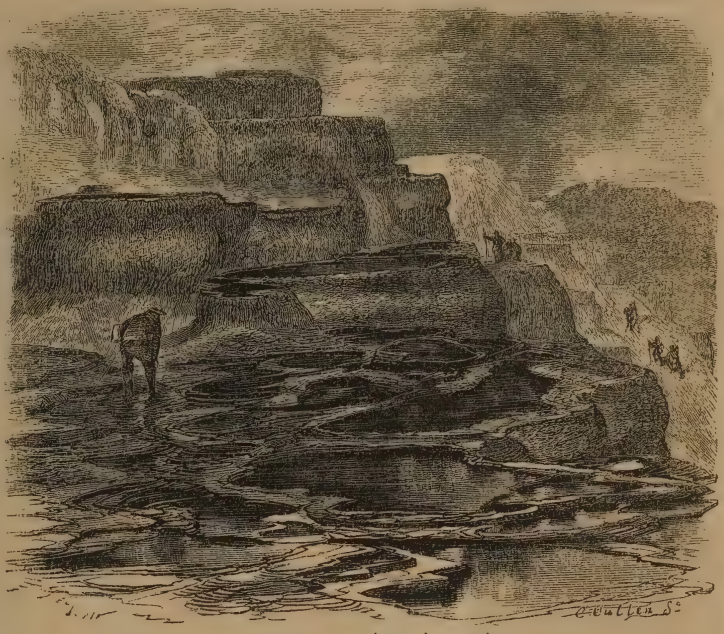
THE GREAT CAÑON AND LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE interesting accounts that have been given in this MONTHLY, from time to time, of the remarkable natural phenomena in the valley of the Yellowstone, have created a general interest throughout the country.

During the past summer the writer enjoyed unusual facilities for exploring this singular region, and he gladly bears witness that the statements of Mr. Langford were in no respect exaggerated. Indeed, it is quite impossible for any one to do justice to the remarkable physical phenomena of this valley by any description, however vivid. It is only through the eye that the mind can form anything like an adequate conception of their beauty and grandeur.

We may make our story more clear to our readers if we take as our starting-point Fort Ellis, a beautiful frontier military post, located near the head of the fertile valley of the Gallatin. By the great kindness of the officers of that post, we were provided with all the outfit that was necessary for our adventurous journey to the Yellowstone. On the 15th of July last we commenced our winding way over the grassy hills that form the divide between the waters of the Missouri and Yellowstone. Our course was nearly due east for about thirty miles, when we came to the valley of the Yellowstone, and then we ascended the valley for ten miles farther, and pitched our permanent camp near Boteler's Ranch, close to the lower cañon, and at the farthest point to which it would be safe to go with our wagons. From this point we changed our mode of travel to pack-animals. Here began the more difficult part of our journey. The whole party were filled with enthusiasm to catch a glimpse of the wonderful visions of which we had already heard so much. Opposite our camp were the Yellowstone mountains, with peaks rising 12,000 feet above the sea-level and 6,000 feet above the valley. For beauty and symmetry of outline I have never seen this range equaled in the Far West, and several members of the party, who were familiar with the mountains of Central Europe, were struck at once with the resemblance to the Alps. But we will continue our way up the valley, leaving behind us the lofty volcanic hills, which wall us in on each side, and enter the lower cañon. Here granite walls rise on

either side to the height of a thousand feet or more, and through the narrow gorge the river dashes with great velocity. The bright green color of the water, and the numerous ripples, capped with white foam, as the roaring torrent rushes around and over the multitude of rocks that have fallen from above into the channel, give a most picturesque view to the eye as we look from our lofty heights. Not the least attractive feature, and one that to us amounted to a wonder, was the abundance of fine trout which the river afforded. There seemed to be no limit to them, and hundreds of pounds' weight of the speckled beauties were caught by the different members of our party. But we cannot linger here, although the scenery is very attractive, so we hasten on to the Devil's Slide, or Cinnabar Mountain, as it is usually called. It is one of the singular freaks of nature which occur very seldom in the West; is formed of alternate beds of sandstone, limestone, and quartzites, elevated to a nearly vertical position by those internal forces which acted in ages past to lift the mountain ranges into their present heights. As we stand at the base and look up the sides of the mountains, we are filled with wonder at the apparent evidences of the convulsions of nature which could have thrown 3,000 to 5,000 feet in thickness of rocks into their present position. Ridge after ridge extends down the steep sides of the mountain like lofty walls, the intervening softer portions having been washed away, leaving the harder layers projecting far above. At one locality the rocks incline in every possible direction, and are crushed together in the utmost confusion. Between the walls at one point is a band of bright brick-red clay, which has been mistaken for cinnabar, and hence the name of the mountain. The most conspicuous ridge is composed of basalt, and the igneous material was poured out on the surface when all the rocks were in a horizontal position during the Jurassic period. Indeed, all the rocks are either of the Carboniferous, Jurassic, or Cretaceous age. During the day we passed many

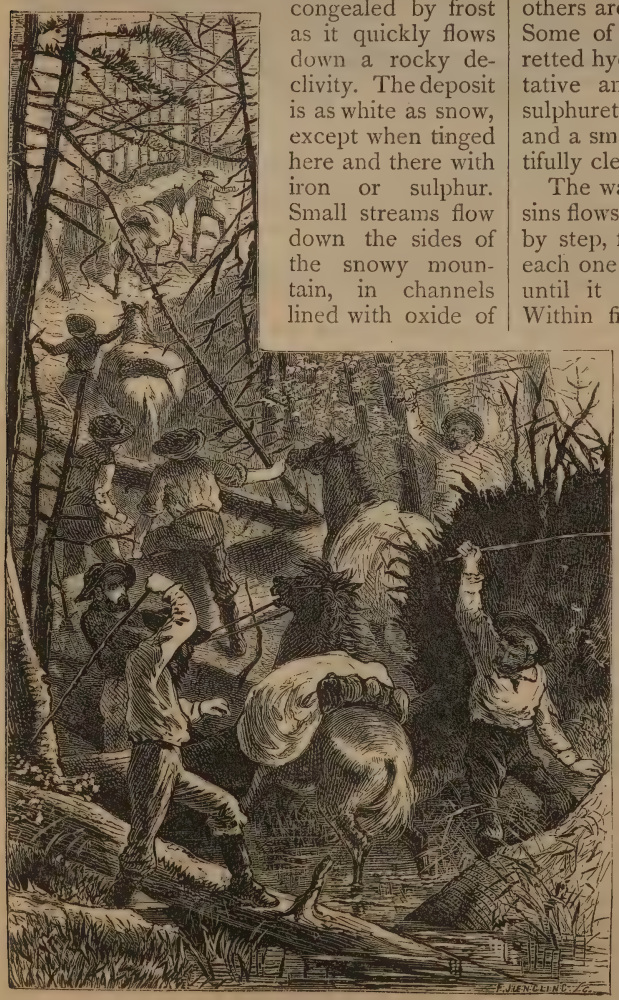


BATHING-POOLS; (DIANA'S BATH).

examples of volcanic action, which in any other region would have excited attention. Small lakes, covered with wild fowl and fringed with a luxuriant growth of vegetation, occupied the old volcanic craters. On the evening of the third day, as we came to the junction of Gardiner's River, the warm springs began to appear near the edge of the stream. The white calcareous deposit, which always indicates that those springs do exist, or have existed, covered the bottom, and from underneath this crust a stream poured a volume of water into the river, six feet wide and two feet deep, with a temperature of 130°. A little farther up the stream were a number of hot springs of about the same temperature, with nearly circular basins six to ten feet in diameter and two to four feet deep. Around them had already gathered a number of invalids, who were living in tents, and their praises were enthusiastic in favor of the sanitary effects of the springs. Some of them were used for drinking and others for bathing purposes.

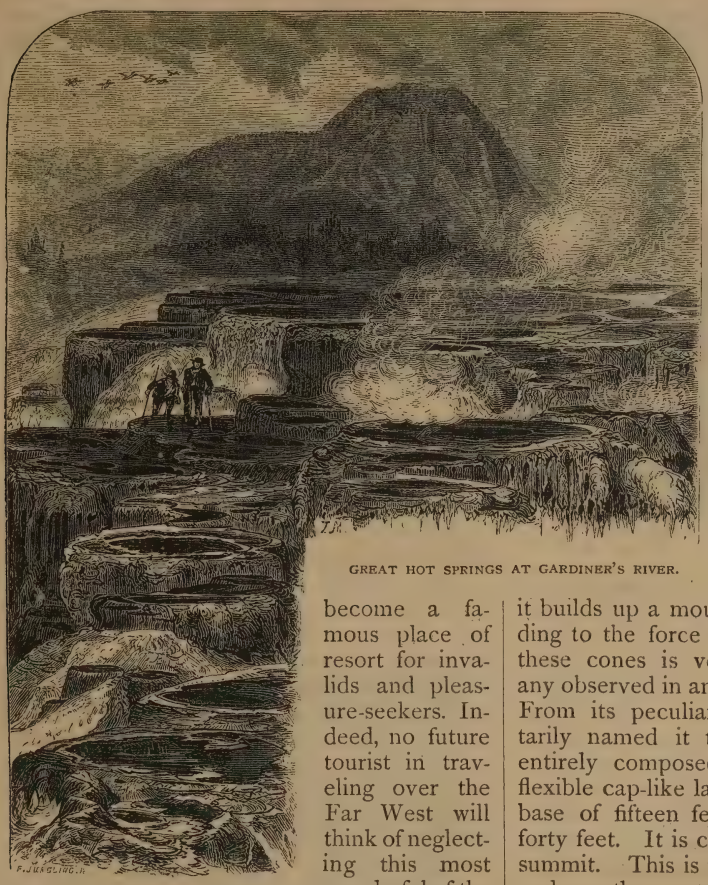
From the river our path led up the steep sides of the hill for about one mile, when we came suddenly and unexpectedly in full view of the springs. This wonder alone, our whole company agreed, surpassed all the descriptions which had been given by former travelers. Indeed, the Langford party saw nothing of this. Before us arose a high white mountain, looking precisely like a frozen cascade. It is formed by the calcareous sediment of the hot springs,

precipitated from the water as it flows down the steep declivities of the mountain side. The upper portion is about one thousand feet above the waters of Gardiner's River. The surface covered with the deposit comprises from three to four square miles. The springs now in active operation cover an area of about one square mile, while the rest of the territory is occupied by the remains of springs which have long since ceased to flow. We pitched our camp upon a grassy terrace at the base of the principal group of active springs. Just in the rear of us were a series of reservoirs or bathing-pools, rising one above the other, semi-circular in form, with most elegantly scalloped margins composed of calcareous matter, the sediment precipitated from the water of the spring. The hill, which is about two hundred feet high, presents the appearance of water congealed by frost as it quickly flows down a rocky declivity. The deposit is as white as snow, except when tinged here and there with iron or sulphur. Small streams flow down the sides of the snowy mountain, in channels lined with oxide of iron colored with the most delicate tints of red. Others present the most exquisite shades of yellow, from a deep bright sulphur to a dainty cream-color. In the springs and in the little channels is a material like the finest Cashmere wool, with its slender fibers floating in the water, vibrating with the movement of the current, and tinged with various shades of red and yellow, as bright as those of our aniline dyes. These delicate wool-like masses are undoubtedly plants, which seem to be abundant in all the hot springs of the West, and are familiar to the microscopist as diatoms. Upon a kind of terrace covering an area of two hundred yards in length and fifteen in width are several large springs in a constant state of agitation, but with a somewhat lower temperature than the boiling-point. The hottest spring is 162°; others are 142°, 155°, and 156°, respectively. Some of them give off the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen quite perceptibly. A qualitative analysis shows the water to contain sulphuretted hydrogen, lime, soda, alumina, and a small amount of magnesia. It is beautifully clear, and slightly alkaline to the taste.



TRAVELING IN THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.

The water after rising from the spring basins flows down the sides of the declivity, step by step, from one reservoir to the other, at each one of them losing a portion of its heat, until it becomes as cool as spring-water. Within five hundred feet of its source our large party camped for two days by the side of the little stream formed by the aggregated waters of these hot springs, and we found the water most excellent for drinking as well as cooking purposes. It was perfectly clear and tasteless, and harmless in its effects. During our stay here all the members of our party, as well as the soldiers comprising our escort, enjoyed the luxury of bathing in these most elegantly carved natural bathing-pools, and it was easy to select, from the hundreds of reservoirs, water of every variety of temperature. These natural basins vary somewhat in size, but many of them are about four by six feet in diameter, and one to four feet in depth. With a foresight worthy of commendation, two men have already pre-empted 320 acres of land covering most of the surface occupied by the active springs, with the expectation that upon the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad this will



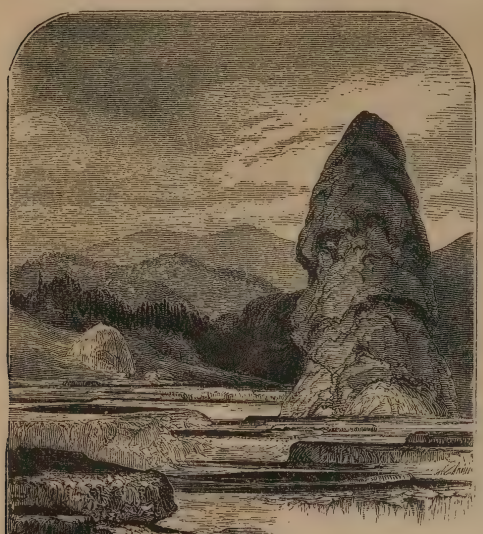
GREAT HOT SPRINGS AT GARDINER'S RIVER.

become a famous place of resort for invalids and pleasure-seekers. Indeed, no future tourist in traveling over the Far West will think of neglecting this most wonderful of the physical phenomena of that most interesting region.

The level or terrace upon which the principal active springs are located is about midway up the sides of the mountain covered with the sediment. Still farther up are the old ruins of what must have been at some period of the past even more active springs than any at present known. The sides of the mountain for two or three hundred feet in height are covered with a thick crust of the calcareous deposit, which was originally ornamented with the most elegant sculpturing all over the surface, like the bathing-pools below. But atmospheric agencies, which act readily on the lime, have obliterated all their delicate beauty. Chimneys partially broken down are scattered about here and there with apertures varying in size from two inches to two feet in diameter. Long, rounded ridges are also quite numerous, with fissures extending the entire length, from which the boiling water issued forth and flowed over the sides. Thus the sediment was continually precipitated in thin oval layers, so that a section of these oblong chimneys presents the appearance of layers of hay in a stack, or the thatched cabin of a peasant. Some of these chimneys were undoubtedly formed by geysers, now extinct; others by what may be called spouting-springs, as those which are in a constant state of violent ebullition, throwing the water up two to four feet—a phenomenon intermediate between a boiling-spring and a true geyser. The water is forced up through an orifice in the earth by hydrostatic pressure, and overflowing, precipitates the sediment around it; and thus, in time, it builds up a mound varying in height according to the force of this pressure. One of these cones is very remarkable, surpassing any observed in any other portion of the West. From its peculiar form we almost involuntarily named it the "Liberty Cap." It is entirely composed of carbonate of lime, in flexible cap-like layers, with a diameter at the base of fifteen feet, and a height of about forty feet. It is completely closed over at the summit. This is probably an extinct geyser, and was the most powerful one of this group.

Sometimes the orifice is in the form of a fissure 100 to 300 feet in length, and the mound built up by the deposition of the sediment will be of oblong shape. As the mound rises, the hydrostatic force diminishes, until finally the spring entirely conceals itself at the summit, and either becomes extinct or flows out through fissures in the sides. Classed with reference to their chemical constituents, there are two kinds of springs in the valley of the Yellowstone, viz.: those in which lime predominates, and those in which silica is most abundant. In respect to beauty of form, the calcareous springs build up monuments that far surpass the others. The stalactites and beautiful fresco-work in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky are precipitated from springs holding a great amount of lime in solution. The remarkable forms which lime is caused to assume through the influences of water is well shown in all limestone regions.

The scenery in the vicinity of these hot springs is varied and beautiful beyond description. I have already stated that they



THE LIBERTY CAP.

are located 1,000 feet above the channel of the Yellowstone, and thus command a very extended view up and down the valley. To the north the Devil's Slide can be distinctly seen, while on either side the mountains rise to the height of 2,000 feet, inclosing the valley as with gigantic walls. From the summit still higher, piercing the clouds, are numerous basaltic peaks, presenting a great variety of unique forms. To the eastward is a bluff wall composed of 1,200 to 1,500 feet of strata, revealing one of the most perfect geological sections observed in the West. On the summit is a thick cap of basalt which extends up Gardiner's River, and forms the floor over which the waters of the east, middle, and west forks of that stream flow, and dash down in most beautiful cascades.



THE FIRST BOAT ON YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

In the sides of the cañons of these branches are rows of basaltic columns as perfect as those so familiar to all who have visited Fingal's Cave in Staffa. In all my explorations in the Far West I have never seen such exquisite exhibitions of this semi-crystallized structure. Between the middle and west forks stands the dome-like form of Mount Everts, clothed with a dense growth of pines, its summit covered with fragments of basalt. From its top the view is grand, reaching over a radius of fifty to one hundred miles in every direction. On the west are the higher ranges of mountains about the sources of the Gallatin and Missouri forks, with their loftiest peaks covered with perpetual snow.

We must not linger here, however, amid these impressive scenes, but wind our way up the valley in search of more wonders. These will meet us in rapid transition from step to step. We can only stop a moment to glance at one of the greatest beauties of the valley —Tower Falls, or Tower Creek, where the water makes a vertical descent of 156 feet. On either side the somber brecciated columns stand like gloomy sentinels. But an excellent description of these falls has been given in a former number of this MONTHLY.

Near this point the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River commences, and continues about thirty miles to the Great Falls. In some respects this cañon is the greatest wonder of all. The river has carved out a channel through the basalt volcanic breccia and hot spring deposits, one thousand to twelve hundred feet deep and one to two thousand feet in width, at the bottom of which the water foams along with torrent-like rapidity. But the striking feature of this remarkable view is the effect of colors derived from the hot spring deposits, which have a brilliancy like the most delicate of our aniline dyes. None but an artist with a most delicate perception of colors could do justice to the picture. The well-known landscape painter, Thomas Moran, who is justly celebrated for his exquisite taste as a colorist, exclaimed, with a sort of regretful enthusiasm, that these beautiful tints were beyond the reach of human art. Between the Upper and Lower Falls a fine stream, called Cascade Creek, empties into the Yellowstone. Standing upon the east margin of the cañon one can look up

the channel of this little creek a few hundred feet and enjoy a full view of Cascade Falls, which have given the name to the creek. The water as it pours over a succession of basaltic steps separates into a number of little streams, giving to the whole view a most pleasing effect. Above the Falls the river seems to flow quietly along over the surface but little below the general level, and here it may be said to present some of its finest and most attractive views. If below the Falls this river surpasses all others in the West for its rugged grandeur, above the Falls it excels in picturesque beauty.



RUINS OF HOT SPRINGS AND GEYSERS.

About half a mile above the Falls on this creek the gorge is so narrow and deep that the traveler looks down from the margin above into an abyss so dark and forbidding that a very appropriate name comes almost involuntarily to one's lips — the "Devil's Den." The sides of the gorge are very rugged, composed of angular masses of basalt and obsidian cemented with volcanic ashes. There is also a large amount of sulphur mingled with the ashes, so that the débris looks like the remains of an old furnace. On either side of the river, as we ascend the valley, are remarkable groups of hot springs. There is a singular group on the south side of Mount Washburn, which is well worthy of the attention of the traveler. The deposit formed by these springs extends across the Yellowstone River and occupies a large area. Most of these springs contain clear water, but there are several which are called mud springs. These mud springs do not differ in their origin from the others. Some are what may be called dead springs, as those which have passed the period of their activity and now are filled with turbid water. Others are in a constant state of agitation, and may be called living springs, while others at certain periods throw out great quantities of mud, and may be called mud geysers. There is every grade, from simply turbid water to thick mud. The superficial deposits here are composed of basalts and hot spring deposits, as silica and feldspar. And as the aperture through which the hot water reaches the surface sometimes extends a considerable distance through this material, it is dissolved from the sides of the passage, and, mingling with the boiling water, becomes in due time much like boiling mush. Whenever the mud becomes so thick as to close up the orifice for any length of time, a sort of explosion takes place, which sometimes hurls masses of the mud to the height of fifty or one hun-



THE DEVIL'S DEN.

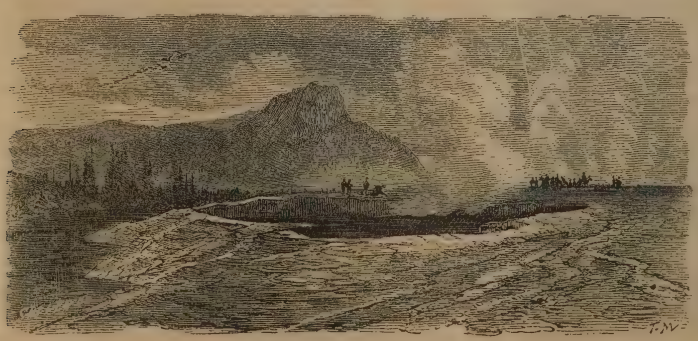


YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

dred feet. At "Mud Springs" and "Crater Mountains" there are several of these mud springs, with basins varying in size from a few inches to thirty feet in diameter, mostly with circular rims and funnel-shaped orifices.

The most interesting of the mud springs occur in the valley of the Fire-Hole Creek. Some of them are filled with very black mud, others a brownish clay; but in a few instances the mud has the snowy whiteness which is due to the decomposition of the silica deposited from the hot waters. To heighten the effect, it is also tinged with the bright red from the oxide of iron. Some of these may be called alum springs, from the fact that the mud is composed largely of alum. Sometimes there will be a group of fifteen or twenty of these little mud springs, with orifices from two to six inches in diameter, all of them operating at the same time with a low thud-like noise.

We made our first camp on the northeast shore of the Lake, near the point where the river takes its departure from it. Here we had one of the finest views of this beautiful sheet of water. This portion of the Lake is about ten miles wide. Our camp was located in a broad, open, meadow-like space, with the grass two feet or more in height, adorned with bright flowers having a great variety of colors. A dense growth of pine surrounded it, and to the eastward the range of forest-covered hills was 1,200 to 1,800 feet above the Lake. At this place we launched our little boat, which was destined to perform most excellent service. We had transported the framework on the back of a mule from Fort Ellis. We covered the frame with a heavy canvas, which rendered it perfectly water-tight, and with this little craft, twelve feet long, three and a half feet wide, and twenty-two inches high, the entire length and breadth of the Lake was navigated many times. Soundings of the Lake were made in every direction, and the greatest depth discovered was three hundred feet. Messrs. Elliott and Carrington made a survey of the shore-line from the boat, and, with the numerous bays and indentations, they estimated the distance to be about one hundred and seventy-five miles. So far as beauty of scenery is concerned, it is probable that this lake is not surpassed by any other on the globe. There is not space in the present article to make more than this passing allusion to it; but we hope at some future time to do more ample justice to this region, and trust that the few isolated facts which we now skim from the surface will sharpen curiosity for the complete account.



GREAT SPRING, FIRE-HOLE BASIN.

While some were making an exploration of this beautiful lake, the writer, with a small party, made a trip over the high divide between the waters of the Yellowstone

and Missouri Rivers into the Fire-Hole Basin. We had already encountered many of the difficulties attendant upon traveling in this rocky and densely wooded region, but we were not prepared for the impediments which seemed to block our pathway everywhere. We were without a guide, and endeavored to make our courses with a compass. The autumnal fires sweep through the dry pines at times so that many square miles are covered with dead trees. These are soon blown down by the winds, and their long bodies are lodged upon each other in every possible direction. Sometimes these fallen pines are piled up in a sort of irregular net-work, for six or eight feet in height, presenting insurmountable obstacles in the way of the traveler. Then again the small pines grow so thickly that it seems almost impossible to find an interval between so wide as to admit a pack-animal with his load. The traveler may thus wind about among the fallen pines or the dense growth of living trees for an entire day, and yet at night find that he has not made a distance of more than five or six miles in a straight line. After encountering many obstructions, we arrived at the Fire-Hole Basin, and spent five days in exploring its wonders, making charts, sketches, photographs, and taking the temperatures of the springs. The boiling-point of water at this elevation is about 192° to 196°. We ascertained the temperatures of more than six hundred hot springs in this valley, and there were as many more that were dying out, to which we did not think it worth while to give our attention. Many also must have been overlooked by us; so that within an area of about five miles square we may estimate the existence of about 1,200 to 1,500 springs, with basins of all sizes, from a few inches in diameter to three hundred feet. The springs in this valley are of three kinds, but varying much in their active power: 1st, those in which the ebullition occurs only at intervals, and which may therefore be called intermittent springs; 2d, such as are constantly boiling and bubbling up, therefore permanent springs; 3d, those whose surface is always undisturbed, and in which there is no bubbling or boiling up. The first class reach the boiling-point only when in operation—when in a state of repose the temperature of the water is as low as 150°. The second class have a temperature equal to boiling water, or not far below it—in this region, varying from 180° to 196°. Some of the largest of the springs are in a constant state of agitation. One of the largest in the Fire-Hole Basin is represented in the accompanying sketch. The basin is about two hundred feet in diameter, and the sides of the crater, which have been much broken down, are about thirty feet deep. The crater is so filled with dense steam that it is only at periodical times that it is cleared away so that one can catch a glimpse of the seething caldron below. From one side of it five streams of water are ever flowing, which in the aggregate form a river ten feet wide and two feet deep. The delicate shades of coloring from the iron and sulphur are most finely displayed upon the surface over which this water flows.

But perhaps the most striking exhibition of Nature's forces in this wonderful region is that of the "Grand Geyser," which is well shown in the accompanying illustration. While we were in the Fire-Hole Valley this geyser played only at intervals of about thirty-two hours; but when it was in active operation the display was grand beyond description. As we stood



THE GREAT GEYSER OF THE FIRE-HOLE BASIN.

near the crater or basin, it threw up, with scarcely any preliminary warning, a column of hot water eight feet in diameter to the height of two hundred feet; and so steady and uniform did the force act, that the column of water appeared to be held there for some minutes, returning into the basin in millions of prismatic drops. This was continued for about fifteen minutes, and the rumbling and confusion attending it could only be compared to that of a charge in battle. The steam poured out in immense masses, rising in clouds a thousand feet or more in height. After the Grand Geyser had ceased playing the water of the basin retired from the surface, and the temperature fell gradually to 150°. Another geyser in the same group, and named by the Langford party "Old Faithful," was far more accommodating, and played at intervals of only an hour, throwing up a column of water at least six feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty feet high, for a period of about fifteen minutes. The ease with which this column of water was sustained at the great height during the period of its operation rendered it a marvel of beauty as well as of power.

We may say, in conclusion, that we have been able in this article to do little more than to allude to a few of the wonderful physical phenomena of this marvelous valley. We pass with rapid transition from one remarkable vision to another, each unique of its kind and surpassing all others in the known world. The intelligent American will one day point on the map to this remarkable district with the conscious pride that it has not its parallel on the face of the globe. Why will not Congress at once pass a law setting it apart as a great public park for all time to come, as has been done with that not more remarkable wonder, the Yosemite Valley?

THE MORMONS AND THEIR RELIGION.



BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THE traveler across the continent has his attention drawn to the Mormons and Mormonism in a singular manner just before entering the Salt Lake Valley. The Pacific Railroad passes the Wahsatch Mountains through the deep gorges known as Echo and Weber Cañons. On the left the hills slope away so gradually as to present nothing of extraordinary interest. But on the right hand the rocks tower almost perpendicularly to the height of a thousand feet or more. Of granite, sandstone, and conglomerate, they have presented an unequal resistance to the attacks of the weather, rain-storms, blasts of sand, and alternate heat and frost, so that they rise here in solid walls, and there in detached masses, presenting the appearance of castles, cathedrals, columns, domes, and spires, on a scale so grand as to cast the most ambitious attempts of human art and skill entirely into the shade. Not even Ehrenbreitstein is worth naming in comparison. Among the picturesque objects thus presented, "Hanging Rock," the "Witches' Rocks," and "Pulpit Rock" are conspicuous. But while gazing upon these sublime "sentinels of the sky," one's attention is arrested by piles of smaller rocks on the lofty edge of these towering heights, and he is informed that they are the "Mormon fortifications!"

It appears that when, in 1857, the United States Government first determined to station a military force in Utah, Brigham Young foresaw that it would frustrate all his plans for the isolation of the Latter-day Saints from the Gentiles. He therefore resolved to resist the movement, and, for this purpose, fortified the pass of the Wahsatch Mountains at Echo Cañon. The old emigrant road lay along the foot of these frowning walls, and Brigham, posting his men on the heights where they commanded the road, had extensive supplies of rocks brought to the edge of the precipice, which were to be rolled down on the advanc-

ing troops. Wiser and more peaceful counsels prevailed, however, and these munitions of war now serve as monuments of folly.

But we are soon passing by the farms of Mormon settlers, and by the time we reach Ogden, the point of junction between the eastern and western lines of the Pacific road, curiosity leads us to switch off upon the Utah Central, of which the prophet Brigham is president, for a visit to the holy city of the Mormons.

The new and yet small city of Ogden is situated at the mouth of Ogden Cañon, one of the gorges of the Wahsatch Mountains, and the ride thence to Salt Lake City is one of thirty-eight miles southward, between the great Salt Lake on the west and the snow-covered steeps of the Wahsatch on the east.



A WAGON-LOAD OF MORMONS AT OGDEN CAÑON.

Great Salt Lake is an extensive inland sea, being one hundred and twenty miles in length, and in some portions sixty miles in breadth. It receives the waters of the Bear River, Green River, and "the Jordan," which runs northerly from Utah Lake, swollen as they are annually by rains and the melting snows of the Rocky and Wahsatch Mountains, yet "has no outlet and no life." The evaporation during summer suffices to restore the equilibrium, and the water is so charged with salt that in the autumn the pure crystallized mineral is found on the margin of the lake in a stratum eighteen inches deep.

The capital of the Territory is about sixteen miles east of the southern extremity of the lake, and near the river Jordan. It is built on the slope where the great plain rises to the foot-hills of the Wahsatch. This snow-tipped range, on the east, runs like a wall from far north to far south, the lofty ridges of the Oquarra stud the western horizon seventy miles distant, and the broad plain stretches hundreds of miles away to the south. The situation is thus one of the most picturesque and beautiful that can be imagined.

The city, which has a population of about fifteen thousand, is so laid out that the streets, at right angles with each other, coincide with the cardinal points of the compass; and of the one hundred and eighty blocks thus formed, each one contains a plot of ten acres, while this square is again subdivided, by lines crossing at the center, into four "corner building-lots," of two and a quarter acres each.

The streets are broad and without pavement. Between the carriage-way and sidewalk is a shallow ditch filled with running water, which surrounds every block in the city, and serves to irrigate the gardens and lawns which are the charm of the town. This water is brought from the mountains and distributed at the highest point of the city during the season, and when winter approaches it is turned in another direction, to prevent the inconvenience of its freezing in the streets.

The townspeople thus have fine opportunities for establishing a *skating-rink!* and the wonder is that, among all the other facilities for amusement (which include a racing-park and a theater), the "rink" has not been introduced. It would be an "edifying" sight to behold the venerable and patriarchal head of all the Mormons engaged in skating with his numerous wives and progeny!—quite equal to that which is presented in the "Family Boxes" they are wont to occupy at the theater.



WITCHES' ROCKS, ECHO CAÑON.

Among the principal buildings are several very fine private residences, a number of large warehouses, the City Hall, Theater, the Episcopal church, the residence of Brigham Young, the New Tabernacle, and the Temple. It seems evident that "the President," as Brigham Young is styled by the faithful, originally intended to adopt the style of an Oriental monarch in more respects than one. The ten-acre block on which he resides is surrounded with a wall some ten feet high. Within this inclosure are three houses, which serve as residence, office, and harem of the prophet; a museum, which is his private property, and the "Tithing Office," in rear of which is an extensive yard, with sheds for the accommodation of the teams which come in from the plains loaded with the "tenth of all the increase."

The new Tabernacle is a monster in size and a monstrosity of architecture. Elliptical in shape, it will seat from fifteen to twenty thousand people, and on a series of low brick walls, broken by so many doors that they are rather a succession of piers, sits an immense oval dome, like an old-fashioned "cover" over a large Thanksgiving turkey.

The edifice is furnished with an organ, clumsy in appearance, not very excellent in tone, but the largest in this country, with the exception of that in Music Hall, Boston. The organ stands at one extremity of the ellipse, behind four circular rows of seats, which are occupied by the dignitaries of the church. The highest seat is occupied by Brigham Young and his two "Assistant Presidents." The next range below accommodates the twelve apostles; the two lower tiers are for the numerous bishops, elders, and other officials, while the galleries and seats on the floor of the house are for the people generally. Strangers are always ushered into a pew by themselves, not as a matter of honor, but that they may be conveniently seen and directly addressed by the occupants of the pulpits.

But the Temple is the wonder of the city. This edifice, which is to contain, among other things, a throne for the Messiah, "when he shall descend and reign upon the earth," is to cover much less space than the Tabernacle. The order of architecture is peculiar to itself, yet has a Gothic appearance, and the edifice is to be built of granite from foundation to the topmost spire. The walls are now about six feet above the surface. When they were level with the ground a million dollars had been expended upon them, and when completed the whole structure is to cost *ten millions!* These figures are given on Mormon authority. But it is hard to believe that the managers of the affair have not been taking lessons in the art of building from certain officials in New York City.

The city is divided into "wards," both civil and religious. There are five of the former, with each its alderman and other officials, who, with the Mayor, constitute the city government; and of the religious or "church wards" there are twenty in the city, while in the Territory there are about one hundred. Each of these church wards has its church edifice, or place for holding meetings, and its bishop, teacher, and other officers. As these officials hold direct and personal relations with all the people throughout the Territory, and are also in constant communication with the



PULPIT ROCK, ECHO CAÑON.

"Heads of the Church," the latter have abundant facilities for ascertaining and making provision for the existing state of things in every locality, far and near.

Such is the Mormon Jerusalem,—the center and seat of that new form of religion, or, as he would have said, that "restored form of Christianity" which originated with Joseph Smith, in 1827, in the town of Manchester, Ontario County, N. Y.

According to Mormon statements, the thing came to pass in the following manner: Joseph Smith, then a young man and a devout Christian, was greatly pained and puzzled by the differences he beheld in the Christian churches. He therefore gave himself to prayer for direction as to which of all the contending sects was in the right. His prayers were answered. It was announced to him from heaven that they were all wrong, and that he should be commissioned to restore the true form of the Church to the world.

An angel finally appeared and guided him to a spot where certain golden plates had been concealed for hundreds of years. These plates contained inscriptions, in a strange language, which the new prophet was inspired to translate. The contents proved to be a history of two races of people, one of which left the tower of Babel, while the other comprised two colonies of Jews which left Jerusalem about six hundred years before the Christian era. These were *the ancestors of the American Indians*. The whole being translated and published, was entitled *The Book of Mormon*, because the account "was written on the plates by the hand of Mormon," who copied it from other plates, which were written or engraved by one "Nephi," this Nephi being a son of one of the original emigrants from Jerusalem!

The Book of Mormon professes to approve of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and claims to be a supplement to them, an additional revelation of equal authority.

The chief end of this new revelation is to introduce a new prophetic dispensation, to restore the original and only *true form* of the Christian Church, with Joseph Smith as its prophet and head, with whom and his successors the gifts of prophecy and of revelation are always to reside. The angel, who seems to have been the usual medium of communication between heaven and the new prophet, also revealed to him the name of the new organization. It was to be called "THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS," the awkwardness of the title proving that this particular angel was not sufficiently well versed in the English language to use it with elegance.



MONUMENT ROCK, ECHO CAÑON.

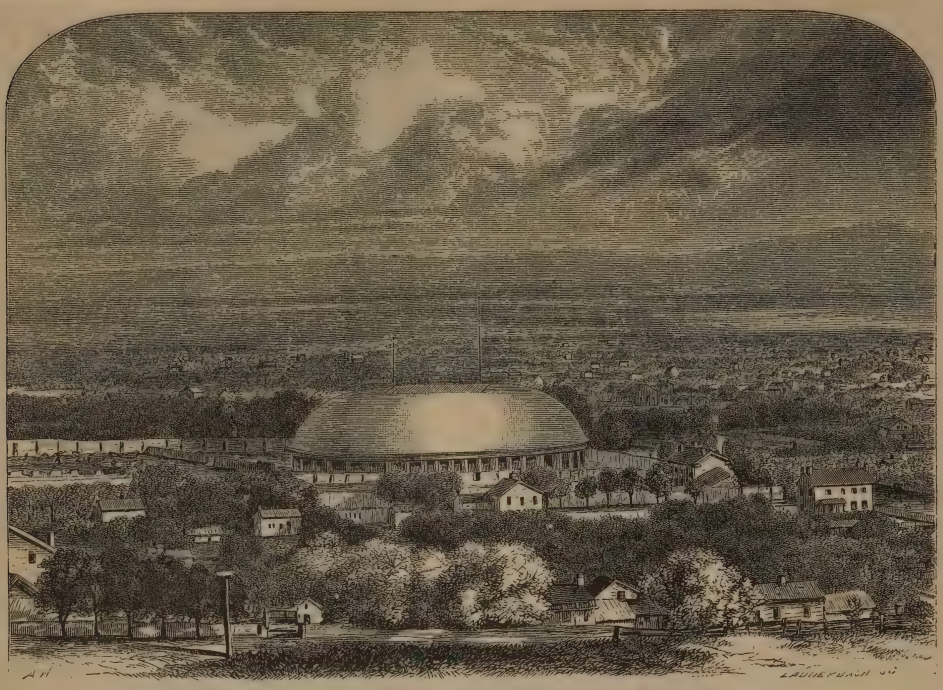
The *form* of the new church was next revealed to the prophet. It was to have a twofold priesthood, consisting of the "Melchisedec" and the "Aaronic" divisions; of these the former is the superior. From it the President or head of the church must be chosen. It enjoys the special privilege of receiving revelations from heaven, and "holds the keys of all spiritual blessings."

This division of the priesthood comprises the following "orders," which rank as they are named:—

Apostles, who "are to be special witnesses of the name of Christ, to build up, organize, and preside over the church, and to administer in all its ordinances and blessings."

The Patriarch,* whose duty is "to bless the

* This title is frequently bestowed on Brigham Young, probably because of his services and success as a husband and father. The office of "Presiding Patriarch or Evangelist" is actually held by John Smith, a nephew of the Prophet Joseph, and does not appear to confer much power on its possessor.



GENERAL VIEW OF SALT LAKE CITY, SHOWING THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

fatherless in the church, and to foretell what shall befall them and their generations. He also has authority to administer in the other ordinances of the church."

The High Priest, whose "special duty is to preside, but he may also administer in the ordinances and blessings of the church."

Finally, all the members of the "Melchisedec Priesthood" are called "Elders," and they are to "preach, baptize,* administer the Lord's Supper, lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, bless children, take the lead of all meetings, and ordain other elders, priests, teachers, and deacons."

The term "quorum" is a favorite with the Mormons, and signifies *a company of elders*, with its presiding officer. Thus we have "the quorum of the Twelve Apostles," of which Orson Hyde is President, and "the quorum of seventies." There may be several quorums of the "seventies," but it is so arranged that the "first seventy" has seven presidents, and these are to preside over all the other quorums. The churchly authority is thus very wisely confined within convenient limits.

There is also a "High Council," consisting of twelve High Priests, the business of which is to settle any important difficulties that may arise in the church.

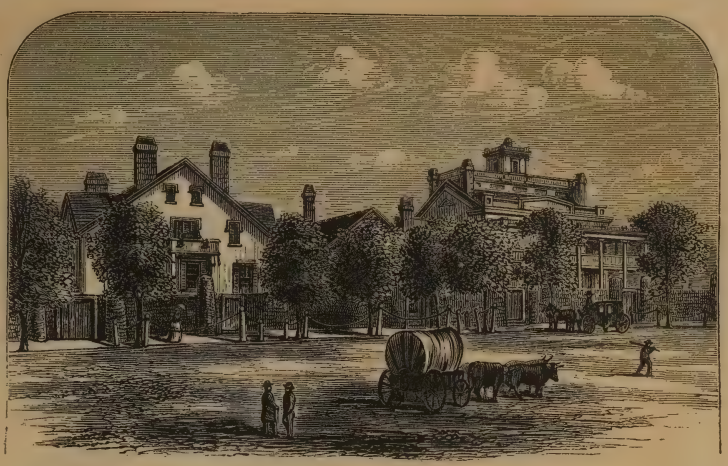
The "Aaronic" division of the priesthood comprises Bishops, Priests, Teachers, and Deacons. It seems to have been devised for the purpose of infusing a Jewish element into the new church, and to make provision for such Jewish Priests and Rabbis as should be converted to the Mormon faith; for the Bishops belonging to this branch of the priesthood must be literal descendants of Aaron. None such, however, have as yet offered themselves as candidates for the high honors. This entire division is entirely subordinate to the Melchisedec priesthood. Indeed, it is but "an appendage" to it. Its Bishops must be ordained to their office by the Presidency of the church, and the Presidents are "after the order of Melchisedec." The Bishop presides over all the lesser offices of the Aaronic class, "ministers in outward ordinances, conducts the temporal business of the church, and sits as a judge of transgressors." The Priests are to "preach, administer the Lord's Supper, and to visit and exhort the saints." The Teacher is to "watch over and strengthen the church," being careful to "see that the saints maintain unity, live in love, and do their duty." The Deacon is to "assist the Teacher, and also attend to the comfort of the saints."

From this glance at the outward form of the

* The Mormons baptize by immersion, and do not baptize children until they are about eight years of age.

Mormon Church, it will be seen that in its organization it is an attempt to reproduce, in part, the form of the Jewish Church, as, in its general spirit and practices, it seeks to revive many of the ideas and customs of Judaism.

As we rehearse the titles of the various officials, and note their respective functions, there seems to be a greater distinction in the titles and grades of office than in the several duties pertaining to them. But it must be remembered that if Mormonism is not an attempt at a Theocracy, it nevertheless contemplates the closest possible union of Church and State, and that not only the religious affairs of the saints, but also those of a temporal and civil nature, fall within the jurisdiction of the officers of the church. In practice everything is so arranged that there is "a place for each man, and each man has his place." Places and occupations enough are provided to supply every one who has sufficient intelligence and force of character to give him influence, and to afford a position equal to his capacities for every one who has sufficient ambition to make him uneasy.



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE, SALT LAKE CITY.*

No one can attend one of the semi-annual conferences of "the Latter-day Saints," in the Tabernacle, without perceiving that great worldly wisdom has been exercised in the organization of their church. In the exalted seats, which are occupied by the several grades of its officials, one beholds abundant indications of intellectual brightness, activity, and ability, united, in certain instances, with apparent honesty and sincerity, and in certain other cases with marks of shrewdness, duplicity, and great capacity for political intrigue. Turning from the dignitaries to the saints, which constitute the audience, there are appearances enough of simplicity, sincerity, and honesty, but hardly a man shows a face that bears the marks of anything above mediocrity of talent, while the most of them fall far below it.

In this feature of the church, in the liberal supply and distribution of offices, in the undoubted religious fervor that animates them, and in the facts that many, if not most of these people, have been rescued from extreme poverty, furnished with the means of transportation hither, and provided with homes and lands and opportunities for gaining a livelihood, we find a sufficient explanation of Brigham Young's marvelous power over them.

The doctrines of Mormonism profess to be derived chiefly from the Old and New Testament Scriptures, and constitute a corrupt form of Christianity. They were stated by Joseph Smith, in 1842, as follows, viz:—

"We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

"We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

"We believe that these ordinances are: First. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Second. Repentance. Third. Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. Fourth. Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that a man must be called of God by 'prophecy and by laying on of hands' by those who are in authority to preach the Gospel and administer the ordinances thereof.

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz.: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

"We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

"We believe all God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many

* The house on the right is known as the "Beehive;" that on the left is called the "Lion-house," and is the harem. The low central building is the "Office" of the President.

great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

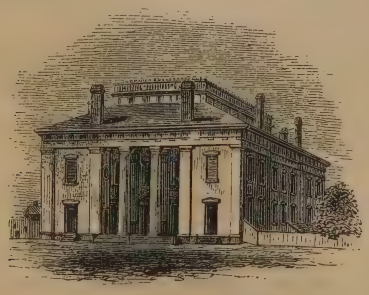
"We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this continent; that Christ will reign personally on the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiac glory.

"We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

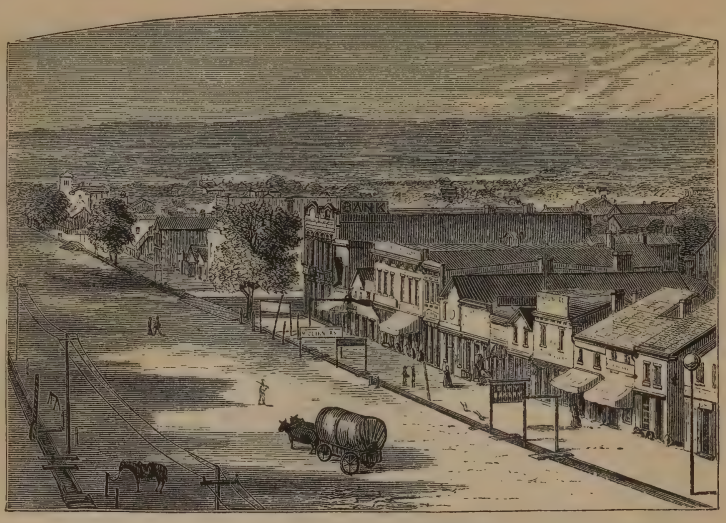
"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, magistrates; in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul: 'We believe all things, we hope all things;' we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

As a confession of faith, this appears well; but in strange contrast with it is the shameless polygamy practiced by "the saints;" the manifest impostures and frauds of the priesthood, which professes to receive revelations from heaven, and to serve without salaries while amassing great riches; and the original imposition of the "golden plates," the truth of which is solemnly declared and published by ten of their leading men, while every Mormon preacher and exhorter, in almost every address, takes occasion to "testify" that he "knows it all to be true by his own experience!"



THE THEATER.



STREET SCENE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

But the creed itself is so framed as to cover the pious fraud of Joseph Smith, which placed the book of Mormon on a level with the Bible, and constituted himself the prophet, priest, and ruler of the church on earth, while, if we accept the authorized interpretations which are given of it by the Mormon authorities, it is grossly corrupt. Thus we are told that "God exists in the form of Man;" that "there are many Gods, only one of which is to be worshiped by the saints;" that revelations from God have been received by Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, and many others; that every saint may have revelations; and that "if a church have not revelations, it is not a church." It is true that, in conversation, Brigham Young makes the term revelation synonymous with intuition. But this is not the view taken of it by the saints generally.

Among other absurd things, it is taught, in the authorized publications of the Mormon leaders, that there have been many "dispensations" of religion on the earth, *e. g.*, "one through Adam; one through Enoch; one through Noah; one through Jared, when he and his friends were led from the Tower of Babel to America! one through Abraham; one through Jacob; one through Moses; one through Lehi, when he with his family went from Jerusalem to America! one through Jesus Christ, when He established His church in Asia and America! and was crucified at Jerusalem; and one through Joseph Smith, in these last days, which is the greatest and best of all."

The Mormons also claim that their mission-

aries who are sent to peoples whose languages are unknown to them, are miraculously empowered to speak and preach in these languages.

In other respects the doctrinal teachings of the Mormons more nearly approach those of most Christian denominations; but they are careful to set up a claim as exclusive as that of the Pope of Rome. "All other churches are man-made." The "one true Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" is distinguished from all others by many signs,—especially by its *Priesthood*, with a Prophet and Revelator at its head; and by its spiritual gifts and *holy practices!*

Among the customs of "the Latter-day Saints," as established by revelations from heaven, the following may be named:—

No wine is to be drunk, except at the Lord's Supper; and then only when made by the saints.

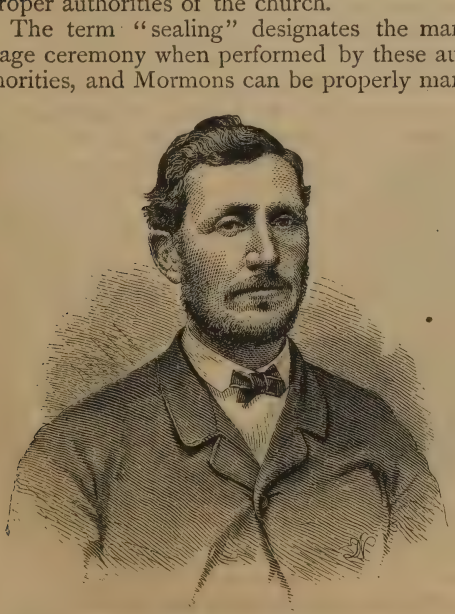
No tobacco is to be used except for outward applications,— as an embrocation "for bruises and the like."

No flesh is to be eaten, "except in winter, and in time of famine, when it becomes a necessity."

A plurality of wives is allowed, but *not* a plurality of husbands, "unless former husbands are deserted!" and if, in any case, a woman is untrue to her husband, it is a capital offense. "She is to be destroyed."

"Sealing" is to be performed only by the proper authorities of the church.

The term "sealing" designates the marriage ceremony when performed by these authorities, and Mormons can be properly married in no other manner. In their view, "sealing" differs from marriage among the "gentiles" in some very important respects. For example, the latter are married for the present life only. They pledge themselves to each other "until death does them part;" but a Mormon takes a wife for this life and forever. She is thenceforth his for time and for eternity; and if he has a dozen wives here, they are to be his in the next world also. Moreover, they are to live together in the next world the same as in this, and are to continue having children without end;* while the poor "gentiles," doomed to solitary blessedness from the time they enter the next world, will be *servants* of their more fortunate and well-married neighbors, the Mormons. In this respect Mormonism is more grossly voluptuous and sensual than Mohammedism itself.



JOSEPH F. SMITH (NEPHEW OF JO. SMITH, JR., AND ONE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES).

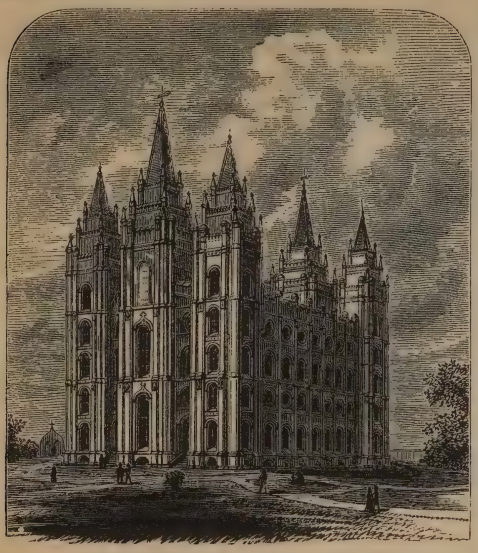


ORSON HYDE, PRESIDENT OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

The "revelation" which introduced this feature into Mormonism was first made public by Brigham Young, in July, 1852, five years subsequently to his first arrival at Salt Lake; but Brigham asserted that the revelation was received from heaven by "the Prophet Joseph" (Smith), in July, 1842 (two years before his death), and that by him it was committed to the keeping of his successor, to be made known in due time.

The "revelation" is professedly addressed

* That this notion is entertained by them was learned by the writer partly from "the revelation on celestial marriage," partly from conversation with Mormons, and partly from declarations made by Orson Hyde in a sermon delivered in the Tabernacle.



THE MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

to the Prophet Joseph, and expressly authorizes him to restore the practices of the olden times, and to take a plurality of wives, as did Abraham and David and Solomon, while it also expressly commands "Emma," the wife of the Prophet, to receive all the virtuous wives that should be given to her liege lord, and not to leave him, but to "abide with him and them, and cleave unto him." Brigham and his supporters also assert that the Prophet Joseph did actually take unto himself additional wives.

If these things were so—if Joseph Smith did have such a paper in his possession, and if he ventured to make its contents known to her whom, in certain portions, it directly and by name addressed, especially if he adopted the polygamous practice which it authorizes—"Emma" must have been aware of it. But she,* together with David and Alexander, the two sons of herself and the Prophet Joseph, declare this whole story to be false, and affirm that no such revelation was ever received by him, to their knowledge, and that he never had but one wife. It follows, therefore, either that Joseph had not the courage to introduce this feature of the Mormon system, and handed the matter over to "Brother Brigham," or that the latter *forged* the paper, and foisted it upon the people, when, being in the center of the continent, so far from both the eastern and western borders of civilization, he thought he should never be reached by the laws of the United States, or be disturbed in his iniquities. Either supposition is possible,—nay, probable; but the greater probability rests with the latter.



ORSON PRATT, ONE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

The protest of Joseph Smith's widow and sons has no influence with the great body of the Mormons in Utah. The authority and example of Brigham, who is Prophet, Priest, and more than King, in their estimation, bear down all opposition; and, as he has some "sixteen wives and fifty children," the practice of polygamy is general, though not universal, among his people. His children follow in his saintly footsteps, his sons being polygamists, while three of his daughters are wives of one man.† His "Twelve Apostles" are likewise involved in the system, and, in addition to their lawful wives, are said to have concubines (called "wives") as follows, viz.: Orson Hyde, three; Orson Pratt, two; John Taylor, six; Wilfred Woodruff, two; George A. Smith, four; Amasa Lyman, four; Ezra Benson, three; Charles Rich, six; Lorenzo Snow, three; Erastus Snow, two; Franklin Richards, three; George Q. Cannon, two.

If it should be thought strange that not one of them all proved faithful to his lawful wife, the wonder ceases when we learn that Brigham's authority is of such a nature that should he intimate to any one of his followers the propriety of taking another wife, the hint would not go unheeded, and perhaps could not be neglected with safety.

The debasing effects of polygamy on the character of those who practice it are evident. In circumstances favorable to the free utter-

* The Prophet's widow is now the wife of a respectable hotel-keeper at Nauvoo, Ill.

† Among Brigham's sixteen wives are two sisters.



MRS. ALICE YOUNG CLAWSON.*

ance of his thoughts, a polygamist is sure to express himself in such a manner as to show that his mind and heart are corrupted. Even Brigham Young can hardly converse half an hour with lady visitors without some allusion to his amours, to his women and children; and few Mormon sermons are delivered in the City of Harems without defending or advocating the peculiar institution.

But the saddest effects of polygamy are experienced by the sex whose lot it renders hapless and hopeless. Among the women one meets in Salt Lake City, besides the "gentile" visitors, several distinctions may be made. There is a class of respectable-looking middle-aged or elderly women, who probably are the original and lawful wives of the men who sit on high in the places of honor! Then there are the *young ladies*, who do not seem to be numerous—perhaps because they are introduced into the harems as fast as they become marriageable. Those whom one meets compare favorably with those of other frontier towns. Among the married dames there is a class of youngish women with bold, brassy-looking faces that are anything but agreeable, and that suggest suspicions which ought not to be cherished against any who are called "saints." With the exceptions thus named, the Mormon women, generally, have a subdued, dejected, disheartened appearance, as if their will was broken, their courage lost, and they had fully accepted the position of hopeless inferiors, to whom their husbands are as "lords," whose will is law, whose words must not be questioned.

Not all the women, however, are satisfied with this arrangement, as a late trial proves, in which the lawful wife complained of her husband for taking two other wives, and had him convicted. An instance was related several months since, in which the husband informed his wife that he was about to take another helpmate. "Very well," said the mistress of the shanty, "you must find a place for her then; you must not bring her here!" Another story was told, in which the second wife of a polygamist inn-keeper, learning that he proposed to receive another partner in the matrimonial business, went to wife number one, and proposed that they two should unite in dissuading Mr. —— from his intention. "No, madam," was the sad but resolute reply; "you broke my heart when you came here, and I am willing to have you served in the same manner."

Nor is the idea of sharing a husband with some half a dozen others regarded as altogether agreeable by the young ladies. An acquaintance of the writer said to one of this class, who was receiving the tickets at a place of amusement, "Your position here must be a very pleasant one."—"On the contrary," was her reply, "it is very irksome."—"You should marry, then," observed the visitor. "Never," said the spirited girl, "till I can marry a whole husband. I will not have a part of a man!"

The question arises whether Mormonism is to be perpetuated or destroyed.



A MORMON FAMILY.

* Young's eldest daughter—an actress, and one of the three wives of H. B. Clawson, the other two being her sisters.



GEO. A. SMITH.*

Judging from what is said in some of the newspapers, the speedy dissolution of the system may be expected. Indeed, it is supposed that the suits lately brought against Brigham Young and others of the leaders for bigamy, are to put an end to Mormonism itself.†

But those who indulge in such expectations know but little of the system, of the profound religious enthusiasm on which it is based, of the means which it possesses for its own extension and perpetuation.

Polygamy will doubtless come to an end, and this end may be reached speedily. It is but an excrescence on the system, and is not essential to its identity or success. The wonder is that a man so astute and capable as Brigham Young has shown himself to be in most other things, should have introduced such an element of confusion and weakness—not to say open wickedness—into a religious organization on this continent in this nineteenth century. It would not be strange if, being condemned and sentenced by the United States Court for bigamy, he should see the uselessness of contending against fate, and not only yield himself, but advise his followers to do the same. More than this, he may possibly turn it to good account, by claiming that the bereft husbands and discarded wives and bastardized children are the victims of a heartless persecution—"persecuted for righteousness' sake."

Let the result of these legal proceedings be what it may, and the end of polygamy come when it may, Mormonism as an organization will not fall with the latter, and may not be weakened, but rather strengthened by its destruction. From the hasty glance we have bestowed upon its doctrines it will probably be admitted that, corrupt as it is, and in many respects a caricature of Christianity, it must be regarded, nevertheless, as a satellite of the Christian system, and one of its sects.

It professes to be an improvement on all other Christian churches, both in its doctrines and in its organization. The latter, to say the least, is marvelously planned and exceedingly efficient. Mormonism is also strong in numbers, in the extent of its possessions, and in facilities for further extension. With the exception of the comparatively few gentiles and dissenters in Salt Lake City and in the neighboring mines, the population of Utah Territory, numbering one hundred and fifty thousand, is composed of Mormons. Their settlements planted on those spots where sufficient irrigation can be obtained to render the land fertile, and the numbers of every settlement being limited by the amount of water that can be secured for purposes of irrigation, they have complete possession of the plains to a distance of four hundred miles south from Ogden, and they can keep possession. They have agents and missionaries constantly and successfully at work in the rural districts and among the laboring classes of England and several countries of Europe. They are supposed to have a large amount of funds in Europe to be employed for the purpose of transporting emigrants hither, and abundant means to assist them in locating, rearing habitations, and entering that department of labor in which they are to gain a living. To assist those who are of the faith, in emigrating and settling in the Territory, is the professed object of the "tithings," which are made up of one-tenth of the income of every Mormon. If the funds thus raised at any time prove insufficient, there are still other methods of securing the amount needed. For example, there is an island fifteen miles long, in Great Salt Lake, called Church or Antelope Island. It is well stocked with cattle, which are the property of "the church;" and when additional funds are needed to assist immigrants in coming to this land of promise, some of these cattle are

* First Counsellor, Church Historian, one of the three Presidents, and next in authority to Brigham Young.

† Thus the *Courrier des États-Unis* for Oct. 7, 1871, heads its leading article "l'Abolition du Mormonisme," and proceeds to show that the die is cast, because the U. S. Government has undertaken the destruction of polygamy.

sold, and the proceeds are forwarded to "the office" in Liverpool.

Thus the Mormons can introduce into the Territory sufficient numbers of those who cherish their faith to retain an overwhelming majority; and the knowledge which the leaders have of the hitherto uncultivated portions of the plains, and the sources of water in the mountains that may be employed for irrigation, give them the advantage over all others in locating farms and planting settlements.



STARTING FOR THE SILVER MINES.

Moreover, they are fanatically zealous for their church and the faith. Although the most of them are perverts from Christian churches (mostly from the Methodists and Baptists), they show no favor to those who desert them, who doubt any of their dogmas, or who question the authority or wisdom of the Heads of the church. They are also careful in teaching their children and training them in the knowledge of their tenets and the practices of their religion. In short, they seem to be wanting in none of those elements and characteristics which have rendered religions much more corrupt and false than is Mormonism successful and enduring for centuries; and this may be the case with "the Church of the Latter-day Saints" in Utah.

Much has been said of the schism that has taken place among them. It seems to have originated in other than *religious* differences. The increase of "gentile" merchants in Salt Lake City, and the competition in business which they introduced, was thought to render some plan desirable for retaining the trade of the faithful in the hands of the faithful, in order that a tenth of the profits might still continue to flow into the treasury of the church. Accordingly a joint-stock company was formed, which was called "Zion's Co-operative Commercial Institution." The stock was to be owned by Mormons, and at the different branches, or stores, of the establishment Mormons were required to make their purchases, and warned not to trade elsewhere.

But while this plan required certain merchants who were successfully conducting large business enterprises to relinquish them, it gave the chief management of the new "Institution" to Mr. Clawson, a triplicate son-in-law of Brigham Young, and these two worthies would probably contrive to obtain the lion's share of the profits. The merchants in question, therefore, protested against the new arrangement, and, as a natural consequence, lost favor at court. A serious quarrel thus commenced among the saints.

A leading spirit among the malcontents was Mr. Godbe, a Londoner by birth, the proprietor of a large warehouse, who had been a practical polygamist, a liberal contributor to the enterprises of the church, and a principal supporter of the *Utah Magazine*. He was joined by several influential men. Among them were Mr. Stenhouse, a Scotchman, editor of the *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph*, who had formerly been sent as missionary to England and Switzerland; and Mr. Harrison, one of the editors of the *Utah Magazine*. Questioning the infallibility of the Head of the church was not a sin to be overlooked. They were, therefore, summarily cut off as "apostates;" and, in addition, Elder Kelsey, a member of the court which pronounced the sentence, refusing to vote against them, was himself included among the apostates, and excommunicated with the rest.

The dissentients have originated a new church, called "The Church of Zion," which appears to be a compound of Mormonism and Spiritualism. The leaders of it, who seem disposed to join hands with the "gentiles" against Brigham Young and the other authorities of the mother church, profess to be inspired from above, and also to receive "communications from spirits," as from Heber C. Kimball, a deceased apostle, from the prophet Joseph Smith, from the Apostles

Peter, James, and John, and from the Lord Jesus Christ! Some of them, however, have deserted the imposition entirely,—whether with the instinct of rats leaving a sinking ship, or as rationalists, cured of a delusion; and having dismissed their supernumerary wives, they profess to be living with their lawful helpmates only.

It is evident that the Mormon millennium is not yet at hand. Strong as the system is in many respects, it will require all the skill and prudence of the Chief Managers to keep it from disruption in present and prospective exigencies.

Polygamy is and must be a constant source of danger. For had all things moved on smoothly until the death of those who have accumulated estates, it is not difficult to foresee that the rival claims of the legitimate and illegitimate heirs must eventually give occasion for disturbance and litigation, if the authority of the United States Government and laws shall be fairly established in the Territory. As that authority has been asserted, and the leaders themselves have been called to account, the issue is fairly joined and the question may speedily be decided whether polygamy is to be sacrificed, or Mormonism itself.

Another element of weakness and trouble from which extrication will be difficult, if not impossible, was introduced by ignoring the right of eminent domain which pertained to the United States Government, and settling the Territory without securing proper titles to the lands occupied. Hence, if a "gentile" gets possession of a building spot, even in Salt Lake City, and regularly enters in the Land Office a claim to the eighty acres of which his actual property forms a part, he seems to have the only legal title to the same, although it be occupied with the usual city improvements.

It is said that within a few months the Mormon officials have entered the entire tract which is covered by the City of Salt Lake with the Register of the Land Office. But it is questionable whether this step has not been taken too late to prevent very grave difficulties.

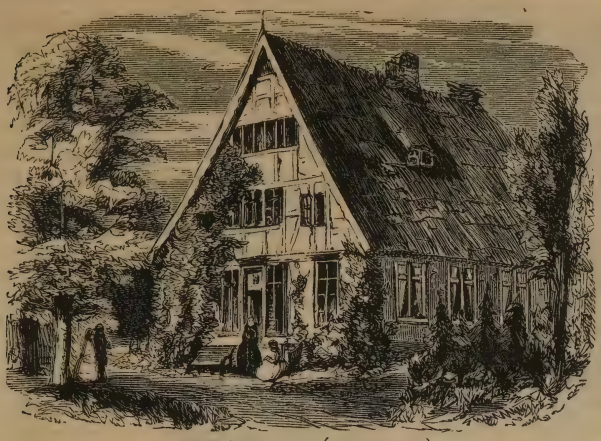
Furthermore, the undoubted abundance and richness of the silver deposits in the Territory are attracting thither a large mining population. Between Cottonwood Cañon, six miles distant from Salt Lake City, and the Paioute Mine, which is three hundred miles away, there are, at least, six localities where silver abounds. Among the mines already in operation and in the market are the "Emma Mine," twenty-eight miles from the city, and the "Tintic Mine," seventy miles distant. One-half of the former is said to have been sold for half a million dollars, and the latter is held by a joint stock company with a capital of half a million. Miners are flocking thither from all directions, and it is evident already that cloaking polygamous practices with religious pretences is not favored by the code of *miner* morals. Consequently, every accession to their numbers strengthens the opposition to Mormonism. All things considered, Brigham Young, who is now more than seventy years of age, has occasion for the active use of all his wit and wisdom. The evening of his life is not blessed with a cloudless sky, and the bed on which he reclines is not one of roses.

THE CHARITIES OF THE FATHERLAND.

"CHARITY covereth a multitude of sins." It always seemed to us, in meeting and conversing with American tourists abroad, that there was an unkind inclination to notice the failings rather than the virtues of Continental cities, and a tendency to descant upon the general vice and depravity of European lands, without taking the trouble to learn the cause of and the whole truth concerning the evils that were alleged to be universal.

No traveler leaves Munich, or Vienna, without having it impressed upon his memory by guide-book or friend, that these are exceedingly licentious cities, in which the illegitimate nearly equal the legitimate births, and where vice, depravity, and folly abound to the exclusion of all that is pure, loyal, and true in social life and the family circle. Yet we are sorry to say that those whom we found most inclined to inveigh against the immorality of Continental society were those who seemed to find their principal pleasure in what they condemned, and took little interest in the redeeming social traits.

The illegitimate births of European cities we found largely accounted for, as in Vienna, by the trammels thrown by the government or the church around the ceremony of marriage. The cost is frequently so great, or the preliminaries are so irksome, that the poor or



THE GREEN FIR; (RAUHE HAUS).

careless prefer to live together as married couples without the sanction of the authorities, until it is more easy to obtain this. And thus in Munich as well as in Vienna one can find thousands of poor families, as worthy and upright as any, whose children are reported by the church as illegitimate, because their parents were unable or unwilling to comply with the complicated requisitions of the Romish hierarchy.

For ourselves, we were rejoiced to learn that where sin abounds, charity also greatly abounds. One cannot but find a pleasure in visiting the multitude of charitable institutions throughout Germany intended to relieve almost every form of human suffering and sorrow.

The *Romance of Charity* is the fitting title of an English work by De Liefde that is evidently inspired with admiration at the extent and influence of many of these establishments in Europe, and whose author has spent years in acquainting himself with their operations and the history of their rise and progress. To these pages we are indebted for much information that we could have obtained in so compact a form from no other source, and with which we shall take the liberty, with this acknowledgment, of incorporating our own experience, when this process will make our story more interesting and complete.

Of all institutions for the reformation of youthful vagrants or criminals in Germany, none is better known than the so-called Rauhe Haus, near Hamburg. The name is an unfortunate one, for it means Rough House, and conveys in this connection an inapposite idea. But this was a matter of pure accident, arising from the fact that the owner of the original tenement in which the establishment was commenced rejoiced in the cognomen of "Rough," and thus his house, and all others that finally formed a group, received this appellation. But the Germans have lost the significance of the name, and look now only to the influence of its good works. It was founded in 1832, by Immanuel Wichern, one of the noblest of men. He was then a young candidate for a pulpit, having just finished his theological studies and received a license to preach. His home was in Hamburg, the great seaport of Northern Germany, and one of the wealthiest, busiest, and gayest cities of all the land.

Hamburg's streets, crowded with fashion and beauty, also swarmed with homeless and houseless children. As Wichern took his daily walks his kind heart was attracted by these poor waifs, and he followed them into the miserable lanes where they found a retreat. Here their sufferings so affected him that he resolved to devote his life to ameliorating their condition, if Providence would show him a way. But he was poor and unknown, without either money or influence with the great, —his only instrument of success was his faith in God. He knew that the evil was of such magnitude that nothing but spontaneous Christian charity could remedy it, and he resolved to endeavor to procure aid to found a retreat away from the city, where he could undertake the reform of a few of the abandoned boys whom he met in its streets.

He communicated his intentions to a few pious friends, who agreed with him to pray



THE GOLD BOTTOM.



THE BOOK-BINDING OFFICE.

and act in behalf of the good cause. The result was that, after many tribulations and disappointments, money enough came to him, through government aid and bequest, to commence his enterprise. On looking around for a suitable spot, his eye lighted on the Rauhe House, destined through him to become famous in the history of European charity. At first its owner was unwilling to part with it, but at last fortunate circumstances placed it at the disposal of Wichern, who, with his mother and a few boys, took possession of it. In a short time he had about twelve of the worst youthful rogues that Hamburg could supply—children of drunken parents, and themselves of the baser sort, nurtured in and accustomed to crime.

Thus Wichern commenced his labors in the original Rauhe Haus, endeavoring to make a happy and moral family out of these terrible elements. He lived with the children, ate with them, and even slept in the same room with them, that he might exercise a continual control over them, but it was one of love and not of fear. Their time during the day was fully occupied in labor in the garden or workshop, in the school-room or at recreation. His first effort was to teach them the value of system and order, and then he set them at work in beautifying the grounds about the house, removing unsightly embankments, and making hedges and walks. In this labor the boys took so much interest that they solemnized the completion of each new undertaking by cheers and games.

The Rauhe House soon became so popular that parents came begging for permission to put their children under Wichern's care; but his ideas were so fixed on the family relation that he was unwilling to receive more than twelve into the original house, considering this number quite as many as one father could conscientiously attend to. But he presented the case to pious and wealthy persons, and soon had means enough to build other houses on the grounds, and thus commenced a species of reformatory settlement. The boys themselves took a great interest in the new enterprise, and broke ground with festive exercises and prayer. Wichern had told them that if a new family came he must take it and pass them over to another, and, though this was not very pleasant news, they consented, in view of the good they would do, and cheerfully accepted as teacher and father a young Swiss who had come to join Wichern in his philanthropic work.



THE CHAPEL.

Thus arose the first house amidst rural beauty, and when it was completed its reception-room was filled by the friends and patrons of the cause, one of whom had provided an organ, that music and songs might lend their charms to the consecration. Wichern led the boys from the old to the new house, and installed them there with his paternal blessing, while he returned to take charge of a new family. But again his wants increased with enlarged numbers; they needed outbuildings of every kind, and especially one where they might all assemble for festivities and religious worship. And in addition to this, the girls began to apply for the benefits of Wichern's home and training. This again brought friends to the rescue, who re-

solved to construct a new and larger building as the chief house for the home of Wichern and his family, that the old one might be given to a family of girls. This new building received the name of The Green Fir. As the principal house it was always the scene of the Christmas festivities, in which the fir-tree holds so prominent a place; there was thus an endeavor to connect some attractive name with each new house, indicative of its chief prerogative or use.



INTERIOR OF THE RAUHE HAUS CHAPEL.

In inculcating the value of industry in teaching the boys, Wichern was very fond of using many of the trite old German sayings, and thus he often repeated the adage, "Labor has a golden bottom," or foundation; and when he concluded to erect a workshop in which to teach them various useful trades, he adopted for it the significant cognomen of The Gold Bottom. This workshop was greatly needed to occupy them in the winter, and the first thing they did was to cut down a great birch-tree and learn to transform it into wooden shoes for themselves, to avoid the expense of boots and shoes of leather. Then we soon find them making matches, wooden spoons, and a great variety of wooden articles for their own domestic use, and finally for sale.

Thus one trade after another sprang up as their necessities grew. Soon they took to ordinary printing and bookbinding, and we give the illustration of the humble beginning of a business that has already grown to such proportions as to be well known all over Germany. The publications of the Rauhe House have their peculiar characteristics, being mostly devoted to elementary education and religious and benevolent works. Their extensive distribution has greatly assisted in the foundation of many hospitable institutions or retreats for the outcast and depraved. The system of Home Missions has been largely developed by the guidance of works issuing from the press of the Rauhe House.

A large room on the ground floor of the Green Fir had been used as a place of prayer and religious worship, but it was so crowded morning and evening at family devotions that the cry went up for a chapel, without the least idea whence one was to come. But He who hears the young raven's cry also heard this, and inclined the hearts of a few of His children to give of their worldly goods for this purpose. Soon there arose a neat little chapel, which will contain about three hundred people. It has pulpit, and gallery with organ, and is ever festooned with wreaths indicative of the perpetual festival of Christian love and human charity celebrated within its walls. The girls occupy the center, while the boys are on one side, and the visitors or adults connected with the establishment on the other. There are various adornments of carving and sculpture interspersed with Bible precepts, so that the whole has an elevating and refining influence over the inmates of the institution.



THE BEE-HIVE.

The applications to enter were still so numerous that it was necessary to crowd the houses so as to force two families into one—to the great discomfort of the inmates. Again the appeal for more room went abroad. A wealthy patron inquired how much it would cost to build another if the boys did it mainly themselves. The calculation was

handed to him, and he advanced the money, but only on the condition that the boys should build it entirely. This task they undertook with pleasure, for they numbered forty-three now, varying in age from ten to twenty-two years, and some of them had had considerable experience in the construction of the other houses. Thus arose in a short time a beautiful and spacious cottage, appropriately named The Beehive.



THE SWALLOWS' NESTS.

This had scarcely been filled by its swarm when the great fire occurred which laid nearly all Hamburg in ruins. Many homeless ones fled to the Rauhe House for refuge, but there was scarcely a vacant corner here into which they could creep, and still it was impossible to send them away without food or shelter. Wichern resolved to put an appeal in the papers for seven hundred and fifty dollars to build a new house for twenty-four helpless children that had fled from the great conflagration. Hamburg was in ruins, and yet in a few days Wichern had a thousand dollars, and announced through the papers that the people in their calamity might cease their gifts. With this amount two adjoining buildings were erected for girls, and received the name of The Swallows' Nests. Each house was an improvement on the other, these two containing sick-rooms, and also private rooms and other convenient apartments for the girls and the sisters in charge of the two families.

Two years after this a wealthy family of Hamburg had driven out one afternoon to the Rauhe House, and were delighted to find that so much had been done with the money given to them, but learned that there was still need of more. The next mail from the city brought a remittance of about four hundred dollars for a new house, and in a few months the boys had again constructed what they named The Fishers' Cottage, because those who took possession of it were regarded as the fishes caught in the gospel net, and they were to be trained to become fishers of men.

All this activity had attracted the attention of the world, and the Rauhe House was becoming a school for the training of laborers for the Home Missions. Many of the boys had grown up to enter on this work, in gratitude for their own rescue from vice and ruin. Some of the Brothers of these Missions brought money with them to defray the expenses of their stay, and the influence of others caused rich gifts to come in from unexpected sources. New outbuildings were constructed for farmers and bakers; and a few Christian friends, who felt that Wichern deserved something more than mere gratitude for his invaluable labors, built him a pleasant little cottage, and added largely to the grounds by purchase. Wichern's labors now were becoming of national importance, and the Prussian Government called him to Berlin to assist in organizing the great system of Inner Missions of that capital. He could not, however, wholly desert his first love and the scene of his early labors; so he resolved to spend his winters in Berlin, training Christian young men for the Missions, but in summer he stayed with his great family at the Rauhe House.



THE FISHERS' COTTAGE.

The grounds and settlement of this establishment had now become so beautiful, and were pervaded by such

an atmosphere of Christian love and systematic industry, that a plan was conceived of establishing there a boarding-school for young boys. This was soon carried into execution, and the result was Vine-Hill. It is the largest of the buildings erected, being about one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, and composed in reality of three connected houses. Its recitation-rooms are large and airy, and the accommodations in the line of board, lodging, and instruction are ample, and are all generously paid for by the parents of the pupils. The teachers are mainly young clergymen, who also engage in teaching the Brethren of the Missions, and in the pastoral work required by the establishment and the neighborhood.



VINE-HILL.

The success of Wichern's labors has been simply marvelous: the homeless have received homes, and orphans a parent; the vile have been reclaimed, and a spirit of evangelical missionary work has been created that has given direction to many of the philanthropic enterprises of Germany. A school also has been established for the education of home missionaries for houses of refuge and correction, as well as for the prisons of Germany; and as a specimen of the kind of men that fill it, we give one of their manifestoes to the philanthropic world: "We the Brothers here assembled come from all parts of our beloved Fatherland. Our homes are in Prussia from the Memel to the Rhine; in Baden, Bavaria, Hesse, Würtemberg, Thuringia, Hanover, Mecklenburg, Holstein and Schleswig. There is not one of us who was not in a position to earn his daily bread. Want has brought none of us here. When, in distant lands, we heard of the work which the Lord has begun and is carrying on in this House, we prayed that we might be sharers of the blessing and of the work amongst the children. Our house-father called us here to be helpers in the work, and not one of us has obeyed this call without the blessing of his parents. We bring neither money nor property; and if there were some of us able and anxious to give of their substance, they were prevented by a riper wisdom than their own. What we have we freely give, namely, ourselves, as a thank-offering to God for the good of the community."

Wichern receives into this Mission school only such men as he thinks fully fitted for the work—rejecting about half who apply. And he finds plenty of places for all whom he graduates. By the hundreds he has applications for directors or assistants of reformatories; for teachers in ragged schools; for overseers of orphanages, prisons, and hospitals,—and by the hundreds he has supplied such to all quarters of the world, even to the United States, Russia, Turkey, and the islands of the South Sea. Thus the Rauhe House extends its influence over the greater part of the civilized world, and those who leave its precincts carry with them a pledge of loyalty to the Brotherhood, be they where they may. They correspond with each other, and with the establishment, and promote each other's welfare in every possible manner; they utter the same prayers at the same hour all over the globe; they have simultaneous festivals of love that remind them of noted events in their own career and in the history of the House.



THE HOUSE OF REST.



CHRISTIAN HEINRICH ZELLER.

And in all this they have no selfish motive, and make no effort to advance the special interests of any church or state. They labor for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in His love for the good of suffering humanity. They are bound by no vows, and connected with the Brotherhood by no indissoluble ties; they wear no peculiar dress, and are committed to no peculiar creed except the broad precepts of evangelical Christianity: "Love one another" is their great law; and "If ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me," is their abundant encouragement.

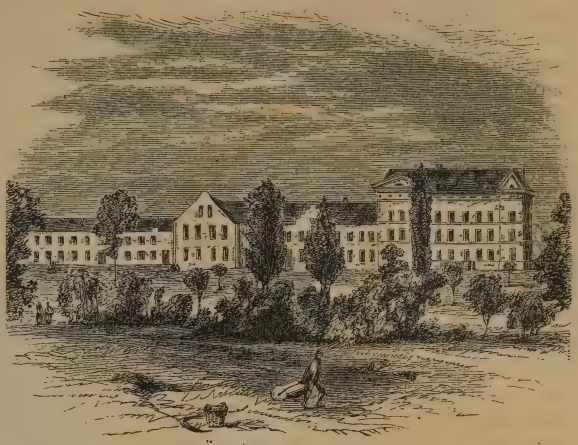
For want of space we leave the story of the Rauhe House but half told. We may say, however, that, go where we will in Germany in pursuit of charities, we will find its continuance. Berlin is magnificently full of institutions that directly or indirectly find their origin in the "Establishment." We have spent weeks among them without exhausting them, and have daily wondered at the marvelous patience of those who are endeavoring to give speech to the mute, and reason to poor driveling idiots. We have admired the Christian resignation of men and women who give their lives a sacrifice to the well-being of the very scum of humanity, and mingle daily with vagrants, thieves, and harlots, in the effort to reform them.

As we walk the streets of that capital, our eye is ever attracted by retreats for the aged and the blind, the orphans and the homeless; we see asylums for indigent and invalid women, and industrial bazars for the remunerative employment of poor girls. All classes take an interest in these; and many of the benevolent and philanthropic organizations of Berlin are under the direct patronage of the Crown-Princess Victoria, and wear the prestige of her name.

We now pass to the consideration of an institution far better known to the world than the one that we have just treated of: it is the famous establishment for Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth on the Lower Rhine, not far from Düsseldorf, so celebrated for its inimitable school of modern art. It was founded about the year 1830, by that noble man Fliedner, who a few years ago went to his abundant reward. Many years of his early life were passed in unrest at the sorrows and sufferings of humanity, and during these he wandered through prisons and hospitals to make himself acquainted with the sufferings of their inmates, and study the problem of their relief. He finally commenced his practical labors as chaplain of the prison of Düsseldorf, but soon found a wider sphere in the establishment of a hospital for the relief of the sick poor. He was met, however, at the very outset, by an almost insuperable difficulty in the great want of intelligent and trained nurses. Those whom he was able to engage were mostly poor and ignorant, and frequently persons who had failed in nearly every other employment.

He thus established his Deaconess-House, with a view to raise up a band of intelligent and devoted women who should devote their lives in Christian fidelity to the care of the sick, the instruction of prisoners, the care and education of poor children, and the consolation of the afflicted and sorrowing. From a very humble beginning, the institutions of Kaiserswerth have grown into a settlement of noble edifices devoted in some way to the alleviation of the suffering of mankind. There are no less than six groups of buildings, and it really requires days to become intimately acquainted with them all. We give in illus-

tration the so-called House of Rest—a home for aged and infirm deaconesses, who, after they have fought the good fight, prefer to come back to their old home to receive the welcome salutation, "Well done, good and faithful servants; enter ye into your reward on earth."



THE DÜSSELTHAL ESTABLISHMENT.

We wander over the principal establishment and learn that five or six hundred sisters are continually within its walls, unless called away by some sudden emergency, such as war, famine, or pestilence. Some make nursing their special care; others prepare themselves to instruct. In their immense hospital a thousand invalids receive care during the year. Sometimes a fourth of these are Roman Catholics, who are never questioned as to their creed, though it is a Protestant institution; if in the dying hour they desire a priest, full permission is granted to one to come and administer extreme unction. In all their institutions the Bible alone is the Christian text-book; it is read daily to all, and its simple truths are explained.

There is a large establishment for the training of young girls to be the teachers or directresses of infant schools of orphan or vagrant children; and also a female orphan asylum for children that may have lost one or both parents. This is largely used for the education of the orphan daughters of teachers and clergymen, and many of these girls become deaconesses, so that it is a sort of supplementary school. Again we find another building devoted to female prisoners released from the prisons, and for magdalens; and this boasts, since its establishment, of having reformed some six hundred girls and restored them to society and usefulness. The finest building of the colony is devoted to Protestant insane women, and is patronized by many of the wealthiest families of the land. Besides physician and pastor, there is over a score of deaconesses in constant attendance, whose kind ministrations do much to alleviate the terrible trials of the inmates, a large proportion of whom are returned cured to their families.

In the immediate neighborhood there are filial-houses, that are adjunct to the great purposes of the cause, and from these we may start on a pilgrimage over the world and everywhere discover stations under the control of deaconesses from the mother-colony. Germany has a hundred of them; and we find them on the banks of the Lower Danube and in the city of the Sultan, in Asia, in Palestine, in Africa, and a few in America—one in Pittsburg. Their noblest field of mercy is opened to them when the fire-brand of war is hurled among the nations. During the war between Prussia and Denmark, arising out of the Schleswig-Holstein question, they first showed their efficiency, and by their skillful medical training and patient Christian love soon came to be regarded as angels by the soldiers, who at first hooted at the idea of women being of any use on the battle-field. And again in the war of 1866 they were an influential portion of the sanitary organizations, and, knowing no foes, were found wherever misery and distress needed alleviation. But the crowning triumph was reserved for them in the recent bloody struggle between the Germans and French. When all others sank in despair at the magni-



THE ORPHAN-HOUSE AT LAHR-DINGLINGEN.

tude of human misery following in the train of such gigantic conflicts, the deaconesses were the first and the last among the dying and the wounded, administering succor and consolation, until numbers of them gave way to utter exhaustion and found the hero-death amidst horrors worse than those of the fiercest conflict.

But we cannot begin to enumerate their field of labor; it is as broad as that of human suffering and sorrow, and who will measure that? It is a gratifying fact that the renown of these self-sacrificing women is reaching our shores and challenging the attention of Christians. We honor the church that has recently made a decided movement in this direction, and are most confident that it will find a rich reward in so doing. Many of the churches abroad are now employing deaconesses in pastoral visitation, who find access to retreats that would be quickly and indignantly closed to men. The lanes, the alleys, the cellars, the purlieus of great cities seldom insult or reject a modest, plainly-dressed, loving, Christian woman, coming on her errand of mercy to do whatever her judgment tells her the poor and the outcast most need.



OTTO GERHARD HELDRING.

Our churches have long neglected an element of strength that the Catholics have been steadily using to the increase of their numbers and power. Very few give full value to the influence exerted by the organized bands of women in the Romish Church. Why should not the Protestant Church have its Sisters of Charity, without veils, and vows, and secret ties that do violence to womanhood? There is in the world abundant room for the unselfish labors of women who long for a sphere of activity to do good in the name of the great Master, and the sooner we open this to them, after the manner of the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth, the sooner we shall profit by an experience whose value can never be recorded on earth.

Christian Heinrich Zeller is the hero of the so-called "Poor School" long since established in the quaint old mediæval castle of Beuggen, on the Upper Rhine. We do not wonder that the Germans love and guard the Rhine, for its banks are adorned with so many monuments of true Christian labor that it may well seem the cradle of their humanity, as it is of their national glory. In early life Zeller's heart was pained at the destitution of poor children in the distant and scantily-peopled hamlets of his country, where it was difficult to maintain schools of any kind, and especially so to obtain the service of Christian teachers. In sorrowing terms he frequently declared to his friends, that many of their dear German children might as well be in heathen lands as to live so destitute of the warming rays of Christian love. He therefore resolved to make himself the shepherd of these abandoned sheep, and, after more tearful struggles than we have space to relate, succeeded in obtaining from the ruler of the Grand Duchy of Baden the privilege of occupying the long-deserted Castle of Beuggen, most romantically situated on the river's bank, and in the midst of a singularly pleasing landscape.

After a world of trial in making it fit for human habitation, and obtaining from Christian benevolence the means to equip and start it, he and his wife entered it with tears streaming down their cheeks, and covered its portals with this device: "The Bible, and nothing but the Bible." They had grasped the sword of the Spirit to wage battle against spiritual destitution, and determined to raise up a band

of young warriors in this field whose simple motto should be, "The Bible and the example of Christ." The period was mature in need and ripe for such an effort. The long series of wars between the first Napoleon and the Germans had just closed, and many portions of the country were in utter desolation and destitution. The school soon found pupils among the poor of the neighborhood, and the pastors of various parishes induced young men who were being trained for the Inner Missions to go there and teach a while. In a short time Zeller began to send out his missionaries wherever there was the greatest dearth of Christian teaching, and thus he seemed almost to rescue his country from the barbarity that cruel war had been so long cultivating, before the Government or the Church was able to resume its labors. The utility of the Poor-School of Beuggen was so soon demonstrated that aid began to flow in from every quarter, and it became a permanent institution. Zeller long since went to his rest, but the Castle of Beuggen-on-the-Rhine continues to send forth its valiant warriors of the faith, as loyal, patient teachers of the poor and lowly children in the isolated hamlets of the Fatherland.

Turning now from the humble Zeller, we introduce our readers, in the accompanying engraving, to the Düsselthal Asylum, an institution founded under a like impulse and at the same period as that of Beuggen, but by a philanthropist in a very different sphere of life. Count von der Recke also perceived the terrible destitution of the entire land after the Napoleonic wars, with its thousands of desolated hearthstones, and multitudes of poor, neglected children who were running nearly as wild as savages. The rude instincts of war seemed to have taken possession of the entire population that had so long been under its baleful influences, and the young especially were growing up into a race of malefactors.

The cities, the villages, and even the public highways, were overrun with criminals, and the prison-houses could not contain them; Germany had not known such a period of utter demoralization since the close of the awful Thirty Years' War. Von der Recke was a Christian nobleman, living on his estate near Düsseldorf, where he had frequent opportunities for witnessing the moral destitution of the young. He resolved to make an effort to reclaim some of these poor, abandoned children, and undertook to have some of them taken, at his own expense, to board in Christian families in the neighborhood. This was found to make the matter worse, by contaminating children still pure, and the Count then resolved to found a separate establishment for the maintenance and reformation of indigent and neglected children in the school-house of his own town. The social position and consistent Christian character of the Count soon enabled him to enlist in his service many of the wealthy nobles of the country; but in the meanwhile his infant project grew so fast that it needed more room. In looking around for relief, his eye rested on the old abbey of Düsselthal, on the Düssel River, not far from Düsseldorf. It was fortunately for sale at a reasonable figure, and by the aid of noble patrons he secured the funds and purchased the estate.

Many philanthropic friends also took an interest in the enterprise; one clergyman started a journal in its interest, and Krummacher wrote a beautiful little book on Christian love, whose profits were devoted to the establishment. Thus favored, the institution increased, additions were built to it, and more friends gathered around it. It soon became a colony of industrious workers, as all the children were set to work; and thus bakeries, and mills, and printing-offices sprang up, one after another, until the settlement owned eleven hundred acres of land, covered with everything that could enhance the welfare and increase the usefulness of the poor children that had been snatched from misery and perdition. The Count wore out under his labors and succumbed to them; but he left behind him a creation that was more lasting than its founder. It passed into the hands of a Board of Curators, and continued its useful career under several men renowned for their Christian devotion and skill in the management of reformatory institutions.

Thousands have since entered it in darkness and passed out in light, and its example has aided in founding a great number of similar retreats, or refuges, throughout Germany. The lover of such labors will find it well worthy of a visit, and easy of access. Take a Rhine steamer at Cologne, and after a short sail you are landed at the old town of Düsseldorf. Thence a pleasant walk of a mile will bring you, through an avenue of trees, to a rare old grove, in the midst of which is the colony of various buildings that now go by the name of Düsselthal—a village built up in answer to the appeals from indigent and abandoned childhood, and one that is a nobler monument to its originator than molten brass or chiseled marble.

And now we proceed again up the Rhine, past frowning precipice and turreted castle

and smiling landscape, to a region renowned for its manufactures—that lying in the valley opposite the now famous town of Strasburg. Here we find another of the proofs that practical Christian benevolence has taken deep root in the German heart: it is the Orphan-House of Dinglingen. All its surroundings bear the indications of comfort and contentment, and the interior does not belie this impression. The manufacturing town of Lahr, some two miles away, contained a busy community of about twelve thousand, all supported by some one of the numerous branches of industry there carried on. But in these bee-hives there were a great many poor, neglected children, many of them the orphans of those who had come to an untimely end through disease, dissipation, or accident. The community was largely Catholic, and therefore little interest was manifested in the welfare of Protestant children. The sufferings of this class, consequently, made piteous appeals for help, and these calls reached the heart of a certain tradesman, by the name of Fingado. His charitable spirit led him to consult quite frequently in this regard with the officials of the town, and he became secretary of a society of benevolent ladies whose object was to find homes for destitute children.

Thus by degrees he was led to feel that his true calling was not trade, but Christian charity towards the outcasts of the community where Providence had placed him. In the midst of his heart-struggles as to what he should do, and how he could do it, he heard of the annual exhibition of Zeller's famous Poor-School, whose history we have already related. These occasions were seasons of conference and congratulation with all Protestant Christians for fifty miles around, and they never passed without such fervent appeals from Zeller in behalf of his poor children as incited all loving hearts to renewed efforts. The occurrences of this pentecostal season fixed Fingado in his purpose, and showed him what course to pursue. On his way home he met and conversed with some wealthy Christians, and he and his wife had scarcely risen from their first prayers of dedication to the sacred work when he received a letter with a contribution for his orphan-house. Another and another came, followed by favorable notices in the journals of the projected enterprise; and people saw that this would be so much better than the inhuman practice of farming out the care of abandoned children by auction to the lowest bidders,—but too often the most unfit and cruel keepers,—that they all encouraged him in the good work.

At first he took a few of the children into his own house, and even tried to continue his business, that he might have the more means of doing good. But the children crowded on him so that he soon needed all his room and all his time for them. At last it became evident that he must have new quarters, and he finally decided on a large building and grounds at Dinglingen, two miles distant from the town. The owner gave it at a reduced price for this purpose, and contributions flowed in to pay for it. For several years the expenses were borne entirely by private benevolence, but at last the Government recognized and aided it, and from that time to this it has continued to increase in numbers and influence, until the entire surrounding country seems under a more genial spirit because of this perennial fountain of Christian love.

The last of these Christian heroes whom we now propose to present to our readers, is Otto Gerhard Heldring, the famous philanthropic pastor of the ancient town of Hemmen in Holland, on the Lower Rhine, near the German border. During his university years he had a fearful struggle between the pure tenets of the Gospel and the teachings of German philosophy. He fought it out, not in the schools, but by abandoning them and taking to manual labor among the hard-working and poorly-paid people of this region. Here he learned practical lessons that turned his attention to the sufferings of his race, and led him back to the pulpit for the good that he might do as pastor and teacher of the ignorant and destitute. In his vocation as pastor he frequently visited the prisons of Holland, and was alarmed and pained at the number of young women and girls in these establishments,—many of them committed for trifling crimes, but, when once there, allowed to fall into the snares of those who were old in vice, and who actually found the prison halls a capital recruiting-ground for the brothel.

Some of the girls, learning his calling and his errand, actually appealed to him to do something for them, that the disgrace of imprisonment might not banish them from society and force them into a life of infamy. His purpose was soon taken. He visited Amsterdam, with the intention of appealing to its able citizens to establish a Magdalen asylum. And he did not beg in vain, for in a short time the establishment of Steenbeek was founded near Hemmen. It was a task to find a Christian woman to undertake the control of such an institution, and after much searching the lot fell on Miss Voute, a lady of Amster-

dam, who for many years has been a noble mother to the poor girls under her care, and has given liberally of her means to aid in sustaining the asylum. This has grown to be a model institution of the kind, and has reformed hundreds of fallen women, and taught them useful occupations for their self-support after leaving it. Nearly one thousand girls have found a retreat there, and of these about one-third have been reformed and returned to society as useful members of it; a third have been wavering between good and evil, and the remaining third have returned to a life of shame.

This fact led Heldring to look further in his reformatory efforts, and induced him to found another institution—for prevention rather than cure—and thus arose the House of Talitha Kumi, a refuge for young girls on the eve of destruction, especially released convicts. Large numbers have been gathered in here, and a much larger proportion reformed. To these was soon added another, called Bethel, intended to hold a medium rank between the other two—the three affording a perfect chain to surround neglected girls of all ages and protect them from the evil ready to ingulf them. To these labors Heldring finally added that of foreign missions, and has thus fairly deserved to be classed among the benefactors of the race.

DEFECTS OF THE NATIONAL BANKING SYSTEM.

THE advantages of the present National Banking System are so great and obvious that criticism has been almost smothered. The improvement upon former systems, under which each State regulated the affairs of all the banks situated within its limits, is apparent to all. No unprejudiced man would for a moment wish us to return to the condition of affairs which existed prior to the passage of the National Currency Act,—when the currency of every State, almost of every bank, had a different quotation, when "wild cat" banks flourished and "red dog" currency abounded, and when counterfeits were so numerous that none but the most experienced judges could hope to escape occasional imposition. The bank currency of many States was not, it is true, obnoxious to all these objections, but the state of the circulation of the country at large was deplorably bad. Now, on the contrary, the country possesses a bank currency which is uniform, amply secured, and so well executed that it has for years successfully defied the counterfeiters' arts. More important still, it answers almost all the purposes required of any circulation, is available for the payment of taxes, and practically, though not legally, of most private debts, and is for nearly all the needs of the community as useful and valuable as the currency of the government itself. Dazzled by all these conspicuous advantages, most people have, without reflection or investigation, concluded that the National Banking System is an unmixed good, never stopping to inquire whether these advantages may not be offset by defects as great, though not so striking, or may not have been purchased at the sacrifice of some of the good features which existed in the former system, faultful though it was. We are convinced that the system established by the National Currency Act possesses such grave defects, and is ingrafted with such anomalous provisions, as to almost counterbalance its manifest merits. To show what these defects are it will be necessary, in the first place, to briefly set forth the leading characteristic features of the system.

LEADING FEATURES OF THE SYSTEM.

The National Currency Act of June 3, 1864, which, with some amendments, still remains in force and is the basis of the system, provides for the issue of $300,000,000 in circulating notes by National Banks organized as therein provided. These notes are secured by the deposit with the Treasury Department of one hundred dollars in United States bonds for every ninety dollars in notes issued, and are to be redeemed in lawful money of the United States on presentation at the banks. It is also required that each bank shall at all times keep on hand an amount of lawful money of the United States, equal, in certain cities where banks are permitted to redeem for those in other parts of the country, to twenty-five per cent. of its circulating notes and deposits, and in all other cities to fifteen per cent. of those liabilities, three-fifths of which may consist of the balances due from the banks which redeem for it. The interest on the bonds deposited is paid to the banks that own them. This act originally contained no provision for the distribution of the circulation among the different sections of the country, but by an amend-

ment approved March 3, 1865, it was enacted—

"That one hundred and fifty million dollars of the entire amount of circulating notes authorized to be issued, shall be apportioned to associations in the States, in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories, according to representative population, and the remainder shall be apportioned by the Secretary of the Treasury among associations formed in the several States, in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories, having due regard to the existing banking capital, resources, and business of such State, District, and Territory."

A similar provision was contained in the act of February 25, 1863,—the original National Currency Act, which was superseded by the act of June 3, 1864,—but for some reason was omitted from the latter act.

The act of June 3, 1864, also declares that the circulating notes of National Banks "shall be received at par in all parts of the United States in payment of excises, public lands, and all other dues to the United States, except for duties on imports; and also for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States to individuals, corporations, and associations within the United States, except interest on the public debt and in redemption of the National Currency."

An act passed July 12, 1870, provides for $54,000,000 of National Currency, to be apportioned among those States and Territories having less than their proportion under the apportionment provided for by the act of March 3, 1865; but as it does not alter or affect the general characteristics of the system, it does not require separate consideration.

Briefly recapitulating these prominent features of the system, we find provision made for a bank currency, fixed in amount, apportioned half according to population, and half in the manner which a certain government officer shall deem best, secured by stocks in the custody of the government, but drawing interest for the banks, and by lawful money reserves held by the banks, payable on demand in lawful money, and receivable in payment of all currency dues to and from the United States. From a consideration of these provisions of law, what, let us now inquire, would any intelligent, unprejudiced man of sound judgment, familiar with the principles of political economy and the history of banking systems, have predicted would be the practical operation of the system thus inaugurated? He would have predicted, first, from the limitation of the bank circulation to an arbitrarily fixed amount, that the system would build up a mighty monopoly—hydra-headed, and all the more dangerous for that reason—tenacious of its privileges and clamorous for further concessions, and of such gigantic power as to control all political and legislative action, where its own interests should be concerned. He would have predicted, further, that the operation of this limitation, coupled with the crude provisions for the apportionment of the currency, would cause banks to spring up like mushrooms in places where there would be no legitimate business foundation for such enterprises, while other places needing banking facilities, but more tardy in their applications, would be left unprovided for. He would have predicted still further, that the provision for the receipt of the National Currency in payment of all currency dues to and from the government would make it in effect a legal-tender for all private debts, and, in conjunction with its limited amount, would, at least while the government receipts and disbursements should continue as large as they were certain to be for many years, give it such a circulation that the banks would be practically freed from the responsibility of redeeming it. He would have predicted, finally, that, the banks being certain under the operation of such causes of receiving double interest upon the capital invested, the business would be exceedingly profitable, and that the returns would show fat dividends and rapidly augmenting surpluses.

Just these results, which might have been foreseen upon a careful study of the provisions of law which created the system, have actually followed. It has probably occurred to many that the banks were wielding more power and reaping greater profits than they were justly entitled to, but public interest in the subject does not appear to have been awakened to the extent which its importance demands. Probably most who have thought about it at all have believed these evils to be inseparable from any banking system, and, finding the present one free from most of the annoying defects of its predecessors, have been content to bear with those which, however injurious they may be in their aggregate effect, detract but little from individual comfort or convenience. The annoyance of being unable to pass a note without a "shave," because it was issued by some Western State Bank, or of thumbing a bank-note detector amid the hurry of business, to determine

whether some doubtful-looking shinplaster was genuine, was a direct and palpable evil which the meanest intellect could appreciate; but being insensibly taxed to contribute to the profits of the stockholders of National Banks is so easy and comfortable a mode of being robbed, that the victim is insensible of the process. It is like having one's pocket picked without discovering the deficit in one's cash.

Returning to our imaginary predictions, we find that the defects of the system fall under four heads: Monopoly; Unfair Apportionment of the Right to Issue Circulation; Irredeemability of the National Currency; and Excessive Profits of National Banks. These we shall take up in their order.

MONOPOLY.

There can be no doubt that the National Banks—at least in the Northeastern States, where the principal portion of the banking capital of the country lies, and where the apportioned amount of bank circulation was long since issued—constitute a true monopoly. It would be idle to say that they do not constitute a monopoly because of their number,—because the business of banking is not confined to one or a few. The essence of a monopoly, as the word is now used, does not consist in the limitation of the privilege of conducting a business to a small number, but in its being limited at all, either as to the amount of capital which may be invested in the business, or as to the number of persons who may prosecute it. So long as there are any persons in the State who are debarred by law from engaging in any business on the same terms as any other persons, so long that business, whatever it may be in name or appearance, is in fact and in essence a monopoly in the hands of those who are allowed to engage in it. And in proportion as there is a desire to extend a business so limited beyond the hands of those who may be authorized by law to prosecute it, that monopoly will become odious and oppressive. Applying these principles to the National Banking System, the conclusion cannot be resisted, that if any citizen of the United States is debarred by a national law from prosecuting the business of banking on the same terms as any other person in the United States, that business is a monopoly. Viewed in this light, the business of banking under the National Currency Act is a monopoly in all of the Northeastern States of the Union. The national circulation allotted to those States by law, or by the apportionment made in pursuance of law, having all been long since swallowed up by organizations earliest in the field, the business of issuing circulating notes is confined to those organizations. National banks may, it is true, be organized and commence business in those States, but they must forego the privilege of issuing notes, unless they can buy up, as has sometimes been done, the circulation of some defunct or moribund bank in the same State, and, returning it to the Currency Bureau at Washington, obtain in its stead new notes to be issued by themselves. The business of issuing circulating notes is monopolized by the associations organized prior to the exhaustion of the amount of banking circulation allotted to the States in which they may be situated.

That the national banking interest has grown to be one of great influence in the National Legislature, no one who has watched the course of legislation upon the subject will deny. No other influence than this stands in the way of the repeal of the arbitrary limitation upon the bank circulation of the country, for no other interest could be damaged by it. If the privileges and benefits of the National Currency Act should be thrown open to all on equal terms, the profits of the National Banks now established could not fail to be reduced. Competition, that healthful element of all legitimate trade, would be stimulated, and new banks would be organized, until the number should be so increased that the profits derivable from banking under the national system would be assimilated in rate to the profits of other kindredenterprises. It is not a matter of surprise that the banks already organized, knowing this, should use every effort to keep newcomers, with whom they would be obliged to share their profits, from the field. How great an influence they are able to exert in this direction may be estimated from a consideration of the fact that nearly every city and thriving village has one or more National Banks, the stockholders and officers of which are usually the most active and influential men in their several localities. Such men as these are not to be disregarded in political movements and combinations, and their influence, having been secured, must be rewarded by devotion to their interests. In this manner they are enabled to largely control the legislation affecting the banking interest. There are few members of Congress who would not be guided in their votes upon a banking measure by the expressed wishes of the national bankers in their districts. These statements are not intended to be construed as strictures upon either the national bankers

or the members of Congress. In so acting they are guided merely by that consideration for their own interests which is the uniform law of human nature. The fact, however, that the National Banking System furnishes incentives to such action is here adduced as one of its defects, which it should be the policy of wise legislation to remove while the evil is yet in its infancy, and before it becomes too strong—if the hour be not already too late—to be eradicated by anything less than a popular uprising against the whole system. For it must be remembered that monopolists are no exception to the rule that "power is ever at war with its own boundaries." It is their tendency, like that of all irresponsible power, to grow more and more grasping and dictatorial, until at last, blinded by success and license, they carry their exactions to such lengths that they fall victims to the popular resentment which they have provoked. The founders of the National Banking System were doubtless actuated by pure and patriotic motives, but it may prove that they have summoned a genie too powerful for them or their successors to control.

An illustration of the influence of the National Banks in shaping legislation favorably to themselves may be found in the fact that upon the maturity of the compound-interest notes, which had been available under the rulings of the Treasury Department for their lawful money reserves, they were able to secure the passage of an act which provided for the issuing of an anomalous kind of obligation,—known as three-per-cent. certificates,—to take the place in their reserves of the matured notes, which had of course ceased to draw interest. The act was passed avowedly for the purpose of providing the banks with notes which should be sufficiently like lawful money to be available for their reserves, and, while meeting the requirements of law in that particular, should yield them interest. Such a measure is utterly indefensible. Its effect is to cause the people of the United States to pay interest to the banks on the reserves which the law, founded on a regard for the security of their creditors, compels them to hold, and which, but for the suspension of specie payments, would be required to be entirely composed of gold and silver coin.

A still more recent illustration of the rapacity of the banks is furnished by the bill to provide an "elastic" currency, introduced by Gen. Butler at the last session of the XLIst Congress, which, like most measures of that gentleman, has provoked much comment. It provides for an unlimited issue of bonds or notes bearing three and sixty-five one-hundredths per cent. interest per annum, in lawful money, which shall be furnished at par in exchange for United States notes at all of the Government sub-treasuries, and shall be redeemable on presentation. If public report may be trusted, the National Bank interest has promised this measure its support, provided that it shall be so amended that the proposed bonds be available for the reserves of the banks. This is decidedly the most rapacious proposition which has been presented on behalf of the banks. Should it be adopted, the United States would be required to pay three and sixty-five one-hundredths per cent. annual interest on every dollar held in the bank reserves. The present law is sufficiently odious, but, fortunately, only about twenty-three and one-half millions of the three-per-cent. certificates are now* outstanding, and this amount is being steadily reduced under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. The proposed new issue, on the other hand, being obtainable at any time, to any amount, in exchange for United States notes, is limited only by the demand. The first and probably about the only result which would follow the adoption of the bill, as proposed to be amended, would be the conversion of the whole legal-tender reserves of the banks into the new bonds, and the imposition thereby of many millions of additional annual burden upon the people of the United States, in the form of interest paid to the banks on their reserves.

The defeat at the same session of Congress, through the influence of the banks, of the bill for the renewal of the bank circulation, is another instance of their greed and power. There was and could be no doubt of the necessity of the measure, which is evidenced by the daily experience of every one; but the banks were unwilling either to forego the profit derived from the sheer wearing-out of their notes by protracted use, or to submit to the expense of furnishing new ones, and the bill was consequently doomed to defeat. So, too, during the pendency of the funding bill, the banks were able to secure the rejection of every feature which they considered unfavorable to their interests. This result was achieved through the efforts of a committee, representing nearly all the National Banks in the United States, who formed a lobby too powerful for Congress to resist, and proved conclusively that the organization of the banks was so perfect and their power so

* December 1, 1871.

great as to render almost hopeless any effort to curtail their profits or franchises.

The facts that many members of Congress are officers of National Banks, and that a still larger number are stockholders in those institutions, have doubtless not been wholly destitute of influence upon legislation affecting the interests of the banks.

UNFAIR APPORTIONMENT OF THE RIGHT TO ISSUE CIRCULATION.

The organization of National Banks in places where no banks existed before, and where no increase of legitimate business would warrant their establishment, has been frequently noticed. Illustrative instances will probably be called to mind by nearly every reader. A comparison of the list of National Banks with that of the banks which existed prior to the passage of the National Currency Act, after making due allowance for increase of trade and wealth, will amply demonstrate this. That, on the other hand, places in need of banking facilities have been left unprovided for by the National system, is evidenced by the facts that numerous applications for authority to establish banks in the Northeastern States have been refused by the Comptroller of the Currency, in consequence of the exhaustion of the quotas allotted to those States, and that many banks have been organized and have begun business without obtaining their proportion of circulation, while others still have found it profitable to buy the circulation of closing banks at a premium, for the purpose of obtaining for it from the Currency Bureau new notes to be issued by themselves. That these results are due to the imposition of a limitation upon the amount of the bank circulation of the country and to the consequent enhancement of the profits of the banks, is easily demonstrated. The national banker reaps double interest on his money—one on the bonds deposited for security, and one on the circulation issued to him upon those bonds and used by him in his business. Granting, what for most country districts—where the banks organized without a sufficient basis of legitimate business are commonly situated—is an extravagant estimate, that the taxes would consume the profit derived from circulation, it would nevertheless follow that, if the profit derived from general business should be more than sufficient to pay expenses, the investment in the stock of the bank would be more profitable than United States bonds, and would consequently attract capital. As the expense of conducting country banks is very light, it might well happen that a bank would be a profitable investment to its stockholders in a place where, without the advantage given to it by the double interest, the legitimate banking business would be inadequate to support such an enterprise. Such being the case, it would unquestionably ensue, since the distribution of the currency was made—and could be practically made in most instances—on scarcely any other rule than that of "First come, first served," that many banks, attracted by the certainty of a paying profit on a very small business, would be established in places not transacting sufficient business to warrant their establishment, if unsupported by the double interest derived from bonds and circulation. Supposing the circulation allotted to a State to be no more than sufficient to meet the requirements of trade, it is evident that just to the extent that such banks should be established, places in need of banking facilities would be deprived of their proper proportion of banking capital, and the privilege of issuing circulation would be unfairly apportioned.

A distinction should be made between an unfair apportionment of the right to issue circulation and an improper distribution of the currency itself. The former does not necessarily imply the latter. Circulation, wherever issued, will gravitate to those places where it is needed for the operations of trade. Banks may be established on the prairies of Nebraska or the alkali plains of Nevada, but if there is not sufficient local business to employ their circulation it will flow to the great centers of trade as certainly and as irresistibly as the Mississippi flows to the Gulf. Banks do not create capital, but are simply one of its forms of investment. Capital must exist before they can be established, and although they may provide a means for its temporary distribution, through the agency of loans, they cannot directly add a dime to it. Such statements of elementary principles would seem to be needless, yet the prevalent ignorance of their existence is almost daily exemplified in the press and in the halls of legislation. Not long since many members of Congress from the West and South vehemently advocated a redistribution of the bank circulation in the interests of those sections, on the ground that, being poorer than the East, they should have a greater proportion of circulation, in order to correct the inequality in wealth!

Inasmuch, therefore, as the circulation possesses the power of distributing itself, the unfairness of which we speak extends only to the apportionment of the right to issue it. But, although the circulation eventually flows

to the places where it is needed, the granting of the privilege of issuing it to banks in localities where it is not required for legitimate business operations is none the less injurious in its effects. The banks thus situated are compelled to make use of their circulation in some profitable manner, in order to pay dividends. If it is not taken up by legitimate business, it will inevitably be employed in speculative enterprises. The banks cannot afford to keep it idle in their vaults, and the temptation to lend it at profitable rates in furtherance of hazardous schemes, when no other means of obtaining a profit on it presents itself, cannot be resisted by the ordinary bank manager. It may be that the circulation, instead of being employed at home in this manner, is deposited at interest with banks situated in the great centers of business. The evil is not, however, obviated by such a course. The banks with which it is deposited are compelled, in order to cover themselves, to keep these deposits constantly employed in some manner which will bring in a greater rate of interest than that paid for them. If there is sufficient demand for money for proper purposes to keep the whole amount in use at paying rates, no bad results ensue; but if, as must often happen, the entire sum is not taken up in this manner, the only alternative for the banks, in order to save themselves from loss, is to lend the remainder for speculative purposes. It thus appears that the unfair apportionment of the right to issue circulation is almost certain in any case to foster speculation.

IRREDEEMABILITY OF THE NATIONAL CURRENCY.

The worst feature of the present bank circulation is its irredeemability. Although nominally redeemable in United States notes by the banks which issued it, and their redeeming agents, yet so slight a portion of it is sent in for redemption that the banks are practically freed from the responsibility of redeeming their notes. When this state of things is analyzed, it discloses the fact that the whole national bank circulation of the country is, in effect, a permanent loan, without interest, from the people to the banks. This statement may be rendered clearer by an illustration. A national bank is organized with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, which is invested in United States bonds and deposited with the Treasury Department at Washington as security for circulation. In return for this deposit there is delivered to the bank ninety thousand dollars in circulating notes, which are immediately put in circulation by it, in discounting paper, making loans, and in other profitable ways. If these notes remain in circulation for an indefinite time, there can be no question that for that time they are quite as useful and profitable to the bank as if they were United States notes, or any other circulating representative of value. If the reader should be so fortunate as to be the owner of one hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds, he would not be able—provided that he is not a national banker—to realize more than a single interest on the investment. He might deposit them as collateral to his notes, as the national bank virtually does, but, unlike the bank, he would be compelled to pay interest on the notes, so that the interest derived from his bonds would be offset by the interest exacted on the money borrowed. Manage it as he might, he would find himself able to reap interest but once on his hundred thousand dollars. But the national bank, with the same amount invested in the same manner, has no difficulty in obtaining, in addition to the interest on its bonds, ninety thousand dollars more which it can use for purposes of profit. For all purposes of benefit to it, these ninety thousand dollars constitute a loan to the bank, for an indefinite period, without interest. But a loan supposes not only a borrower but a lender;—who is the lender in this case? Certainly, it will be said, no one is the loser, and if the national bankers are the gainers it would be ungenerous to grumble at their good fortune. Let us look into this a little. A moment's reflection will convince any one that inasmuch as the national bank, without any greater merit or effort, possesses so large an advantage, in the profitable use of its capital, over all members of the community whose capital is otherwise invested, this advantage must be gained at their expense. Its undue proportion of profit must be compensated by the decrease of the profits of others. The bank produces nothing; it adds nothing to the aggregate wealth of the community, except as an instrument for facilitating trade and exchange. On whom then does the loss fall? At whose expense are the unnaturally increased profits of the banks realized? The answer, in the light of what has been said, is obvious: the loss falls upon the whole community—upon every person by whom a bank note is received or held. There is no escaping this conclusion. If A. takes B.'s note without interest, and gives him in return for it its face value in money, trade, or credit, which B. can use to his profit, it is clear that

B.'s profit is at A.'s expense. A. has taken an obligation from B. which yields no profit to the taker, and by so doing has enabled B. to realize a profit. Just this is what every person who takes a bank note does. He gives value, either directly or indirectly, to the bank, upon which it can realize profit, and takes in return an obligation of the bank which yields no profit to him. The people, then, are the lenders to the banks, lenders without interest of the whole amount of the bank circulation of the country. But, it may be objected, no one feels this burden; no one's profits are perceptibly diminished by it, and therefore no real harm is done. These facts, so far from being a palliation, are but an aggravation of the evil. Self-interest may be trusted to impel men to resist unjust taxation which is plain to be seen of all men, but the enemy to be feared is the one that comes, like the vampire, in the dark, and saps the victim's life-blood without his knowledge. How great a tax upon the industries of the country the bank circulation is, may be realized when it is stated that, according to the report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1870,—an authority by no means hostile to the banks,—the average profit derived by national banks from their circulation is 5 per ct. per annum. Five per ct. on three hundred and twenty-six and one-half million dollars—about the present amount of national currency outstanding—is sixteen million three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. This, then, is the trifling tax which the people of this country pay for the maintenance of the national banking system. Sixteen and one-third millions taken each year from the hard-earned profits of the people and transferred to the coffers of the banks! Let no one then delude himself with the idea that no harm is done by this tax. The diversion of sixteen and a third millions of dollars every year from its proper channel cannot fail to work serious injury to the industrial interests of the country. So great an amount annually deducted from the earnings of labor and legitimate trade, and added to the profits of capitalists, however slight its apparent effect upon each individual may be, must inevitably, in its aggregate result, be vastly detrimental to the true interests of the country. For it must be borne in mind that the profits of one class of the community cannot be unduly and unnaturally augmented without a corresponding decrease of the profits or the capital of the remainder of the community. The productions of the country have a certain value, out of which the wages and profits of all members and classes of the community must be paid. No class can appropriate to itself more than its share of that value without injury to other classes. Any system which unduly adds to the profits of the capitalist subtracts an equal amount from the earnings of the producer and the laborer.

It behooves us next to inquire to what causes is due this irredeemability which is so disastrous in its results. The main causes are two. One, to which allusion has already been made, is the limitation which has been placed upon its amount. The banks already organized possessing a monopoly of the privilege of issuing circulating notes, and the circulation of the country being no more than sufficient for the requirements of trade, each bank is able to keep out its whole circulation without endeavoring to push home that of other banks. The people, too, knowing that bank notes are equally good with United States notes for the payment of taxes, and, by consequence, of nearly all private debts, possess no inducement to refuse to receive them, or to present them, when received, for redemption. And this brings us to the other and most potent reason for the irredeemability of the National Currency. This is the fact that it is made by law receivable at par in all parts of the United States for all currency dues to and from the United States. This provision, more than all others, is the fountain from which the irredeemability of the national bank circulation flows. The United States by this enactment sets its seal upon every national bank note, declaring thereby that for all purposes of the general government it is equally good with the notes of the United States. This fact, while the receipts and expenditures of the government continue so large as now, aggregating as they did no less than six hundred and seventy-five million dollars for the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1871, cannot fail to exercise a controlling influence upon the condition of the national currency. So long as it shall be receivable by every postmaster for postage; by every Internal Revenue collector for internal taxes; by every receiver of a land-office for public lands; by the Patent Office for patent fees; by the Treasury for its sales of gold; by the War and Navy Departments for their sales of stores; so long, in brief, as it shall be receivable by the officers of the government for all currency dues to the United States, so long will it be impossible to convince any one who holds it that there is any necessity for presenting it for redemption, and so long will its irredeemability continue,

unless, indeed, it should be overcome to some extent by the repeal of the limitation upon the amount which may be lawfully issued.

EXCESSIVE PROFITS OF NATIONAL BANKS.

The last feature of the system to which we desire to call attention is the result of all those of which we have treated. It is the defect which gives all the others their sting, and without which they would be comparatively innocuous. We refer to the exorbitant profits which the national banking system, with all its disadvantageous features, enables the banks to divide.

The national banks were not required to make any reports of the dividends declared by them until March 3, 1869, when an act was passed which made it the duty of each national bank to report to the Comptroller of the Currency, within ten days after its declaration, the amount of each dividend declared by it, and the amount of its net earnings in excess of such dividend. The only information, other than that contained in the archives of the Department at Washington, which is possessed concerning these reports of dividends and net earnings, is embodied in a report made by the Comptroller to the House of Representatives on the 22d of January, 1870, in compliance with a resolution of that body, passed December 21, 1869. It should be borne in mind that the year 1869 was not a profitable year for most business operations. The course of the price of gold throughout the year was steadily downward, and with that of gold sank also the prices of most commodities and kinds of property. The remarks concerning the year 1870 contained in the report of the Comptroller of the Currency for that year apply with at least equal force to the year 1869. "The profits" [of National Banks], he says, "have not been so large as in former years, owing to various causes, among which may be noted the decline in the premium on gold, a reduction in the amount of transactions in government bonds, and consequent falling off in commissions, and the fact that, owing to the general shrinkage of values which has taken place, the banks generally have realized their losses and charged off the bulk of their bad debts." And yet, notwithstanding these disadvantageous conditions, the average percentage of clear profits, including dividends and net earnings in excess of dividends, for the first dividend period of six months embraced in the Comptroller's report to the House of Representatives was six and eighty-eight one-hundredths, and for the second period six and seventy-five one-hundredths, making an aggregate net profit for the year, clear of all taxes, expenses, losses, and abatements whatever, of thirteen and sixty-three one-hundredths per centum. When it is remembered that this is the average rate of net profits of all the national banks which paid any dividends at all during the year, including those unfavorably situated or badly managed, and those which had sustained losses through either mismanagement or dishonesty, the profitableness of the national banking system will be clearly realized. It is doubtful whether there is any business pursued within the United States, not favored by special legislation or attended with exceptional risk, danger, or disrepute, whose average net profits are so great as those indicated by these figures. Instances may doubtless be pointed out where certain individuals or sets of individuals, in the pursuit of some business not belonging to the classes which we have excepted, have realized higher profits; but it would be found that when their profits had been averaged with those of the same business throughout the United States, they would fall much below those of national banks. Numerous cases could be adduced, by almost any one, of merchants engaged, for instance, in the dry-goods trade, who had realized a much larger net profit; but if the profits of all the dry-goods merchants in the country should be averaged,—if from the aggregate profits should be deducted all the losses of merchants who had made unfortunate ventures or had failed,—the average net profits would unquestionably be brought down to a much smaller figure than that shown by the dividend reports of the national banks. So, too, a business which is usually exposed to exceptional risks may in a fortunate season reap exceptional profits; but if its profits for a number of seasons, favorable and unfavorable included, should be averaged, the net profits would be reduced to a much lower rate. Pursuits which expose those who may engage in them to great personal danger, or are considered disreputable or unpleasant, may show a larger average net profit; but the danger, disrepute, or unpleasantness with which they are attended may be considered as a fair offset to the excess of their profits over those of pursuits not subject to these drawbacks.

The business of banking is exposed to very few risks—indeed, to no special risks. Embezzlement, robbery, or mismanagement may, it is true, ruin a bank, or impair its profits or capital; but these are disasters to which all businesses are alike exposed. So, too, a financial panic may sweep over the

land and involve all banks in common distress or ruin. But the effects of these are not confined to banks alone; they affect in equal or greater degree the whole business community, with whose misfortunes the banks of necessity sympathize. But, aside from the risks to which it is exposed in common with all other business pursuits, banking is an eminently safe business, probably subjected to as few risks as any involving the investment of capital that can be mentioned. It is also in an unusual degree pleasant and honorable. Its exactions of time and labor are light as compared with other pursuits, while those engaged in it are ranked among the most reputable and honored members of the community. There is, consequently, no reason in the nature of things why the profits of national banks should be so great. It would rather appear that a slight advantage in the percentage of income derived from investments in national bank stock over the legal interest on money would be a sufficient inducement to attract all the capital which would be required for the conduct of the banking business of the country. It would seem that, at the highest estimate, under a normal condition of the business, the assurance of two or three per cent. greater profit than could be realized from what are considered absolutely safe investments—such as government stocks, or loans on real estate—would compensate for all the additional risk to which capital would be exposed when invested in the business of banking. This conclusion may be reasonably drawn from the laws of supply and demand.

But so far from finding the result that might have been expected, under a natural and healthy condition of the business, we perceive that its profits are nearly, if not quite, double the average legal interest on money, and more than double the interest on United States stocks. If a simple farmer or tradesman becomes the possessor of a few hundred surplus dollars which he wishes to loan on real estate or in any other manner, the usury laws of most of the States, and usually the inexorable natural laws of trade also, limit the interest which he may receive to six or seven per cent. per annum; while the wealthy capitalist who has been so fortunate as to invest in national bank stock may rely upon an income from the investment of nearly double those rates. Such a discrimination in favor of investments in a particular kind of corporate capital, if it can be traced to the door of legislation, is eminently unjust. Giving, as it does, an undue and unmerited share of the aggregate profits of the community to a favored portion of its members, it impairs in an equal degree the profits of the remainder. Such an effect is baneful in the last degree. It becomes important, then, to ascertain to what causes the enormous profits of the national banking system are due, so that, if they lie within the province of legislation, they may be corrected.

We may reasonably conclude, since the profits of all enterprises under the operation of natural laws seek a common level, that these causes may be found in the legal defects of the system,—in the anomalous provisions which have been ingrafted upon it by legislation. But before studying these causes let us retrace our steps and briefly consider again the three great defects of the system which we have been examining:—Monopoly, Unfair Apportionment of the Right to Issue Circulation, and Irredeemability of the National Currency. The second defect we have shown to be but a result of the first. We may then properly resort to the other two for an answer to our inquiry. We find both of these defects to pertain to the circulation, for the monopoly which the system creates is a monopoly of only the right to issue circulating notes, and not of the other branches of the business. For any person, so far as the general law is concerned, upon payment to the Internal Revenue Department of taxes equal in rate to the duties collected by the Treasurer of the United States from national banks, may receive deposits, buy and sell exchange, bonds and securities, discount paper, loan money, and engage in any and all of the other branches of the banking business, except the issuing of circulating notes. That privilege is practically confined to the national banks by the imposition of a prohibitory tax of ten per cent, per annum "on the notes of any person, State bank, or State banking association, used for circulation." The monopoly then only extends to the circulation, of which irredeemability is but another feature. We may therefore rightly conclude that the source of the undue profits of the national banks, as compared with other equally safe investments of capital, is to be found in their possession of a monopoly of the privilege of issuing circulating notes, and in their practical freedom, under the operation of existing laws, from the responsibility of redeeming them. We find that these conclusions are borne out by the facts. The Comptroller of the Currency, in his report for 1870, in the following statements furnishes important confirmation of our conclusions: "The privilege of issuing circulating notes is no more valuable as a franchise under Federal

authority than it always has been under State authority. The profits derived from it are usually over-estimated. A fair estimate of the average percentage of profit on circulation will not much exceed five per cent., and this is just about the average rate paid by national banks; so that the profits derived from the business of banking depend chiefly upon the amount of deposits, which, after all, constitute the true basis of banking." Although we have quoted this passage chiefly for the purpose of showing the estimate made of the profits derived from circulation, we cannot permit its statements on other points to pass unchallenged. In the light of the previous discussion, the privilege of issuing circulating notes is indisputably more valuable under the National system than it could have been under any State system, for the obvious reason that the national banks are not in practice required to redeem their notes, while an amount equal to the whole volume of its circulation came into each State bank for redemption, under any well-regulated State system, every few months. The New York State banks, it is estimated, redeemed an amount equal to their whole circulation every sixty or ninety days. It is absurd to say that no more profit can be derived from a circulation, all of which remains permanently outstanding, and for whose redemption no provision is needed, than was realized from one all of which came in for redemption every few months, to provide for which the banks had to constantly keep large reserves on hand. It requires no more than the statement of these facts to convince any one that the national currency must be a source of vastly greater profit to the banks than the old State bank circulation ever was.

By what process of computation the Comptroller charges the whole amount of taxation paid by national banks against the profits on their circulation, we are unable to guess. It would seem to be quite as fair to charge it against the profits on deposits, and then to conclude that the circulation was the chief source of profit. The inference from his conclusions would seem to be that, inasmuch as the profit on circulation happens to be about equal to the taxation, the other items must be considered as the true sources of profit, and that therefore the entire thirteen and sixty-three one-hundredths percentage of net profit is properly attributable to them. The truth is that the taxes of the banks are distributed over all their sources of profit—their circulation, deposits, capital stock, dividends, and surpluses. The proper course would have been to apportion the five per cent. of taxation among these different items, and we presume from the result reached that, in making his estimate of the profit on circulation, the Comptroller did deduct from the gross profit at least its fair share of taxation. Following this course, we find that if the circulation brings in five per cent. of net profit, only the remainder of the whole net profit must be referred to the other items. Deducting the five per cent. derived from circulation from the total net profit of thirteen and sixty-three one-hundredths per cent., we find the profit on other items eight and sixty-three one-hundredths per cent., a result widely different from that to which the Comptroller's logic would lead us. Accepting, however, as a fact his statement that the profits derived from circulation are just about sufficient to pay all the taxes of national banks, we have a convincing proof of the unjust operation of the system. The statement, put into other words, means exactly this: that the national banks have been gratuitously presented by the government with a franchise the profits of which, under existing laws and conditions, pay all of their taxes and leave the remainder of their business absolutely free from taxation. What a monstrous discrimination in their favor is this! While all the remainder of the capital of the country is groaning under an oppressive load of taxation, the national banks alone are presented with the privilege of making good from the earnings of the people all the taxes levied upon their immense business.

When we consider that many banks throughout the country are doing a thriving business without issuing any circulation at all, we can come to no other conclusion than that if such banks are able to make a fair profit after meeting all the demands of the tax-gatherer, national banks equally well situated and well managed must be able to make just about five per cent. more than a fair profit.*

* It may be objected to the foregoing remarks concerning the profits of the banks, that they leave out of sight the fact that the banks have large surpluses, which are a part of their working capital, and to which should be assigned their proper proportion of profits, thus reducing the percentage of average profits. This objection would be just, if its force were not almost if not quite neutralized by the following facts:—

1. The surpluses do not entitle the banks to additional circulation, and are therefore less profitable than capital.

2. In consequence of the limitation of the amount of circulation, many banks have either no circulation or a less amount than ninety per cent. of their capital, and consequently divide smaller profits than those having their full proportion. As our criticisms are leveled

REMEDIES.

We have thus passed in review what, in our opinion, are the great defects of the National Banking System—the Monopoly of the Privilege of issuing Circulation by certain favored corporations, the Unfair Apportionment of that Privilege, and the Irredeemability of the Bank Currency, and, finally, the Enormous Profits of the Banks. It now remains for us to point out the remedies for these defects.

The remedies which we shall propose have probably been foreseen by the reader from the foregoing discussion. They are simple and practicable, and, what will recommend them to most liberal minds, they tend to the freeing and not to the shackling of business. We are no believer in those cumbrous expedients of legislation which seem to spring from the notion that it is the natural tendency of things to go wrong, and that it is the proper province of the law-maker to pass laws which by restrictions, penalties, and like devices shall compel them to go right. We believe in most instances such laws are hindrances rather than helps. We have the most unbounded confidence in natural laws, and but very little faith in the legislative contrivances of men, when they overstep the limit of repressing and redressing crime and wrong-doing. It may therefore be expected that our remedies will look to the repeal of restrictive and artificial enactments rather than to the imposition of new restrictions or the adoption of new expedients.

The remedies which we offer are simply these: the repeal of the limitation upon the amount of the bank circulation, and of the provision making national currency receivable in payment of currency dues to and from the United States—the one imposing a restriction on the freedom of business, the other giving to bank notes an artificial value which they do not really possess. The first of these proposed remedies has been advocated by many, and is known as free-banking; the other, though quite as important, and aimed at as great an infringement of principle, we have never seen proposed. We shall show that these simple remedies, necessitating no complicated measures of legislation, and involving nothing but a repeal of foolish and ill-considered enactments, are a sufficient cure for all the evils that we have pointed out. Upon the larger question, whether it is desirable that any legislative sanction should be given to the issuing of circulating notes by banks, we shall not at present enter. We know that many able minds have come to a negative conclusion; but we also know that it is the almost unanimous sentiment of the country at this day that banks of issue are the indispensable allies of trade, and that the regulation of their modes of operation is a proper subject of legislation. Our remedies are proposed, therefore, for the purpose of improving the system which has been founded on this opinion, rather than of indicating what in our opinion would be a perfect system.

Before proceeding to show what would be the result of the application of these remedies, it will be proper to prove that the provisions whose repeal we suggest transgress the bounds of the proper functions of legislation, and are at variance with the teachings of political economy, and that their repeal is desirable for that reason on grounds of principle, independently of their bearing upon the defects to which we have adverted. Both are, however, parts of the same result, for whenever, in the consideration of any subject, we find that principles have been violated, we shall be able to trace disastrous consequences, and, conversely, we shall usually be able to trace disastrous results back to violated principles.

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mainly at circulation, such banks should be excluded from the calculation. The total circulation of the banks at the close of 1869 was less than seventy per cent. of their capital.

3. The banks are permitted to charge to their profit and loss accounts the premiums paid on bonds owned by them, and to report the bonds at their par value among their resources. It is not known to what extent this has been done; but as the United States bonds held by them at the close of 1869 amounted to over $380,000,000, the cost of which ranged from par to a premium of twenty per cent., while their premium accounts amounted to but $2,439,591.41, it is evident that an immense amount of premiums had been charged to profit and loss. It is but fair to assume that a due proportion was so charged in 1869—the year whose profits we have considered. As these bonds are probably now worth on an average more than they cost, the premiums paid ought not to be deducted in reckoning actual profits.

4. As before stated, the profits of the banks in 1869 were probably not so large as usual. Although the official figures for the profits of subsequent years, on file in the Currency Bureau at Washington, cannot be obtained until called for by Congress, there is good reason for believing that they show an increase over the profits of 1869.

5. As also stated before, the capitals of all unfortunate, badly located, and mismanaged banks that made any profits at all were necessarily included in reckoning the average profits.

For these reasons the passages relating to profits have been allowed to stand. We are calculating the profits that are due to the peculiar features of the National Banking System, and we have a right in estimating them to include only such banks as are well located, well and honestly managed, and have their full proportion of circulation. We do not believe that the profits of such banks have been exaggerated by us.

REPEAL OF THE LIMITATION ON CIRCULATION.

Although the propriety of placing a limitation on the bank circulation of the country seems to have received on all sides almost unquestioning assent, yet it can be defended on no ground of principle or policy. It is a wanton, causeless hampering of individual freedom of action, the offspring of a misconception of the proper functions of legislation and of ignorance of the elementary principles of political economy. So harsh a statement as this demands strict proof, and it shall receive the strictest proof of which the nature of the subject will admit.

No principle is more firmly imbedded in the foundation of our fabric of government, or more generally accepted by the leading liberal minds of the world, than that it is the natural inalienable right of every individual to pursue his own happiness or interest in his own way, provided only that he do not interfere with the enjoyment of the like right by others. This principle is the corner-stone of the American system of government, the one which former builders had indeed rejected, to the detriment and downfall of their superstructures, but which our forefathers wisely made the head of the corner, to their imperishable glory, and to the solidity and permanency of the fabric which they reared. So long as it shall remain in place, our liberties are safe; but if ever it shall be wrenched from its position, the downfall of popular freedom will inevitably follow. Our first step, then, in examining any act of legislation, should be to test it by this important and fundamental principle. Should it be found at variance therewith, it should be unhesitatingly cast aside as vicious and dangerous. Applying this test, then, to the question before us, and conceding for the nonce that the issuing of circulating notes is a proper and legitimate business, we find ourselves unable to justify the imposition of any limitation upon the amount of circulating notes which may be issued. If it is proper at all, it is as proper for me as for my neighbor. If it is a rightful mode of earning money, it follows from the principle which we have stated that it is equally rightful for all the citizens of the State. But it may be objected that this argument proves too much, and therefore defeats itself; that it would legitimately follow from it that all limitations upon the issuing of circulating notes should be abolished, and that whoever pleases should be allowed to issue them without the deposit of security, or compliance with any of the other restrictive provisions of the present law. Such an objection would not, however, be valid. The argument simply proves that all persons who wish to engage in the national banking business, and to issue circulating notes, are of right entitled to do so on equal terms, not that no terms at all should be exacted. The conditions which limit the issuing of circulating notes, by requiring the deposit of security and by kindred provisions, have been found necessary during a long course of experience to protect the public from imposition by the formation of fraudulent banks and the issuing of worthless notes. No principle is violated by their exaction, since they apply alike to all and hamper the freedom of action of no members of the community any farther than is necessary for the protection of the rights of others. They are founded upon the proviso of the principle which we have stated, while the limitation of the amount of circulation is capable of no such justification.

We are aware that this reference to principles will be stigmatized by some as casuistical and transcendental. It is a common practice of those who style themselves practical men, and who have never risen above the narrow circle of facts which surround them to a perception of the great laws by which all facts are governed, to denounce every reference to principles as visionary and idle, and to declare that the only safe guide is experience. Such an objection, aimed as it is at the very root of our argument, deserves a moment's consideration.—We may affirm, without risk of dissent, that certain great fundamental principles were assumed and recognized in the very inception of our system of government. It is not necessary now to consider from what source they were derived. It is sufficient for the purpose that they were recognized and adopted, that they have have been acquiesced in by all parties and classes of our people, and that they have been recognized by the whole world as the distinguishing features of the American system. Such being the fact, it follows that unless these principles can be overthrown in their entirety, any conclusion which can be legitimately deduced from them may be properly advanced as an argument for or against any measure existing or proposed, and should be recognized as possessing controlling force. In the present argument the impropriety of imposing any limitation on the amount of bank circulation which may be issued has been legitimately deduced from one of the fundamental principles of our system of government. Until that principle shall be shown to be wrong, the conclusion, if legitimately reached, must

be accepted, despite any fancied variance with the teachings of experience. An illustration may make the last point clearer. "No taxation without representation" was the rallying-cry of the fathers of the republic. Suppose that an attempt should be made to prove by elaborate statistics, and reference to the experience of mankind, that, as a rule, people who are taxed without representation are freer, happier, and better off in every respect than those who have a voice in the levying of their taxes,—would any American deem it necessary to refute such a presentation? He would rather think it sufficient to reply that the right to a voice in making the laws by which he is governed is inherent in every man, and that he cannot be divested of it without injury to his happiness and freedom.

It having thus been shown that the imposition of any limitation upon the amount of bank currency is a violation of principle, and the legitimacy of the mode of reaching that conclusion having been vindicated, it remains to be shown that such a limitation is as inexpedient as it is violative of principle,—that it disregards the teachings of political economy equally with the proper functions of government. It would seem to have required but the most elementary knowledge of that science on the part of our law-makers to teach them that the amount of currency which a country requires at any time cannot be determined by human intelligence. No man can estimate, with any approximation to correctness, how much currency the vast and complicated industries and trades of our country require. But even if the question should be solved today, and the amount of currency fixed at an amount sufficient to meet the present demands of trade, we should be but little better off; for the tides of trade are constantly ebbing and flowing, and the currency required to meet its purposes varies with every ebb and flow, so that a solution of the question to-day would be an achievement of but temporary value. Next fall or next winter it would need to be solved over again, and a new limit set to the currency, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Granting, however, that some means of ascertaining the aggregate amount of bank currency required could be devised, the apportionment of the right to issue it among the different sections of the country with any degree of fairness would be a task requiring more than the wisdom of men. Population furnishes no certain guide, for it is apparent that a poor community requires less currency to conduct its business than is required by a wealthy community. Neither does property furnish any criterion, for active capital evidently requires more currency for its operations than capital inactive. An agricultural community, whose products flow into the market mainly during a single season of the year requires less than a manufacturing community, of equal wealth, whose capital is turned over many times during the year. Yet, regardless of the fact that the solution of these questions transcends the limits of human knowledge, our legislators have presumptuously attempted to solve them, and, adopting an odd conglomeration of the population and property bases, have decreed that half of the national currency shall be apportioned according to population and half according to existing banking capital, resources, and business. Why half was accorded to each, unless as a compromise measure, it is impossible to guess. It would seem that if either basis were the proper one, it would exclude the other, and should have been alone adopted. An apportionment solely according to either population or banking capital, resources, and business, would be consistent, however unphilosophical or impracticable it might be; but the plan adopted is neither consistent, philosophical, nor practicable. We say impracticable, as well as inconsistent and unphilosophical, because it is impossible to ascertain what the comparative "resources and business" of the various sections of the country are, with sufficient definiteness, to make them a correct guide in the apportionment of that half of the currency which has been generously awarded to them.

The truth is, that the only proper limit to such a currency is the ability of the country to make use of it. There is no better reason why the amount of bank circulation to be issued should be limited, than for an arbitrary limitation upon the quantity of wheat to be raised, of coal to be mined, or of goods to be manufactured or sold. All are alike proper and legitimate enterprises, and should alike be governed solely by the law of supply and demand. No one expresses any fear that too much wheat will be raised, yet such an apprehension would be no more groundless than that upon which the limitation of the circulation is based. The idea that the imposition of such a limitation is a proper exercise of the powers of legislation has, however, taken firm hold of the popular mind, and such is the innate conservatism of human nature, that, when such a belief has been once adopted, it is a most difficult task to lead men to look beneath the precedents which law-makers have established

to ascertain whether they are based upon a foundation of principle.

REPEAL OF THE PROVISION FOR RECEIPT OF BANK NOTES FOR PUBLIC DUES.

The provision of law which makes the national bank-notes receivable in payment of all currency dues to and from the United States seems never to have received the consideration to which it is entitled. Probably this is in part due to the fact that at the time of its adoption we were straining every nerve in the effort to prevent national disruption,—willing, in order to secure that result, to sacrifice everything save honor and right. So it happened that when the national banking system was devised for the purpose, in a great measure, of aiding the government in calling to its assistance the savings of the people, by facilitating the sale of the government loans, no inducement was thought too great which was considered necessary to secure the investment of capital in national banks. Probably, too, the people, so far as they were consulted or had formed opinions, were deluded by the promise of a currency which would be so amply secured that it would circulate at par in every part of the country, and would be directly available for the payment of taxes without the necessity of presenting it for redemption. In this manner was inserted in the national banking system a provision whose violations of principle doubtless caused the bones of Jackson and Benton to turn in their graves. We have been unable to find, on a careful examination of the debates which preceded the adoption of the first two national currency acts, that this provision provoked the slightest dissent or even criticism. One would suppose that a recollection of the thunders of Benton against a similar practice,—unsanctioned, however, by law,—in the days of Jackson, and of the famous "Specie Circular" of the latter, would have inspired at least the Democratic members to protest against an infringement of what was once a cardinal principle of the Democratic faith. They contented themselves, however, with impotent protests against the invasion of "State Rights" which the measure, in their opinion, involved, and some of them strayed so far from the path made sacred by the footsteps of "Old Bullion" as to advocate an extension of the provision to private as well as public debts!

Like the limitation upon the amount of circulation, this feature proves, when examined, to be indefensible upon every ground of principle or policy. However well secured they may be, bank notes, whether State or National, are the notes of private corporations, whose profits the government has no right to enhance by giving increased currency to their circulation. We have seen that circulation is a source of great profit to the banks, and that in proportion as the obligation to redeem it is lessened, their profits are increased. If the government receives and pays out the notes of the banks at par, it unquestionably gives them a much more extended and permanent circulation than they would otherwise possess, and consequently contributes to the profits of the banks. In thus contributing to the profits of the banks, it adds, as we have seen, to the burdens of the people, and thus inflicts a causeless injury upon the true interests of the country.

The government should be the representative of the whole body of the people, and the guardian and conservator of their rights and interests, and it has no right by any action which it may take to add to the profits of a class at the expense of the remainder of the community. The fact that the notes are perfectly good does not affect the application of the principle. There is no doubt that A. T. Stewart's note would be good for an amount larger than the circulation of any bank in the United States; yet it would be considered a glaring outrage if he should be permitted to pay in his note, either with or without interest, in satisfaction of ever so small a debt to the government. Nor does the fact that the government itself holds the securities which insure the payment of the notes invalidate the argument, any more than the receipt of the note of any private individual by the government would be rendered proper by his depositing collateral to secure its payment. The fact is, that the government, in receiving bank notes, lends its credit to the banks to just the amount of the notes received,—a proceeding the very statement of which shows its utter indefensibility.

It will be objected to the proposed repeal of this provision that the government has certified to the goodness of the notes of the national banks, and that by refusing to receive them it would be discrediting paper which it has virtually indorsed. But an indorser is not obliged to receive the note that he has indorsed whenever tendered in payment of a debt, but only to pay it in the event of the promisor's default. Experience has demonstrated, as believed by most, that public necessity demands that bank circulation shall be secured by the deposit of securities with the government, either State or National.

In the interest of the people, not of the banks, the national government, under the present system, has undertaken the trust, and has certified upon the face of each note that it is secured by the deposit of United States bonds with the Treasurer of the United States. The fact that it has accepted this trust and given this certificate imposes no obligation upon it to receive the note in payment of government dues. The certificate is plain and explicit, and neither its language nor its spirit would be violated by the refusal of the government to receive the note.

The currency which their receipt and payment by the government gives to bank notes will be appreciated if it be remembered that the notes received at any point are not unfrequently transferred to another far distant before being paid out again. For instance, bank notes received by the Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York may be transferred to the Assistant Treasurer at New Orleans, or those received at Chicago may be transferred to New York before being used in the government payments. It thus appears that, independently of the enhanced value which their availability for payments to the United States gives to the notes, the wide distribution throughout the country that the government gives to many of those which it receives lessens the likelihood of their presentation for payment, and so conduces to the benefit of the banks.

The only argument that can be adduced in favor of the receipt of bank notes by the government is that of convenience,—that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the people to obtain currency for the payment of their taxes if bank notes should cease to be available for that purpose. While contending that principles should never be subordinated to considerations of convenience, we may nevertheless prove that this argument is fallacious. The test of a person's ability to pay is the possession, not necessarily of money, but of capital or credit. If either of the latter is not wanting, the former, which is but their representative, will not fail to be forthcoming in some form, except in those primitive countries where trade is conducted wholly by barter. It is doubtless true that the possessors of bank notes in districts remote from banks would be unable to exchange them for United States notes with which to pay their taxes; but if they should know that the bank notes would not be received for taxes, and should be in need of currency for that purpose, they would refuse such notes whenever tendered in payment of debts due to them, and, as they might lawfully do, demand United States notes instead. And this, so far from being deplorable, would be a most salutary result, since it would limit bank notes to their proper office,—that of local and temporary circulation.

EFFECTS OF THE REMEDIES PROPOSED.

It remains to be considered what would be the practical effect of the application of these remedies, and especially upon the defects which we have pointed out.

The repeal of the limitation upon the amount of bank circulation would necessarily destroy the monopoly which the present national banks possess, and would thus relieve the system of the feature which is most odious to the American mind. Should the privilege of issuing circulation be extended on equal terms to all, and should the provision for the receipt of bank notes by the government be repealed, there could be no complaint that the benefits of the national currency act were bestowed on certain favored individuals, or that the business of banking was favored with special and exceptional privileges. The features of the deposit of security and of governmental supervision excepted, national banking would assume its place by the side of other legitimate enterprises. The business being open to healthful competition, ignorance, incompetency, and extravagance would be weeded out, and those banks which should be conducted with prudence and skill on sound business principles would alone succeed. If the business, thus divested of special privileges and thrown open to all, should continue to be more profitable than others, its lucrativeness could be properly ascribed only to the knowledge, skill, and experience required to conduct it.

The destruction of the monopoly would necessarily be accompanied by the rectification of the present unfairness in the apportionment of the right to issue circulation. Those places which are in need of additional banks of issue, but which have been debarred by the arbitrary apportionment of the circulation from satisfying their wants, would be able, should the limitation be repealed, to obtain all the circulation and banking facilities which they might require. On the other hand, those banks which, under the present apportionment, have been able to maintain a profitable existence upon the double interest which the investment returns, without doing sufficient business to warrant a profit, being

driven to provide for the frequent redemption of their notes, and finding themselves in great measure deprived of one of their two principal sources of profit, would be forced to wind up their affairs and leave the field free to their more healthy competitors. The currency, no longer apportioned according to arbitrary enactments, but left to the operation of natural laws, would distribute itself in accordance with the requirements of trade. Such a distribution could not fail to be fair, because it would be healthy and natural.

Under the operation of the two remedies which we have proposed, the redeemability of the national currency would be speedily secured. The result of the removal of the limitation upon the amount of the circulation would be that new banks would spring up to such an extent that the currency would be so increased that the country would be unable to permanently carry it all. The consequence of this would be that the surplus would be sent home for redemption, and that, as each bank would wish to keep out as much of its own circulation as possible, it would strive to force in the circulation of other banks. This consequence would be aided and hastened by the repeal of the provision for the receipt of national currency by the United States, which would create a demand for United States notes for the payment of dues to the government. Persons having taxes to pay would either refuse to receive national bank notes, or, having received them, would be compelled to exchange them for United States notes, with brokers and others, who would make a business of sending them for redemption to the banks which issued them. The redeemability of the national currency having been secured, the country would possess that which so many ingenious but ill-fated plans have been formed to bring about—an elastic currency; one which would accommodate itself to the requirements of trade; would expand when trade should be brisk and the demand for currency active, and contract when trade should become dull. And all this would be accomplished without the employment of any clumsy expedients of legislation, but simply by the repeal of former mistaken acts of our law-makers.

Lastly, the profits of the banks under the operation of these remedies would be brought down to an equality with those derived from other similar investments of capital. The profits arising from circulation would, in consequence of the necessity of providing for its frequent redemption, be reduced to so small an amount that no bank could hope to exist on the revenue derived from its bonds and circulation, unless it should be supplemented by a much larger return from the pursuit of legitimate banking business; while the profits on general business would be reduced by the competition resulting from the removal of all restraints on the establishment of banks. The business being open to all, capital, controlled by an intelligent self-interest, would flow into it until its profits should be so reduced that it would no longer offer special inducements to capitalists.

In this simple and efficient manner all the serious defects of the national banking system would be remedied. The business of banking—no longer fostered by special privileges or hampered by foolish restrictions, but left, as every business should be, to the operation of those natural laws which cannot be violated without disaster, but which, if not interfered with, are sure to work out vastly wiser and better results than any of the poor devices of men—would be established on a sound and enduring basis, from which it could be overthrown by no slight convulsion of trade.

BACK-LOG STUDIES—RENEWED.

I.

The log was white birch. The beautiful satin bark at once kindled into a soft, pure, but brilliant flame, something like that of naphtha. There is no other wood flame so rich, and it leaps up in a joyous, spiritual way, as if glad to burn for the sake of burning. Burning like a clear oil, it has none of the heaviness and fatness of the pine and the balsam. Woodsmen are at a loss to account for its intense and yet chaste flame, since the bark has no oily appearance. The heat from it is fierce and the light dazzling. It flares up eagerly like young love, and then dies away; the wood does not keep up the promise of the bark. The woodsmen, it is proper to say, have not considered it in its relation to young love. In the remote settlements the pine-knot is still the torch of courtship; it endures to sit-up by. The birch-bark has alliances with the world of sentiment and of letters. The most poetical reputation of the

North American Indian floats in a canoe made of it; his picture-writing was inscribed on it. It is the paper that nature furnishes for lovers in the wilderness, who are enabled to convey a delicate sentiment by its use which is expressed neither in their ideas nor chirography. It is inadequate for legal parchment, but does very well for deeds of love, which are not meant usually to give a perfect title. With care it may be split into sheets as thin as the Chinese paper. It is so beautiful to handle that it is a pity civilization cannot make more use of it. But fancy articles manufactured from it are very much like all ornamental work made of nature's perishable seeds, leaves, cones, and dry twigs—exquisite while the pretty fingers are fashioning them, but soon growing shabby and cheap to the eye. And yet there is a pathos in "dried things," whether they are displayed as ornaments in some secluded home, or hidden religiously in bureau-drawers where profane eyes cannot see how white ties are growing yellow and ink is fading from treasured letters, amid a faint and discouraging perfume of ancient rose-leaves.

The birch log holds out very well while it is green, but has not substance enough for a back-log when dry. Seasoning green timber or men is always an experiment. A man may do very well in a simple, let us say, country, or back-woods line of life, who would come to nothing in a more complicated civilization. City life is a severe trial. One man is struck with a dry-rot; another develops season-cracks; another shrinks and swells with every change of circumstance. Prosperity is said to be more trying than adversity, a theory which most people are willing to accept without trial; but few men stand the drying out of the natural sap of their greenness in the artificial heat of city life. This, be it noticed, is nothing against the drying and seasoning process; character must be put into the crucible some time, and why not in this world? A man who cannot stand seasoning will not have a high market value in any part of the universe. It is creditable to the race, that so many men and women bravely jump into the furnace of prosperity and expose themselves to the drying influences of city life.

The first fire that is lighted on the hearth in the autumn seems to bring out the cold weather. Deceived by the placid appearance of the dying year, the softness of the sky, and the warm color of foliage, we have been shivering about for days without exactly comprehending what was the matter. The open fire at once sets up a standard of comparison. We find that the advance guards of winter are besieging the house. The cold rushes in at every crack of door and window, apparently signaled by the flame to invade the house and fill it with chilly drafts and sarcasms on what we call the temperate zone. It needs a roaring fire to beat back the enemy; a feeble one is only an invitation to the most insulting demonstrations. Our pious New England ancestors were philosophers in their way. It was not simply owing to grace that they sat for hours in their barn-like meeting-houses during the winter Sundays, the thermometer many degrees below freezing, with no fire, except the zeal in their own hearts—a congregation of red noses and bright eyes. It was no wonder that the minister in the pulpit warmed up to his subject, cried aloud, used hot words, spoke a good deal of the hot place and the Person whose presence was a burning shame, hammered the desk as if he expected to drive his text through a two-inch plank, and heated himself by all allowable ecclesiastic gymnastics. A few of their followers in our day seem to forget that our modern churches are heated by furnaces and supplied with gas. In the old days it would have been thought unphilosophic as well as effeminate to warm the meeting-houses artificially. In one house I knew, at least, when it was proposed to introduce a stove to take a little of the chill from the Sunday services, the deacons protested against the innovation. They said that the stove might benefit those who sat close to it, but it would drive all the cold air to the other parts of the church and freeze the people to death; it was cold enough now around the edges. Blessed days of ignorance and upright living! Sturdy men who served God by resolutely sitting out the icy hours of service, amid the rattling of windows and the carousal of winter in the high wind-swept galleries! Patient women, waiting in the chilly house for consumption to pick out his victims, and replace the color of youth and the flush of devotion with the hectic of disease! At least you did not doze and droop in our overheated edifices, and die of vitiated air, and disregard of the simplest conditions of organized life. It is fortunate that each generation does not comprehend its own ignorance. We are thus enabled to call our ancestors barbarous. It is something also that each age has its choice of the death it will die. Our generation is most ingenious. From our public assembly-rooms and houses we have almost succeeded in excluding pure air. It took the race ages to build dwellings that

would keep out rain; it has taken longer to build houses air-tight, but we are on the eve of success. We are only foiled by the ill-fitting, insincere work of the builders, who build for a day and charge for all time.

II.

When the fire on the hearth has blazed up and then settled into steady radiance, talk begins. There is no place like the chimney-corner for confidences; for picking up the clues of an old friendship; for taking note where one's self has drifted, by comparing ideas and prejudices with the intimate friend of years ago, whose course in life has lain apart from yours. No stranger puzzles you so much as the once close friend, with whose thinking and associates you have for years been unfamiliar. Life has come to mean this and that to you; you have fallen into certain habits of thought; for you the world has progressed in this or that direction; of certain results you feel very sure; you have fallen into harmony with your surroundings; you meet day after day people interested in the things that interest you; you are not in the least opinionated, it is simply your good fortune to look upon the affairs of the world from the right point of view. When you last saw your friend—less than a year after you left college—he was the most sensible and agreeable of men; he had no heterodox notions; he agreed with you; you could even tell what sort of a wife he would select, and if you could do that, you held the key to his life.

Well, Herbert came to visit me the other day from the antipodes. And here he sits by the fire-place. I cannot think of any one I would rather see there—except perhaps Thackeray; or, for entertainment, Boswell; or old Pepys; or one of the people who was left out of the Ark. They were talking one foggy London night at Hazlitt's about whom they would most like to have seen, when Charles Lamb startled the company by declaring that he would rather have seen Judas Iscariot than any other person who had lived on the earth. For myself, I would rather have seen Lamb himself once, than to have lived with Judas. Herbert, to my great delight, has not changed; I should know him anywhere—the same serious, contemplative face, with lurking humor at the corners of the mouth—the same cheery laugh and clear distinct enunciation as of old. There is nothing so winning as a good voice. To see Herbert again, unchanged in all outward essentials, is not only gratifying, but valuable as a testimony to nature's success in holding on to a personal identity, through the entire change of matter that had been constantly taking place for so many years. I know very well there is here no part of the Herbert whose hand I had shaken at the Commencement parting; but it is an astonishing reproduction of him—a material likeness and now for the spiritual.

Such a wide chance for divergence in the spiritual. It has been such a busy world for twenty years. So many things have been torn up by the roots again that were settled when we left college. There were to be no more wars; democracy was democracy, and progress, the differentiation of the individual, was a mere question of clothes; if you want to be different go to your tailor; nobody had demonstrated that there is a man-soul and a woman-soul, and that each is in reality only a half-soul—putting the race, so to speak, upon the half-shell. The social oyster being opened, there appears to be two shells and only one oyster; who shall have it? So many new canons of taste, of criticism, of morality have been set up; there has been such a resurrection of historical reputations for new judgment, and there have been so many discoveries, geographical, archæological, geological, biological, that the earth is not at all what it was supposed to be; and our philosophers are much more anxious to ascertain where we came from than whither we are going. In this whirl and turmoil of new ideas, nature, which has only the single end of maintaining the physical identity in the body, works on undisturbed, replacing particle for particle, and preserving the likeness more skillfully than a mosaic artist in the Vatican; she has not even her materials sorted and labeled, as the Roman artist has his thousands of bits of color; and man is all the while doing his best to confuse the process, by changing his climate, his diet, all his surroundings, without the least care to remain himself. But the mind?

It is more difficult to get acquainted with Herbert than with an entire stranger, for I have my prepossessions about him, and do not find him in so many places where I expect to find him. He is full of criticism of the authors I admire; he thinks stupid or improper the books I most read; he is skeptical about the "movements" I am interested in; he has formed very different opinions from mine concerning a hundred men and women of the present day; we used to eat from one dish; we couldn't now find anything in common in a dozen; his prejudices (as we call our opinions) are most extraordinary, and not half so reason-

able as my prejudices; there are a great many persons and things that I am accustomed to denounce, uncontradicted by anybody, which he defends; his public opinion is not at all my public opinion. I am sorry for him. He appears to have fallen into influences and among a set of people foreign to me. I find that his church has a different steeple on it from my church (which, to say the truth, hasn't any). It is a pity that such a dear friend and a man of so much promise should have drifted off into such general contrariness. I see Herbert sitting here by the fire, with the old look in his face coming out more and more, but I do not recognize any features of his mind —except perhaps his contrariness; yes, he was always a little contrary, I think. And finally he surprised me with :—

"Well, my friend, you seem to have drifted away from all your old notions and opinions. We used to agree when we were together, but I sometimes wondered where you would land; for, pardon me, you showed signs of looking at things a little contrary."

I am silent for a good while. I am trying to think who I am. There was a person whom I thought I knew, very fond of Herbert, and agreeing with him in most things. Where has he gone? and, if he is here, where is the Herbert that I knew?

If his intellectual and moral sympathies have all changed, I wonder if his physical tastes remain, like his appearance, the same. There has come over this country within the last generation, as everybody knows, a great wave of condemnation of pie. It has taken the character of a "movement," though we have had no conventions about it, nor is any one, of any of the several sexes among us, running for president against it. It is safe almost anywhere to denounce pie, yet nearly everybody eats it on occasion. A great many people think it savors of a life abroad to speak with horror of pie, although they were very likely the foremost of the Americans in Paris who used to speak with more enthusiasm of the American pie at Madame Busque's than of the Venus of Milo. To talk against pie and still eat it is snobbish, of course; but snobbery, being an aspiring failing, is sometimes the prophecy of better things. To affect dislike of pie is something. We have no statistics on the subject, and cannot tell whether it is gaining or losing in the country at large. Its disappearance in select circles is no test. The amount of writing against it is no more test of its desuetude, than the number of religious tracts distributed in a given district is a criterion of its piety. We are apt to assume that certain regions are substantially free of it. Herbert and I, traveling north one summer, fancied that we could draw in New England a sort of diet line, like the sweeping curves on the isothermal charts, which should show at least the leading pie sections. Journeying toward the White Mountains, we concluded that a line passing through Bellows Falls, and bending a little south on either side, would mark northward the region of perpetual pie. In this region pie is to be found at all hours and seasons, and at every meal. I am not sure, however, that pie is not a matter of altitude rather than latitude, as I find that all the hill and country towns of New England are full of those excellent women, the very salt of the house-keeping earth, who would feel ready to sink in mortification through their scoured kitchen floors if visitors should catch them without a pie in the house. The absence of pie would be more noticed than a scarcity of Bible even. Without it the housekeepers are as distracted as the boarding-house keeper, who declared that if it were not for canned tomato she should have nothing to fly to. Well, in all this great agitation I find Herbert unmoved, a conservative, even to the under-crust. I dare not ask him if he eats pie at breakfast. There are some tests that the dearest friendship may not apply.

"Will you smoke?" I ask.

"No, I have reformed."

"Yes, of course."

"The fact is, that when we consider the correlation of forces, the apparent sympathy of spirit manifestations with electric conditions, the almost revealed mysteries of what may be called the odic force, and the relation of all these phenomena to the nervous system in man, it is not safe to do anything to the nervous system that will——"

"Hang the nervous system! Herbert, we can agree in one thing: old memories, reveries, friendships, center about that:—isn't an open wood-fire good?"

"Yes," says Herbert, combatively, "if you don't sit before it too long."

III.

The best talk is that which escapes up the open chimney and cannot be repeated. The finest woods make the best fire and pass away with the least residuum. I hope the next generation will not accept the reports of "interviews" as specimens of the conversations of these years of grace.

But do we talk as well as our fathers and mothers did? We hear wonderful stories of

the bright generation that sat about the wide fire-places of New England. Good talk has so much short-hand that it cannot be reported —the inflection, the change of voice, the shrug cannot be caught on paper. The best of it is when the subject unexpectedly goes cross-lots, by a flash of short-cut, to a conclusion so suddenly revealed that it has the effect of wit. It needs the highest culture and the finest breeding to prevent the conversation from running into mere persiflage on the one hand—its common fate—or monologue on the other. Our conversation is largely chaff. I am not sure but the former generation preached a good deal, but it had great practice in fire-side talk, and must have talked well. There were narrators in those days who could charm a circle all the evening long with stories. When each day brought comparatively little new to read, there was leisure for talk, and the rare book and the infrequent magazine were thoroughly discussed. Families now are swamped by the printed matter that comes daily upon the center-table. There must be a division of labor, one reading this, and another that, to make any impression on it. The telegraph brings the only common food, and works this daily miracle, that every mind in Christendom is excited by one topic simultaneously with every other mind; it enables a concurrent mental action, a burst of sympathy or a universal prayer to be made, which must be, if we have any faith in the immaterial left, one of the chief forces in modern life. It is fit that an agent so subtle as electricity should be the minister of it.

When there is so much to read, there is little time for conversation; nor is there leisure for another pastime of the ancient firesides, called reading aloud. The listeners, who heard while they looked into the wide chimney-place, saw there pass in stately procession the events and the grand persons of history, were kindled with the delights of travel, touched by the romance of true love, or made restless by tales of adventure;—the hearth became a sort of magic stone that could transport those who sat by it to the most distant places and times as soon as the book was opened and the reader began, of a winter's night. Perhaps the Puritan reader read through his nose, and all the little Puritans made the most dreadful nasal inquiries as the entertainment went on. The prominent nose of the intellectual New Englander is evidence of the constant linguistic exercise of the organ for generations. It grew by talking through. But I have no doubt that practice made good readers in those days. Good reading aloud is almost a lost accomplishment now. It is little thought of in the schools. It is disused at home. It is rare to find any one who can read, even from the newspaper, well. Reading is so universal, even with the uncultivated, that it is common to hear people mispronounce words that you did not suppose they had ever seen. In reading to themselves they glide over these words, in reading aloud they stumble over them. Besides, our every-day books and newspapers are so larded with French that the ordinary reader is obliged *marcher à pas de loup*—for instance.

The newspaper is probably responsible for making current many words with which the general reader is familiar, but which he rises to in the flow of conversation and strikes at with a splash and an unsuccessful attempt at appropriation; the word, which he perfectly knows, hooks him in the gills and he cannot master it. The newspaper is thus widening the language in use and vastly increasing the number of words which enter into common talk. The Americans of the lowest intellectual class probably use more words to express their ideas than the similar class of any other people; but this prodigality is partially balanced by the parsimony of words in some higher regions, in which a few phrases of current slang are made to do the whole duty of exchange of ideas; if that can be called exchange of ideas when one intellect flashes forth to another the remark, concerning some report, that "you know how it is yourself," and is met by the response of "that's what's the matter," and rejoins with the perfectly conclusive "that's so." It requires a high degree of culture to use slang with elegance and effect; and we are yet very far from the Greek attainment.

IV.

THE fire-place wants to be all aglow, the wind rising, the night heavy and black above, but light with sifting snow on the earth,—a background of inclemency for the illumined room with its pictured walls, tables heaped with books, capacious easy-chairs and their occupants,—it needs, I say, to glow and throw its rays far through the crystal of the broad windows, in order that we may rightly appreciate the relation of the wide-jammed chimney to domestic architecture in our climate. We fell to talking about it; and, as is usual when the conversation is professedly on one subject, we wandered all around it. The young lady staying with us was roasting chestnuts in the ashes, and the frequent explosions required considerable attention. The mis-

tress, too, sat somewhat alert, ready to rise at any instant and minister to the fancied want of this or that guest, forgetting the reposeful truth that people about a fireside will not have any wants if they are not suggested. The worst of them, if they desire anything, only want something hot, and that later in the evening. And it is an open question whether you ought to associate with people who want that.

I was saying that nothing had been so slow in its progress in the world as domestic architecture. Temples, palaces, bridges, aqueducts, cathedrals, towers of marvelous delicacy and strength, grew to perfection while the common people lived in hovels, and the richest lodged in the most gloomy and contracted quarters. The dwelling-house is a modern institution. It is a curious fact that it has only improved with the social elevation of women. Men were never more brilliant in arms and letters than in the age of Elizabeth, and yet they had no homes. They made themselves thick-walled castles, with slits in the masonry for windows, for defense, and magnificent banquet-halls for pleasure; the stone rooms into which they crawled for the night were often little better than dog-kennels. The Pompeians had no comfortable night-quarters. The most singular thing to me, however, is that, especially interested as woman is in the house, she has never done anything for architecture. And yet woman is reputed to be an ingenious creature.

HERBERT. I doubt if woman has real ingenuity; she has great adaptability. I don't say that she will do the same thing twice alike, like a Chinaman, but she is most cunning in suiting herself to circumstances.

THE FIRE TENDER. Oh, if you mean constructive, creative ingenuity, perhaps not; but in the higher ranges of achievement, that of accomplishing any purpose dear to her heart, for instance, her ingenuity is simply incomprehensible to me.

HERBERT. Yes, if you mean doing things by indirection.

THE MISTRESS. When you men assume all the direction, what else is left to us?

THE FIRE TENDER. Did you ever see a woman refurnish a house?

THE YOUNG LADY STAYING WITH US. I never saw a man do it, unless he was burned out of his rookery.

HERBERT. There is no comfort in new things.

THE FIRE TENDER (not noticing the interruption). Having set her mind on a total revolution of the house, she buys one new thing, not too obtrusive, nor much out of harmony with the old. The husband scarcely notices it, least of all does he suspect the revolution, which she already has accomplished. Next, some article that does look a little shabby beside the new piece of furniture is sent to the garret, and its place is supplied by something that will match in color and effect. Even the man can see that it ought to match, and so the process goes on, it may be for years, it may be forever, until nothing of the old is left, and the house is transformed as it was predetermined in the woman's mind. I doubt if the man ever understands how or when it was done; his wife certainly never says anything about the refurnishing, but quietly goes on to new conquests.

THE MISTRESS. And isn't it better to buy little by little, enjoying every new object as you get it, and assimilating each article to your household life, and making the home a harmonious expression of your own taste, rather than to order things in sets, and turn your house, for the time being, into a furniture wareroom?

THE FIRE TENDER. Oh, I only spoke of the ingenuity of it.

THE YOUNG LADY. For my part, I never can get acquainted with more than one piece of furniture at a time.

HERBERT. I suppose women are our superiors in artistic taste, and I fancy that I can tell whether a house is furnished by a woman or a man; of course I mean the few houses that appear to be the result of individual taste and refinement—most of them look as if they had been furnished on contract by the upholsterer.

THE MISTRESS. Woman's province in this world is putting things to rights.

HERBERT. With a vengeance, sometimes. In the study, for example. My chief objection to woman is that she has no respect for the newspaper, or the printed page, as such. She is Siva, the destroyer. I have noticed that a great part of a married man's time at home is spent in trying to find the things he has put on his study table.

THE YOUNG LADY. Herbert speaks with the bitterness of a bachelor shut out of paradise. It is my experience that if women did not destroy the rubbish that men bring into the house it would become uninhabitable, and need to be burned down every five years.

THE FIRE TENDER. I confess women do a great deal for the appearance of things. When the mistress is absent, this room, although everything is here as it was before, does not look at all like the same place; it is stiff, and seems

to lack a soul. When she returns, I can see that her eye, even while greeting me, takes in the situation at a glance. While she is talking of the journey, and before she has removed her traveling hat, she turns this chair and moves that, sets one piece of furniture at a different angle, rapidly, and apparently unconsciously, shifts a dozen little knick-knacks and bits of color, and the room is transformed. I couldn't do it in a week.

THE MISTRESS. That is the first time I ever knew a man admit he couldn't do anything if he had time.

HERBERT. Yet with all her peculiar instinct for making a home, women make themselves very little felt in our domestic architecture.

THE MISTRESS. Men build most of the houses in what might be called the ready-made-clothing style, and we have to do the best we can with them; and hard enough it is to make cheerful homes in most of them. You will see something different when the woman is constantly consulted in the plan of the house.

HERBERT. We might see more difference if women would give any attention to architecture. Why are there no women architects?

THE FIRE TENDER. Want of the ballot, doubtless. It seems to me that here is a splendid opportunity for woman to come to the front.

THE YOUNG LADY. They have no desire to come to the front; they would rather manage things where they are.

THE FIRE TENDER. If they would master the noble art, and put their brooding taste upon it, we might very likely compass something in our domestic architecture that we have not yet attained. The outside of our houses needs attention as well as the inside. Most of them are as ugly as money can build.

THE YOUNG LADY. What vexes me most is, that women, married women, have so easily consented to give up open fires in their houses.

HERBERT. They dislike the dust and the bother. I think that women rather like the confined furnace heat.

THE FIRE TENDER. Nonsense; it is their angelic virtue of submission. We wouldn't be hired to stay all day in the houses we build.

THE YOUNG LADY. That has a very chivalrous sound, but I know there will be no reformation until women rebel and demand everywhere the open fire.

HERBERT. They are just now rebelling about something else; it seems to me yours is a sort of counter-movement, a fire in the rear.

THE MISTRESS. I'll join that movement. The time has come when woman must strike for her altars and her fires.

HERBERT. Hear, hear!

THE MISTRESS. Thank you, Herbert. I applauded you once, when you declaimed that, years ago in the old Academy. I remember how eloquently you did it.

HERBERT. Yes, I was once a spouting idiot.

Just then the door-bell rang, and company came in. And the company brought in a new atmosphere, as company always does—something of the disturbance of out-doors, and a good deal of its healthy cheer. The direct news that the thermometer was approaching zero, with a hopeful prospect of going below it, increased to liveliness our satisfaction in the fire. When the cider was heated in the brown stone pitcher, there was difference of opinion whether there should be toast in it; some were for toast, because that was the old-fashioned way, and others were against it, because it does not taste good in cider. Herbert said there was very little respect left for our forefathers.

More wood was put on, and the flame danced in a hundred fantastic shapes. The snow had ceased to fall, and the moonlight lay in silvery patches among the trees in the ravine. The conversation became worldly.

AT HIS GATES.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV.



IT is needless to say that Helen's superstition about the fall of the picture and the sighing of the wind vanished with the night, and that in the morning her nervousness was gone, and her mind had returned to its previous train of thought. Her passing weakness, however, had left one trace behind. While he was soothing her fanciful terrors, Robert had said, in a burst of candour and magnanimity, "I will tell you what I will do, Helen. I will not act on my own judgment. I'll ask Haldane and Maurice for their advice." "But I do not care for their advice," she had said, with a certain pathos. "Yes, to be sure," Robert had answered; for, good as he was, he liked his own way, and sometimes was perverse. "They are my oldest friends; they are the most sensible fellows I know. I will tell them all the circumstances, and they will give me their advice."

This was a result which probably would have come whether Helen had been nervous or not; for Haldane and Maurice were the two authorities whom the painter held highest after his wife. But Helen had never been able to receive them with her husband's faith, or to agree to them as sharers of her influence over him. It said much for her that she had so tolerated them and schooled herself in their presence that poor Drummond had no idea of the rebellion which existed against them in her heart. But both of them were instinctively aware of it, and felt that they were not loved by their friend's wife. He made the same announcement to her next morning with cheerful confidence, and a sense that he deserved nothing but applause for his prudence. "I am going to keep my promise," he said. "You must not think I say anything to please you which I don't mean to carry out. I am going to speak to Haldane and Maurice. Maurice is very knowing about business, and as for Stephen, his father was in an office all his life."

"But, Robert, I don't want you to ask their advice. I have no faith in them. I would rather a hundred times you judged for yourself."

"Yes, my darling," said Robert; "they are the greatest helps to a man in making such a decision. I know my own opinion, and I know yours; and our two good friends, who have no bias, will put everything right."

And he went out with his hat brushed and a new pair of gloves, cheerful and respectable as if he were already a bank director, cleansed of the velvet coats and brigand hats and all the weaknesses of his youth. And his wife sat down with an impatient sigh to hear Norah play her scales, which was not exhilarating, for Norah's notions of time and harmony were as yet but weakly developed. While the child made direful havoc among the black notes, Helen was sounding a great many notes quite as black in her inmost mind. What could they know about it? What were they to him in comparison with herself? Why should he so wear his heart upon his sleeve? It raised a kind of silent exasperation within her, so good as he was, so kind, and tender, and loving; and yet this was a matter in which she had nothing to do but submit.

These two cherished friends of Robert's were not men after Helen's heart. The first, Stephen Haldane, was a Dissenting minister, a member of a class which all her prejudices were in arms against. It was not that she cared for his religious opinions or views, which differed from her own. She was not theological nor ecclesiastical in her turn of mind, and, to tell the truth, was not given to judging her acquaintances by an intellectual standard, much less a doctrinal one. But she shrank from his intimacy because he was a Dissenter—a man belonging to a class not acknowledged in society, and of whom she understood vaguely that they were very careless about their h's, and were not gentlemen. The fact that Stephen Haldane was a gentleman as much as good manners, and good looks, and a tolerable education could

make him, did not change her sentiments. She was too much of an idealist (without knowing it) to let proof invalidate theory. Accordingly, she doubted his good manners, mistrusted his opinions, and behaved towards him with studied civility, and a protest, carefully veiled but never forgotten, against his admission to her society. He had no right to be there; he was an intruder, an inferior. Such was her conclusion in a social point of view; and her husband's inclination to consult him on most important matters in their history was very galling to her. The two had come to know each other in their youth, when Haldane was going through the curious incoherent education which often leads a young man temporarily to the position of dissenting minister. He had started in life as a Bluecoat boy, and had shown what people call "great talent," but not in the academical way. As a young man he had loved modern literature better than ancient. Had he been born to an estate of ten thousand a year, or had he been born in a rank which would have secured him diplomatic or official work, he would have had a high character for accomplishments and ability; but he was born only of a poor dissenting family, without a sixpence, and when his school career was over he did not know what to do with himself. He took to writing, as such men do, by nature, and worked his way into the newspapers. Thus he began to earn a little money, while vaguely playing with a variety of careers. Once he thought he would be a doctor, and it was while in attendance at an anatomical class that he met Drummond. But Haldane was soon sick of doctoring. Then he became a lecturer, getting engagements from mechanics' institutions and literary societies, chiefly in the country. It was at one of these lectures that he fell under the notice of a certain Mr. Baldwin, a kind of lay bishop in a great dissenting community. Mr. Baldwin was much "struck" by the young lecturer. He agreed with his views, and applauded his eloquence; and when the lecture was over had himself introduced to the speaker. This good man had a great many peculiarities, and was rich enough to be permitted to indulge them. One of these peculiarities was an inclination to find out and encourage "rising talent." And he told everybody he had seldom been so much impressed as by the talents of this young man, who was living (innocently) by his wits, and did not know what to do with himself. It is not necessary to describe the steps by which young Haldane ripened from a lecturer upon miscellaneous subjects, literary and philosophical, into a most esteemed preacher. He pursued his studies for a year or two at Mr. Baldwin's cost, and at the end of that time was promoted, not of course nominally, but very really, by Mr. Baldwin's influence, to the pulpit of the flourishing and wealthy congregation of which that potentate was the head.

This was Stephen Haldane's history; but he was not the sort of man to be produced naturally by such a training. He was full of natural refinement, strangely blended with a contented adherence to all the homely habits of his early life. He had not attempted, had not even thought of, "bettering" himself. He lived with his mother and sister, two homely dissenting women, narrow as the little house they lived in, who kept him, his table, and surroundings, on exactly the same model as his father's house had been kept. All the luxuries of the wealthy chapel folks never tempted him to imitation. He did not even claim to himself the luxury of a private study in which to write his sermons, but had his writing-table in the common sitting-room, in order that his womankind might preserve the cold fiction of a "best room" in which to receive visitors. To be sure, he might have been able to afford a larger house; but then Mrs. Haldane and Miss Jane would have been out of place in a larger house. They lived in Victoria Villas, one of those smaller streets which copy and vulgarize the better ones in all London suburbs. It was close to St. Mary's Road, in which Drummond's house was situated, and the one set of houses was a copy of the other in little. The arrangement of the rooms, the shape of the garden, the outside aspect was the same, only so many degrees smaller. And this, it must be allowed, was one of the reasons why the Haldanes were unpalatable neighbours to Mrs. Drummond. For, as a general rule, the people who lived in St. Mary's Road did not know the inferior persons who inhabited Victoria Villas. The smaller copied the greater, and were despised by them in consequence. It was "a different class," everybody said. And it may be supposed that it was very hard upon poor Helen to have it known that her husband's closest friend, the man whose opinion he asked about most things, and whom he believed in entirely, was one who combined in himself almost all the objectionable qualities possible. He was a Dissenter—a dissenting minister—sprung of a poor family, and ad-

hering to all their shabby habits—and lived in Victoria Villas. The very address of itself was enough to condemn a man; no one who had any respect for his friends would have retained it for an hour. Yet it was this man whom Robert had gone to consult at the greatest crisis of his life.

The other friend upon whom poor Drummond relied was less objectionable in a social point of view. He was a physician, and not in very great practice, being a crotchety man given to inventions and investigations, but emphatically "a gentleman" according to Helen's own sense of the word. This was so far satisfactory; but if he was less objectionable, he was also much less interesting than Stephen Haldane. He was a shy man, knowing little about women and caring less. He lived all by himself in a great house in one of the streets near Berkeley Square, a house twice as big as the Drummonds', which he inhabited in solitary state, in what seemed to Helen the coldest, dreariest loneliness. She was half sorry for, half contemptuous of him in his big, solemn, doubly-respectable hermitage. He was rich, and had nothing to do with his money. He had few friends and no relations. He was as unlike the painter as could be conceived; and yet in him too Robert believed. Their acquaintance dated back to the same anatomical lectures which had brought Haldane and Drummond together, but Dr. Maurice was a lover of art, and had bought Robert's first picture, and thus occupied a different ground with him. Perhaps the irritating influence he had upon Helen was greater than that exercised by Haldane, because it was an irritation produced by his character, not by his circumstances. Haldane paid her a certain shy homage, feeling her to be different from all the women that surrounded himself; but Maurice treated her with formal civility and that kind of conventional deference which old-fashioned people show to the wishes and tastes of an inferior, that he may be set at his ease among them. There were times when she all but hated the doctor, with his courtesy and his silent air of criticism, but the minister she could not hate.

At the same time it must be allowed that to see her husband set out with his new gloves to ask the opinion of these two men, after all the profound thought she had herself given to the subject, and the passionate feeling it had roused within her, was hard upon Helen. To them it would be nothing more than a wise or unwise investment of money, but to her it was a measure affecting life and honour. Perhaps she exaggerated, she was willing to allow—but they would not fail to underrate its importance; they could not—Heaven forbid they ever should!—feel as she did, that Robert, though an R.A., had failed in his profession. They would advise him to hold fast by that profession and leave business alone, which was as much as condemning him to a constant repetition of the despairs and discontents of the past; or they would advise him to accept the one opening held out to him and sever himself from Art, which would be as good as a confession of failure. Thus it is evident, whatever his friends might happen to advise, Helen was prepared to resent.

At this moment Mrs. Drummond's character was the strangest mixture of two kinds of being. She was, though a mature woman, like a flower bursting out of a rough husk. The old conventional nature, the habits and prejudices of the rich *bourgeois* existence to which she had been born, had survived all that had as yet happened to her in life. The want of a dining-room, which has been already noted, had been not a trivial accident but a real humiliation to her. She sighed when she thought of the great dinner-parties with mountains of silver on table and sideboard, and many men in black or more gorgeous beings in livery to wait, which she had been accustomed to in her youth; and when she was obliged to furnish a supper for a group of painters who had been smoking half the night in the studio, and who were not in evening dress, she felt almost disgraced. Robert enjoyed that impromptu festivity more than all the dinner-parties; but Helen felt that if any of her old friends or even the higher class of her present acquaintances were to look in and see her, seated at the head of the table, where half a dozen bearded men in morning coats were devouring cold beef and salad, she must have sunk through the floor in shame and dismay. Robert was strangely, sadly without feeling in such matters. It never occurred to him that they could be a criterion of what his wife called "position;" and he would only laugh in the most hearty way when Helen insisted upon the habits proper to "people of our class." But her pride, such as it was, was terribly wounded by all such irregular proceedings. The middle-class custom of dining early and making a meal of "tea," a custom in full and undisturbed operation round the corner in Victoria Villas, affected her with a certain horror as if it had been a crime. Had she yielded to it she would have felt that she had "given in," and voluntarily descended in the social scale. "Late dinners" were to her as a bulwark

against that social downfall which in her early married life had seemed always imminent. This curious raising up of details into the place of principles had given Helen many an unnecessary prick. It had made her put up with much really inferior society in the shape of people of gentility whose minds were all absorbed in the hard struggle to keep up appearances, and live as people lived with ten times their income, while it cut her off from a great many to whom appearances were less important, and who lived as happened to be most convenient to them, without asking at what hour dukes dined or millionaires. The dukes probably would have been as indifferent, but not the millionaires, and it was from the latter class that Helen came. But in the midst of all these all-important details and the trouble they caused her, had risen up, she knew not how, a passionate, obstinately ideal soul. Perhaps at first her thirst for fame had been but another word for social advancement and distinction in the world, but that feeling had changed by means of the silent anguish which had crept on her as bit by bit she understood her husband's real weakness. Love in her opened, it did not blind, her eyes. Her heart cried out for excellence, for power, for genius in the man she loved; and with this longing there came a hundred subtle sentiments which she did not understand, and which worked and fermented in her without any will of hers. Along with the sense that he was no genius, there rose an unspeakable remorse and hatred of herself who had found it out; and along with her discontent came a sense of her own weakness—a growing humility which was a pain to her, and against which her pride fought stoutly, keeping, up to this time, the upper hand—and a regretful, self-reproachful, half-adoration of her husband and his goodness, produced by the very consciousness that he was not so strong nor so great as she had hoped. These mingled elements of the old and the new in Helen's mind made it hard to understand her, hard to realise and follow her motives; yet they explained the irritability which possessed her, her impatience of any suggestion from outside, along with her longing for something new, some change which might bring a new tide into the life which had fallen into such dreary, stagnant, unreal ways.

While she waited at home with all these thoughts whirling about her, Robert went on cheerfully seeking advice. He did it in the spirit which is habitual to men who consult their friends on any important matter. He made up his mind first. As he turned lightly round the corner, swinging his cane, instead of wondering what his friend would say to him, he was making up his mind what he himself would do with all the unusual power and wealth which would come to him through the bank. For instance, at once there was poor Chance, the sculptor, whose son he would find a place for without more ado. Poor Chance had ten children, and was no genius, but an honest, good fellow, who would have made quite a superior stonemason had he understood his own gifts. Here was one immediate advantage of that bank-directorship. He went in cheerful and confident in this thought to the little house in Victoria Villas. Haldane had been ill; he had spent the previous winter in Italy, and his friends had been in some anxiety about his health; but he had improved again, and Robert went in without any apprehensions into the sitting-room at the back, which looked into the little garden. He had scarcely opened the door before he saw that something had happened. The writing-table was deserted, and a large sofa drawn near the window had become, it was easy to perceive, the centre of the room and of all the interests of its inhabitants. Mrs. Haldane, a homely old woman in a black dress and a widow's cap, rose hastily as he came in, with her hand extended, as if to forbid his approach. She was very pale and tremulous; the arm which she raised shook as she held it out, and fell down feebly by her side when she saw who it was. "Oh, come in, Mr. Drummond, he will like to see *you*," she said in a whisper. Robert went forward with a pang of alarm. His friend was lying on the sofa with his eyes closed, with an ashy paleness on his face, and the features slightly, very slightly distorted. He was not moved by the sound of Robert's welcome nor by his mother's movements. His eyes were closed, and yet he did not seem to be asleep. His chest heaved regularly and faintly, or the terrified bystander would have thought he was dead.

Robert clutched at the hand which the old lady stretched out to him again. "Has he fainted?" he cried in a whisper. "Have you had the doctor? Let me go for the doctor. Do you know what it is?"

Poor Mrs. Haldane looked down silently and cried. Two tears fell out of her old eyes as if they were full and had overflowed. "I thought he would notice you," she said. "He always was so fond of you. Oh, Mr. Drummond, my boy's had a shock."

"A shock!" said Drummond, under his breath. All his own visions flitted out of his mind like a shadow. His friend lay before him like a fallen tower, motionless, speechless. "Good God!" he said, as men do unawares, with involuntary appeal to Him who (surely) has to do with those wild contradictions of nature. "When did it happen? Who has seen him?" he asked, growing almost as pale as was the sufferer, and feeling faint and ill in the sense of his own powerlessness to help.

"It was last night, late," said the mother. "Oh, Mr. Drummond, this has been what was working on him. I knew it was never the lungs. Not one of us, either his father's family or mine, was ever touched in the lungs. Dr. Mixwell saw him directly. He said not to disturb him, or I would have had him in bed. I know he ought to be in bed."

"I'll go and fetch Maurice," cried Robert. "I shall be back directly," and he rushed out of the room which he had entered so jauntily. As he flew along the street, and jumped into the first cab he could find, the bank and his directorship went as completely out of his mind as if they had been a hundred years off. He dashed at the great solemn door of Dr. Maurice's house when he reached it and rushed in, upsetting the decorous servant. He seized the doctor by the shoulder, who was seated calmly at breakfast. "Come along with me directly," he said. "I have a cab at the door."

"What is the matter?" said Dr. Maurice. He had no idea of being disturbed so unceremoniously. "Is Mrs. Drummond ill? Sit down and tell me what is wrong."

"I can't sit down. I want you to come with me. There is a cab at the door," said Robert panting. "It is poor Haldane. He has had a fit—come at once."

"A fit! I knew that was what it was," said Dr. Maurice calmly. He waved his hand to the importunate petitioner, and swallowed the rest of his breakfast in great mouthfuls. "I'm coming; hold your tongue, Drummond. I knew the lungs was all nonsense—of course that is what it was."

"Come then," cried Robert. "Good heavens, come! don't let him lie there and die."

"He will not die. More's the pity, poor fellow!" said the doctor. "I said so from the beginning. John, my hat. Lungs, nonsense! He was as sound in the lungs as either you or I."

"For God's sake, come then," said the impatient painter, and he rushed to the door and pushed the calm physician into his cab. He had come to consult him about something—Yes, to be sure, about poor Haldane. Not to consult him—to carry him off, to compel, to drag that other back from the verge of the grave. If there was anything more in his mind when he started Drummond had clean forgotten it. He did not remember it again till two hours later when, having helped to carry poor Haldane up-stairs, and rushed here and there for medicines and conveniences, he at last went home, weary with excitement and sympathetic pain. "I have surely forgotten something," he said, when he had given an account of all his doings to his wife. "Good heavens! I forgot altogether that I went to ask somebody's advice."

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Burton called next morning to ascertain Drummond's decision, and found that he had been sitting up half the night with Stephen Haldane, and was wholly occupied by his friend's illness. The merchant suffered a little vexation to be visible in his smooth and genial aspect. He was a middle-aged man, with a bland aspect and full development, not fat but ample. He wore his whiskers long, and had an air that was always jovial and comfortable. The cleanness of the man was almost aggressive. He enjoined upon you the fact that he not only had his bath every morning, but that his bath was constructed on the newest principles, with water-pipes which wandered through all the house. He wore buff waistcoats and light trousers, and the easiest of overcoats. His watch-chain was worthy of him, and so were the heavy gold buttons at his sleeves. He looked and moved and spoke like wealth, with a roll in his voice, which is only attainable in business, and when business goes very well with you. Consequently the shade of vexation which came over him was very perceptible. He found the Drummonds only at breakfast, though he had breakfasted two hours before, and this mingled in his seriousness a certain tone of virtuous reproof.

"My dear fellow, I don't want to disturb you," he said; "but how you can make this sort of thing pay I can't tell. *I* breakfasted at eight; but then, to be sure, I am only a City man, and can't expect my example to be much thought of at the West-end."

"Is this the West-end?" said Robert, laughing. "But if you breakfasted at eight, you must want something more by this time. Sit down and have some coffee. We are

late because we have been up half the night." And he told his new visitor the story of poor Stephen and his sudden illness. Mr. Burton was moderately interested, for he had married Mr. Baldwin's only daughter, and was bound to take a certain interest in his father-in-law's *protégé*. He heard the story to an end with admirable patience, and shook his head, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very sorry for him," with due gravity. But he was soon tired of Stephen's story. He took out his watch, and consulted it seriously, muttering something about his appointments.

"My dear, good people," he said, "it may be all very well for you to spend your time and your emotions on your friends, but a man of business cannot so indulge himself. I thought I should have had a definite answer from you, Drummond, yes or no."

"Yes," said Robert with professional calmness. "I am very sorry. So I intended myself; but this business about poor Haldane put everything else out of my head."

"Well," said Mr. Burton, rising and walking to the fire-place, according to British habit, though there was no fire, "you know best what you can do. I, for my part, should not be able to neglect my business if my best friend was on his death-bed. Of course you understand Rivers's is not likely to go begging for partners. Such an offer is not made to every one. I am certain that you should accept it for your own sake; but if you do not think it of importance, there is not another word to say."

"My dear fellow," cried Robert, "of course I think it of importance; and I know I owe it to your consideration. Don't think me ungrateful, pray."

"As for gratitude, that is neither here nor there," said the merchant; "there is nothing to be grateful about. But we have a meeting to-day to arrange the preliminaries, and probably everything will be settled then. I should have liked to place your name at once on the list. To leave such things over, unless you mean simply to abandon them, is a great mistake."

"I am sure I don't see any particular reason why we should leave it over," Robert said, faltering a little; and then he looked at his wife. Helen's face was clouded and very pale. She was watching him with a certain furtive eagerness, but she did not meet his eye. There was a tremulous pause, which seemed like an hour to both of them, during the passing of which the air seemed to rattle and beat about Helen's ears. Her husband gazed at her, eagerly questioning her; but she could not raise her eyes—something prevented her, she could not tell what; her eyelids seemed heavy and weighed them down. It was not weakness or fear or a desire to avoid the responsibility of immediate action, but a positive physical inability. He looked at her for, perhaps, a full minute by the clock, and then he said slowly, "I see no reason to delay. I think Helen and I are agreed. This matter put the other out of my head; but it is natural you should be impatient. I think I will accept your kind offer, Burton, without any more delay."

How easy it is to say such words! The moment they were spoken, Robert felt them so simple, so inevitable, and knew that all along he had meant to say them. But still he was somewhat excited; a curious feeling came into his mind, such as a king may feel when he has crossed his neighbour's frontier with an invading army. Half a dozen steps were enough to do it; but how to get back again? and what might pass before the going back! The thought caught at his breath, and gave him a tremulous thrill through all his frame.

"Very well," said Mr. Burton, withdrawing his hands from under his coat-tails, and drawing a slightly long breath, which the other in his excitement did not observe. Mr. Burton did not show any excitement, except that long breath, which, after all, might have been accidental; no sign or indication of feeling had been visible in him. It was a great, a very great, matter to the Drummonds; but it was a small matter to one who had been for years a partner in Rivers's. "Very well. I will submit your name to the directors to-day. I don't think you need fear that the result will be doubtful. And I am very glad you have come to such a wise decision. Helen, when your husband is rich, as I trust he soon will be, I hope you will fancy a little house at Dura, and be our neighbour. It would be like old times. I should like it more than I can say."

"I never was fond of Dura," said Helen, with some abruptness. This reference to his greatness irritated her, as it always did; for whatever newcomer might take a little house at Dura, he was the lord of the place, supreme in the great house, and master of everything. Such an allusion always stirred up what was worst in her, and gave to her natural pride a certain tone of spitefulness and envy, which disgusted and wounded herself. But it did not wound her cousin, it pleased him. He laughed with a suppressed enjoyment and triumph.

"Well," he said, "Dura is my home, and

a very happy one, therefore, of course, I am fond of it. And it has a great many associations too, some of them, perhaps, not so agreeable. But it is always pleasant to feel, as I do, that everything that has happened to one has been for the best."

"The conversation has taken a highly edifying tone," said Robert with some surprise. He saw there was more meant than met the eye, but he did not know what it was. "We shall all be thanking Providence next, as people do chiefly, I observe, in celebration of the sufferings of others. Well, since you think I am on the fair way to be rich, perhaps I had better thank Providence by anticipation. Must I go with you to-day?"

"Not to-day. You will have full intimation when your presence is wanted. You forget—nothing is settled yet," said Mr. Burton; "the whole arrangement may come to nothing yet, for what I know. But I must be going; remember me to poor Haldane when he is able to receive good wishes. I hope he'll soon be better. Some of these days I'll call and see him. Good morning, Helen. Good-bye, Drummond. I'm glad you've made up your mind. My conviction is, it will turn out the best day's work you ever did in your life."

"Is he true, I wonder?" Helen said to herself as the two men left the room, and stood talking intently in the hall. It was the first time the idea had crossed her mind, and now it took its origin more from the malicious shaft her cousin had shot at herself than from any indication of double-dealing she had seen in him. It was against all the traditions of the Burtons to imagine that he could be anything but true. They had been business people as long as they had been anything, and commercial honour had been their god. It went against her to imagine that "a relation of mine!" could be other than perfect in this particular; and she sighed, and dismissed the idea from her mind, blaming herself, as she often did now, for ill-temper and suspiciousness. "It was mean to make that allusion to the past, but it is meaner of me to doubt him on that account," she said to herself, with a painful sigh. It was so hard in her to overcome nature, and subdue those rebellious feelings that rose in her unawares. "Why should I care?" she thought, "it is my vanity. I suppose if the man had never got over my rejection of him I should have been pleased. I should have thought better of him! Such a man as that! After all, we women must be fools indeed." This was the edifying sentiment in her mind when Robert came back.

"Well, Helen, the die is cast," he said, half cheerfully, half sadly. "However we come to shore, the ship has set out. If it were not for poor Stephen I should make to-day a holiday and take you somewhere. This day ought to be distinguished from the rest."

"I hope he is true. I wonder if he is true?" Helen repeated to herself, half unconsciously, beneath her breath.

"Whom? Your cousin!!" said Robert, with quite two notes of admiration in his tone. "Why, Helen, what a cynic you are growing. You will suspect me next."

"Am I a cynic?" she said, looking up at him with a sudden tear in her eye. "It is because I am beginning to be so wretchedly doubtful about myself."

This admission burst from her she could not tell how. She had no intention of making it. And she was sorry the moment the words were said. But as for Robert, he gazed at her first in consternation, then laughed, then took her in his kind arms with that vituperation of love which is more telling than any eulogy. "Yes," he said, "you are a very suspicious character altogether, you know so much harm of yourself that it is evident you must think badly of others. What a terrible business for me to have such a wife!"

Thus ended the episode in their lives which was to colour them to their very end, and decide everything else. They had been very solemn about it at the beginning, and had made up their minds to proceed very warily, and ask everybody's advice; but, as so often happens in human affairs, the decision which was intended to be done so seriously had been accomplished in a moment, without consideration, almost without thought. And, being done, it was a weight off the minds of both. They had no longer this disturbing matter between them to be discussed and thought over. Robert dismissed it out of simple light-heartedness, and that delightful economy of sensation which is fortunately so common among the artist class: "It is done, and all the thinking in the world will not make any difference. Why should I bother myself about it?" If this *insouciance* sometimes does harm, heaven knows it does a great deal of good sometimes, and gives the artist power to work where a man who felt his anxieties more heavily would fail. Helen had not this happy temper; but she was a woman more occupied with personal feelings than with any fact, however impor-

tant. The fact was outside, and never, she thought, could vanquish her—her enemies were within.

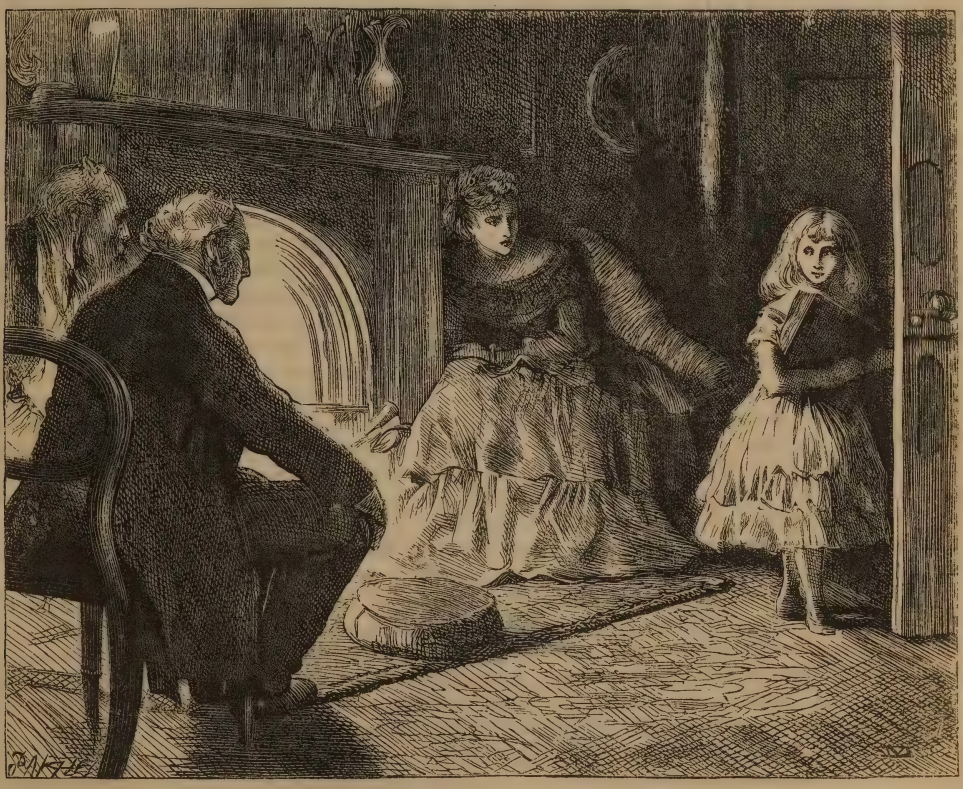
Time passed very quietly after this great decision. There was a lull, during which Stephen Haldane grew better, and Mrs. Drummond learned to feel a certain friendliness and sympathy for the lonely mother and sister, who were flattered by her inquiries after him. She came even to understand her husband's jokes about Miss Jane, the grim and practical person who ruled the little house in Victoria Villas—whom she even laughed at, but whom little Norah took a violent fancy for, which much mollified her mother. And then, in the matter of Rivers's bank, there began to rise a certain agreeable excitement and importance in their life. "Drummond among the lists of bank directors! *Drummond!* What does it mean?" This question ran through all the studios, and came back in amusing colours to the two who knew all about it. "His wife belongs to that sort of people, and has hosts of business connections," said one. "The fellow is rich," said another: "don't you know what a favourite he is with all the dealers, and has been for ever so long?" "His wife has money," was the judgment of a third. "Take my word for it, that is the way to get on in this world. A rich wife keeps you going till you've made a hit—if you are ever going to make a hit—and helps you on." "It is all that cousin of hers," another would say, "that fellow Burton whom one meets there. He bought my last picture, so I have reason to know, and has a palace in the country, like the rest of those City fellows." "What luck some men have," sighed the oldest of all. "I am older than Drummond, but none of these good things ever came my way." And this man was a better painter than Drummond, and knew it, but somehow had never caught the tide. Drummond's importance rose with every new report. When he secured the clerkship for Bob Chance, Chance, the sculptor's son, he made one family happy, and roused a certain excitement in many others; for poor artists, like poor clergymen and other needy persons, insist upon having large families. Two or three of the men who were Robert's contemporaries, who had studied with him in the schools, or had guided his early labours, went to see him, while others wrote, describing promising boys who would soon be ready for business, and for whom they would gladly secure something less precarious than the life of art. These applications were from the second class of artists, the men who are never very successful, yet who "keep on," as they themselves would say, rambling from exhibition to exhibition, painting as well as a man can be taught to paint who has no natural impulse, or turning out in conscientious marble fair limbs of nymphs that ought, as the only reason for their being, to have sprung ethereal from the stone. And these poor painters and sculptors were often so good, so kindly, and unblamable as men; fond of their families, ready to do anything to push on the sons and daughters who showed "talent," or had any means offered of bettering themselves. How gladly Robert would have given away a dozen clerkships! how happy it would have made him to scatter upon them all some share of his prosperity! but he could not do this, and it was the first disagreeable accompaniment of his new position. He had other applications, however, of a different kind. Those in the profession who had some money to invest came and asked for his advice, feeling that they could have confidence in him. "Rivers's has a name like the Bank of England," they said; and he had the privilege of some preference shares to allot to them. All this advanced him in his own opinion, in his wife's, in that of all the world. He was no longer a man subject to utter demolition at the hands of an ill-natured critic; but a man endowed with large powers in addition to his genius, whom nobody could demolish or even seriously harm.

Perhaps, however, the greatest height of Drummond's triumph was reached when, the year having crept round from summer to autumn, his friend Dr. Maurice came to call one evening after a visit to Haldane. It was that moment between the two lights which is dear to all busy people. The first fire of the year was lit in Helen's drawing-room, which of itself was a little family event. Robert had strayed in from the studio in his painting coat, which he concealed by sitting in the shade by the side of the chimney. The autumn evenings had been growing wistful and eerie for some time back, the days shortening, yet the season still too warm for fires—so that the warm interior, all lit by the kindly, fitful flame, was a novelty and a pleasure. The central figure in the picture was Norah, in a thick white piqué frock, with her brown hair falling on her shoulders, reading by the firelight. The little white figure rose from the warm carpet into the warm, rosy firelight, herself less vividly tinted, a curious little abstract thing, the centre of the life around her, yet taking no

note of it. She had shielded one of her cheeks with her hands, and was bending her brows over the open book, trying to shade the light which flickered and danced, and made the words dance too before her. The book was too big for her, filling her lap and one crimsoned arm which held its least heavy side. The newcomer saw nothing but Norah against the light as he came in. He stopped, in reality because he was fond of Norah, with a disapproving word.

"At it again!" he said. "That child will ruin her eyesight and her complexion, and I don't know what besides."

"Never fear," said Drummond, with a laugh, out of the corner, revealing himself, and Helen rose from the other side. She had been invisible too in a shady corner. A certain curious sensation came over the man who was older, richer, and felt himself wiser, than the painter. All this Drummond had for his share, though he had not done much to deserve it—whereas in the big library near Berkeley Square there was no fire, no



child pushing a round shoulder out of her frock, and roasting her cheeks, no gracious woman rising softly out of the shadows. Of course, Dr. Maurice might have been married too, and had not chosen; but nevertheless it was hard to keep from a momentary envy of the painter who could come home to enjoy himself between the lights, and for whom every night a new pose arranged itself of that child reading before the fire. Dr. Maurice was a determined old bachelor, and thought more of the child than of the wife.

"Haldane is better to-day," he said, seating himself behind Norah, who looked up dreamily, with hungry eyes possessed by her tale, to greet him, at her mother's bidding. "Nearly as well as he will ever be. We must amuse him with hopes of restoration, I suppose; but he will never budge out of that house as long as he lives."

"But he will live?" said Robert.

"Yes, if you can call it living. Fancy, Drummond! a man about your own age, a year or two younger than I am—a man fond of wandering, fond of movement; and yet shut up in that dreary prison—for life."

A silence fell upon them all as he spoke.

They were too much awed to make any response, the solemnity being beyond words. Norah woke up at the pause. Their voices did not disturb her; but the silence did.

"Who is to be in the dreary prison?" she said, looking round upon them with her big brown wondering eyes.

"Hush! Poor Mr. Haldane, dear," said the mother, under her breath.

Then Norah burst into a great cry. "Oh, who has done it—who has done it? It is a shame—it is a sin! He is so good!"

"My child," said the doctor, with something like a sob, "it is God who has done it. If it had been a man, we would have throttled him before he touched poor Stephen. Now, heaven help us! what can we do? I suppose it is God."

"Maurice, don't speak so before the child," said Robert from a corner.

"How can I help it?" he cried. "If it was a man's doing, what could we say bad enough? Norah, little one, you don't know what I mean. Go back to your book."

"Norah, go up-stairs and get dressed for dinner," said Helen. "But you cannot, you must not be right, doctor. Oh, say you are sometimes deceived! Things happen that you don't reckon on. It is not for his life?"

Dr. Maurice shook his head. He looked after Norah regretfully as she went out of the room with the big book clasped in her arms.

"You might have let the child stay," he said reproachfully. "There was nothing that could have disturbed *her* in what I said."

And then for a moment or two the sound of the fire flickering its light about, making sudden leaps and sudden downfalls like a living thing, was the only sound heard; and it was in this pensive silence, weighted and subdued by the neighbourhood of suffering, that the visitor suddenly introduced a subject so different. He said abruptly—

"I have to congratulate you on becoming a great man, Drummond. I don't know how you have done it. But this bank, I suppose, will make your fortune. I want to venture a little in it on my own account."

"You, Maurice? My dear fellow!" said Robert, getting up with sudden enthusiasm, and seizing his friend by both his hands, "*you* are going in for Rivers's! I never was so glad in my life!"

"You need not be violent," said the doctor. "Have I said anything very clever, Mrs. Drummond? I am going in for Rivers's, because it seems such a capital investment. I can't expect, of course, to get put on the board of directors, or to sit at the receipt of custom, like such a great man as you are. Don't shake my hands off, my good fellow. What is there wonderful in this?"

"Nothing wonderful," said Robert; "but the best joke I ever heard in my life. Fancy, Helen, how I was going to him humbly, hat in hand, to ask his advice, thinking perhaps he would put his veto on it, and prevent me from making my fortune. And now he is a shareholder like the rest. You may not see it: but it is the best joke! You must stay to dinner, old fellow, and we will talk business all the evening. Helen, we cannot let him go to-night."

And Helen smiled too as she repeated her husband's invitation. Robert had been wiser than his friends, though he had asked nobody's advice but hers. It was a salve to her often-wounded pride. The doctor did not like it half so much. His friend had stolen a march upon him, reversed their usual positions, gone first, and left the other to follow. He stayed to dinner, however, all the same, and pared apples for Norah, and talked over Rivers's afterwards over his wine. But when he left the door to go home, he shrugged his shoulders with a half-satisfied prophecy. "He will never paint another good picture," Maurice said, with a certain tone of friendly vengeance. "When wealth comes in, good-bye to art."

CHAPTER VI.

It was on an October day, mellow and bright, when Robert Drummond, with a smile on his face, and a heavy heart in his breast, reached the house in Victoria Villas, to superintend poor Stephen's return to the sitting-room, as he had superintended his removal to his bed. The sitting-room was larger, airier, and less isolated, than the mournful chamber up-stairs, in which he had spent half the summer. It was a heart-rending office, and yet it was one from which his friend could not shrink. Before he went up-stairs the painter paused, and took hold of Miss Jane's hand, and wept, as people say, "like a child;" but a child's hot thunder-shower of easily-dried tears are little like those few heavy drops that come to the eyes of older people, concentrating in themselves so much that words could not express. Miss Jane, for her part, did not weep. Her gray countenance, which was grayer than ever, was for a moment convulsed, and then she pushed her brother's friend away. "Don't you see I daren't cry?" she cried, almost angrily, with one hard sob. Her brother

Stephen was the one object of her life. All the romance of which she was capable, and a devotion deeper than that of twenty lovers, was in her worship of him. And this was what it was coming to! She hurried into the room which she had been preparing for him, which was henceforward to be his dwelling day and night, and shut the door upon the too sympathetic face. As for Robert, he went into his friend's little chamber with cheery salutations: "Well, old fellow, so you are coming back to the world!" he said. Poor Haldane was seated in his dressing-gown in an easy-chair. To look at him, no chance spectator would have known that he was as incapable of moving out of it as if he had been bound with iron, and everybody about him had been loud in their congratulations on the progress he was making. They thought they deceived him, as people so often think who flatter the incurable with hopes of recovery. He smiled as Robert spoke, and shook his head.

"I am changing my prison," he said; "nothing more. I know that as well as the wisest of you, Drummond. You kind, dear souls, do you think those cheery looks you have made such work to keep up, deceive me?"

"What cheery looks? I am as sulky as a bear," said Robert. "And as for your prison, Maurice doesn't think so. You heard what he said?"

"Maurice doesn't say so," said poor Haldane. "But never mind, it can't last for ever; and we need not be doleful for that."

The painter groaned within himself as they moved the helpless man down-stairs. "It will last for ever," he thought. He was so full of life and consolation himself that he could not realise the end which his friend was thinking of—the "for ever" which would release him and every prisoner. When they carried the invalid into the room below he gave a wistful look round him. For life—that was what he was thinking. He looked at the poor walls and commonplace surroundings, and a sigh burst from his lips. But he said immediately, to obliterate the impression of the sigh, "What a cheerful room it is, and the sun shining! I could not have had a more hopeful day for my first coming down-stairs."

And then they all looked at each other, heart-struck by what seemed to them the success of their deception. Old Mrs. Haldane fell into a sudden outburst of weeping: "Oh, my poor boy! my poor boy!" she said; and again a quick convulsion passed over Miss Jane's face. Even Dr. Maurice, the arch-deceiver, felt his voice choked in his throat. They did not know that their patient was smiling at them and their transparent devices, in the sadness and patience of his heart. The room had been altered in many particulars for his reception, and fitted with contrivances, every one of which contradicted the promises of restoration which were held out to him. He had known it was so, but yet the sight of all the provisions made for his captivity gave him a new pang. He could have cried out, too, to earth and heaven. But what would have been the good? At the end all must submit.

"Now that you are comfortable, Stephen," said his sister, with a harsh rattle in her voice, which made her appear less amiable than ever, and in reality came out of the deep anguish of her heart, "there is some one waiting to see you. The chapel people have been very kind. Besides the deputation that came with the purse for you, there are always private members asking how you are, and if they can see you, and how they miss you—till you are able to go back."

"That will be never, Jane."

"How do you know? How can any one tell? It is impious to limit God's mercies," cried Miss Jane harshly; then, suddenly calming down, "It is Mr. Baldwin's son-in-law who has called to-day. They are in the country, and this Mr. Burton has come to carry them news of you. May he come in?"

"That is your cousin—your director?" said the invalid with some eagerness. "I should like to see him. I want you to invest my money for me, Drummond. There is not much; but you must have it, and make something of it in your new bank."

Mr. Burton came in before Drummond could answer. He came in on tiptoe, with an amount of caution which exasperated all the bystanders who loved Stephen. He looked stronger, richer, more prosperous than ever as he sat down, sympathetically, close to Stephen's chair. There he sat and talked, as it were, smoothing the sick man down. "We must have patience," he said soothingly. "After such an illness it will take so long to get up your strength. The sea-side would have been the best thing, but, unfortunately, it is a little late. I am so glad to hear your people are showing you how much they prize such a man as you among them; and I hope, with one thing and another—the pension, and so forth—you may be very comfortable. I would not venture to ask such a question, if it were not for Mr. Baldwin. He

takes so much interest in all your concerns."

"I am very glad you have spoken of it," said Haldane, "for I want to invest what little money I have in this bank I hear so much of—yours and Drummond's. I feel so much like a dying man—"

"No, no," said Mr. Burton, in a deprecating tone, "nothing half so bad. Providence, you may be sure, has something different in store for you. We must not think of that."

"At all events, I want to make the best of the money, for my mother and sister," said Stephen. And then he entered into business, telling them what he had, and how it was invested. His mind had been very full of this subject for some time past. The money was not much, but if he died, it would be all his mother and sister would have to depend upon, and the purse which his congregation had collected for him would increase his little, very little capital. Dr. Maurice had gone away, and the two women, though they heard everything, were withdrawn together into a corner. Mrs. Haldane had attempted several times to interrupt the conversation. "What do we care for money!" she had said, with tears in her eyes. "Let him alone, mother, it will make him happier," Miss Jane had said, in the voice that was so harsh with restrained emotion. And Stephen, with his two visitors beside him, and a flush upon his wan face, expounded all his affairs, and put his fortune into their hands. "Between you, you will keep my poor little nest-egg warm," he said, smiling upon them. His illness had refined his face, and gave him a certain pathetic dignity, and there was something that affected both in this appeal.

"I will sit on it myself sooner than let it cool," Drummond had said with a laugh, yet with the tears in his eyes, with an attempt to lighten the seriousness of the moment. "Dear old fellow, don't be afraid. Your sacred money will bring a blessing on the rest."

"That is all very pretty and poetical," said Mr. Burton, with a curious shade passing over his face; "but if Haldane has the slightest doubt on the subject, he should not make the venture. Of course, we are all prepared in the way of business to win or to lose. If we lose, we must bear it as well as we can. Of course, I think the investment as safe as the Bank of England—but at the same time, Drummond, it would be a very different thing to you or me from what it would be to him."

"Very different," said Drummond; but the mere suggestion of loss had made him pale. "These are uncomfortable words," he went on with a momentary laugh. "For my part, I go in to win, without allowing the possibility of loss. Loss! Why I have been doing a great deal in ways less sure than Rivers's, and I have not lost a penny yet, thanks to you."

"I am not infallible," said Burton. "Of course, in everything there is a risk. I cannot make myself responsible. If Haldane has the least doubt or hesitation——"

"If I had, your caution would have reassured me," said the invalid. "People who feel their responsibility so much don't throw away their neighbour's money. It is all my mother has, and all I have. When you are tempted to speculate, think what a helpless set of people are involved—and no doubt there will be many more just as helpless. I think perhaps it would exercise a good influence on mercantile men," he added, with perhaps a reminiscence of his profession, "if they knew something personally of the people whose lives are, so to speak, in their hands."

"Haldane," said Mr. Burton hastily, "I don't think we ought to take your money. It is too great a risk. Trade has no heart and no bowels. We can't work in this way, you know, it would paralyse any man. Money is money, and has to be dealt with on business principles. God bless me! If I were to reflect about the people whose lives, &c.—I could never do anything! We can't afford to take anything but the market into account."

"I don't see that," said the painter, who knew as much about business as Mr. Burton's umbrella. "I agree with Haldane. We should be less ready to gamble and run foolish risks, if we remembered always what trusts we have in our hands: the honour of honest men, and the happiness of families—"

He was still a little pale, and spoke with a certain emotion, having suddenly realised, with a mixture of nervous boldness and terror, the other side of the question. Mr. Burton turned away with a shrug of his shoulders.

"It suits you two to talk sentiment instead of business," he said, "but that is not in my line. So long as my own credit is concerned, I find that a much greater stimulant than anybody else's. Self-interest is the root of everything—in business; and if you succeed for yourself, which of course is your first motive, you succeed for your neighbours as well. I don't take credit for any fine sentiments. That is my commercial creed. Num-

ber one includes all the other numbers, and the best a man can do for his friends is to take care of himself."

He got up with a slight show of impatience as he spoke. His face was overcast, and he had the half-contemptuous air which a practical man naturally assumes when he listens to anything high-flown. He, for his part, professed to be nothing but a man of business, and had confidence enough in his friends' knowledge of him to be able to express the most truculent sentiments. So, at least, Haldane thought, who smiled at this transparent cynicism. "I suppose, then, we are justified in thinking anything that is bad of you, and ought not to trust you with a penny?" he said.

"If you trust anything to me personally, of course I shall take care of it," answered the merchant. "But what we were talking of was Rivers's—business, not personal friendship. And business cannot afford such risks. You must examine into it, and judge of its claims for yourself. Come, let us dismiss the subject. I will tell Mr. Baldwin I found you looking a great deal better than I hoped."

"But I don't want to dismiss the subject," said Haldane. "I am satisfied. I am anxious——"

"Think it over once more, at least," said the other hastily; and he went away with but scant leave-taking. Mrs. Haldane, who was a wise woman, and, without knowing it, a physiognomist, shook her head.

"That man means what he says," she said with some emphasis. "He is telling you his real principles. If I were you, Stephen, I would take him at his word."

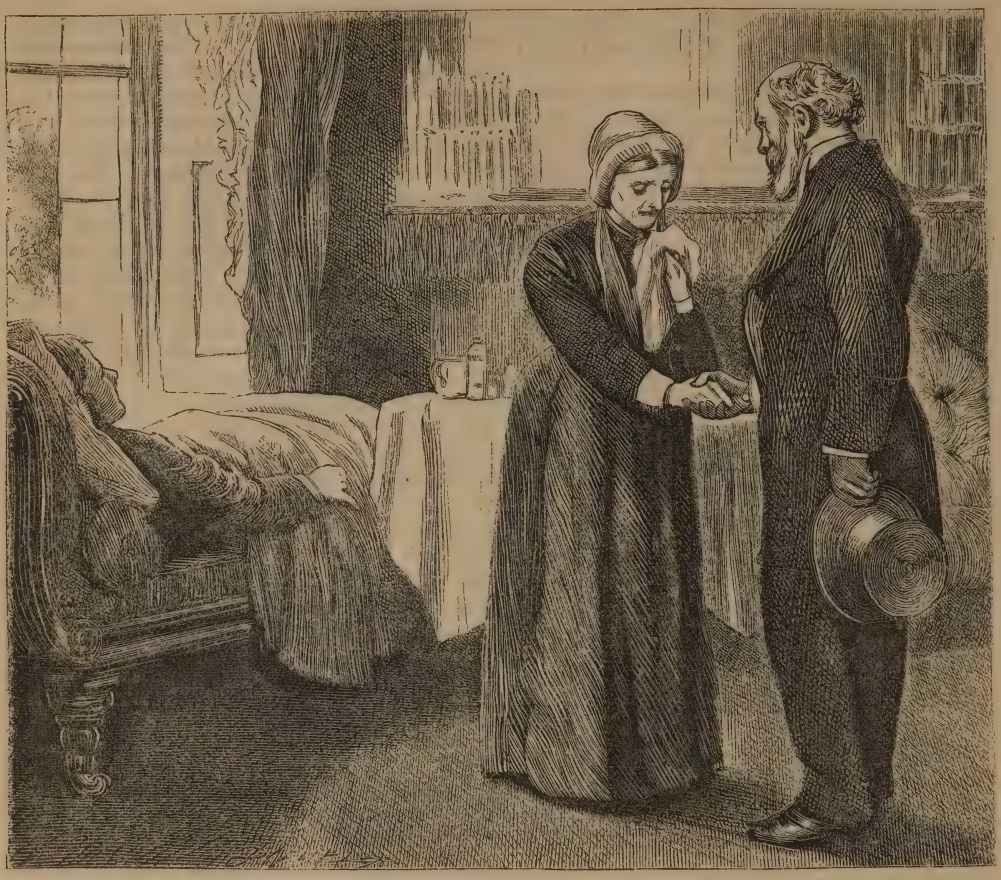
"My dear mother, he is one of the men who take pleasure in putting the worst face on human nature, and attributes everything to selfish motives," said the sick man. "I very seldom believe those who put such sentiments so boldly forth."

"But I do," said his mother, shaking her head with that obstinate conviction which takes up its position at once and defies all reason. Her son made no answer. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. The momentary excitement was over, the friends gone, and the new and terrible Life settled down upon him. He did not say a word to indicate what was passing through his mind, but he thought of the ship which drifted between the sea and the mariner, and the nightmare Life in death casting her dice with the less appalling skeleton. It was she who had won.

In the meantime the two directors of Rivers's bank walked out together; one of them recovering all his self-confidence the moment he left the house, the other possessed by a certain tremulous excitement. The idea of risk was new to the painter. He felt a certain half-delightful, half-alarming agitation when he made his first ventures, but that had soon yielded to his absolute confidence in the man who now, with his own lips, had named the fatal word. Robert's imagination, the temperament of the artist, which is so often fantastically moved by trifles, while strong to resist the presence of fact and certainty, had sustained a shock. He did not say anything while they walked up the road under the faded autumnal leaves which kept dropping through the still air upon their heads. In this interval he had represented to himself all the solid guarantees, all the prestige, all the infallibility (for had it not attained that point?) of Rivers's. Sure as the Bank of England! Such were the words that rose continually to everybody's lips on hearing of it. Robert propped himself up as he went along with one support and another, till he felt ashamed that he could be capable of entertaining a shadow of doubt. But the impression made upon his nerves was not to be overcome by simple self-argument. Time was wanted to calm it down. He felt a certain thrill and jar communicated through all the lines of life. The sensation ran to his very finger-points, and gave a sharp electric shock about the roots of his hair. And it set his heart and his pulse beating, more likely organs to be affected. Loss! That was to say Helen and the child deprived of the surroundings that made their life so fair; driven back to the poor little lodgings, perhaps, in which their life began, or to something poorer still. Perhaps to want, perhaps to—— "What a fool I am!" he said to himself.

"Do you really object to Haldane as one of our shareholders?" he said, with a certain hesitation, at last.

"Object—the idiot!" said Mr. Burton. "I beg your pardon, Drummond, I know he's a great friend of yours; but all that nonsense exasperates me. Why, God bless me, his body is sick, but his mind is as clear as yours or mine. Why can't he judge for himself? I am quite ready to give him, or you, or any one that interests me, the benefit of my experience; but to take you on my shoulders, Drummond, you know, would be simply absurd. I can't foresee what may happen. I am ready to run the risk myself. That's the best guarantee I can give, don't you think?



but I won't run any sentimental risks. You may, if you like; they are out of my line."

"I don't know what you mean by sentimental risks."

"Oh, as for that, it is easy to explain. The man is very ill: he will never be of any use in life again, and loss would be destruction to him. Therefore I won't take the responsibility. Why, there may be a revolution in England next year, for anything I can tell. There may be an invasion. Our funds may be down to zero, and our business paralyzed. How can I tell? All these things are within the bounds of possibility, and if they happened, and we went to smash, as we should infallibly, what would Haldane do?"

"If there is nothing to alarm us closer at hand than a revolution or an invasion——" said Drummond with a smile.

"How can we tell? If I were asked to insure England, I should only do it on a very heavy premium, I can tell you. And look here, Drummond, take my advice: always let a man judge for himself, never take the responsibility. If you do, you'll be sorry after. I never knew a good man of business yet who went in, as I said, for sentimental risks."

"I fear I shall never be a good man of business," said the painter, with a certain sickness at his heart. "But tell me now, suppose you were guardian to orphans, what should you do with their money? I suppose that is what you would call a very sentimental risk."

"Not so bad as Haldane," said Burton. "They would be young and able to make their way if the worst came to the worst. If they were entirely in my own hands, I should invest the money as I thought best; but if there were other guardians or relations to make a fuss, I should put it in the Three per Cents."

"I really—don't—quite see what—difference that would make——" Robert commenced, but his companion stopped him almost roughly.

"The question won't bear discussing, Drummond. If I go in with you, will your

wife give me some lunch? I have lost my whole morning to please my father-in-law. Don't you bother yourself about Haldane. He is a clear-headed fellow, and perfectly able to judge for himself."

Then no more was said. If a passing cloud had come over the merchant, it fled at sight of the table spread for luncheon, and the sherry, upon which poor Robert (knowing almost as little about that as he did about business) prided himself vastly. Mr. Burton applauded the sherry. He was more conversational even than usual, and very anxious that Drummond should look at a country-house in his neighborhood. "If you can't afford it now, you very soon will," he said, and without referring to Rivers's, kept up such a continued strain of allusions to the good-fortune which was about to pour upon the house, that Robert's nerves were comforted, he could scarcely have told how. But he went and worked all the afternoon in the studio when the city man went off to his business. He labored hard at Francesca, fixing his whole mind upon her, not even whistling in his profound preoccupation. He had been absent from the studio for some time, and the *feel* of the old beloved tools was delightful to him. But when the early twilight came and interrupted his work, he went out and took a long walk by himself, endeavoring to shake off the tremor which still lingered about him. It was in his veins and in his nerves, tingling all over him. He reasoned with himself, shook himself up roughly, took himself to task, but yet did not get over it. "Bah! it is simple sensation!" he said at last, and with a violent effort turned his thoughts in another direction. But the shock had left a tremor about him which was not quite dissipated for days after; for a man who is made of fanciful artist-stuff is not like a business man with nerves of steel.

(To be continued.)

THE HIDDEN JOY.

THROUGH leafy by-paths, sheltered and apart,
Whistling the carol of a careless heart,
In idle gladness strolled a truant boy.

Up in a tree-top swayed a little bird,
And sang and sang, nor cared if any heard
His solitary roundelay of joy.

A brook flowed through the silence of a wood;
Some gorgeous flowers upon its margin stood,
And waved their scarlet banners of delight.

From evening's dusky blue shone out a star,
And through the darkness trailed its splendor far,
Though all the world was buried in the night.

Joy asks no seeing eye, nor listening ear;
But carols, blooms, and shines when none is near,
Only because it feels so fully blest.

The mated bird flies not on open wing,
But sings from out the bough,—and so I sing
The happy secret hidden in my breast.

THE HAPPY TIME.



THE happy time when dreams have power to cheat
Is past, dear friend, for me. As in old days,
So still at times they throng their ancient ways.
And trail their shining robes before my feet,
Or stand, half-lifted to their native skies
By the soft oval of white arms, with eyes
Closing on looks unutterably sweet.
Then the grim Truth beside me will arise
And slay them, and their beauty is no more;—
No more their beauty,—saving such as dies
Into the marble of mute lips, or flies
With the swift light of dying smiles, before
The eye that strains to watch can tell for tears
How passing fair it shone—how dusk have grown the years!

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 351.)

CHAPTER LVII.

ANOTHER DREAM.

THE excitement of having something to do had helped me over the morning, and the pleasure of thinking of what I had done helped me through the journey; but before I reached home I was utterly exhausted. Then I had to drive round by the farm, and knock up Mrs. Herbert and Styles.

I could not bear the thought of my own room, and ordered a fire in my grandmother's, where they soon got me into bed. All I remember of that night is the following dream:

I found myself at the entrance of the ice-cave. A burning sun beat on my head, and at my feet flowed the brook which gathered its life from the decay of the ice. I stooped to drink; but, cool to the eye and hand and lips, it yet burned me within like fire. I would seek shelter from the sun inside the cave. I entered, and knew that the cold was all around me; I even felt it; but somehow it did not enter into me. My brain, my very bones, burned with fire. I went in and in. The blue atmosphere closed around me, and the color entered into my soul till it seemed dyed with the potent blue. My very being swam and floated in a blue atmosphere of its own. My intention—I can recall it perfectly—was but to walk to the end, a few yards, then turn and again brave the sun; for I had a dim feeling of forsaking my work, of playing truant, or of being cowardly in thus avoiding the heat. Something else, too, was wrong, but I could not clearly tell what. As I went on, I began to wonder that I had not come to the end. The gray walls yet rose about me, and ever the film of dissolution flowed along their glassy faces to the runnel below; still before me opened the depth of blue atmosphere, deepening as I went. After many windings the path began to branch, and soon I was lost in a labyrinth of passages, of which I knew not why I should choose one rather than another. It was useless now to think of returning. Arbitrarily I chose the narrowest way, and still went on.

A discoloration of the ice attracted my attention, and as I looked it seemed to retreat into the solid mass. There was something not ice within it which grew more and more distinct as I gazed, until at last I plainly distinguished the form of my grandmother, lying as then when my aunt made me touch her face. A few yards further on lay the body of my uncle, as I saw him in his coffin. His face was dead white in the midst of the cold, clear ice, his eyes closed, and his arms straight by his sides. He lay like an alabaster king upon his tomb. It *was* he, I thought, but he would never speak to me more—never look at me—never more awake. There lay all that was left of him—the cold frozen memory of what he had been and would never be again. I did not weep. I only knew somehow in my dream that life was all a wandering in a frozen cave, where the faces of the living were dark with the coming corruption, and the memories of the dead, cold and clear and hopeless evermore, alone were lovely.

I walked further; for the ice might possess yet more of the past—all that was left me of life. And again I stood and gazed, for, deep within, I saw the form of Charley—at rest now, his face bloodless, but not so death-like as my uncle's. His hands were laid palm to palm over his bosom, and pointed upwards as if praying for comfort where comfort was none: here at least were no flickerings of the rainbow fancies of faith and hope and charity! I gazed in comfortless content for a time on the repose of my weary friend, and then went on, inly moved to see what further the ice of the godless region might hold. Nor had I wandered far when I saw the form of Mary, lying like the rest, only that her hands were crossed on her bosom. I stood, wondering to find myself so little moved. But when the ice drew nigh me, and would have closed around me, my heart leaped for joy; and when the heat of my lingering life repelled it, my heart sunk within me, and I said to myself: "Death will not have me. I may not join her even in the land of cold forgetfulness: I may not even be nothing *with* her." The tears began to flow down my face, like the thin veil of water that kept ever flowing down the face of the ice; and as I wept, the water before me flowed faster and faster, till it rippled in a sheet down the icy wall. Faster and yet faster it flowed, falling, with the sound as of many showers, into the runnel below, which rushed splashing and gurgling away from the foot of the vanishing

wall. Faster and faster it flowed, until the solid mass fell in a foaming cataract, and swept in a torrent across the cave. I followed the retreating wall through the seething water at its foot. Thinner and thinner grew the dividing mass; nearer and nearer came the form of my Mary. "I shall yet clasp her," I cried; "her dead form will kill me, and I too shall be inclosed in the friendly ice. I shall not be with her, alas; but neither shall I be without her, for I shall depart into the lovely nothingness." Thinner and thinner grew the dividing wall. The skirt of her shroud hung like a wet weed in the falling torrent. I kneeled in the river, and crept nearer, with outstretched arms: when the vanishing ice set the dead form free, it should rest in those arms—the last gift of the life-dream—for then, surely, I *must* die. "Let me pass in the agony of a lonely embrace!" I cried. As I spoke she moved. I started to my feet, stung into life by the agony of a new hope. Slowly the ice released her, and gently she rose to her feet. The torrents of water ceased—they had flowed but to set her free. Her eyes were still closed, but she made one blind step towards me, and laid her left hand on my head, her right hand on my heart. Instantly, body and soul, I was cool as a summer eve after a thunder-shower. For a moment, precious as an æon, she held her hands upon me—then slowly opened her eyes. Out of them flashed the living soul of my Athanasia. She closed the lids again slowly over the lovely splendor; the water in which we stood rose around us, and on its last billow she floated away through the winding passage of the cave. I sought to follow her, but could not. I cried aloud and awoke.

But the burning heat had left me; I felt that I had passed a crisis, and had begun to recover—a conviction which would have been altogether unwelcome, but for the poor shadow of a reviving hope which accompanied it. Such a dream, come whence it might, could not but bring comfort with it. The hope grew, and was my sole medicine.

Before the evening I felt better, and though still very feeble, managed to write to Marston, letting him know I was safe, and requesting him to forward any letters that might arrive.

The next day I rose, but was unable to work. The very thought of writing sickened me. Neither could I bear the thought of returning to London. I tried to read, but threw aside book after book, without being able to tell what one of them was about. If for a moment I seemed to enter into the subject, before I reached the bottom of the page I found I had not an idea as to what the words meant or whither they tended. After many failures, unwilling to give myself up to idle brooding, I fortunately tried some of the mystical poetry of the seventeenth century: the difficulties of that I found to rather stimulate than repel me; while, much as there was in the form to displease the taste, there was more in the matter to rouse the intellect. I found also some relief in resuming my mathematical studies: the abstraction of them acted as an anodyne. But the days dragged wearily.

As soon as I was able to get on horseback, the tone of mind and body began to return. I felt as if into me some sort of animal healing passed from Lilith; and who can tell in how many ways the lower animals may not minister to the higher?

One night I had a strange experience. I give it without argument, perfectly aware that the fact may be set down to the disordered state of my physical nature, and that without injustice.

I had not for a long time thought about one of the questions which had so much occupied Charley and myself—that of immortality. As to any communication between the parted, I had never, during his life, pondered the possibility of it, although I had always had an inclination to believe that such intercourse had in rare instances taken place: former periods of the world's history, when that blinding self-consciousness which is the bane of ours was yet undeveloped, must, I thought, have been far more favorable to its occurrence. Anyhow I was convinced that it was not to be gained by effort. I confess that, in the unthinking agony of grief after Charley's death, many a time when I woke in the middle of the night and could sleep no more, I sat up in bed and prayed him, if he heard me, to come to me, and let me tell him the truth—for my sake to let me know at least that he lived, for then I should be sure that one day all would be well. But if there was any hearing, there was no answer. Charley did not come; the prayer seemed to vanish in the darkness; and my more self-possessed meditations never justified the hope of any such being heard.

One night I was sitting in my grannie's room, which, except my uncle's, was now the only one I could bear to enter. I had been reading for some time very quietly, but had leaned back in my chair, and let my thoughts go wandering whither they would, when all at once I was possessed by the conviction that Charley was near me. I saw nothing, heard

nothing; of the recognized senses of humanity not one gave me a hint of a presence; and yet my whole body was aware—so at least it seemed—of the proximity of another *I*. It was as if some nervous region commensurate with my frame were now for the first time revealed by contact with an object suitable for its apprehension. Like Eliphaz, I felt the hair of my head stand up—not from terror, but simply, as it seemed, from the presence and its strangeness. Like others also of whom I have read, who believed themselves in the presence of the disembodied, I could not speak. I tried, but as if the medium for sound had been withdrawn, and an empty gulf lay around me, no word followed, although my very soul was full of the cry—*Charley! Charley!* And alas! in a few moments, like the faint vanishing of an unrealized thought, leaving only the assurance that something half-born from out the unknown had been there, the influence faded and died. It passed from me like the shadow of a cloud, and once more I knew but my poor lonely self, returning to its candles, its open book, its burning fire.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

SUFFERING is perhaps the only preparation for suffering: still I was but poorly prepared for what followed.

Having gathered strength, and a certain quietness which I could not mistake for peace, I returned to London towards the close of the spring. I had in the interval heard nothing of Mary. The few letters Marston had sent on had been almost exclusively from my publishers. But the very hour I reached my lodging came a note, which I opened trembling, for it was in the handwriting of Miss Pease.

"DEAR SIR—I cannot, I think, be wrong in giving you a piece of information which will be in the newspapers to-morrow morning. Your old acquaintance and my young relative, Mr. Brotherton, was married this morning, at St. George's, Hanover Square, to your late friend's sister, Miss Mary Osborne. They have just left for Dover on their way to Switzerland. Your sincere well-wisher,

"JANE PEASE."

Even at this distance of time, I should have to exhort myself to write with calmness, were it not that the utter despair of conveying my feelings, if indeed my soul had not for the time passed beyond feeling into some abyss unknown to human consciousness, renders it unnecessary. This despair of communication has two sources—the one simply the conviction of the impossibility of expressing *any* feeling, much more such feeling as mine then was—and is; the other the conviction that only to the heart of love can the sufferings of love speak. The attempt of a lover to move, by the presentation of his own suffering, the heart of her who loves him not, is as unavailing as it is unmanly. The poet who sings most wailfully of the torments of the lover's hell, is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal in the ears of her who has at best only a general compassion to meet the song withal—possibly only an individual vanity which crowns her with his woes as with the trophies of a conquest. True, he is understood and worshiped by all the other wailful souls in the first infernal circle, as one of the great men of their order—able to put into words full of sweet torment the dire hopelessness of their misery; but for such the singer, singing only for ears eternally deaf to his song, cares nothing; or if for a moment he receive consolation from their sympathy, it is but a passing weakness which the breath of an indignant self-condemnation—even contempt, the next moment sweeps away. In God alone there must be sympathy and cure; but I had not then—have I indeed yet found what that cure is? I am, at all events, now able to write with calmness. If suffering destroyed itself, as some say, mine ought to have disappeared long ago; but to that I can neither pretend nor confess.

For the first time, after all I had encountered, I knew what suffering could be. It is still at moments an agony as of hell to recall this and the other thought that then stung me like a white-hot arrow: the shafts have long been drawn out, but the barbed heads are still there. I neither stormed nor maddened. I only felt a freezing hand lay hold of my heart, and gripe it closer and closer, till I should have sickened, but that the pain ever stung me into fresh life; and ever since I have gone about the world with that hard lump somewhere in my bosom into which the griping hand and the griped heart have grown and stiffened.

I fled at once back to my solitary house, looking for no relief in its solitude, only the negative comfort of escaping the eyes of men. I could not bear the sight of my fellow-creatures. To say that the world had grown black to me, is as nothing: I ceased—I will not say *to believe* in God, for I never dared say that mighty thing—but I ceased to hope in God. The universe had grown a negation which yet forced its presence upon me—a

death that bred worms. If there were a God anywhere, this universe could be nothing more than His forsaken moth-eaten garment. He was a God who did not care. Order was all an invention of phosphorescent human brains; light itself the mocking smile of a Jupiter over his writhing sacrifices. At times I laughed at the tortures of my own heart, saying to it, "Writhe on, worm; thou deservest thy writhing in that thou writhest. Godless creature, why dost thou not laugh with me? Am I not merry over thee and the world—in that ye are both rottenness to the core?" The next moment my heart and I would come together with a shock, and I knew it was myself that scorned myself.

Such being my mood, it will cause no surprise if I say that I too was tempted to suicide; the wonder would have been if it had been otherwise. The soft, keen curves of that fatal dagger, which had not only slain Charley, but all my hopes—for had he lived, this horror could not have been—grew almost lovely in my eyes. Until now it had looked cruel, fiendish, hateful; but now I would lay it before me and contemplate it. In some griefs there is a wonderful power of self-contemplation, which, indeed, forms their only solace; the moment it can set the sorrow away from itself sufficiently to regard it, the tortured heart begins to repose; but suddenly, like a waking tiger, the sorrow leaps again into its lair, and the agony commences anew. The dagger was the type of my grief and its torture: might it not, like the brazen serpent, be the cure for the sting of its living counterpart? But, alas! where was the certainty? Could I slay *myself*? This outer breathing form I could dismiss—but the pain was not *there*. I was not mad, and I knew that a deeper death than that could give, at least than I had any assurance that could give, alone could bring repose. For, impossible as I had always found it actually to believe in immortality, I now found it equally impossible to believe in annihilation. And even if annihilation should be the final result, who could tell but it might require ages of a horrible slow-decaying dream-consciousness to kill the living thing which felt itself other than its body?

Until now I had always accepted what seemed the natural and universal repugnance to absolute dissolution as the strongest argument on the side of immortality;—for why should a man shrink from that which belonged to his nature? But now annihilation seemed the one lovely thing, the one sole only lonely thought in which lay no blackness of burning darkness. Oh, for one eternal unconscious sleep!—the nearest likeness we can cherish of that inconceivable nothingness—ever denied by the very thinking of it—by the vain attempt to realize that whose very existence is the knowing nothing of itself! Could that dagger have insured me such repose, or had there been any draught of Lethe, utter Lethe, whose blessed poison would have assuredly dissipated like a fume this conscious, self-tormenting *me*, I should not now be writhing anew, as in the clutches of an old grief, clasping me like a corpse, stung to simulated life by the galvanic battery of recollection. Vivid as it seems, all I suffer as I write is but a faint phantasm of what I then endured.

I learned, therefore, that to some minds the argument for immortality drawn from the apparently universal shrinking from annihilation must be ineffectual, seeing they themselves do not shrink from it. Convince a man that there is no God, or—for I doubt if that be altogether possible—make it, I will say, impossible for him to hope in God—and it cannot be that annihilation should seem an evil. If there is no God, annihilation is the one thing to be longed for with all that might of longing which is the mainspring of human action. In a word, it is not immortality the human heart cries out after, but that immortal, eternal thought whose life is its life, whose wisdom is its wisdom, whose ways and whose thoughts shall—must one day—become its ways and its thoughts. Dissociate immortality with the living Immortality, and it is not a thing to be desired—not a thing that can on those terms, or even on the fancy of those terms, be desired.

But such thoughts as these were far enough from me then. I lived because I despaired of death. I ate by a sort of blind animal instinct, and so lived. The time had been when I would despise myself for being able to eat in the midst of emotion; but now I cared so little for the emotion even, that eating or not eating had nothing to do with the matter. I ate because meat was set before me; I slept because sleep came upon me. It was a horrible time. My life seemed only a vermiculate one, a crawling about of half-thoughts-half-feelings through the corpse of a decaying existence. The heart of being was withdrawn from me, and my life was but the vacant pericardium in which it had once throbbed out and sucked in the red fountains of life and gladness.

I would not be thought to have fallen to this all but bottomless depth only because I had lost Mary. Still less was it because of

the fact that in her, around whom had gathered all the devotion with which the man in me could regard woman, I had lost all womankind. It was *the loss* of Mary, as I then judged it, not, I repeat, the fact that *I* had lost her. It was that she had lost herself. Thence it was, I say, that I lost my hope in God. For, if there were a God, how could He let purity be clasped in the arms of defilement? how could He marry my Athanasia —not to a corpse, but to a Plague? Here was the man who had done more to ruin her brother than any but her father, and God had given her to *him!* *I* had had, with the commonest of men, some notion of womanly purity—how was it that hers had not instinctively shuddered and shrunk? how was it that the life of it had not taken refuge with death to shun bare contact with the coarse impurity of such a nature as that of Geoffrey Brotherton? My dreams had been dreams indeed! Was my Athanasia dead, or had she never been? In my thought, she had "said to Corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister." Who should henceforth say of any woman that she was impure? She *might* love him —true; but what was she then who was able to love such a man? It was this that stormed the citadel of my hope, and drove me from even thinking of a God.

Gladly would I now have welcomed any bodily suffering that could hide me from myself; but no illness came. I was a living pain, a conscious ill-being. In a thousand forms those questions would ever recur, but without hope of answer. When I fell asleep from exhaustion, hideous visions of her with Geoffrey would start me up with a great cry, sometimes with a curse, on my lips. Nor were they the most horrible of those dreams in which she would help him to mock me. Once, and only once, I found myself dreaming the dream of *that* night, and I knew that I had dreamed it before. Through palace and chapel and charnel-house I followed her, ever with a dim sense of awful result; and when at the last she lifted the shining veil, instead of the face of Athanasia, the bare teeth of a skull grinned at me from under a spotted shroud, through which the sunlight shone from behind, revealing all its horrors. I was not mad—my reason had not given way: *how* remains a marvel.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE DAWN.

All places were alike to me now—for the universe was but one dreary chasm whence I could not escape. One evening I sat by the open window of my chamber, which looked towards those trees and that fatal Moldwarp Hall. My suffering had now grown dull by its own excess, and I had moments of listless vacuity, the nearest approach to peace I had yet experienced. It was a fair evening of early summer—but I was utterly careless of nature as of all beyond it. The sky was nothing to me—and the earth was all unlovely. There I sat, heavy, but free from torture; a kind of quiet had stolen over me. I was roused by the tiniest breath of wind on my cheek, as if the passing wing of some butterfly had fanned me; and on that faintest motion came a scent as from long-forgotten fields, a scent like as of sweet-peas or wild roses, but of neither: flowers were none nearer me than the gardens of the Hall. I started with a cry. It was the scent of the garments of my Athanasia, as I had dreamed it in my dream! Whence that wind had borne it, who could tell? but in the husk that had overgrown my being it had found a cranny, and through that cranny, with the scent, Nature entered. I looked up to the blue sky, wept, and for the first time fell on my knees. "O God!" I cried, and that was all. But what are the prayers of the whole universe more than expansions of that one cry? It is not what God can give us, but God that we want. Call the whole thing fancy if you will; it was at least no fancy that the next feeling of which I was conscious was compassion: from that moment I began to search heaven and earth and the soul of man and woman for excuses wherewith to clothe the idea of Mary Osborne. For weeks and weeks I pondered, and by degrees the following conclusions wrought themselves out in my brain:—

That she had never seen life as a whole; that her religious theories had ever been eating away and absorbing her life, so preventing her religion from interpenetrating and glorifying it; that in regard to certain facts and consequences she had been left to an ignorance which her innocence rendered profound; that, attracted by the worldly splendor of the offer, her father and mother had urged her compliance, and broken in spirit by the fate of Charley, and having always been taught that self-denial was in itself a virtue, she had taken the worldly desires of her parents for the will of God, and blindly yielded; that Brotherton was capable, for his ends, of representing himself as possessed of religion enough to satisfy the scruples of her parents, and such being satisfied, she had resisted her own as evil things.

Whether his hatred of me had had any

share in his desire to possess her, I hardly thought of inquiring.

Of course I did not for a single moment believe that Mary had had the slightest notion of the bitterness, the torture, the temptation of Satan it would be to me. Doubtless the feeling of her father concerning the death of Charley had seemed to hollow an impassable gulf between us. Worn and weak, and not knowing what she did, my dearest friend had yielded herself to the embrace of my deadliest foe. If he was such as I had too good reason for believing him, she was far more to be pitied than I. Lonely she must be—lonely as I—for who was there to understand and love her? Bitterly too by this time she must have suffered, for the dove can never be at peace in the bosom of the vulture, or cease to hate the carrion of which he must ever carry about with him at least the disgusting memorials. Alas! I too had been her enemy, and had cried out against her; but now I would love her more and better than ever! Oh! if I knew but something I could do for her, some service which on the bended knees of my spirit I might offer her! I clomb the heights of my grief, and looked abroad, but alas! I was such a poor creature! A dabbler in the ways of the world, a writer of tales which even those who cared to read them counted fantastic and Utopian, who was I to weave a single silken thread into the web of her life? How could I bear her one poorest service? Never in this world could I approach her near enough to touch yet once again the hem of her garment. All I could do was to love her. No—I could and did suffer for her. Alas! that suffering was only for myself, and could do nothing for her! It was indeed some consolation to me that my misery came from her hand; but if she knew it, it would but add to her pain. In my heart I could only pray her pardon for my wicked and selfish thoughts concerning her, and vow again and ever to regard her as my Athanasia. But yes! there was one thing I *could* do for her: I would be a true man for her sake; she should have some satisfaction in me; I would once more arise and go to my Father.

The instant the thought arose in my mind, I fell down before the possible God in an agony of weeping. All complaint of my own doom had vanished, now that I began to do her the justice of love. Why should *I* be blessed—here and now at least—according to my notions of blessedness? Let the great heart of the universe do with me as it pleased! Let the Supreme take his own time to justify himself to the heart that sought to love him! I gave up myself, was willing to suffer, to be a living pain, so long as he pleased; and the moment I yielded, half the pain was gone; I gave my Athanasia yet again to God, and all *might* yet, in some high, far-off, better-world-way, be well. I could wait and endure. If only God was, and was God, then it was, or would be, well with Mary—well with me!

But as I still sat, a flow of sweet, sad, repentant thought passing gently through my bosom, all at once the self to which, unable to confide it to the care of its own very life, the God conscious of himself, and in himself conscious of it, I had been for months offering the sacrifices of despair and indignation, arose in spectral hideousness before me. I saw that I, a child of the infinite, had been worshiping the finite—and therein dragging down the infinite towards the fate of the finite. I do not mean that in Mary Osborne I had been worshiping the finite. It was the eternal, the lovely, the true that in her I had been worshiping: in myself I had been worshiping the mean, the selfish, the finite, the god of spiritual greed. Only in himself *can* a man find the finite to worship; only in turning back upon himself does he create the finite for and by his worship. All the works of God are everlasting; the only perishable are some of the works of man. All love is the worship of the infinite: what is called a man's love for himself, is not love; it is but a phantastic resemblance of love; it is the creating of the finite, a creation of death. A man *cannot* love himself. If all love be not creation—as I think it is—it is at least the only thing in harmony with creation and the love of oneself in its absolute opposite. I sickened at the sight of myself: how should I ever get rid of the demon? The same instant I saw the one escape: I must offer it back to its source—commit it to him who had made it. I must live no more from it, but from the source of it; seek to know nothing more of it than he gave me to know by his presence therein. Thus might I become one with the Eternal in such an absorption as Buddha had never dreamed; thus might I draw life ever fresh from its fountain. And in that fountain alone would I contemplate its reflex. What flashes of self-consciousness might cross me, should be God's gift, not of my seeking, and offered again to him in ever new self-sacrifice. Alas! alas! this I saw then, and this I yet see; but oh, how far am I still from that divine annihilation! The only comfort is, God is, and I am his, else I should not be at all.

I saw too that thus God also lives—in his higher way. I saw, shadowed out in the ab-

solute devotion of Jesus to men, that the very life of God by which we live is an everlasting eternal giving of himself away. He asserts himself, only, solely, altogether, in an infinite sacrifice of devotion. So must we live; the child must be as the father; live he cannot on any other plan, struggle as he may. The father requires of him nothing that he is not or does not himself, who is the one prime unconditioned sacrificer and sacrifice. I threw myself on the ground, and offered back my poor wretched self to its owner, to be taken and kept, purified and made divine.

The same moment a sense of reviving health began to possess me. With many fluctuations, it has possessed me, has grown, and is now, if not a persistent cheerfulness, yet an unyielding hope. The world bloomed again around me. The sunrise again grew gloriously dear; and the sadness of the moon was lighted from a higher sun than that which returns with the morning.

My relation to Mary resolved and re-formed itself in my mind into something I can explain only by the following—call it a dream: it was not a dream; call it a vision: it was not a vision; and yet I will tell it as if it were either, being far truer than either.

I lay like a child on one of God's arms. I could not see his face, and the arm that held me was a great cloudy arm. I knew that on his other arm lay Mary. But between us were forests and plains, mountains and great seas; and, unspeakably worse than all, a gulf with which words had nothing to do, a gulf of pure separation, of impassable nothingness, across which no device, I say not of human skill, but of human imagination, could cast a single connecting cord. There lay Mary, and here lay I—both in God's arms—utterly parted. As in a swoon I lay, through which suddenly came the words: "What God hath joined, man cannot sunder." I lay thinking what they could mean. All at once I thought I knew. Straightway I rose on the cloudy arm, looked down on a measureless darkness beneath me, and up on a great, dreary world-filled eternity above me, and crept along the arm towards the bosom of God.

In telling my—neither vision nor dream nor ecstasy, I cannot help it that the forms grow so much plainer and more definite in the words than they were in the revelation. Words always give either too much or too little shape: when you want to be definite, you find your words clumsy and blunt; when you want them for a vague shadowy image, you straightway find them give a sharp and impertinent outline, refusing to lend themselves to your undefined though vivid thought. Forms themselves are hard enough to manage, but words are unmanageable. I must therefore trust to the heart of my reader.

I crept into the bosom of God, and along a great cloudy peace, which I could not understand, for it did not yet enter into me. At length I came to the heart of God, and through that my journey lay. The moment I entered it, the great peace appeared to enter mine, and I began to understand it. Something melted in my heart, and for a moment I thought I was dying, but I found I was being born again. My heart was empty of its old selfishness, and I loved Mary tenfold—nor longer in the least for my own sake, but all for her loveliness. The same moment I knew that the heart of God was a bridge, along which I was crossing the unspeakable eternal gulf that divided Mary and me. At length, somehow, I know not how—somewhere, I know not where, I was where she was. She knew nothing of my presence, turned neither face nor eye to meet me, stretched out no hand to give me the welcome of even a friend, and yet I not only knew, but felt that she was mine. I wanted nothing from her; desired the presence of her loveliness only that I might know it; hung about her life as a butterfly over the flower he loves; was satisfied that she should *be*. I had left myself behind in the heart of God, and now I was a pure essence, fit to rejoice in the essential. But alas! my whole being was not yet subject to its best. I began to long to be able to do something for her besides—I foolishly said *beyond* loving her. Back rushed my old self in the selfish thought: Some day—will she not know—and at least——? That moment the vision vanished. I was tossed—ah! let me hope, only to the other arm of God—but I lay in torture yet again. For a man may see visions manifold, and believe them all; and yet his faith shall not save him; something more is needed—he must have that presence of God in his soul, of which the Son of Man spoke, saying: "If a man love me he will keep my words: and my father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." God in him, he will be able to love for very love's sake; God not in him, his best love will die into selfishness.

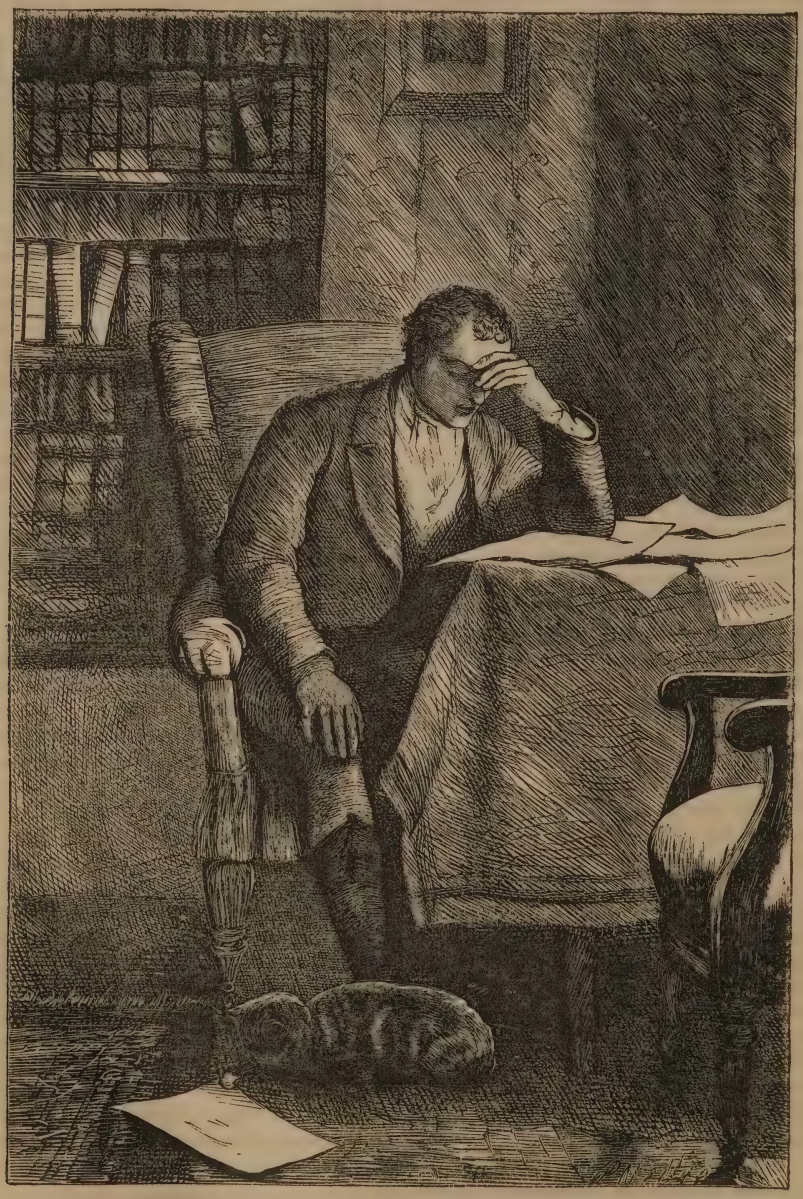
CHAPTER LX.

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

THE morning then which had thus dawned upon me, was often over-clouded heavily. Yet it was the morning and not the night; and one of the strongest proofs that it was the

morning, lay in this, that again I could think in verse.

One day, after an hour or two of bitterness, I wrote the following. A man's trouble must have receded from him a little for the moment, if he descries any shape in it, so as to be able to give it form in words. I set it down with no hope of better than the vaguest sympathy. There came no music with this one:—



If it be that a man and a woman,
  Are made for no mutual grief;
That each gives the pain to some other,
  And neither can give the relief;

If thus the chain of the world
  Is tied round the holy feet,
I scorn to shrink from facing
  What my brothers and sisters meet.

But I cry when the wolf is tearing
  At the core of my heart as now:
When I was the man to be tortured,
  Why should the woman be *thou*?

I am not so ready to sink from the lofty into the abject now. If at times I yet feel that the whole creation is groaning and travailing, I know what it is for—its redemption from the dominion of its own death into that sole liberty which comes only of being filled and eternally possessed by God himself, its source and its life.

And now I found also that my heart began to be moved with a compassion towards my fellows such as I had never before experienced. I shall best convey what I mean by transcribing another little poem I wrote about the same time :—

Once I sat on a crimson throne,
And I held the world in fee;
Below me I heard my brothers moan,
And I bent me down to see;—

Lovingly bent and looked on them,
But *I* had no inward pain;
I sat in the heart of my ruby gem,
Like a rainbow without the rain.

My throne is vanished; helpless I lie
At the foot of its broken stair;
And the sorrows of all humanity
Through my heart make a thoroughfare.

Let such things rest for a while: I have now to relate another incident—strange enough, but by no means solitary in the records of human experience. My reader will probably think that of dreams and visions there has already been more than enough; but perhaps she will kindly remember that at this time I had no outer life at all. Whatever bore to me the look of existence was within me. All my days the tendency had been to an undue predominance of thought over action, and now that the springs of action were for a time dried up, what wonder was it if thought, lording it alone, should assume a reality beyond its right? Hence the life of the day was prolonged into the night; nor was there other than a small difference in their conditions, beyond the fact that the contrast of outer things was removed in sleep; whence the shapes which the waking thought had assumed, had space and opportunity, as it were, to thicken before the mental eye until they became dreams and visions.

But concerning what I am about to relate I shall offer no theory. Such mere operation of my own thoughts may be sufficient to account for it: I would only ask—does any one know what the *mere* operation of his own thoughts signifies? I cannot isolate myself, especially in those moments when the individual will is less awake, from the ocean of life and thought which not only surrounds me, but on which I am in a sense one of the floating bubbles.

I was asleep, but I thought I lay awake in bed—in the room where I still slept—that which had been my grannie's. It was dark midnight, and the wind was howling about the gable and in the chimneys. The door opened, and some one entered. By the lamp she carried I knew my great-grandmother—just as she looked in life, only that now she walked upright and with ease. That I was dreaming is plain from the fact that I felt no surprise at seeing her.

"Wilfrid, come with me," she said, approaching the bedside. "Rise."

I obeyed like a child.

"Put your cloak on," she continued. "It is a stormy midnight, but we have not so far to go as you may think."

"I think nothing, grannie," I said. "I do not know where you want to take me."

"Come and see then, my son. You must at last learn what has been kept from you far too long."

As she spoke, she led the way down the stair, through the kitchen, and out into the dark night. I remember the wind blowing my cloak about, but I remember nothing more until I found myself in the winding hazel-walled lane, leading to Umberden Church. My grannie was leading me by one withered hand; in the other she held the lamp, over the flame of which the wind had no power. She led me into the churchyard, took the key from under the tombstone, unlocked the door of the church, put the lamp into my hand, pushed me gently in, and shut the door behind me. I walked to the vestry and set the lamp on the desk, with a vague feeling that I had been there before, and that I had now to do something at this desk. Above it I caught sight of the row of vellum-bound books, and remembered that one of them contained something of importance to me. I took it down. The moment I opened it, I remembered with distinctness the fatal discrepancy in the entry of my grannie's marriage. I found the place: to my astonishment the date of the year was now the same as that on the preceding page —1747. That instant I awoke in the first gush of the sunrise.

I could not help feeling even a little excited by my dream, and the impression of it grew upon me: I wanted to see the book again. I could not rest. Something seemed constantly urging me to go and look at it. Half to get the thing out of my head, I sent Styles to fetch Lilith, and for the first time since the final assurance of my loss, mounted her. I rode for Umberden Church.

It was long after noon before I had made up my mind, and when, having tied Lilith to the gate, I entered the church, one red ray from the setting sun was nestling in the very roof. Knowing what I should find, yet wishing to see it again, I walked across to the vestry, feeling rather uncomfortable at the thought of prying thus alone into the parish register.

I could almost have persuaded myself that I was dreaming still; and in looking back, I can hardly in my mind separate the dreaming from the waking visit.

Of course I found just what I had expected—1748, not 1747—at the top of the page, and was about to replace the register, when the thought occurred to me that, if the dream had been potent enough to bring me hither, it might yet mean something. I lifted the cover again. There the entry stood undeniably plain. This time, however, I noted two other little facts concerning it.

I will just remind my reader that the entry was crushed in between the date of the year and the next entry—plainly enough to the eye; and that there was no attestation to the entries of 1747. The first additional fact—and clearly an important one—was, that in the summing up of 1748, before the signature, which stood near the bottom of the cover, a figure had been altered. Originally it stood, "In all six couple," but the six had been altered to a seven—corresponding with the actual number. This appeared proof positive that the first entry on the cover was a forged insertion. And how clumsily it had been managed!

"What could my grannie be about?" I said to myself.

It never occurred to me then that it might have been intended to *look like* a forgery.

Still I kept staring at it, as if by very force of staring I could find out something. There was not the slightest sign of erasure or alteration beyond the instance I have mentioned. Yet—and here was my second note—when I compared the whole of the writing on the cover with the writing on the preceding page, though it seemed the same hand, it seemed to have got stiffer and shakier, as if the writer had grown old between. Finding nothing very suggestive in this, however, I fell into a dreamy mood, watching the red light as it faded, up in the old, dark, distorted roof of the desolate church—with my hand lying on the book.

I have always had a bad habit of pulling and scratching at any knot or roughness in the paper of the book I happen be reading; and now, almost unconsciously, with my forefinger I was pulling at an edge of parchment which projected from the joint of the cover. When I came to myself, and proceeded to close the book, I found it would not shut properly because of a piece which I had curled up. Seeking to restore it to its former position, I fancied I saw a line or edge running all down the joint, and looking closer, saw that these last entries, in place of being upon a leaf of the book pasted to the cover in order to strengthen the binding, as I had supposed, were indeed upon a leaf which was pasted to the cover, but one not otherwise connected with the volume.

I now began to feel a more lively interest in the behavior of my dream-grannie. Here might lie something to explain the hitherto inexplicable. I proceeded to pull the leaf gently away. It was of parchment, much thinner than the others, which were of vellum. I had withdrawn only a small portion when I saw there was writing under it. My heart began to beat faster. But I would not be rash. My old experience with parchment in the mending of my uncle's books came to my aid. If I pulled at the dry skin as I had been doing, I might not only damage it, but destroy the writing under it. I could do nothing without water, and I did not know where to find any. It would be better to ride to the village of Gastford, somewhere about two miles off, put up there, and arrange for future proceedings.

I did not know the way, and for a long time could see no one to ask. The consequence was that I made a wide round, and it was nearly dark before I reached the village. I thought it better for the present to feed Lilith, and then make the best of my way home.

The next evening—I felt so like a thief that I sought the thievish security of the night—having provided myself with what was necessary, and borrowed a horse for Styles, I set out again.

(Concluded in next number.)

HOW ONE WOMAN KEPT HER HUSBAND.

Why my sister married John Gray, I never could understand. I was twenty-two and she was eighteen when the marriage took place. They had known each other just one year. He had been passionately in love with her from the first day of their meeting. She had come more slowly to loving him: but love him she did, with a love of such depth and fervor as are rarely seen. He was her equal in nothing except position and wealth. He had a singular mixture of the faults of opposite temperaments. He had the reticent, dreamy, procrastinating inertia of the bilious melancholic man, side by side with the impressionable sensuousness, the sensitive sentimentalism of the most sanguine-nervous type. There is great fascination in such a combination, especially to persons of a keen, alert nature. My sister was earnest, wise, resolute. John Gray was nonchalant, shrewd, vacillating. My sister was exact, methodical, ready. John Gray was careless, spasmodic, dilatory. My sister had affectionateness. He had tenderness. She was religious of soul; he had a sort of transcendental perceptivity, so to speak, which kept him more alive to the comforts of religion than to its obligations.

My sister would have gone to the stake rather than tell a lie. He would tell a lie unhesitatingly, rather than give anybody pain. My sister lived earnestly, fully, actively, in each moment of the present. It never seemed quite clear whether he were thinking of to-day, yesterday, or to-morrow. She was upright because she could not help it. He was upright, —when he *was* upright,—because of custom, taste, and the fitness of things. What fatal discrepancies! what hopeless lack of real moral strength, enduring purpose, or principle in such a nature as John Gray's! When I said these things to my sister, she answered always, with a quiet smile, "I love him." She neither admitted nor denied my accusations of his character. The strongest expression she ever used, the one which came nearest to being an indignant repelling of what I had said, was one day, when I exclaimed:

"Ellen, I would die before I risked *my* happiness in the keeping of such a man."

"My happiness is already in his keeping," said she in a steady voice, "and I believe his is in mine. He is to be *my* husband and not yours, dear; you do not know him as I do. You do not understand him."

But it is not to give analyses of her character or of his, nor to give a narrative of their family history, that I write this story. It is only one episode of their life that I shall try to reproduce here, and I do it because I believe that its lesson is of priceless worth to women.

Ellen had been married fourteen years, and was the mother of five children, when the events which I am about to narrate took place. The years had gone peacefully and pleasantly in the main. The children, three girls and one boy, were fair and strong. Their life had been a very quiet one, for our village was far removed from excitements of all kinds. It was one of the suburban villages of ——, and most of the families living there were the families of merchants or lawyers doing business in the town, going in early in the morning, and returning late at night. There is usually a singular lack of social intercourse in such communities; whether it be that the daily departure and return of the head of the family keeps up a perpetual succession of small crises of interest to the exclusion of others, or that the night finds all the fathers and brothers too tired to enjoy anything but slippers and cigars, I know not; but certain it is that all such suburban villages are unspeakably dull and lifeless. There is barely feeling enough of good neighborhood to keep up the ordinary interchange of commonest civilities.

Except for long visits to the city in the winter, and long journeys in the summer, I myself should have found life insupportably tedious. But Ellen was absolutely content. Her days were unvaryingly alike, a simple routine of motherly duties and housekeeping cares. Her evenings were equally unvaried, being usually spent in sewing or reading, while her husband, in seven evenings out of ten, dozed, either on the sofa, or on one of the children's little beds in the nursery. His exquisite tenderness to the children, and his quiet delight in simply being where they were, were the brightest points in John Gray's character and life.

But such monotony was not wholly good for either of them. He grew more and more dreamy and inert. She insensibly but continually narrowed and hardened, and, without dreaming of such a thing, really came to be less and less a part of her husband's inner life. Faithful, busy, absorbed herself in the cares of each day, she never observed that he was living more and more in his children and his reveries, and withdrawing a little from her. She did not need constant play and inter

change of sentiment as he did. Affectionate, loyal, devoted as she was, there was a side of her husband's nature which she had not seen or satisfied—perhaps never could. But neither of them knew it.

At this time Mr. Gray was offered a position of importance in the city, and it became necessary for them to move there to live. How I rejoiced in the change. How bitterly I regretted it before two years had passed!

Their city home was a beautiful one, and their connections and associations were such as to surround them at once with the most desirable companionships. At first it was hard for Ellen to readjust her system of living and to accustom herself to the demands and the pleasures of even a moderately social life. But she was by nature very fond of all such pleasures, and her house soon became one of the pleasantest centers, in a quiet way, of the comparatively quiet city. John Gray also expanded and brightened in the new atmosphere; he had always been a man of influence among men. All his friends,—even his acquaintances,—loved him, and asked his advice. It was a singular thing that a man so inert and procrastinating in his own affairs, should be so shrewd and practical and influential in the affairs of others, or in public affairs. This, however, was no stranger than many other puzzling incongruities in John Gray's character. But since his college days he had never mingled at all in general society until this winter, after their removal to town; and it was with real delight that I watched his evident enjoyment of people, and their evident liking and admiration for him. His manners were singularly simple and direct; his face, which was not wholly pleasing in repose, was superbly handsome when animated in conversation; its inscrutable reticence which baffled the keenest observation when he was silent, all disappeared and melted in the glow of cordial good-fellowship which lit up every feature when he talked. I grew very proud of my brother as I watched him in his new sphere and surroundings; and I also enjoyed most keenly seeing Ellen in a wider and more appreciative circle. I spent a large part of the first winter in their house, and shared all their social pleasures, and looked forward to ever increasing delight, as my nieces should grow old enough to enter into society.

Early in the spring I went to England and passed the entire summer with relatives; I heard from my sister every week; her letters were always cheerful and natural, and I returned to her in the autumn, full of anticipations of another gay and pleasant winter.

They met me at the wharf in New York, and I remembered afterwards, though in the excitement of the moment I gave it no second thought, that when John Gray's eyes first met mine, there was in them a singular and indefinable expression, which roused in me an instantaneous consciousness of distrust and antagonism. He had never liked me thoroughly. He had always had an undercurrent of fear of me. He knew I thought him weak: he felt that I had never put full confidence in him. That I really and truly loved him was small offset for these facts. Would it not be so to all of us?

This part of my story is best told in few words. I had not been at home one week before I found that rumor had been for some months coupling John Gray's name with the name of Mrs. Emma Long, a widow who had but just returned to ——, after twelve years of married life in Cuba. John had known her in her girlhood, but there had never been any intimacy or even friendship between them. My sister, however, had known her well, had corresponded with her during all her life at the South, and had invited her to her house immediately upon her return to ——. Emma Long was a singularly fascinating woman. Plain and sharp and self-asserting at twenty-two, she had become magnetic and winning, full of tact, and almost beautiful, at thirty-five. We see such surprising developments continually: it seems as if nature did her best to give every woman one period of triumph and conquest; perhaps only they know its full sweetness to whom it comes late. In early youth it is accepted unthinkingly, as is the sunshine,—enjoyed without deliberation or full realization, and only weighed at its fullness when it is over. But a woman who begins at thirty to feel for the first time what it is to have real power over men, must be more or less than woman not to find the knowledge and the consciousness dangerously sweet.

I never knew—I do not know to-day, whether Emma Long could be justly called a coquette. That she keenly enjoyed the admiration of men, there was no doubt. Whether she ever were conscious of even a possible harm to them from their relation with her, there was always doubt, even in the minds of her bitterest enemies. I myself have never doubted that in the affair between her and John Gray she was the one who suffered most; she was the one who had a true, deep sentiment, and not only never meant a wrong, but would have shrunk, for his sake, if not for her own, from the dangers which she did not

foresee, but which were inevitable in their intimacy. I think that her whole life afterward proved this. I think that even my sister believed it.

Mrs. Long had spent six weeks in my sister's house, and had then established herself in a very beautiful furnished house on the same street. Almost every day Mrs. Long's carriage was at my sister's door, to take my sister or the children to drive. Almost every evening Mrs. Long came with the easy familiarity of an habituated guest in the house, to sit in my sister's parlor, or sent with the easy familiarity of an old friend for my sister and her husband to come to her, or to go with her to the theater or to the opera.

What could be more natural?—what could be more delightful, had the relation been one which centered around my sister instead of around my sister's husband? What could be done, what offence could be taken, what obstacle interposed, so long as the relation appeared to be one which included the whole family?

Yet no human being could see John Gray five minutes in Emma Long's presence without observing that his eyes, his words, his consciousness were hers. And no one could observe her in his presence without seeing that she was kindled, stimulated, positively lit by it, as she was in no other companionship.

All this the city had been seeing and gossiping over for four months. All this, with a weary detail, was poured into my ears by kind friends.

My sister said no word. For the first time in my life there was a barrier between us I dared not pass. Her every allusion to Mrs. Long was in the kindest and most unembarrassed manner. She fell heartily and graciously into every plan which brought them to gether: she not only did this, she also fully reciprocated all entertainments and invitations; it was as often by Ellen's arrangement as by Mrs. Long's that an evening or a day was spent by the two families together. Her manner to Mrs. Long was absolutely unaltered. Her manner to John was absolutely unaltered. When during an entire evening he sat almost motionless and often quite speechless, listening to Mrs. Long's conversation with others, Ellen's face never changed. She could not have seemed more unconscious if she had been blind. There were many bonds of sympathy between John Gray and Emma Long, which had never existed between him and his wife. They were both passionately fond of art, and had culture in that direction. Ellen's taste was undeveloped, and her instinctive likings those of a child. But she listened with apparent satisfaction and pleasure to long hours of converse between them, about statues, pictures, principles of art, etc., of which she was as unable to speak as one of her own babies would have been. Mrs. Long also was a woman who understood affairs; and one of her great charms to men of mind was the clear, logical, and yet picturesque and piquant way in which she talked of men and events. Ellen listened and laughed as heartily as any member of the circle at her repartee, her brilliant characterization, her off-hand description.

To John Gray all this was a new revelation. He had never known this sort of woman. That a woman could be clever as men are clever, and also be graceful, adorned, and tender with womanliness, he had not supposed.

Ah, poor Emma Long! not all my loyalty to my sister ever quite stifled in my heart the question whether there were not in Mrs. Long's nature something which John Gray really needed—something which Ellen, affectionate, wise, upright, womanly woman as she was, could never give to any man.

The winter wore on. Idle and malicious tongues grew busier and busier. Nothing except the constant presence of my sister wherever Mrs. Long and her husband were seen together, prevented the scandal from taking the most offensive shape. But Ellen was so wise, so unremitting in her wisdom, that not even the most malignant gossipmonger could point to anything which looked like a clandestine intercourse between the two.

In fact, they met so constantly either in Mrs. Long's house or my sister's, that there was small opportunity for them to meet elsewhere. I alone knew that on many occasions when Mrs. Long was spending the evening at our house, Ellen availed herself of one excuse and another to leave them alone for a great part of the time. But she did this so naturally, that is, with such perfect art, that not until long afterward did I know that it had been intentional.

This was one great reason of my silence during all these months. In her apparent ignorance and unsuspiciousness of the whole thing, she seemed so gay, so happy, so sweet and loving, how could I give her a pain? And if she did not see it now, she might never see it. It could never surely become any more apparent. No man could give, so far as simple manner was concerned, more unmistakable proofs of being absorbed in passionate love for a woman, than John Gray gave in Emma Long's presence. I began to

do Ellen injustice in my thoughts. I said, "After all, she has not much heart; no woman who loved a man passionately could look on unmoved and see him so absorbed in another."

How little I knew! Towards spring Ellen suddenly began to look very ill. She lost color and strength, and a slight cough which she had had all winter became very severe. Her husband was alarmed. We all were distressed. Our old family physician, Dr. Willis, changed color when he felt Ellen's pulse, and said involuntarily:

"My dear child, how long have you had such fever as this?"

Ellen changed color too, under his steady look, and replied:

"I think, doctor, I have had a little fever for some time. I have not felt really well since the autumn, and I have been meaning for some time to have a long consultation with you. But we will not have it now," she added playfully, "I have a great deal to tell you which these good people are not to hear. We will talk it over some other time," and she looked at him so meaningly that he understood that the subject must be dropped.

That night she told me that she wished me to propose to John to go over with me and spend the evening at Mrs. Long's; that she had sent for Dr. Willis, and she wished to have a long talk with him without John's knowing it.

"Dear," said I hastily, "I will not go to Mrs. Long's with John. I *hate* Mrs. Long."

"Why, Sally, what do you mean! I never heard you so unjust. Emma is one of the very sweetest women I ever saw in my life. How can you say such a thing! Everybody loves and admires her. Don't go if you feel so. I never dreamed that you disliked her. But I thought John would be less likely to suspect me of any desire to have him away, if you proposed going there; and I *must* have him out of the house. I cannot talk with the doctor if he is under the roof." She said these last words with an excited emphasis so unlike her usual manner, that it frightened me. But I thought only of her physical state; I feared that she suspected the existence of some terrible disease.

I went with John to Mrs. Long's, almost immediately after tea. He accepted the proposal with unconcealed delight; and I wondered if Ellen observed the very nonchalant way in which he replied when she said she did not feel well enough to go. He already liked better to see Mrs. Long without his wife's presence, cordial and unembarrassed as her manner always was. His secret consciousness was always disturbed by it.

When we reached Mrs. Long's house, we learned that she had gone out to dinner. John's face became black with the sudden disappointment, and quite forgetting himself, he exclaimed: "Why, what does that mean? She did not tell me she was going."

The servant stared, but made no reply. I was confused and indignant; but John went on: "We will come in and wait. I am sure it is some very informal dinner, and Mrs. Long will soon be at home."

I made no remonstrance, knowing that it might annoy and disturb Ellen to have us return. John threw himself into a chair in front of the fire, and looked moodily into the coals, making no attempt at conversation. I took up a book. Very soon John rose, sauntered abstractedly about the room, took up Mrs. Long's work-basket, and examined every article in it, and at last sat down before her little writing-desk, which stood open. Presently I saw that he was writing. More than an hour passed. I pretended to read; but I watched my brother-in-law's face. I could not mistake its language. Suddenly there came a low cry of delight from the door, "Why, John!"

Mrs. Long had entered the house by a side-door, and having met no servant before reaching the drawing-room, was unprepared for finding any one there. From the door she could see John, but could not see me, except in the long mirror, to which she did not raise her eyes, but in which I saw her swift movement, her outstretched hands, her look of unspeakable gladness. In less than a second she had seen me, and with no perceptible change of manner had come rapidly towards me, holding out her left hand familiarly to him, as she passed him. Emma Long was not a hypocrite, but she had an almost superhuman power of acting. It was all lost upon me, however, on that occasion. I observed the quick motion with which John thrust, into a compartment of the desk, the sheet on which he had been writing; I observed the clasp of their hands as she glided by him; I observed her face; I observed his; and I knew as I had never fully known before how intensely they loved each other.

My resolution was taken. Cost what it might, come what might, I would speak fully and frankly to my sister the next day. I would not longer stand by and see this thing go on. At that moment I hated both John Gray and Emma Long. No possible pain to Ellen seemed to me to weigh for a moment against my impulse to part them.

I could not talk. I availed myself of the freedom warranted by the intimacy between the families, and continued to seem absorbed in my book. But I lost no word, no look, which passed between the two who sat opposite me. I never saw Emma Long look so nearly beautiful as she did that night. She wore a black velvet dress, with fine white lace ruffles at the throat and wrists. Her hair was fair, and her complexion of that soft pale tint, with a slight undertone of brown in it, which is at once fair and warm, and which can kindle in moments of excitement into a brilliance far outshining any brunette skin. She talked rapidly with much gesture. She was giving John an account of the stupidity of the people with whom she had been dining. Her imitative faculty amounted almost to genius. No smallest peculiarity of manner or speech ever escaped her, and she could become a dozen different persons in a minute. John laughed as he listened, but not so heartily as he was wont to laugh at her humorous sayings. He had been too deeply stirred in the long interval of solitude before she returned. His cheeks were flushed and his voice unsteady. She soon felt the effect of his manner, and her gayety died away; before long they were sitting in silence, each looking at the fire. I knew I ought to make the proposition to go home, but I seemed under a spell; I was conscious of a morbid desire to watch and wait. At length Mrs. Long rose, saying:

"If it will not disturb Sally's reading, I will play for you a lovely little thing I learned yesterday."

"Oh no," said I. "But we must go as soon as I finish this chapter."

She passed into the music-room and looked back for John to follow her; but he threw himself at full length on the sofa, and said:

"No, I will listen here."

My quickened instinct saw that he dared not go; also that he had laid his cheek in an abandonment of ecstasy on the arm of the sofa on which her hand had been resting. Even in that moment I had a sharp pang of pity for him, and the same old misgiving of question, whether my good and sweet and almost faultless Ellen *could* be loved just in the same way in which Emma Long would be!

As soon as she had finished the nocturne,—a sad, low sweet strain, she came back to the parlor. Not even for the pleasure of giving John the delight of the music he loved would she stay where she could not see his face.

But I had already put down my book, and was ready to go. Our good-nights were short and more formal than usual. All three were conscious of an undefined constraint in the air. Mrs. Long glanced up uneasily in John's face as we left the room. Her eyes were unutterably tender and childlike when a look of grieved perplexity shadowed them. Again my heart ached for her and for him. This was no idle caprice, no mere entanglement of senses between two unemployed and unprincipled hearts. It was a subtle harmony, organic, spiritual, intellectual, between two susceptible and intense natures. The bond was as natural and inevitable as any other fact of nature. And in this very fact lay the terrible danger.

We walked home in silence. A few steps from our house we met Dr. Willis walking very rapidly. He did not recognize us at first. When he did, he half stopped as if about to speak, then suddenly changed his mind, and merely bowing, passed on. A bright light was burning in Ellen's room.

"Why, Ellen has not gone to bed!" exclaimed John.

"Perhaps some one called," said I, guiltily.

"Oh, I dare say," replied he; "perhaps the doctor has been there. But it is half-past twelve," added he, pulling out his watch as we entered the hall. "He could not have staid until this time."

I went to my own room immediately. In a few moments I heard John come up, say a few words to Ellen, and then go down stairs, calling back, as he left her room:

"Don't keep awake for me, wifie, I have a huge batch of letters to answer. I shall not get through before three o'clock."

I crept noiselessly to Ellen's room. It was dark. She had extinguished the gas as soon as she had heard us enter the house! I knew by the first sound of her voice that she had been weeping violently and long. I said:

"Ellen, I *must* come in and have a talk with you."

"Not to-night, dear. To-morrow I will talk over everything. All is settled. Good-night. Don't urge me to-night, Sally. I can't bear any more."

It is strange—it is marvelous what power there is in words to mean more than words. I knew as soon as Ellen had said, "Not to-night, dear," that she divined all I wanted to say, that she knew all I knew, and that the final moment, the crisis, had come. Whatever she might have to tell me in the morning, I should not be surprised. I did not sleep. All night I tossed wearily, trying to conjecture what Ellen would do, trying to imagine what I should do in her place.

At breakfast Ellen seemed better than she had seemed for weeks. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks pink; but there was an ineffable, almost solemn tenderness in her manner to John, which was pathetic. Again the suspicion crossed my mind that she knew that she must die. He too was disturbed by it; he looked at her constantly with a lingering gaze as if trying to read her face; and when he bade us good-by to go to the office, he kissed her over and over as I had not seen him kiss her for months. The tears came into her eyes, and she threw both arms around his neck for a second,—a very rare thing for her to do in the presence of others.

"Why, wifie," he said, "you musn't make it too hard for a fellow to get off!—Doesn't she look well this morning, Sally?" turning to me. "I was thinking last night that I must take her to the mountains as soon as it was warm enough. But such cheeks as these don't need it." And he took her face in his two hands with a caress full of tenderness, and sprang down the steps.

Just at this moment Mrs. Long's carriage came driving swiftly around the corner, and the driver stopped suddenly at sight of John.

"Oh, Mr. Gray, Mr. Gray!" called Emma, "I was just coming to take Ellen and the children for a turn, and we can leave you at the office on our way."

"Thank you," said John, "but there are several persons I must see before going to the office, and it would detain you too long. I am already much too late," and without a second look he hurried on.

I saw a slight color rise in Mrs. Long's cheek, but no observer less jealous than I would have detected it; and there was not a shade less warmth than usual in her manner to Ellen.

Ellen told her that she could not go herself, but she would be very glad to have some of the children go; and then she stood for some moments, leaning on the carriage-door and talking most animatedly. I looked from one woman to the other. Ellen at that moment was far more beautiful than Mrs. Long. The strong, serene, upright look which was her most distinguishing and characteristic expression, actually shone on her face. I wished that John Gray had stopped to see the two faces side by side. Emma Long might be the woman to stir and thrill and entrance the soul; to give stimulus to the intellectual nature; to rouse passionate tenderness of emotion; but Ellen was the woman on whose steadfastness he could rest,—in the light of whose sweet integrity and transparent truthfulness he was a far safer, and would be a far stronger man than with any other woman in the world.

As the carriage drove away with all four of the little girls laughing and shouting and clinging around Mrs. Long, a strange pang seized me. I looked at Ellen. She stood watching them with a smile which had something heavenly in it. Turning suddenly to me, she said: "Sally, if I were dying, it would make me very happy to know that Emma Long would be the mother of my children."

I was about to reply with a passionate ejaculation, but she interrupted me.

"Hush, dear, hush. I am not going to die,—I have no fear of any such thing. Come to my room now, and I will tell you all."

She locked the door, stood for a moment looking at me very earnestly, then folded me in her arms and kissed me many times; then she made me sit in a large arm-chair, and drawing up a low foot-stool, sat down at my feet, rested both arms on my lap, and began to speak. I shall try to tell in her own words what she said.

"Sally, I want to tell you in the beginning how I thank you for your silence. All winter I have known that you were seeing all I saw, feeling all I felt, and keeping silent for my sake. I never can tell you how much I thank you; it was the one thing which supported me. It was an unspeakable comfort to know that you sympathized with me at every point; but to have had the sympathy expressed even by a look would have made it impossible for me to bear up. As long as I live, darling, I shall be grateful to you. And, moreover, it makes it possible for me to trust you unreservedly now. I had always done you some injustice, Sally. I did not think you had so much self-control."

Here she hesitated an instant. It was not easy for her to mention John's name; but it was only for a second that she hesitated. With an impetuous eagerness unlike herself, she went on.

"Sally, you must not blame John. He has struggled as constantly and nobly as a man ever struggled. Neither must you blame Emma. They have neither of them done wrong. I have watched them both hour by hour. I know my husband's nature so thoroughly that I know his very thoughts almost as soon as he knows them himself. I know his emotions *before* he knows them himself. I saw the first moment in which his eyes rested on Emma's face as they used to rest on mine. From that day to this I have known every phase, every step, every change

of his feeling towards her; and I tell you, Sally, that I pity John from the bottom of my heart. I understand it all far better than you can, far better than he does. He loves her at once far more and far less than you believe, and he loves *me* far, far more than you believe! You will say, in the absolute idealization of your inexperienced heart, that it is impossible for a man to love two women at once. I *know* that it is not, and I wish I could make you believe it, for without believing it you cannot be just to John. He loves me to-day, in spite of all this, with a sort of clinging tenderness born of this very struggle. He would far *rather* love me with *all* his nature if he could, but just now he *cannot*. I see very clearly where Emma gives him what he needs, and has never had in me. I have learned many things from Emma Long this winter. I can never be like her. But I need not have been so unlike her as I was. She has armed me with weapons when she least suspected it. But she is not after all, on the whole, so nearly what John needs as I am. If I really believed that he would be a better man, or even a happier one with her as his wife, I should have but one desire, and that would be to die. But I know that it is not so. It is in my power to do for him, and to be to him, what she never could. I do not wonder that you look pityingly and incredulously. You will see. But in order to do this, I must leave him."

I sprang to my feet. "Leave him! Are you mad?"

"No, dear, not at all; very sane and very determined. I have been for six months coming to this resolve. I began to think of it in a very few hours after I first saw him look at Emma as if he loved her. I have thought of it day and night since, and I know I am right. If I stay, I shall lose his love. If I go, I shall keep it, regain it, compel it." She spoke here more hurriedly. "I have borne now all I can bear without betraying my pain to him. I *am* jealous of Emma. It almost kills me to see him look at her, speak to her."

"My poor, poor darling!" I exclaimed; "and I have been thinking you did not feel it!"

She smiled sadly, and tossed back the sleeve of her wrapper so as to show her arm to the shoulder. I started. It was almost emaciated. I had again and again in the course of the winter asked her why she did not wear her usual style of evening dress, and she had replied that it was on account of her cough.

"It is well that my face does not show loss of flesh as quickly as the rest of my body does," she said quietly. "I have lost thirty-five pounds of flesh in four months, and nobody has observed it! Yes, dear," she went on, "I *have* felt it. More than that, I have felt it increasingly every hour, and I can bear no more. Up to this time I have never by look or tone shown to John that I knew it. He wonders every hour what it means that I do not. I have never by so much as the slightest act watched him. I have seen notes in Emma's handwriting lying on his desk, and I have left the house lest I might be tempted to read them! I know that he has as yet done no clandestine thing, but at any moment I should have led them both into it by showing one symptom of jealousy. And I should have roused in his heart a feeling of irritation and impatience with me, which would have done in one hour more to intensify his love for her, and to change its nature from a pure, involuntary sentiment into an acknowledged and guilty one, than years and years of free intercourse could do. But I have reached the limit of my physical endurance. My nerves are giving away. I am really very ill, but nothing is out of order in my body aside from the effects of this anguish. A month more of this would make me a hopelessly broken-down woman. A month's absence from the sight of it will almost make me well."

I could not refrain from interrupting her.

"Ellen, you are mad! you are mad! You mean to go away and leave him to see her constantly alone, unrestrained by your presence? It has almost killed you to see it. How can you bear imagining it, knowing it?"

"Better than I can bear *seeing* it, far better. Because I have still undiminished confidence in the real lastingness of the bond between John and me. Emma Long would have been no doubt a good, a very good wife for him. But I *am* his wife, and I am the mother of his children, and just so surely as right is right, and wrong is wrong, he will return to me and to them. All wrong things are like diseases, self-limited. It *is* wrong for a man to love any woman better than he loves his wife; I don't deny that, dear," she said, half smiling through her tears at my indignant face; "but a man may *seem* to do it when he is really very far from it. He may really do it for days, for months—for years, perhaps; but if he be a true man, and his wife a true wife, he will return. John is a true husband and a still truer father. John is mine, and I am his; and I shall live to remind you of all these things, Sally, after time has proved them true."

I was almost dumb with surprise. I was astounded. To me it seemed that her plan was simply suicidal. I told her in the strongest words I could use of the scene of the night before.

"I could tell you of still more trying scenes than that, Sally. I know far more than you. But if I knew ten times as much, I should still believe that my plan is the only one. Of course I may fail. It is all in God's hands. We none of us know how much discipline we need. But I know one thing: if I do not regain John in this way, I cannot in any. If I stay I shall annoy, vex, disturb, torture him! Once the barriers of my silence and concealment are broken down, I shall do just what all other jealous women have done since the world began. There are no torments on earth like those which a jealous woman inflicts, except those which she bears! I will die sooner than inflict them on John. Even if the result proves me mistaken, I shall never regret my course, for I know that the worst is certain if I remain. But I have absolute faith,"—and her face was transfigured with it as she spoke, "John is mine. If I could stay by his side through it all and preserve the same relation with him which I have all winter, all would sooner or later be well. I wish I were strong enough. My heart is, but my body is not, and I must go."

When she told me the details of her plan, I was more astounded than ever. She had taken Dr. Willis into her full confidence. (He had been to us father and physician both ever since our father's death.) He entirely approved of her course. He was to say—which indeed he could conscientiously do—that her health imperatively required an entire change of climate, and that he had advised her to spend at least one year abroad. It had always been one of John's and Ellen's air-castles to take all the children to England and to Germany for some years of study. She proposed to take the youngest four, leaving the eldest girl, who was her father's especial pet and companion, to stay with him. A maiden aunt of ours was to come and keep the house, and I was to stay with the family. This was the hardest of all.

"Ellen, I cannot! Do not—oh, do not trust me. I shall never have strength. I shall betray all some day and ruin all your hopes."

"You cannot, you dare not, Sally, when I tell you that my life's whole happiness lies in your simple silence. John is unobservant and also unsuspicious. He has never had intimate relation with you. You will have no difficulty. But you *must* be here,—because, dear, there is another reason," and here her voice grew very unsteady, and tears ran down her cheeks.

"In spite of all my faith, I do not disguise from myself the possibility of the worst. I cannot believe my husband would ever do a dishonorable thing. I do not believe that Emma Long would. And yet, when I remember what ruin has overtaken many men and women whom we believed upright, I dare not be wholly sure. And I must know that some one is here who would see and understand if a time were approaching at which it would be needful for me to make one last effort with and for my husband face to face with him. Unless that comes, I do not wish you to allude to the subject in your letters. I think I know just how all things will go. I believe that in one year, or less, all will be well. But if the worst is to come, you with your instincts will foresee it, and I must be told. I should return then at once. I should have power, even at the last moment, to save John from disgrace. But I should lose his love irrecoverably; it is to save *that* that I go."

I could say but few words. I was lifted up and borne out of myself, as it were, by my sister's exaltation of atmosphere. She seemed more like some angel-wife than like a mortal woman. Before I left her room at noon, I believed almost as fully as she did in the wisdom and the success of her plan.

There was no time to be lost. Every day between the announcement of her purpose and the carrying it out, would be a fearful strain on Ellen's nerves. Dr. Willis had a long talk with John in his office while Ellen was talking with me. John came home to dinner looking like a man who had received a mortal blow. Dr. Willis had purposely given him to understand that Ellen's life was in great danger. So it was, but not from the cough! At first John's vehement purpose was to go with them. But she was prepared for this. His business and official relations were such that it was next to impossible for him to do it, and would at best involve a tremendous pecuniary sacrifice. She overruled and remonstrated, and was so firm in her objections to every suggestion of his of accompanying or following her, that finally, in spite of all his anxiety, John seemed almost piqued at her preference for going alone. In every conversation on the subject I saw more and more clearly that Ellen was right. He did love her—love her warmly, devotedly.

Two weeks from the day of my conversa-

tion with her they sailed for Liverpool. The summer was to be spent in England, and the winter in Nice or Mentone.

Alice, the eldest daughter, a loving, sunshiny girl of twelve, was installed in her mother's room. This was Ellen's especial wish. She knew that in this way John would be drawn to the room constantly. All her own little belongings were given to Alice.

"Only think, Auntie," said she, "mamma has given me, all for my own, her lovely toilette set, and all the Bohemian glass on the bureau, and her ivory brushes! She says when she comes home she shall refurnish her room and papa's too!"

Oh, my wise Ellen. Could Emma Long have done more subtly!

Early on the first evening after John returned from New York, having seen them off, I missed him. I said bitterly to myself, "At Mrs. Long's, I suppose," and went up-stairs to find Alice. As I drew near her room I heard his voice, reading aloud. I went in. He and Alice were lying together on a broad chintz-covered lounge, as I had so often seen him and Ellen.

"Oh, Auntie, come here," said Alice, "hear mamma's letter to me! She gave it to papa in New York. She says it is like the sealed orders they give to captains sometimes, not to be opened till they are out at sea. It is all about how I am to fill her place to papa. And there are ever so many little notes inside, more orders, which even papa himself is not to see! only I suppose he'll recognize the things when I do them!"

At that moment, as I watched John Gray's face, with Alice's nestled close, and his arms clasped tight around her, while they had Ellen's letter, a great load rolled off my heart. I went through many dark days afterward, but I never could quite despair when I remembered the fatherhood and the husbandhood which were in his eyes and his voice that night.

The story of the next twelve months could be told in few words, so far as its external incidents are concerned. It could not be told in a thousand volumes, if I attempted to reproduce the subtle undercurrents of John Gray's life and mine. Each of us was living a double life; he more or less unconsciously; I with such sharpened senses, such overwrought emotions, that I only wonder that my health did not give way. I endured vicariously all the suspense and torment of the deepest jealousy, with a sense of more than vicarious responsibility added, which was almost more than human nature could bear. Ellen little knew how heavy would be the burden she laid upon me. Her most express and explicit direction was that the familiar intimacy between our family and Mrs. Long's was to be preserved unaltered. This it would have been impossible for me to do if Mrs. Long had not herself recognized the necessity of it, for her own full enjoyment of John's society. But it was a hard thing; my aunt, the ostensible head of our house, was a quiet woman, who had nothing whatever to do with society, and who felt in the outset a great shrinking from the brilliant Mrs. Long. I had never been on intimate terms with her, so that John and Alice were really the only members of the household who could keep up precisely the old relation. And so it gradually came about that in most of our meetings under each other's roofs, strangers were asked to fill up the vacant places, and in spite of all Emma Long's efforts and mine, there was a change in the atmosphere of our intercourse. But there was enough of intimacy to produce the effect for which Ellen was most anxious, *i.e.*, to extend the shelter of our recognition to the friendship between John and Emma, and to remove from them both all temptation to anything clandestine or secret. They still saw each other almost daily; they still shared most of each other's interests and pleasures; they still showed most undisguised delight in each other's presence. Again and again I went with them to the opera, to the theater, and sat through the long hours, watching, with a pain which seemed to me hardly less than Ellen's would have been, their constant sympathy with each other in every point of enjoyment, their constant forgetfulness of every one else.

But there was, all this time, another side to John Gray's life, which I saw, and Emma Long did not. By every steamer came packages of the most marvelous letters from Ellen: letters to us all; but for John, a diary of every hour of her life. Each night she spent two hours in writing out the record of the day. I have never seen letters which so reproduced the atmosphere of the day, the scene, the heart. They were brilliant and effective in narrative to a degree that utterly astonished me; but they were also ineffably tender and loving, and so subjective in their every word, that it was like seeing Ellen face to face to read them. At first John did not show them even to me; but soon he began to say, "These are too rare to be kept to myself; I must just read you this account;" or, "Here is a page I must read," until it at last became his habit to read them aloud in the evenings to the family, and even to more

intimate friends who chanced to be with us. He grew proud beyond expression of Ellen's talent for writing; and well he might. No one who listened to them but exclaimed, "There never were such letters before!" I think there never were. And I alone knew the secret of them.

But these long, brilliant letters were not all. In every mail came also packages for Alice—secret, mysterious things, which nobody could see, but which proved to be sometimes small notes, to be given to papa at unexpected times and places; sometimes little fancy articles, as a pen-wiper, or a cigar-case, *half* worked by Ellen, to be finished by Alice, and given to papa on some especial day, the significance of which "only mamma knows;" sometimes a pressed flower, which was to be put by papa's plate at breakfast, or put in papa's button-hole as he went out in the morning. Oh, I was more and more lost in astonishment at the subtle and boundless art of love which could so contrive to reach across an ocean, and surround a man's daily life with its expression. There were also in every package letters to John from all the children: even the baby's little hand was guided to write by every mail, "Dear papa, I love you just as much as all the rest do!" or, "Dear papa, I want you to toss me up!" More than once I saw tears roll down John's face in spite of him, as he slowly deciphered their illegible little scrawls. The older children's notes were as vivid and loving as their mother's. It was evident that they were having a season of royal delight in their journey, but also evident that their thoughts and their longings were constantly reverting to papa. How much Ellen really indited of these apparently spontaneous letters I do not know; but no doubt their atmosphere was in part created by her. They showed, even more than did her own letters, that papa was still the center of their life. No sight was seen without the wish—"Oh, if papa were here!" and even little Mary, aged five, was making a collection of pressed leaves for papa, from all the places they visited! Louise had already great talent for drawing, and in almost every letter came two or three childish but spirited little pictures, all labeled "Drawn for papa!" "The true picture of our courier in a rage, for papa to see." "The washerwoman's dog, for papa," etc., etc. Again and again I sat by, almost trembling with delight, and saw John spend an entire evening in looking over these little missives and reading Ellen's letters. Then again I sat alone and anxious through an entire evening, when I knew he was with Emma Long. But even after such an evening, he never failed to sit down and write long pages in his journal-letter to Ellen—a practice which he began of his own accord, after receiving the first journal-letter from her.

"Ha! little Alice," he said, "we'll keep a journal too, for mamma, won't we! She shall not out-do us that way." And so, between Alice's letters and his, the whole record of our family life went every week to Ellen; and I do not believe, so utterly unaware was John Gray of any pain in Ellen's heart about Emma Long, I do not believe that he ever in a single instance omitted to mention when he had been with her, where, and how long.

Emma Long wrote too, and Ellen wrote to her occasional affectionate notes; but referring her always to John's diary-letters for the details of interest. I used to study Mrs. Long's face while these letters were being read to her. John's animated delight, his enthusiastic pride, must, it seemed to me, have been bitter to her. But I never saw even a shade of such a feeling in her face. There was nothing base or petty in Emma Long's nature, and, strange as it may seem, she did love Ellen. Only once did I ever see a trace of pique or resentment in her manner to John, and then I could not wonder at it. A large package had come from Ellen, just after tea one night, and we were all gathered in the library, reading our letters and looking at the photographs—(she always sent unmounted photographs of the place from which she wrote, and, if possible, of the house in which they were living, and the children often wrote above the windows, "*Papa's* and mamma's room," etc., etc.)—hour after hour passed. The hall clock had just struck ten, when the door-bell rang violently. "Good heavens!" exclaimed John, springing up, "that must be Mrs. Long; I totally forgot that I had promised to go with her to Mrs. Willis's party. I said I would be there at nine; tell her I am up-stairs dressing," and he was gone before the servant had had time to open the door. Mrs. Long came in, with a flushed face and anxious look. "Is Mr. Gray ill?" she said. "He promised to call for me at nine, to go to Mrs. Willis's, and I have been afraid he might be ill."

Before I could reply, the unconscious Alice exclaimed—

"Oh, no; papa isn't ill; he is *so* sorry, but he forgot all about the party till he heard you ring the bell. We were so busy over mamma's letters."

"John will be down in a moment," added

I. "He ran up-stairs to dress as soon as you rang."

For one second Emma Long's face was sad to see. Such astonishment, such pain, were in it, my heart ached for her. But then a look of angry resentment succeeded the pain, and merely saying, "I am very sorry; but I really cannot wait for him. It is now almost too late to go," she had left the room and closed the outer door before I could think of any words to say.

I ran up to John's room, and told him through the closed door. He made no reply for a moment, and then said :—

"No wonder she is vexed. It was unpardonable rudeness. Tell Robert to run at once for a carriage for me."

In a very few moments he came down dressed for the party, but with no shadow of disturbance on his face. He was still thinking of the letters. He took up his own, and putting it into an inside breast-pocket, said, as he kissed Alice, "Papa will take mamma's letter to the party, if he can't take mamma!"

I shed grateful tears that night before I went to sleep. How I longed to write to Ellen of the incident; but I had resolved not once to disregard her request that the whole subject be a sealed one. And I trusted that Alice would remember to tell it. Well I might! At breakfast Alice said :—

"Oh, papa, I told mamma that you carried her to the party in your breast-pocket; that is, you carried her letter!"

I fancied that John's cheek flushed a little as he said :—

"You might tell mamma that papa carries her everywhere in his breast-pocket, little girlie, and mamma would understand."

I think from that day I never feared for Ellen's future. I fancied, too, that from that day there was a new light in John Gray's eyes. Perhaps it might have been only the new light in my own; but I think when a man knows that he has once, for one hour, *forgotten* a woman whose presence has been dangerously dear to him, he must be aware of his dawning freedom.

The winter was nearly over. Ellen had said nothing to us about returning.

"Dr. Willis tells me that, from what Ellen writes to him of her health, he thinks it would be safer for her to remain abroad another year," said John to me one morning at breakfast.

"Oh, she never will stay another year!" exclaimed I.

"Not unless I go out to stay with her" said John, very quietly.

"Oh, John, could you?" and, "Oh, papa, will you take me?" exclaimed Alice and I in one breath.

"Yes," and "yes," said John, laughing, "and Sally too, if she will go."

He then proceeded to tell me that he had been all winter contemplating this; that he believed they would never again have so good an opportunity to travel in Europe, and that Dr. Willis's hesitancy about Ellen's health had decided the question. He had been planning and deliberating as silently and unsuspectedly as Ellen had done the year before. Never once had it crossed my mind that he desired it, or that it could be. But I found that he had for the last half of the year been arranging his affairs with a view to it, and had entered into new business connections which would make it not only easy, but profitable, for him to remain abroad two years. He urged me to go with them, but I refused. I felt that the father and the mother and the children ought to be absolutely alone in this blessed reunion, and I have never regretted my decision, although the old world is yet an unknown world to me.

John Gray was a reticent and undemonstrative man, in spite of all the tenderness and passionateness in his nature. But when he bade me good-by on the deck of the steamer, as he kissed me he whispered :—

"Sally, I shall hold my very breath till I see Ellen. I never knew how I loved her before." And the tears stood in his eyes.

I never saw Emma Long after she knew that John was to go abroad to join Ellen. I found myself suddenly without courage to look in her face. The hurry of my preparations for Alice was ample excuse for my not going to her house, and she did not come to ours. I knew that John spent several evenings with her, and came home late, with a sad and serious face, and that was all. A week before he sailed she joined a large and gay party for San Francisco and the Yosemite. In all the newspaper accounts of the excursion, Mrs. Long was spoken of as the brilliant center of all festivities. I understood well that this was the first reaction of her proud and sensitive nature under an irremediable pain. She never returned to ——, but established herself in a Southern city, where she lived in great retirement for a year, doing good to all poor and suffering people, and spending the larger part of her fortune in charity. Early in the second year there was an epidemic of yellow-fever: Mrs. Long refused to leave the city, and went fearlessly as the physicians to visit and nurse the worst

cases. But after the epidemic had passed by she herself was taken ill, and died suddenly in a hospital ward, surrounded by the very patients whom she had nursed back to health.

Nothing I could say in my own words would give so vivid an idea of the meeting between John Gray and his wife, as the first letter which I received from little Alice :—

"DARLING AUNTIE—

"It is too bad you did not come too. The voyage was horrid. Papa was so much sicker than I, that I had to take care of him all the time; but my head ached so that I kept seeing black spots if I stooped over to kiss papa; but papa said I was just like another mamma.

"Oh, Auntie, only think, there was a mistake about the letters, and mamma never got the letter to tell her that we were coming; and she was out on the balcony of the hotel when we got out of the carriage, and first she saw me; and the lady who was with her said she turned first red and then so white the lady thought she was sick; and then the next minute she saw papa, and she just fell right down among all the people, and looked as if she was dead; and the very first thing poor papa and I saw, when we got up stairs, was mamma being carried by two men, and papa and I both thought she was dead; and papa fell right down on his knees, and made the men put mamma down on the floor, and everybody talked out loud, and papa never spoke a word, but just looked at mamma, and nobody knew who papa was till I spoke, and I said,

"'That's my mamma, and papa and I have just come all the way from America,'—and then a gentleman told me to kiss mamma, and I did; and then she opened her eyes; and just as soon as she saw papa, she got a great deal whiter and her head fell back again, and I was so sure she was dying that I began to cry out loud, and I do think there were more than a hundred people all round us; but Louise says there were only ten or twelve; and then the same gentleman that told me to kiss mamma took hold of papa, and made him go away; and they carried mamma into a room, and laid her on a bed, and said we must all go out; but I wouldn't: I got right under the bed, and they didn't see me; and it seemed to me a thousand years before anybody spoke; and at last I heard mamma's voice, just as weak as baby's—but you know nobody could mistake mamma's voice; and said she, 'Where is John—I saw John;' and then the gentleman said,—oh, I forgot to tell you he was a doctor—

"'My dear madam, calm yourself'—and then I cried right out again, and crept out between his legs and almost knocked him down; and said I, 'Don't you try to calm my mamma; it *is* papa—and me too, mamma!' and then mamma burst out crying; and then the old gentleman ran out, and I guess papa was at the door, for he came right in; and then he put his arms round mamma, and they didn't speak for so long, I thought I should die; and all the people were listening, and going up and down in the halls outside, and I felt so frightened and ashamed, for fear people would think mamma wasn't glad to see us. But papa says that is always the way when people are more glad than they can bear; and the surprise, too, was too much for anybody. But I said at the tea-table that I hoped I should never be so glad myself as long as I lived; and then the old gentleman—he's a very nice old gentleman, and a great friend of mamma's, and wears gold spectacles—he said, 'My dear little girl, I hope you *may* be some day just as glad,' and then he looked at papa and mamma and smiled,—and mamma almost cried again! Oh, altogether it was a horrid time; the worst I ever had; and so different from what papa and I thought it would be.

"But it's all over now, and we're all so happy, we laugh so all the time, that papa says it is disgraceful; that we shall have to go off and hide ourselves somewhere where people can't see us.

"But, Auntie, you don't know how perfectly splendid mamma is. She is the prettiest lady in the hotel, Louise says. She is ever so much fatter than she used to be. And the baby has grown so I did not know her, and her curls are more than half a yard long. Louise and Mary have got their hair cut short like boys, but their gowns are splendid; they say it was such a pity you had any made for me at home. But oh, dear Auntie, don't think I shall not *always* like the gowns you made for me. Charlie isn't here; he's at some horrid school a great way off; I forget the name of the place. But we are all going there to live for the summer. Mamma said we should keep house in an 'apartment,' and I was perfectly horrified, and I said, 'Mamma, in one room?' and then Louise and Mary laughed till I was quite angry; but mamma says that here an 'apartment' means a set of a good many rooms, quite enough to live in. I don't believe you can have patience to read this long letter; but I haven't told you half; no, not one-half of half. Good-bye, you darling aunty.

"ALICE."

"P. S.—I wish you could just see mamma. It isn't only me that thinks she is so pretty; papa thinks so too. He just sits and looks, and looks at her, till mamma doesn't quite like it, and asks him to look at baby a little!"

Ellen's first letter was short. Her heart was too full. She said at the end—

"I suppose you will both laugh and cry over Alice's letter. At first I thought of suppressing it. But it gives you such a graphic picture of the whole scene that I shall let it go. It is well that I had the excuse of the surprise for my behavior, but I myself doubt very much if I should have done any better, had I been prepared for their coming.

"God bless and thank you, dear Sally, for this last year, as I cannot.

"ELLEN."

These events happened many years ago. My sister and I are now old women. Her life has been from that time to this one of the sunniest and most unclouded I ever knew.

John Gray is a hale old man; white-haired and bent, but clear-eyed and vigorous. All the good and lovable and pure in his nature have gone on steadily increasing: his love for his wife is still so full of sentiment and romance that the world remarks it.

His grandchildren will read these pages, no doubt, but they will never dream that it could have been their sweet and placid and beloved old grandmother who, through such sore straits in her youth, *kept her husband!*

CHRISTINE NILSSON AND HER MAESTRO.

"MAMMA, mamma, please wake up and eat your breakfast, and dress yourself, and take Isabel out to hear a new singer. The carriage is at the door, and she's here, waiting for you."

I opened my sleepy eyes to see Amy's blonde head bending over me, whilst Isabel stood at the half-opened door, a shadow of apprehension in her smiling brown eyes.

"Dear me, children," I expostulated, raising myself on my elbow and glancing round the room, strewn with the things I had worn to the American Embassy the night before, "how can I possibly go? I don't want any more music,—I heard the Valse des Adieux all last night. Besides, I couldn't get ready in less than an hour, and Isabel never waited an hour for anything in her life."

"Oh, but I will!" exclaimed Isabel. "I will be glad to wait if you'll only be so good and sweet as to take me. Mamma has got one of her nervous headaches, and I'm dying to go to-day to hear this new singer. She's a Swedish girl, perfectly lovely, and with such a voice!"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said a voice from behind, and my maid appeared on the threshold with the breakfast-tray, ordered, by the two smooth-cheeked conspirators, to be prepared in advance of my waking.

"I see I must go," I said, as I resignedly raised the cup of coffee to my lips; and so, aided by my self-improvised lady's maid, I did succeed in getting ready within Isabel's hour.

"For, you see," she said as she buttoned my boots, whilst Amy arranged my veil, "the lesson begins at eleven, and I wouldn't lose a note for the world. Madame Taillant perfectly raves about her, and you know she wouldn't unless it were something quite different from other things."

With which somewhat confused sentence Isabel jumped to her feet, hurried me downstairs and into the carriage, called to the coachman—"Quarante-trois, Chaussée d'Antin, et allez vite," and then nestling up to my side and giving the cheek next her a hearty kiss, exclaimed:

"I really do think you are the nicest, kindest friend any girl ever had!"

Whereat I smiled contentedly, for Isabel, with her impulsive, loving ways, pretty face and graceful figure, was a pet of mine, although she used to try my patience continually by her incessant imprudences, and by the innumerable host of caprices which attended her wherever she went.

"And this new star that is to be," I queried, "you must tell me who she is, and how she came to be discovered, and everything about her."

"I'll tell you all I know, but that isn't much. We were at the Italiens night before last, and I sat in the front seat next Madame Taillant's box. She leaned over and told me she had a new wonder for me,—a beautiful young Swedish girl, as good as she could be, with a voice like an angel. Then I asked where she was, and how I could hear and see

her, and she said she was studying under the great master, Wartel, and that the only way to see and hear her was to go there when she took her lesson. And when she saw how disappointed I looked, for I don't know him, she wrote on one of her husband's cards and gave it to me, and told me the days she—I mean the Swedish girl—took her lesson, and said I could go and give the card, and that, as she was an old pupil of Wartel's, he'd let me in; and that's all she knew."

Here Isabel stopped a moment to take breath, then continued, as we rolled down the wide Avenue des Champs Elysées, with its rows of many-storied, red and gilt balconied, carved yellow-stone houses:

"All yesterday I spent trying to find out about her. She was only a little child, they say, when a Swedish gentleman heard her sing, and took her and had her educated, and sent her to Paris to be finished, and she's been to Madame C——'s school, and at Madame G——'s school, and all the girls love her because she's so nice, and she goes and sings to them once in a while, and then there's a fête in the school; and she's going to make her début soon, and they say she will make a furore; and I'm just dying to see her."

And Isabel went on chattering like a magpie as we crossed the upper side of the great Place de la Concorde, its fountains flashing in the winter sunlight, unconscious of the redder flood that had once drenched the stones on which they stood; up the Rue Royale, with its ancient stone hotels, past the Madeleine—that vain attempt to Gallicize the marble beauty of the Parthenon; along the already bustling, jostling, shop-crowded Boulevards, till we turned up the dark and narrow length of the Chaussée d'Antin, and finally stopped at the designated number.

"Ten minutes to eleven," said Isabel, glancing at her little absurdity of a watch. "We're just in time, for it will take about that to get up-stairs. Enter the courtyard, Jules;" and as I sat dismayed at the ascending prospect revealed by Isabel's words, we rumbled through the low, dark archway into a small courtyard surrounded by immensely tall walls, and stopped at a narrow door on the opposite corner. Isabel jumped out, exclaiming:

"Now for a climb!"

A climb it was. Up the steep, slippery, polished brown stairs, up and still up we went, till, as we reached the fourth flight, my courage failed.

"Isabel, this staircase is a French Jack-the-Giant-Killer's bean-stalk. I believe if it has an end it will only be found in the sky."

"Yes, it's horrid," responded Isabel; "but there can't be many more flights," and she looked up anxiously at the vista above.

Up the fourth:—I heard the sound of a piano. Up the fifth:—the sound was close at hand. Gasping and faint, I found myself before a very little door, at which Isabel stopped.

"It's here," she whispered, putting the card of introduction into my hand; "the last on the left-hand side." She rang: the door opened by a spring from within, and we passed through a tiny, red tile-paved anteroom, into a tiny, dark green parlor. A cabinet piano nearly filled one side of the room; a cheerful fire blazed its welcome on the other, and, politely bowing to his unknown visitors, there stood the tall, slender figure of the old and famous maestro, Schubert-Wartel, so called from his having been the first to introduce those wonderful, soul-burdened Schubert melodies into gay, gilded, glittering France. As he turned from the comparative twilight of the heavily-curtained little room to the window, in order to decipher the card, I had an opportunity to observe at my ease his striking face and figure. As I said, he was very tall and very slender, supple as a cat in his movements, although he must then have been very old, for he had been trained by Cherubini. His soft, fine hair still retained its color, and was brushed carefully back from his high, narrow forehead. The expression of his delicately modeled face was a mixture of acuteness and bonhomie. My observations were cut short by his turning towards us with a winning smile, and with most courteous welcome installing us in two comfortable easy-chairs opposite the piano; then unrolling the green silk fire-shade on the mantelpiece, he arranged it to shade our faces from the blaze. All this was done with the quiet courtesy of a gentleman of the old school. A few words from him of polite inquiry as to the health of his former pupil, Madame Taillant, and then Isabel broke bounds.

"Oh, monsieur, I am so glad you let us in! I am dying to hear your pupil, this Swedish girl that people are talking so much about."

"Vraiment," said the maestro, smiling, while a gleam shot from his small, piercing eyes; "but that is not astonishing. It is a pearl, madame," he said, turning to me, "a true pearl! a most sympathetic voice—great compass, great purity, and such a tone! It is a voice of crystal. I foresee for her a great future—mais la voila!"

As he spoke the bell rang, the door opened, a light step passed through the anteroom, and, followed by her attendants, a girl —a snow-wreath rather—glided into the room. She made a slight salutation to us, a cordial one to the accompanist, a slight, black-haired young man who had hitherto remained hidden behind the piano, and then raised her large, clear eyes, with a lovely expression of mingled reverence and affection, to the maestro.

"Good morning, ma petite, and how goes it?" he asked.

"Well, very well," she answered, smiling, and then began to remove her bonnet and casaque. Isabel gave me one glance and then riveted her brown eyes upon the lovely figure before her. The girl's slender form was displayed in its light but symmetrical proportions by her closely-fitting brown dress; the abundance of golden hair was confined by a knot, freeing the graceful setting of her head upon her shoulders; and her delicate and regular features were warmed by the ruddy glow of the fire as she bent towards it, rubbing gently her little white hands, for the morning, though sunny, was cold. I thought I had never seen a lovelier creature, so unconscious and so girlish.

A word or two with the maestro, the placing of a book on the piano, a few opening chords from the accompanist, and the lesson began. I held my breath. It was as if a skylark had clothed itself in human form, so crystal-clear poured forth the fresh young notes. But if a skylark had established its home in the young singer's throat, surely the soul of a Cremona violin had taken possession of the maestro. Seated beside the instrument, his tall figure bending and swaying to the measure, his hand with gesture of command swelling or softening the notes, he pictured the singing on the air. And such wonderful delicacy, such depth of expression, such elevation and breadth of feeling as those gestures portrayed! And then the quick apprehension, the sympathetic response, the seraphic sweetness of the voice of the pupil! I sat in a maze of astonishment and delight, whilst Isabel, getting possession of my hand, squeezed it in her ecstasy till she fairly pained me.

"Pas mal! that goes better than the last time," said the maestro, as the last full note died away. At this, as I thought, scanty praise, the girl raised her eyes with a quick smile, and the rose-tint on her cheek deepened perceptibly. "And now for a *vocalise*," he continued.

She began. After a few bars of clear, brilliant melody, during which the maestro's face had decidedly clouded, he made a sudden motion with his hand. Piano and voice stopped instantly.

"Not so loud, my child, not so loud! You're not in a church—*Chanter, c'est charmer*. Listen!" And in a voice of such exquisite sweetness as I never shall hear again, he repeated the passage.

"Oh!" groaned Isabel, in a spasm of delight. There was no mistaking the tone. The old maestro turned his quick eye upon her as she sat, her face all aglow. He looked well pleased; the sound was familiar to his ear. Had not all Europe smiled and sighed and wept with delight at the wonderful inflections of that soul-moving voice of his!

The piano and voice again took up the strain,—but how differently from before! It was the gladness of morning, the mirth of sunny brooks, the warbling of happy birds, the song of a pure young heart, knowing no evil, fearing no harm. As the silver notes flowed on, tears of delight rose to my eyes. It was like looking into a sinless world. Isabel could not contain herself.

"I must go and tell her how I admire her!" she whispered during an interlude.

"My dear child, if you interrupt this lesson, I will never take you anywhere again as long as you live," I whispered back. And Isabel reluctantly sank down in her easy-chair.

When the *vocalise* was ended, I expressed my gratification and my admiration of his method to the maestro, whilst Isabel escaped to the side of the singer, and, to judge by her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, poured out the flood of her honest girlish admiration. The piquant little brunette, all animation, beside the lovely golden-haired snow-wreath, made a picture that would have pleased an artist's eye; but I gave it but one look, so interested was I by what the old maestro was saying. "It is the true Italian method, madame, the method of the great, great singers. To-day instrumental music is carried to its highest pitch; it approaches perfection; but the voice—but singing—ah, madame, it does not exist! In those days no singer would dare to risk himself before the public unless he had studied—studied conscientiously for eight years; and now—mon Dieu, four years, three years and a half, and then a début!" "And the music they sing," he continued, after taking a fierce pinch of snuff, "mon Dieu, what voice can sing what Meyerbeer and Verdi have written, without being utterly spoiled? It is ruin, it is destruction itself. The voice is the most tender, the

most delicate, the most exquisite of organs, and the composers of to-day demand of it the sonority of the trombone united to the compass of the violin. And the public—ah, the public !—it applauds with frenzy one note —one mere note—which is murderous to the singer's throat, a mere *tour de force*, of brutal force; but the tenderness, the pathos, the delicacy that should be the charm of music, that should transport them out of their coarse, material lives into the Heaven above them—all that finds them and leaves them cold, unimpassioned, stupid. 'What does it mean?' they say"—here he gave the French shrug, that mixture of contempt, disgust, and abhorrence. "Mon Dieu, they are right: it means nothing to them—they cannot understand it."

"But such a style as this, such training as yours, and a voice so uncommon as that of mademoiselle," I suggested,—"surely that will do much for public taste."

"We shall see, we shall see," he responded, his face relaxing from its melancholy expression. "It is a veritable talent, and great docility, great docility. Give me but docility, madame, and I will make this wood sing," and he struck his hand smartly upon the top of the little cabinet piano, which emitted an acquiescing murmur. "For, after all, what is singing? Singing is a gymnastic of the lungs. My maxim is to obtain the greatest force by the gentlest means. Above all, there must be no compression whatever of the top of the throat; it must remain open in the very highest notes. Nay, more than this,—the higher the voice ascends, the more the throat must open. We call that lowering the tone. It gives a roundness, a fullness, a depth not to be obtained by any other means, and it preserves the voice intact; it prevents it from wearing out."

My look of fixed attention encouraged him to go on and unfold to me some of the secret procedures of his most difficult art. In reply to my, "You interest me extremely, monsieur," he proceeded:

"And in this method all the scales, all the preparatory exercises must be sung softly, softly; beginning on the lower note and ascending to the highest; never striking first the high note and then descending. That is fatal—with that comes the *coup de gosier!*" And the master's mobile face showed a full appreciation of the enormity of that hammer-like blow of the voice which untaught singers are apt to give when a note is difficult to strike.

After a moment's pause his eyebrows resumed their natural position, and he continued: "Therein lies the superiority of this method over all others; it never allows any fatigue, any strain upon the voice."

"I have heard that Garcia lost his place as a teacher at the Conservatoire, because he broke so many voices," I said.

"That is only too true. His teaching, like that of Duprez, was a Procrustean bed: for the voices that could stretch to it, very good; but woe to the others."

"I heard Madame Viardot last week in the Orphée," I remarked, desirous to learn his opinion of that artiste.

"A great singer," he responded emphatically.

"Yes, she delighted me in many things," I continued, "but I do not think she brought out all the effects of which that music is capable. There were certain passages which failed to touch me as they ought to have done, for I think that opera one of the most moving compositions that has ever been produced. I refer especially to the aria in the infernal regions."

"Madame a raison," he responded, his face lighting up; "that music is sublime. Yes; Viardot is not right in her rendering of that song here." I saw his small, keen eye change its expression; his face became rapt, it softened, all its lines melting and fusing as it were, so that he no longer looked old; and then, to my inexpressible surprise, for I knew that he never sang, the great maestro began to sing that exquisite song of the heart-broken, imploring Orpheus.

I have heard much music in my life, but such music as that I never heard before—I devoutly hope I may never hear again. No words of mine can convey the faintest idea of the impression it produced. It was the very soul of music revealed in all its power. Such a world of woe, such plaintive beseeching, rising into the very agony of entreaty; such pathetic affection, deepening into most impassioned remembrance; such an awe-struck sense of the deathful power of the deity whose relenting he was imploring; such faint glimmerings of hope, sinking into the night of despair! My every nerve quivered in a torture of delight. I felt suffocated by the inaudible sobs that filled my throat. It was a positive relief when the great singer stopped; and yet, if I had had the power, I would have bid him sing on forever. For the first and only time I had a glimpse of that lost art of which such marvels are related, and henceforth no account of its wonder-working power has seemed too strange for me to believe. I

glanced at Isabel as the last sentence melted into air. She was leaning back, her face buried in her handkerchief, looking like a little statue dressed by Worth.

I remember but imperfectly the rest of the lesson. The song had left me giddy and bewildered, my every nerve unstrung. One thing only I recall plainly: when the lesson was over, the young pupil took leave of her master in a way that struck me as very pleasing. She went up to him, and standing before him, slightly bent her fair head downwards. He gravely inclined his tall thin figure towards her, and touched his lips to her pure white forehead. The little scene remains in my memory as one of its loveliest pictures.

"It's enough to make any one try to be as good as ever they can, so as to get some day to Heaven and hear such music as that," said Isabel, leaning forward in the carriage and looking wistfully up at the window so high above us, as we turned to leave the courtyard. "It makes one feel as if everything was so little!" And with this chaotic sentence she laid her head on my shoulder and sighed as I never heard my pretty Isabel sigh before.

A SMALL PIECE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

If ever there was a creature upon earth who more knew her duty, and more did it not, than the needy American girl of the present day (that is, if knowledge of one's duty comes by abounding exhortation to the same), we should like to see that stiff-necked curiosity.

Concerning her general airs about the kind of work that she will do for wages, and her particular deadly stand at one kind of work that she will *not* do for wages, viz.: housework,—on this her sin and folly, both the friends and foes of woman suffrage so take the pulpit against her that it would seem as if only total depravity could account for her still obstinate refusal to turn from the error of her fine ways, plunge in the wash-tub, and be saved.

Such variety of appeals are made to her: there is the "Young Family Man," who wails out in the newspapers how many children he has; how feeble is his wife; how unspeakably atrocious the Hibernian maid-of-all-work; how unutterably preferable would be an American maid-of-all-work, but she will not come, although the woman's rights people declare that she is starving everywhere;—he wishes to hear no more about her starving, nor about woman's rights; woman shows that she has not sense enough to vote by indulging in starving when there is bread enough in his house and to spare for anybody who will come and make it; men are not so absurd as to go starving when there's honest work waiting for them; he can get all the men and boys he wants in his business; he can get everything done but his housework; he knows a great many other Young Family Men who are in the same condition, and he demands of his country to know what these things mean. And any number of editors ring changes on the Young Family Man's complaint, and demand more or less sarcastically to know what these things mean. And they invariably bid women observe how comparatively free men are from their sort of prideful nonsense about labor.

And the worst of it is, that the female exhorters on the subject use precisely the same weapon of reproof. "Young daughters of the Republic, go to work!" cries the woman suffrage oratress from the platform;—"by all means be lawyers or lecturers or ministers, if you can; but if you cannot, go sweetly out to kitchen service, for to be independent is grand, and to earn one's living glorious, in any employment whatever." Thus pronounces the Pythoness of Reform, and when she beholds her counsels unheeded, she fails not to turn round on her sex with this most unkindest cut of all, that *men* do not so behave themselves,—never make the vain feminine fuss about the rank of an avocation.

And we have just been reading the newspaper oracles of Gail Hamilton, a woman understood to be on the other side, who, after enunciating what, considering the toiling sphere where humanity's lot is cast, may be called an audacious theory of woman's right to do nothing,—still swoops down all the same on the unfortunates who, alas! *must* do something, with a tyranny of demand and objurgation which may well make the long line of women seeking employment shake in their worn-out shoes before this dreadful searcher of hearts, who informs them that "what they really want is not work, but to be paid for *not* working;" that all their noise is "the cry and

clamor of the weak;" that she is "amazed, she is indignant at them," etc., etc.; all the gusty Hamilton storm winding up with the invidious comparison of man as a laborer, enforced by some particularly cutting illustrations.

Now we admit the fact as an undeniable one, that men under pressure of necessity show no such distressed reluctance as women to come down to an inferior employment; but inasmuch as for most phenomena of human conduct there are reasons, it strikes us that it might be well to search with what eyes are given us if haply any reason can be found why here, where the man marches on, the woman stands like a dolorous block, with everybody beseeching and preaching and screeching her out of the way, since to bestow these exercises on any mortal with the least profit, and, we may add, with the least justice, we must first endeavor to come at his or her point of view.

We shall humbly try a lance, then, for this obstructing creature, and we are obliged to begin by confessing our opinion that she somewhat shrinks from coarse labor in itself, as a condition that links her back to the wigwam era, out of which she is perfectly aware, whether she has read history or not, one of the first emerging steps was to exalt women from squaws who served into ladies who were served. She can acquire so much learning as this any day by one glance into poverty's back alleys, where the barbarian style still lingers; so the iron of the pots and kettles probably enters somewhat into the very soul of this poor, ambitious daughter of the enlightened age, and it enters all the deeper, the less genuine are the distinctions between herself and her dusky prototype who once pounded the corn and transported the family possessions on her shoulders. Whereas, man's first upward move having been to take the pounding and lugging labors to himself, his primal great waking up to shame of laziness eternally lingers in him, perhaps to make him feel it less a man's disgrace to work, at any work, than to do nothing. In short, man to labor and woman to look pretty is the crude notion of the refined order of things. And we assume, of course, that many of the young women of whom we speak are somewhat crude in their refined aspirations.

We observe, in the next place, that it is inevitable that those who are not going to have what is called a career should be intensely particular about all their transient circumstances, since these leave more than a transient record. A boy can be boot-black, negro minstrel, tavern hostler, ship's cook, charcoal peddler,—revolve through any number of dingy and ungenteel trades, and come up merchant prince, railroad king, and member of Congress. Of course, not every urchin who begins life with "Boots, sir?" at the street corners will be "one of the most remarkable men of the country" before he dies, but the vast numbers of men who actually do attain from nothing to quite substantial somethings, and the infinitely various avenues open to masculine endeavor through which mere industry and pluck can push a successful way,—these facts surround the whole sex, as it were, with the possibility of redeeming any present mean condition by some future prosperity and renown, and some subtle recognition of this potential quality of a man to rise in the world is, we fancy, at least one of the reasons why a boy is never contemned in that final way in which a girl is in precisely the same circumstances of worldly humiliation.

For it is only by the possession of certain absolute gifts, as artistic or literary talent, gifts so few in kind and so rarely bestowed that in no estimate of a class can their chance be taken into account, that a woman ever has a career,—we use this word in default of a better one, to denote that line of brilliant personal achievements by which one's accidents are forgotten, or remembered only to add luster to the victorious power which has climbed so far.

Nilsson's fair cheek burns not that she was born in the ochre-daubed hut of a peasant, and brought fagots from the wood in her childish arms; but the famous singer's origin and history argue not to the poor American girl who will never be a prima donna that she can therefore without sacrifice sell bundles of kindling wood from door to door.

We suppose that the Woman's Rights party may say here that our illustrations go to show (if indeed they will allow that they go to show anything) the crying need of a career for woman equally with man; we do not propose to enter now on the vast deeps of that disputation, our present small endeavor being merely to inquire how things *are*, leaving it to more inspired souls to declare how they shall be, reminding such, however, that the actual and not the theoretical must assuredly be our basis when we assume to judge a class so closely pressed by the former as are young and dependent girls. And we repeat that these in the actual, present world find themselves marked by their labor so differently from the other sex, that in this condition of a servant, for instance, a boy may do even woman's

work and be less looked down on than a girl. Why, we know a certain country church where you may see, any Sunday, sitting stalwart and comely among the other occupants of a leading family pew, a youth with none of the family features. Handsome are his clothes as anybody's, and more stunning his neck-tie. He holds his head straight above those superior neck-ties, and looks the world in the face with no trace of unhappy humiliation whatever; yet a very few years ago he waited at table in a white apron, and washed dishes in a checked apron in the kitchen of the lady who sits at the head of the pew.

A very few years farther back, he was a pauper boy in the State almshouse of a neighboring town, and was taken thence by the matron aforesaid expressly for these domestic services; she had taken several boys thus from that institution, as had other housekeepers in the place, but they shunned the girls; chose the boys instead, even for house-servants; and solemnly pondering this new proof of woman's bankrupt estate, that even in the almshouse circle girls were at a discount, we asked this particular matron, who had been eminently successful in bringing up her poor boys, why she did not take a girl from the almshouse.

Well, the upshot of her reasons was that the place she could give would make the pauper boy happy, but the girl miserable, and therefore intractable. The boy could have some mates of his own age, was not painfully snubbed at school or elsewhere; but with such a girl there was no creature American-born that would affiliate—and this in a little country town so plain and simple in all its ways that women could do their own housework with honor, but not housework for other people, whether the wages were in money or bringing up.

Of course, when we come down to the almshouse ranks, the pauper *girl* suffers another extra penalty in that the distinctive requirement which we think will always be made for purity in woman almost instinctively inclines to impute special loss to the girl over the boy among these poor young lives at which the humblest respectability that knows its father and its mother looks askance for a while, to see what their dubiousness will clear up into. But whatever should be reckoned out for this weight from the absolute depression caused by her labor alone in the case just cited, is not here only one more confirmation of our general truth of woman's greater subjection to circumstance?

But again, a girl's avocation deciding her social status—deciding the bare line of her acquaintances even, necessarily also decides what shall be her opportunities to enter the one vocation to which she looks as her substitute for a career—the matrimonial vocation, to which grand question any smallest discussion of woman's position must speedily come. And here, what just comparison is there between a young man seeking skill, training, money, knowing that he can afford to gain these anyhow and anywhere, if honestly, having his whole life long in which to improve on his beginnings, and the girl who has but a few short years wherein the where and how of her bread-winning labors will almost certainly determine the place of her after life?

In view of the simple facts of existence, one might smile to hear the line of persuasion adopted to induce young American girls to go out to service, as for instance, how their employers would value them; how a certain mistress leaves in her will a handsome legacy to two maid-servants who had served her for forty-five years—as if one could propose a greater horror to average young girls than the prospect of being maid-servants for forty-five years, even with a small bag of money at the end to bury them with! Certainly, so long as the office of hired domestic, whether from its being in this country almost universally filled by the Irish, or from whatever causes it has fallen to such social status among Americans that the hired servant-girl would have to be very pretty indeed whom the Yankee milkman would think a worthy match for him—so long as this notion is in *force*, no matter how absurd its foundation, the most glorified modern-improvement kitchen under the sun will not tempt from any other work that will keep her from starvation the poorest American girl who does not wish to marry an Irish laborer, and who is yet too young to look upon spinsterhood with legacies as the best thing life has left for her.

Among the ranks of dependent women are found, in our country, very widely different individuals. In the sudden transitions of fortune peculiar to our national life, or through some of those complications of family trouble possible to all life, or again in the case of those natures which ever and anon blossom in by-places, whose atmosphere is really not meet for their nourishing,—through any of these causes young lives, sensitive and gifted, are cast away from all props of family, friends, and fortune, to find their own place where chance of doing so is at present so sadly small. There are histories among these which verily seem to cry aloud for entirely new op-

portunities for woman. This class, however, since it is the more exceptional, we have not had in view in this writing, but those far larger numbers of girls whose troubles might be helped without a revolution, since it is really not the old work that they feel superior to, but something that has become more or less factitiously linked to that work. So, although the present movement towards finding some new things for women to do is doubtless a just and needed one, we fancy a yet wider field for solidly practical accomplishment might lie in searching how to do the old things after a new manner.

For it is certain that woman's old work will still have to be done by somebody, and argue as we will, in the way of her entering very largely upon most of the employments hitherto monopolized by man lies the fact of such an eternal inequality in the conditions of their lives, that it seems to us the final result of such innovation would be, poorer work at lower price; men, to be sure, to some extent driven out of the field, but by the cheapness and not the skill of the new competitor. But poor work, we suppose, is not a final benefit; and then the masculine Hegira,—we must needs quake, of course, to make any account of that, remembering the days in which we live; but although a noted oratress on woman's rights does insist that all young men now in employments that could be filled by women ought to vacate to them, go West and to plowing—in spite of this authoritative dictum, we secretly wonder if the subtracting a few more thousands from the tragically insufficient thousands of marriageable young men now in Massachusetts would verily be welcomed by the marriageable daughters of the State as a blessed relief. Yea, and as the article of money is rather essential to the perfect ideal of the marriageable young man, to have him too much "ruined by cheap labor," Chinese or otherwise—might not this method of attack in their behalf strike some of the weak female minds of his particular set as having a good deal of boomerang about it? We dare no more on this head.

To go back to the old work that must be done by somebody—to shift this old necessary work to the lowest body that can be got to do it has long been a growing endeavor with both men and women, even those quite unable to afford the infinite waste and disorder consequent on such relegation. The rush from country to city, the abandoning of what is called productive labor, of which we so constantly hear as an alarming feature of the time—these are parts of the same movement, and, like the refusal of American girls to do housework, are, we believe, by no means universally induced by distaste and scorn of the work itself.

It often seems to us, indeed, that there is much untrue talk about humanity's natural aversion to manual labor; we think that the vast majority of humanity decidedly prefer work more or less manual to purely mental toil; this is one of the eternal compensations, that whereas the latter is in greater honor, the former requires a kind of effort far less trying to human inertia, so that as between sweat of body or of brains, most mortals choose the former perspiration, which, it is needless to say, such proportion of the race must always bear to meet the material needs of a high civilization, and we do not believe there is quite so melancholy a want of correspondence in things that the immense majority of mankind are necessitated to precisely that kind of activity for which they have a natural loathing, and which is an eternal wrong to their real capacities.

But they have a natural loathing, and a just one, for a life that is all work, or whose work has somehow suffered such a false depression that it degrades those who do it below all their essential equals, as in the case of the particular female avocation on which we have dwelt so much. Not proposing, as we have said, in this article to lay down the new law, but merely to point out some of the needs to which it will have to be fitted, we only remark here that of the latter evil, just mentioned, at least one inducing cause must be in the failure of those outside rightly to esteem such work. Why, the poorest Irish washerwoman, who would not know what the words "dignity of labor" meant, if you were to say them at her, nevertheless most infallibly knows, when you commend her masterly performance in the tucked and ruffled skirt-ironing profession, whether you are merely gratified to have clear skirts to wear, as you are to have a good peach to eat, contemptuous of the dirt out of which it grows, or whether you recognize her triumph over the stickiness of starch as a good achievement of human wit, an accomplishment which, like your accomplishments, has cost time and patience and a putting together of ideas to perfect; and if she were a person to have a strong feeling about the dignity of her labor—nay, she does have the feeling if she is human—but if she were in a position to *act* upon that feeling, be sure that your sentiment would influence her action. And be altogether sure that you could not deceive her about that sentiment. We may

impose on our superiors in station with much mock obeisance, but there is no way to make our inferiors believe that we respect them, but—to respect them.

For the other want—that of something besides work—the sweetness-and-light want—to turn to one more interpretation—Mr. Matthew Arnold's inexhaustible phrase: Whoever could teach this Anglo-Saxon race, particularly dull in this direction, the secret of diffusing over homely life some of that fancy and grace and charm which in certain happy races seem perfectly separable from wealth and condition and knowledge of the alphabet —such a discoverer would bring to the masses of this race a quite immeasurable good. Certainly, until there is some little educating in this direction, innumerable hands will continue to abandon the plow as a disgusting implement, that would take kindly enough to the plow if there was any pleasant cheer to be had when plowing was done, and rush away to the city, where there is at least some stupid racket to make one imagine one's self in spirits; and men and women in country and city will go on striving after the vulgar-genteel, as at least one flowery remove from the vulgar-comfortable. Man cannot live by bread alone, nor by work alone, nor even by the multiplication-table. Much less woman.

In the light of all the influences which tell upon her, within and without, our American dependent girl should be considered; and we insist that these are too complex, that her case should be dismissed, when it becomes troublesome, with mere affirmations without inquiry. She is a girl of the period, and as The Period will probably not get any girls but its own, it might as well make the best of them in all their varieties, and in the least picturesque of these may be far more promise than doth yet quite appear.

We grant that the dependent girl of some other periods was a much simpler problem to deal with, and made a decidedly prettier figure for pastoral poetry. That "fair and happy milkmaid" of Sir Thomas Overbury "who rises with chanticleer, her dame's clock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew; who makes her hand hard with labor and her heart soft with pity; who, when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of Fortune; who thus lives, and all whose care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet"—verily this maiden in her living and her dying had attained to a point of view that no philosophy could improve on.

Serene, full-orbed, divinely satisfying soul of a milkmaid (if indeed Sir Thomas Overbury, being *Sir* Thomas, and beholding from without, did not *dream* you too), take your blessed pail on your arm, and come through these New England streets, where the east wind blows, with your "breath scenting all the year long of June like a new-made haycock"—surely it would be almost as much of a rapture to see you as to see Shakspeare!

Down in the mud we would go to kiss your feet, Our Lady of Content, and oh, if you would but say over us some of those prayers you know,—"prayers short and efficacious, *which leave no ensuing idle cogitations!*"

For what but this mischief of cogitations makes all our burden? Away back in the peaceful wigwam era aforementioned, when the chief function of the cogitating organ was the passive one of being scalped, and such activity as there was in the brains of the scalpers certainly did not lie in the direction of making nice distinctions,—how lovely smooth ran everything in that good old time; there was no "cry and clamor of the weak" then, for the weak made but one cry before the face of the strong, and that was a mortal one. This very woman question, in that wise day, had an admirably short and decisive adjustment, until some Advanced Spirit, shaking back his top-knot of wolf's tails and porcupine quills, as he was about to squeeze the small windpipe of an infant daughter *de trop*, must needs begin morally to cogitate.

And the doomed pappoose being doubtless rather an uncommonly handsome one, and the reflection occurring to the top-knotted sire, that the squaw mamma, and not he, would have its troublesome nose to flatten, and all the other labors incident to its polite training and bringing up—thus did the ethical disturber spare the little brown windpipe, declaring that the strangling of female infants should be no more, and so came extra women into the world, and all our woe!

Nevertheless, that ancient simplicity being thus, alas! done away with, and the mixed-up moral age upon us, the old method of settling difficulties, whether with words or tomahawks, will no longer avail. For the lowest beings of a civilized society have a sufficient glimmer of intelligence to know, when you arraign them for judgment, whether or not you speak with any true feeling of the facts of their position, and the tomahawk privilege being unfortunately abolished, you *cannot* silence with words, unless you somewhat come into that grace of insight.

A BALLAD OF CALDEN WATER.

FORWARD and back, from shore to shore,
All day the boat hath wended;
But now old Andrew drops his oar,
As if his task were ended.

"The clouds are gathering black," he said,
"The pine-tree wildly tossing;
The traveler must be sore bestead
Who seeks to-night the crossing."

He looks, and sees from vale or hill
No lated horseman riding;
But what is this, so white and still,
Adown the pathway gliding!

He fears to meet some spirit pale,
Or wraith from out the water;
He sees the "Daisy of the Dale,"
The proud Lord Gowen's daughter.

Ah! many a time that timid dove,
Swift from her shadow flying,
Hath braved the darkness, all for love,
To Calden water hying.

And many a time before to-night
Hath Andrew rowed her over,
When softly through the waning light
She stole to meet her lover.

But that was in the days gone by;—
Alas! the old sad story—
'Twas ere he heard the bugle cry,
And turned from love to glory.

'Twas when her foot came down the hill
As light as snow-flake falling;
While over Calden water, still,
She heard her lover calling.

She heard him singing, clear and low,
"The flower of love lies bleeding;"—
The very echoes long ago
Have ceased their tender pleading.

And he who sang that sweet refrain
Is sleeping where they found him,—
Upon the trampled battle plain,
With his silent comrades round him.

While she,—for months within the vale
Have tender maids been sighing,
Because the "Daisy of the Dale,"
Its sweetest flower, was dying.

And Andrew, rowing many a night,
Hath sadly mused about her;
While from her chamber, high, the light
Streamed o'er the Calden water.

What marvel that he clasps his hands,
And prays the saints to guide him,
As, crossing now the cold wet sands,
She takes her seat beside him.

She speaks no word of sweet command,
The proud Lord Gowen's daughter;—
She signs him with her flower-like hand
To cross the Calden water.

Trembling old Andrew takes the oar,
Silent he rows her over;
Silent she steps upon the shore
Where once she met her lover.

There is no sound of mortal tread,
Or mortal voice to greet her,
But noiselessly, as from the dead,
Her lover glides to meet her.

One moment they each other fold
In clasp of love undying,
The next but shadows, deep and cold,
Upon the shore are lying.

And see; the darkness grows more drear—
The pine more wildly tossing,
And backward to the shore in fear
Old Andrew swift is crossing.

He drops his oar, he leaves his boat,
He heeds nor fiend nor mortal;
He's crossed the castle's bridge and moat,
He stands within the portal.

Still on, as one who has no power
Of pausing or of turning,
He mounts unto the very tower,
Where yet the light is burning.

And there he sees a snow-white bed,
And sees, with eyes affrighted,
Set at the feet and at the head
The waxen candles lighted.

Upon a lovely, piteous sight
As e'er was seen he gazes:—
A maiden in her dead-clothes, white
And all bestrewn with daisies!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

TRIFLERS ON THE PLATFORM.

THERE was a time in the history of our popular "lecture system" when a lecture was a lecture. The men who appeared before the lyceums were men who had something to say. Grave discussions of important topics; social, political, and literary essays; instructive addresses and spirited appeals—these made up a winter's course of popular lectures. Now, a lecture may be any string of nonsense that any literary mountebank can find an opportunity to utter. Artemus Ward "lectured;" and he was right royally paid for acting the literary buffoon. He has had many imitators; and the damage that he and they have inflicted upon the institution of the lyceum is incalculable. The better class that once attended the lecture courses have been driven away in disgust, and among the remainder such a greed for inferior entertainments has been excited that lecture managers have become afraid to offer a first-class, old-fashioned course of lectures to the public patronage. Accordingly, one will find upon nearly every list, offered by the various committees and managers, the names of triflers and buffoons who are a constant disgrace to the lecturing guild, and a constantly degrading influence upon the public taste. Their popularity is usually exhausted by a single performance, but they rove from platform to platform, retailing their stale jokes, and doing their best and worst to destroy the institution to which they cling for a hearing and a living.

This thing was done in better taste formerly. "Drollerists" and buffoons and "Yankee comedians" were in the habit of advertising themselves. They entered a town with no indorsement but their own, and no character but that which they assumed. They attracted a low crowd of men and boys as coarse and frivolous as themselves, and the better part of society never came in contact with them. A woman rarely entered their exhibitions, and a lady never; yet they were clever men, with quite as much wit and common decency as some of the literary wags that are now commended to lecture committees by the bureaus, and presented by the committees to a confiding public.

There are, and have been for years, men put forward as lecturers whose sole distinction was achieved by spelling the weakest wit in the worst way—men who never aimed at any result but a laugh, and who, if they could not secure this result by an effort in the line of decency, did not hesitate at any means, however low, to win the coveted response. If there is any difference between performers of this sort and negro minstrels, strolling "drollerists," who do not even claim to be respectable, we fail to detect it; and it is high time that the managers of our lecture courses had left them from their lists, and ceased to insult the public by the presumption that it can be interested in their silly utterances.

It would be claimed, we suppose, by any one who would undertake to defend the employment of these men, that they draw large houses. Granted: they do this once, and perhaps do something to replenish the managerial exchequer; but they invariably send away their audiences disappointed and disgusted. No thoughtful or sensible man can devote a whole evening to the poorest kind of nonsense without losing a little of his self-respect, and feeling that he has spent his money for that which does not satisfy. The reaction is always against the system, and in the long run the managers find themselves obliged to rely upon a lower and poorer set of patrons, who are not long in learning that even they can be better suited by the coarse comedy of the theater, and the dances and songs of the negro minstrel. Nothing has been permanently gained in any instance to the lyceum and lecture system by degrading the character of the performances offered to the public. A temporary financial success consequent upon this policy is always followed by dissatisfaction and loss, and it ought to be. Professional jesters and triflers are professional nuisances, who ought not to be tolerated by any man of common sense interested in the elevation and purification of the public taste.

But shall not lyceums and the audiences they gather have the privilege of laughing? Certainly. Mr. Gough's audiences have no lack of opportunity to laugh, and there are others who have his faculty of exciting the mirthfulness of those who throng to hear them; but Mr. Gough is a gentleman who is never low, and who is never without a good object. He is an earnest Christian man, whose whole life is a lesson of toil and self-sacrifice. Mr. Gough is not a trifler; and the simple reason that he continues to draw full houses from year to year is, that he is not a trifler. Wit, humor, these are never out of order in a lecture, provided they season good thinking and assist manly purpose. Wit and humor are always good as condiments, but never as food. The stupidest book in the world is a book of jokes, and the stupidest man in the world is one who surrenders himself to the single purpose of making men laugh. It is a purpose that wholly demoralizes and degrades him, and makes him unfit to be a teacher of anything. The honor that has been shown to literary triflers upon the platform has had the worst effect upon the young. It has disseminated slang, and vitiated the taste of the impressible, and excited unworthy ambition and emulation. When our lyceums, on which we have been wont to rely for good influences in literary matters, at last become agents of buffoonery and low literary entertainments, they dishonor their early record and the idea which gave them birth. Let them banish triflers from the platform, and go back to the plan which gave them their original prosperity and influence, and they will find no reason to complain of a lack of patronage, or the loss of interest on the part of the public in their entertainments.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN RAILWAYS.

THERE is an impression among Americans who have never visited Europe, that in some way, or in many ways, the typical European railroad is superior to the American, and it seems desirable to define the differences between them, that we, as a people, may arrive at an intelligent appreciation of our own railway system. There is a great deal of loose talk about the loose way in which railroads are managed here, while it is assumed that everything connected with the railway systems of Europe is comparatively sound and thorough.

Until within the last ten years, the road-beds and rails of most European lines were superior to ours, but at this date they are not. Our railway corporations have been growing rich and ambitious of excellence. Even those lines that have come into the hands of grasping and corrupt monopolists have been immensely improved. With the wide introduction of steel rails have come improved ballasting and bridging, until now it would be difficult to find in England or continental Europe better roads in any respect than those which constitute the leading lines between the great centers of this country. In England, the birth-place and nursery of the railway system, one will find quite as many roads in inferior condition as he will in America; and he will only need to reside there a few months to learn that America does not monopolize the guilt and carelessness which find their record in railway accidents. England is small in its area. Its roads are necessarily short, and, being so, are easily managed; but the frequency and destructiveness of railway accidents are the theme of as much fierce special protest and general denunciation with the press as the same events are in our own country. One would judge by the complaints of the English press that the English railway managers were the most criminally careless persons on the face of the earth. Nothing seems more homelike to an American in England than the tone of complaint toward railway corporations maintained by the newspapers. We carefully and honestly question whether England has anything to boast of in the superiority of her railroads over our own, or on the superior safety of their operation. The English railroads have the advantage of having been originally built above, or below, the grade of the traveled roads and highways of the country; but aside from this manifest advantage, we know of none which the average English railway possesses over our own. It is an advantage, however, which ought not to be lost sight of in all our future legislation on the subject.

The management of passengers at railway stations in Europe is altogether superior to that which prevails here. The stations themselves are better, and are taken better care of externally and internally. The typical European railway station is rather a neat affair, with its pretty architecture and permanent stone platforms and borders of flowers and flowering shrubs. Then there is a constant care taken that no passenger go upon the railroad track. When it is necessary to cross the track at a station, passengers are compelled to cross by a bridge or a tunnel. When a train arrives at a station, every incoming passenger who alights leaves the train and reaches the street by a separate gate before the outgoing passengers are permitted to step upon the platform. Then the doors of the station-house are thrown open, and the passengers are directed to such cars as have unoccupied seats. There is no crush or disorder. If one should wish to see how badly this thing can be managed, let him notice the disgraceful jam that always occurs at New Haven, Conn., on the arrival of an express train, when a hundred passengers are trying to get out of cars into which a hundred passengers from the outside are trying to force themselves. Such a scene as occurs at that station a dozen times every day is never witnessed in Europe; and we all know that the same scene occurs at thousands of stations all over our country. This is all wrong, and ought to be—and must be—reformed. In Europe every station, on every road, is managed as the new Grand Central station is managed in New York. The passengers are not permitted upon the platform until they have purchased tickets and the train is ready. In other words, the passengers are taken care of at the European railway station, and at the American they "use their intellects," and take care of themselves. The truth is that this is almost the only department of railway management in which the Europeans now surpass us.

When we come to the matter of railway carriages, and the management of baggage and trains on the way, the American legitimately has the field of boasting to himself. The American system of carrying baggage in a single car in front of the train, in the charge of one man, with metallic checks for every piece, is in every respect superior to the European lack of system. The way in which baggage is managed in England is a marvel of clumsiness and stupidity. An ordinarily sharp American boy who had lived in the vicinity of a railroad could teach the railway managers of England their alphabet in this matter. The American railway car is, in our judgment, the only legitimate and competent railway carriage in the world. The cars or coaches of continental Europe were adopted from the English model, and the idea that they are coaches has never been outgrown. The American car is the legitimate child of the railway and the public want. The little compartment car which seats ten passengers, opening by a door at each side, like a coach, is the child of the turnpike and four English horses. It is a large coach, or is made in imitation of a coach. We have heard Americans speak of our cars as "coaches," in imitation of the English name, but it is a silly mistake. The word car is a finer and a better word than coach, and will outlive it, because the carriage to which it is applied is sure to become the railway carriage of the world.

The European railway train is a clumsy affair. There is no passage from coach to coach, except by a rail running along the outside, to which the "guard"

—still the old stage-coach designation—clings at the risk of his life, passing from window to window. This is the only chance he gets to examine tickets, except at the stations; and when he approaches the terminus of his road or the end of his trip, he is obliged to stop his train in order to take up his tickets. It really seems as if great pains had been taken to make everything as awkward as possible. There is no possibility of warming these coaches; and nothing can be drearier or more dangerous to health than a long European railway ride in winter. The Russian and the Prussian wrap themselves in furs, and there is sometimes, but not always, hot water for the feet. A well made-up American railway train, with its baggage-car, smoking-saloon, its Pullman palace or sleeping-car, and its half-dozen—more or less—long, light, well-ventilated rooms, seating fifty persons each, with a free passage through all, from the locomotive to the tail of the train—all these cars heated by hot-water pipes, or hot air during the winter—with a bell-rope communicating with the engine within the reach of every passenger, and with water to drink passed at intervals by waiters who expect no fee and get none—all this furnishes about as strong a contrast to the European train as it is possible to conceive. The American compartment car is not an imitation of the English coach, and the dearest and best seats are in the largest compartment. We learn that the American sleeping-cars are soon to be introduced into Europe, and that they are to be built in America. It is impossible that the introduction of these cars should not revolutionize and reform the railway carriages of Europe. Whatever advantage Europe may claim in its railway system, we certainly are very far ahead of them in our railway carriages. We are equally in advance of them in the men we employ to conduct and manage our trains. We never saw in Europe the conductor of a railway train who would not gladly accept a sixpence, and politely make a low bow for it, in consideration of official courtesies and accommodations; and we never saw an American railroad conductor to whom we would dare to offer money. He acknowledges himself to be in no sense a menial, and he would receive the proffer of a fee as an insult. The American conductor is usually a "well-to-do," intelligent, gentlemanly person, with a fair place in society, a great deal of popular consideration, and as good a claim to it as is enjoyed by the captains of our ocean steamers. They have horses and watches and services of plate presented to them, with appropriate speeches, by admiring groups of friends, and they constitute a class of favorite public servants whose families stand well in the world.

The luxury of railway travel is only to be had in America. Railway travel cannot be called luxurious anywhere else. With our palace, sleeping, and hotel cars, each costing as much as a whole train of European coaches, we can challenge comparison with any country in the world. With better management at our stations, and the banishment of beggars and peddlers from our trains—peddlers of all such articles as are not needed for comfort or pleasant employment—we should find ourselves with little to learn from our neighbors, concerning the building, equipment, and operation of these great highways of modern intercourse and commerce.

DRESSING THE GIRLS.

THE complaint made by certain women, and by certain men on behalf of women, that the provisions for woman's education are not equal to those for the education of men, has about as much foundation as other complaints from the same sources, and has no more. If there are any institutions for educating young men that are better furnished and more efficient than Vassar and Mount Holyoke and Rutgers, and other colleges that could be mentioned, are for the education of young women, we do not know where they are located. The public school systems of every State of the Union open to both sexes every advanced department alike; and when we come to the highest class of private schools, the provisions made for girls are incomparably superior to those made for boys. We do not know of a single boys' school in the United States that is the equal in all respects of scores, if not hundreds, of schools devoted to the education and culture of young women. The model school for young women has become already the highest achievement of our civilization.

When we bring within four walls, beneath a single roof, from fifty to one hundred young women, who from year's end to year's end are in the constant society of the best teachers that money can procure; who are instructed in every branch of learning that they may desire, and are taught every fine art for which they have any aptitude; who are feasted with concerts and readings and social reunions, and are led into every walk of culture for which their richly-freighted time gives leisure; who move among tasteful appointments, and lodge in good rooms, and eat at bountiful tables, and are subjected to every purifying and refining influence that Christian love and thoughtfulness can bring to bear upon them, we are prepared to show about as strong a contrast to the average boys' school, academy, and college, as it is possible to imagine. Yet we paint no fancy picture. It is drawn from the literal reality. There are thousands of American young women in schools like this which we describe, supported there at an expense greater by from twenty-five to fifty per cent. than the average amount devoted to young men of corresponding ages in first-class institutions. It costs from one thousand to two thousand dollars a year to support a girl at these schools—including the expense of dress—and men all over the United States, who have the means to do it, are educating their daughters in this way and at this cost. The truth is, that there are no such provisions made for men as there are for women. They are obliged to get their education in cheaper schools and in a rougher way.

It is because the education of girls is so expensive and has become so much of a burden, that we write this article. To pay for a single girl's schooling and support at school a sum which is quite competent to support in comfort a small family—a sum greater than the average income of American families—is a severe tax on the best-filled purse. It can be readily seen, however, that the school itself neither receives nor makes too much money. The extraordinary expense for many girls is in the matter of dress. It is a shame to parents and daughters alike that there are a great many young women in American boarding-schools whose dress costs a thousand dollars a year, and even more than that sum. The effect of this over-dressing on the spirit and manners of those who indulge in it, as well as on those who are compelled to economical toilets, is readily apprehended by women, if not by men. This extravagant dressing is an evil which ought to be obviated in some way. How shall it be done? America is full of rich people—of people so freshly in the possession of money that they know of no way by which to express their wealth except through lavish display. They build fine houses, they buy showy equipages, and then burden themselves with dress and jewelry. Human nature in a young woman is, perhaps, as human as it is anywhere, and so there comes to be a certain degree of emulation or competition in dress among school-girls, and altogether too much thought is given to the subject,—to a subject which in school should absorb very little thought.

We know of but one remedy for this difficulty, and that is a simple uniform. We do not know why it is not just as well for girls to dress in uniform as for boys. There are many excellent schools in England where the girls dress in uniform throughout the entire period spent in their education. We believe that a uniform dress is the general habit in Catholic schools everywhere. By dressing in uniform, the thoughts of all the pupils are released from the consideration of dress; there is no show of wealth, and no confession of poverty. Girls from widely-separated localities and classes come together, and stand or fall by scholarship, character, disposition, and manners. The term of study could be lengthened by the use of the money that would thus be saved; and while a thousand considerations favor such a change, we are unable to think of one that makes against it. There is no virtue and no amiable characteristic of young women that would not be relieved of a bane and nursed into healthy life by the abandonment of expensive dress at school. Who will lead the way in this most desirable reform?

THE OLD CABINET.

THERE are secret drawers not a few in the Old Cabinet, but there is only one that keeps its secret from me. I have tried every devisable means of opening it without injury to the Cabinet itself, and each has failed. In vain have all the adjoining apartments been removed. Through a small hole near the top of the narrow box, darning-needles and pieces of bent wire have been thrust and twisted; but neither pushing, pressing, nor probing has been of the slightest avail. It wobbles, but slides not out.

Wimple keeps a ribbon-shop down town, and cherishes a tender passion for old furniture and relics of every kind. So when I told Wimple my trouble he gladly came to the rescue, and spent a whole morning in quest of the hidden spring. He lifted one end of the Old Cabinet out from the wall (profaning without remorse that immemorial strip of cobwebbed gloom), took a board from its back, and found no clue to the mystery. The pliant darning-needle and the crooked wire were as ineffectual in his fingers as they had been in mine.

That was a good while ago. Of late I have almost given up the search. A chisel would settle the question in a twinkling. But I have come to the conclusion that it is rather pleasant to have a mystery within hand-grasp. I am afraid that if I should some day accidentally hit upon the "open sesame," it would not be without a pang of regret. I like to dream that here hides the key to my Spanish Castle. If the daylight should be let in—at last, instead of yellow parchments, packages of musty letters, or golden curls tied with faded blue ribbons,—I might find nothing.

. . . . . .

This last night of December I fancy the New Year lies cuddled in the secret drawer. If such a thing were possible, would it be worth while to take it out and examine it? I wonder if I could bear the vision. I wonder if the jewel would glow with life and hope, or turn to ashes in my hand.

I suppose it is best to read the book of one's life line by line and page by page. If in *Wilfrid Cumbermede* we had foreseen, from the beginning, the terrible "taking off" of Charley—the story would have appeared utterly cruel and miserable. But reading along the pathway of the chapters, when we are led, finally, into the presence of the tragedy, we are pained but not shocked. We grasp the meaning of it all. The sunset sky is lurid, but full of unutterable glory.

. . . . . .

Why poke and why pry!
Let the veil hang before us!—
If to-morrow we die,
To know it would bore us.

Here's to gold—and a kiss—
In a beaker o'erflowing:
But the chief earthly bliss
Is the joy of not knowing.

But I think that is rather a devilish way of putting

it. I don't think ignorance of the future is a thing to make one reckless. And there can only be joy in not knowing, when we remember that Somewhere it is every bit known.

. . . . . .

Yes—let the dark drawer keep its secret. I don't know, though, whether I should be altogether satisfied if I thought I should never be able to find the way into it.

. . . . . .

Theodosia! will you please lend me that darning-needle!

WE dropped in on the Academy Exhibition the other afternoon—the Critic and I. I confess I was a good deal disappointed myself, although I had seen other winter Exhibitions, had heard hard things said about this, and was prepared for rather a slender show. But I think the Critic was severe. He called it a "fraud," and a "howling wilderness," and a "disgrace."

"But, my dear fellow," I protested, "you know it's not the grand exhibition. Besides, people want their pictures at home at Christmas time,—and there are the shops and the Palette. Perhaps they'll come out all right yet—'falling back for a Spring,' as Micawber said."

"Of course it isn't the grand exhibition; but it's *an* exhibition, and a sorry one too. After all, there are pictures here from many of the leading men, as well as from the rank and file; but where can you find a single fresh idea? how much honest, patient work or high and intelligent aim is there? How much advance have they made,—since they have had this Academy building, for instance?

"As for portraits, and we're supposed to be strong in that line,—well, there are two fine things by Ames; that Rembrandt attempt isn't a failure; Ryder's 'Study' is strong and good—and what else?—Huntingtons? Pshaw! one tires of stately insipidities."

"Well—but look at that 'Shylock and Jessica!'"

"By a foreign artist!"

"What about landscape, then? See that rich, masterly Kensett—"

"Painted in 1856."

"At any rate, you recognize the merit in Miss Rose's 'Study of Flowers,' Samuel Colman's 'Sketch from Nature,' Tiffany's 'Street Scene in Algiers,' Lawrie's 'Autumn on the Hudson Highlands,' Shattuck's 'White Hills in October,' Bierstadt's 'In the Rocky Mountains,' and De Haas's 'Farragut's Fleet passing the Forts below New Orleans.' And there is Page's picture of 'Admiral Farragut's Triumphant Entry into Mobile Bay.'"

"Triumphant humbug! a peck of talent and a bushel of whim-whams; Titian with the Titian left out; affectation and 'the lampblack of ages!'"

"Tut—tut! You forget the head of Phillips in the Spring Exhibition. I know you praised that, and I know you praised the splendid group of the Professor's Children, and a good many things by 'the old man eloquent.' You ought to remember that, whatever *you* may think about it, there are connoisseurs English as well as American, who find more of Titian in Page than in any modern.

"As for our advance in art, I am sure there are many more and much better pictures painted now than there were twenty years ago. Suppose you pick up the magazine of the month and say, 'Pooh! Where is there any evidence here of advance since Shakspeare?'"

So I closed the mouth of my friend the Critic, and (talking very earnestly to him as we passed through the corridor) hurried him into the street, and left him waiting on the corner for a car.

"It's the old croak," said I to myself as I sauntered toward the ferry.

But is it altogether croak? Let us set the Critic the example of charity by our charity toward the Critic.

I READ the other day, in a leading literary journal of England, notices of two late American books. One of the volumes described was a series of sketches of life in a foreign land, remarkable at least for freshness, force, and grace of style, and probably unsurpassed in vivid, picturesque, and original portraitures of that life. The other volume was a collection of essays, by an acknowledged master of English, subtile and exquisite in thought and expression. Yet in the mention of neither was there evidence of the slightest appreciation of any one of its peculiar merits.

This instance is not cited for the purpose of showing that the mother country is tardy in the recognition of transatlantic talent. I do not know that that could be proved.

I merely say that the paragraphs referred to are valueless, in that their author failed to appreciate excellence. Not that appreciation of excellence is the only valuable part of criticism, and not that there are no cases where this appreciation is rendered dangerous by a lack of acuteness in the other direction. But certainly no man is competent to publicly criticise a given work of art unless he is able to comprehend its beauties as well as its defects.

First acknowledge, with Guillemin: The Sun is the life of the world. After that, you may without blame point out its spots with all possible minuteness. What right has a man to print a 'notice' of a book by Lamb or Warner, if he is capable of declaring "the author should not have attempted to be witty," or what is his criticism worth after he has printed it? "There is, in truth," Lord Houghton says, "no critic of poetry but the man who enjoys it, and the amount of gratification felt is the only just measure of criticism."

As God is the Supreme Artist, so is He the Supreme Critic. Therefore is He the Model Critic. Let us not forget that, O brothers of the pen! Does not He know our works, line and volume, the evil as well as

the good? And how would it be for us in His sight, if He looked not "largely with lenient eyes?"

But I do not forget that day when the money-changers were scourged from His temple.

THIS city is in less danger from the machinations of rogues than from the rascality of good men. What we of the metropolis have to fear in the future is not so much the snares of knaves as the almost imperceptible daily compromises with conscience on the part of the better members of the community.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE HEATING OF OUR HOUSES.

BETWEEN *warming* a house and "heating" it—the equivalent phrase in these days of modern improvement—lies a difference wide as that which separates health from disease, and comfort from discomfort.

In the old times of wide chimneys and ample backlogs the terms were not convertible. Houses then were never heated, and could scarcely be spoken of as warmed, save in a limited and Pickwickian sense. Stratifications of cold air lay along the floors as permanent institutions. Window-cracks and door-edges let in draughts which shivered up the spines of men, and made the candles wave and flicker; the long carpets rose in gusty lines whenever the wind blew (and it blew pretty much all the time—or seemed to), and every part of the human body, which was not immediately toasting before the blazing hickory, was conscious of a slight, invariable chill.

This condition of things, it must be confessed, was not altogether comfortable. To the young and feeble, to weak throats and delicate lungs, it was even deadly. Year by year the red flag of consumption flaunted amid winter snows, and tender lives succumbed to rigorous climate. But for sound lungs and vigorous bodies the cracks and the windy chimneys had one bracing and admirable result: they forced into every-day use that unexceptionable atmosphere, forty miles high, which, as the author of the *Out-Door Papers* tells us, "Nature is forever urging upon us—for if a pressure of fourteen pounds to the square inch is not urgency, what is?"—and which we sedulously exclude from our "improved" homes. And it is questionable whether the State does not lose more citizens by reason of unduly heated rooms and vitiated air to-day than ever it did from the imperfect building and warmth of fifty years ago.

Entering the door of one of our "comfortable" modern houses, what meets us? A puff of scorched air from a register, redolent of burning iron,—or of boiled air from a steam heater. The thermometer is standing at about 74. We advance to the parlor. There matters are even worse, for no outside cold has entered with momentary freshness. The plants in the window look yellow and forlorn. Ominous cracks are visible here and there in the furniture—nay, a strip of ornamental veneer has actually split off from the piano and lies on the carpet. Our hostess, coming forward to greet us, is wrapped in a little shawl, and remarks that it is an awful day: that she hasn't been out, of course, but even in the warm house has felt the cold. In effect, she looks blue and pinched. Whereat we wonder, for the room *feels* insufferably hot; but we place ourselves beside her where she sits cowering over the register, and conversation goes on with what spirit it may under these circumstances.

At the end of an hour we are surprised to find ourselves a little chilly. That is, our head is hot enough—a little too hot, perhaps—but both hands and feet are cold, and we are inclined to agree with our friend when she opines that "the girl" must have let the fire go down. But glancing at the thermometer, we stare to see that the mercury has risen instead of falling. It is now at 80°. And, after all, why should we wonder? Nature is inevitable in her retributions, and we, no less than the poor geranium in the window, must suffer the penalty of a deranged circulation when we violate her laws of temperature.

Bad enough, if this were all! One can live and be useful under the trifling discomfort of cold extremities, as our worthy forefathers sufficiently proved. But how much of life and of life's best energies, of thought, of wit, of good-humor, of aspiration, goes down through those holes in the floor into nether silence? As from some Kobold's cave, the invisible gnomes of the furnace climb, emerge, and steal from us the choicest, finest, most intangible part of ourselves. No man ever lived and worked his best in a room heated over 68°—a sentence we should like to engrave in letters of gold on the iron plate of every register and the front of every steam heater in the land from this day forth and forever.

The time may come when a perfect system of house-warming, one combining healthfulness, comfort, and economy, shall be introduced. But certain it is, we have none such now. The hot-water furnace, in which a large chamber well supplied with fresh air is heated by coils of pipe filled with boiling-water, and the warmth taken thence and diffused over the house, approached more nearly to the ideal than any other in all respects save one: it is so costly that only the most luxuriously-built mansions can afford to enjoy it. Open fires are not sufficient, except in the most moderate winter cold, to supply the artificially-stimulated demand for heat made by the human race to-day; and even in the case of that cheapest of fuels, coke, they cost more than the furnace. The big base-burning hall-stoves, which make many of our country-houses so comfortable, take room which cannot be afforded

in city entries, where each inch of space is precious. And the air-tight variety—warranted, by a good deacon who dealt in the article in the days of our youth, to burn up every bit of a noxious gas which, as he was informed, abounded in the air, and the name of which was—oxygen!—what can be said in its favor? It is best left to silence, and to that necessity on which it bases its sole claim to human toleration.

There remain, then, for the average house, only the hot-air furnace and the steam heater. Both have inseparable evils connected with them, both advantages equally inseparable. In one, abundant moisture is provided; in the other, an unfailing supply, barring accidents, of outer air. And either can be made tolerably comfortable and sufficiently wholesome only by intelligent watchfulness, by strict regulation of heat, by observation of thermometers, by periodical care of evaporators and water-pans, by renewing the air of rooms through open windows, and that perpetual vigilance which is the price of most of the good things we enjoy, and, above all, of that healthful food which we consume with our lungs, and without which we can enjoy nothing.

INDIA SHAWLS.

"If you want to look like the town poor," a lady once said in our hearing, "you have only to equip yourself with the most expensive and elegant things that are to be had—with a brocade-silk, a Leghorn bonnet, and a camels'-hair shawl."

A certain truth lurks at bottom of this laughing satire. Few things can be rustier or snuffier of effect than some of the rich old-fashioned brocades; Leghorn bonnets, being too precious to chop and change with every passing gale of fashion, are apt to look ungraceful and *passés* by their second summer; while only the experienced eye can detect the real beauty and charm of a priceless, antique-patterned, whity-gray India Cashmere.

But beauty is there for whoever will see. All Eastern fabrics and manufactures possess a positive and extrinsic charm of their own for persons of an Oriental turn of mind, simply by coming from the East. There is spell and fascination in their very quaintness; in the improbabilities and vagaries of pattern; in the dull, odd tints; the soft, flexible textures; the impress of a civilization and a life widely removed from our own. Turkey rugs, India china, Canton crapes, Chinese fans, Japanese pictures, and lacquers—odd, ugly, queer as they may be—are full of suggestions; and he who has once come under their influence and bewitchment, will choose them for evermore in preference to all the triumphs of European luxury; to Sèvres porcelain, Aubusson carpets, to the velvets of Genoa, the silks of Lyons, to buhl and marquetry and mosaic.

Especially is this true with regard to shawls. People may laugh as they will at color or pattern; may call the one hideous, the other ungraceful, and declare that, for their part, they see no beauty in them—except that conferred by price; and yet, so long as Eastern weavers sit year in and out, tracing with brown fingers their unseen pattern, intricate, and gorgeous, and strange, so long the India shawls are sure to maintain rank as the choicest and most highly-prized wraps which female shoulders in this Western world can hope to possess.

And it is this permanence of value which makes them so well worth having. Mantillas, jackets, paletots, scarfs, all other shawls even, except those of the finest lace, have their day and cease to be. Cost they never so much, one year, or at utmost two or three, finds them discarded for a newer mode, and cast into the limbo of by-gone and forgotten things. But the Cashmere which has been carefully worn and kept from moth is as good at the end of twenty seasons as when first purchased. It is always in fashion, even when grandmamma's aged shoulders have transferred it to Flora's younger ones; even when fresher tints have crept slowly into the far-off manufactories whence it came, and the brown fingers which wove its texture are crumbled into dust. More than that—the dull tints have value all their own; they bespeak, as Mrs. Grundy would say, "family." And so long as the threads hold together the shawl has marketable value. Like a diamond, it is in one sense an investment—that is, you can take it whenever you like to one of the great emporiums—the *Compagnie des Indes*, in Paris, for example, or our own Stewart's or Arnold's, and receive for it a fair price, based on its original value and the more or less of wear and tear it has suffered at the hands of time.

There are many grades and varieties of the Cashmere, or, as it is sometimes called, "camels'-hair" shawl—from the *camel*-goat, of whose wool it is woven. The prices range as variously, from the superbest efforts of the loom to the "*Rampore cheddar*," which is shoddy of camels'-hair, and costs $25 in gold, and the small narrow-bordered squares worn by young girls, which are worth from $50 to $100. Of the less expensive kinds there seems nothing, on the whole, so well worth having as the striped long-shawls, which are to be had of good quality for $75, and which furnish a warm and handsome wrap for a lifetime. Of the choice grades, $200 or $300 will procure a fine and beautiful long-shawl, bordered all over except for a small square center. The antique patterns, which to the eye of taste are infinitely handsomer than the modern, cost a little less. The sum sounds considerable; but when one balances years and perceives how much money is annually spent in providing temporary substitutes for this one large investment, which is not only a possession but an heir-loom as well, the apparent extravagance becomes a no less apparent economy. With which contradiction we conclude.

TWO NEW PARLOR GAMES.

Sitting round the fire on a cold, stormy evening, not long since, with a party of little people who longed for a frolic, somebody proposed to "play games," which, accordingly, we did, and among the rest two

new ones, which turned out so amusing that perhaps some of the young readers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY may like to hear of, and perhaps try them.

The first was the Game of Degrees. It is a little puzzling at first, and requires rapid thinking; but, like the writing of double acrostics, when the mind once gets waked up to it the practice grows easy, and you invent so many things that you can hardly stop. It is played all up and down the room; every one goes to work at once and gives out his puzzle like a conundrum. The idea is to find a word which by some trick of pronunciation or spelling can be extended into another word, or perhaps two, which represent the three degrees of comparison—positive, comparative, and superlative. Thus somebody says, "My positive is an evil habit, my comparative is better;" every one guesses, and the words turn out to be "bet—better." Or, "My positive is always on top, my comparative is always fast, and my superlative is always successful" —which on explanation turns out to be Dec(k)—Dexter—Dexterous.

The other game is called "Artists and Critics." Slips of paper and lead-pencils must first be distributed to all present. Then each person makes a sketch at the *top* of the paper, representing anything he pleases, as ambiguously as possible, and at the *bottom* of the paper writes what he intended it for, and folds it over as in the Game of Consequences. The papers are passed to the next in turn, and each person, after scrutinizing the design, writes what he *thinks* it means, and folds that over. This goes on until the papers have made the tour of the circle, and then all are opened and read aloud,—first the real meaning of the drawing, then the guesses, which are sometimes very amusing. We recollect one picture meant to represent Napoleon as he crosses the Alps, in the Second Reader, which by a series of successive examiners was pronounced to be "Chicago in Flames," "A Madonna, or something of that sort," "A Brig in a Cyclone," and "Mrs. Connolly Burning the Vouchers." This game is very good fun; try it, dear boys and girls everywhere.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE DRAMA has again come to its rights the present winter in Paris, and other species of literary entertainment have been forced to accept a second place. Its votaries have returned to it with an eagerness that proclaims how much they have suffered on the meager food offered to them during the excitement of the past year. For the stage in France feels that it has indeed lost a year, since what little was presented in the interim seemed more like a sermon than an enlivening entertainment. But the recess appears to have given to the period now opening works of more solid worth than any which have graced the French classic stage for years. For the famous "Théâtre Français" during the last two decades has been largely influenced by the prevailing taste of the Tuileries, notwithstanding its boast, that in its love for classic purity it worships neither school nor dynasty. But it has been pretty evident to those striving for admission to these coveted boards that the "Rue Richelieu" could only be successfully reached by those who would make Musset their model and arbiter in taste.

The deep melancholy which has left its impress on the higher grade of French society now demands a drama of a more elevated order, and the frivolous light comedy, though it may be pure in sentiment and classic in rendering, has therefore been set aside for a more fitting season. A marked progress is observed among the frequenters of this greatest dramatic temple of France in regard to the *mise en scène* of many of the old classic dramas, especially those of Molière. It has been hitherto considered the highest profanity to depart in the least from the usual costuming according to the spirit of the age in which the piece was conceived, but the present season has witnessed several marked innovations in this regard. Tartuffe, for instance, who had seemed petrified in his old-fashioned garb, has suddenly resumed his youth, and is no longer the old style of Jesuitical hypocrite. He has become a worldly abbé of the modern stamp, and quite a fashionable father-confessor; in this rejuvenated form he certainly adds to the vivacity of his style, and approaches our own epoch in interest. And as the ice is now broken in this regard, it is quite probable that such innovations will be carried still farther, and give a new phase to the hitherto very conservative and exceedingly aristocratic boards of the "Théâtre Français."

THE GERMANS are taking a great interest in the revival of some, or, indeed, of all, the great literary heroes of the past. Even the great philosopher Fichte is again speaking to his people of the present, though for a generation he has received comparatively little attention. Aside from his philosophical labors, he was an ardent patriot, and during the gloomy years of the French occupation of Germany he published his thrilling addresses to the German nation.

These discourses have always been cherished by the thinkers of the nation, as a sort of political breviary and manual for the training and encouragement of patriotism. These same thinkers still believe that the memorable deeds of 1870 owe much of their spirit to the immortal appeals of Fichte, and there has been a loud call for them in a popular shape, that they might be accessible to the German youth of the present period. This call has been responded to by no less a personage than the son of Fichte, who has

revised and annotated his father's labors and published them in a cheap form, to teach the rising generation that a great philosopher can be enthusiastic as a patriot. This newly-awakened desire to live again with the great lights of the past is showing itself in the long list of publications of many poets and scholars who have for a time been consigned to the dusty shelves of public and private collections. Several large houses are now engaged in the publication of complete collections of national literature, at a price so low that the humblest can command them, and in a few years the poorest student may have in a corner of his study his complete miniature library of all the German classics.

MUSIC IN GERMANY has received a popular impulse from the excitement of the war, but the higher grade of tone-masters complain greatly that the old idols are being sadly neglected by their former worshipers. In this spirit, the well-known composer Hiller has just published a valuable collection which he entitles *The Tone-Life of Our Times*. It is of so popular a character that many a maestro will doubtless turn up his nose at it in contempt, but the cultivated and intelligent public are receiving it with enthusiasm, not solely for its genial nature, but in the conviction that it will guide and refine popular taste, and be especially attractive to the youth of the country. It is in the form of a series of essays, with headings like these: "Too Much Music!" "Souvenirs of Bach, Rossini, Beethoven," etc., all of which are perfect masterpieces of facile and genial description.

THE GREAT CHURCH QUESTION is naturally making itself felt in the literature of the day, and this in a style more popular than ever before, to satisfy the newly-awakened interest of the masses in the great conflict that is now agitating all Germany. Rau has just published a work bearing the title, *The Papacy; its Origin, its Success, and its Fall.* It gives a very clear and succinct history of the Christian Church, from its commencement down to the present day. It treats of the character and history of the Popes with ungloved hands, as does also another work by Huber, the consort and right hand of Döllinger. This is called *The Spider of the Lateran*, and gives an interesting account of the way in which the papal spider weaves its webs for its victims. Then we have a *History of Jesuitism*, by Julius Roth, which is a very compact and clear description of the doings, present status, and aims of the order. And finally, even the famous historian Menzel has entered this field with a volume called *Rome's Injustice.* Menzel, once quite liberal, has for several years been rather reactionary in his tendency, and has thus lost favor with his liberal countrymen, but the valiant battle which he in this book makes against the demands and doings of the Jesuits will completely restore him to popular favor.

FRIEDRICH VON RAUMER is one of the most remarkable and estimable characters at present adorning the highest ranks of German literature and science. He is now over ninety years of age, and has just retired from active labors as Professor of History in the University of Berlin, of which institution he has for very many years formed one of the principal attractions. As historical author and teacher he has no living peer in Germany. He has devoted his long life mainly to the history of the illustrious House of the Hohenstaufens, in which the old German Empire found its glory and its last long sleep, from which it has just now awakened. And this awakening inspires the old veteran to a new edition of his life-work, in which he proudly says what no other living man perhaps can say regarding his works: "*Seventy years!* ago I began to study the history of the Hohenstaufens." And during more than two generations he has labored in this work with an unparalleled love and devotion. More than half a century ago the first volume was received with acclamation by the entire nation, and immediately took rank with the highest literary aristocracy, and made its author's name a revered one wherever the language is read. For seventy years he has cherished this darling child of his genius, and tried in each successive edition to introduce everything that was needed to make it perfect. So that the only thing that is new in this edition is its dedication to the new German Emperor, containing the patriarchal admonition that he may be inclined to study the glories and errors of the past, and profit by them to the upbuilding of a realm that may endure forever. Von Raumer has ever been a consistent liberal, and has fought many a battle for liberty in his long career. The scholars and patriots of the nation now regard his declining years with enthusiastic devotion. Thousands of the foreign students who were accustomed to visit his lecture-room remember him with great affection, and none more so than the group of Americans who formed part of his class.

"BADINGUET" is the nickname now almost universally applied to the ex-Emperor, since it has become fashionable and allowable in Paris to abuse him. And it may be pleasing to learn that his majesty came by it in rather a romantic manner. Everybody knows that after the failure of his last effort to dethrone Louis Philippe by popular revolution, this monarch imprisoned him in the Fortress of Ham in Northern France, from which he finally escaped, and in this ingenious way: The ceilings of his rooms were much in need of a plasterer, who was finally ordered one day to come and repair them. Just that day the attending physician and fellow-prisoner of the Prince announced that he was quite sick and confined to his bed, and that the plasterer could therefore only work in his study. This artisan bore the name of *Badinguet*, and was privy to a plot. In an unobserved moment the Prince and the mason exchanged characters, and while the latter crept into bed as a sick prince, the bogus Badinguet put on the clothes of the workman, placed the mortar-hod and tools on his shoulder, an old clay pipe in his mouth, and passed unsuspected across the prison court, before the trampling sentinels, out to liberty and to friends, who hastened with him in a carriage to the Belgian frontier, which they reached before the

plot was discovered. When Louis returned to Paris, years afterward, it was remembered that he was once the plasterer "Badinguet," and the epithet was applied to him furtively in the clubs and elsewhere; and now he is a dull subject who does not know who Badinguet is.

"HELP FOR CHICAGO!" greets our eyes in nearly every German journal that we now open. We on this side have heard of the work of sympathy in most of the principal cities, but the feeling extends to nearly every hamlet of the land. Chicago is known all over Germany nearly as well as it is in this country, and there is a vague idea among the poorer classes that it is a city that owes its wondrous growth to magic. They are prepared to believe any story about the charmed city that sprang in a generation from the bosom of a great marsh. And then Chicago was a fragment of the existence of nearly every German, for there is scarcely a village or hamlet in the Fatherland which had not its representative there. The simple peasantry of Europe regarded it as a Teutonic colony with its tens of thousands of Germans, and all over the land, from the Scandinavian north to the southern borders of Bavaria and Austria, there was a feeling that its domain belonged essentially to them. The patriotic action of the Germans of Chicago during the late war, in sending cheering words and bags of treasure to assist their struggling countrymen, knit the bonds still more tightly. And thus when the cry came that this great city was laid low, and especially the foreign portion of it, Germany trembled and wept as if one of her own children had been overtaken by the dire disaster. "Help for Chicago!" then became the watchword, and high and low, rich and poor, young and old, made it the work of the hour.

To those who have made the grand tour, and rested for a while in the cradle-grave of modern civilization, there is an intense interest in turning back thither their eyes to see what resurrection the new political life is doing for Rome. Not now to discuss political or ecclesiastical changes, we can look with unqualified pleasure on the activity which the explorations and excavations witness. The Italian Government has appointed Signor Rosa, so long in charge of the excavations on the Palatine, as chief superintendent of excavations for the Romagna, and given him power to excavate where he pleases in the area of the old city. He wisely began at once on the Forum Romanum, the center of Roman greatness, where since 1835 no extension has been made of the ancient area disclosed to view, except two small portions about the Column of Phocas and the Basilica Julia. When we remember that the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina stood on the northern side of the Forum, and that it probably extended to the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons on the south, those who know Rome will conjecture the amount of interest likely to be developed by the removal of the rubbish which now encumbers this classic enclosure. All this space is to be cleared away.

The works which have fitfully extended the clearing of the Baths of Caracalla are also carried on rapidly. They have already elucidated much of the mystery which rested over the uses of some of those immense chambers, and disclosed some of the machinery by which the rooms were heated, with mosaics, etc. But what will doubtless give a richer harvest of artistic interest is the clearing up of the space around the Portico of Octavia, one of the *foci* of the artistic activity of the imperial days, and one which, from its having been early covered by the débris of the devastations of Rome by the Gothic and other barbaric invaders, is more likely to have covered in and protected art-treasures than any other part of the old city. The Italian Government has bought up the houses around the Pescheria, a vile, filthy, and malarious neighborhood, and will demolish them, clearing away the rubbish of a score of conflagrations, sackings, and bombardments, little and great, down to the antique soil.

Another project, long dreamed of and once unsuccessfully tried, is the excavation of the bed of the Tiber, the depository of the treasures of Rome in every case of most imminent danger since the days of Porsenna. What mines of wealth may not be hidden there—wealth of material and of thought! A committee has been formed, at the head of which is Sign. Castellani, which hopes to have the direction of this work. On hearing of this plan, Rothschild sent for Castellani, to manifest his interest in it, saying, in the laconic way of the men who can do what they will, "My money-chest is at your disposal, only I wish to have to do simply with you." When one thinks of what may be hidden in the bed of that river, from the sack of Brennus to the day of the Constable Bourbon; of the most precious things thrown in hot haste from the bridges and walls, lest the invader might be enriched thereby; the images of the gods and the caskets of inestimable antique value; the seven-branched candlestick and the sacred vessels of the pagan gods, the most torpid imagination must kindle with the thought of what a few years will add to the archæological and artistic interest of the Eternal City.

THERE is a curious incident in the history of early German art, in the bringing together of two pictures reputedly by Holbein in the Dresden exhibition of that artist's pictures. It would seem that the famous Madonna of the Dresden Gallery has a replica at Darmstadt which challenges the Dresden picture to a trial of title. Each picture has a clique which swears to the genuineness of its favorite, and the critical world is divided. Several of the foremost Dresden artists have finally made a pronunciamiento recognizing the Darmstadt as the original, but claiming the Dresden picture as a replica by the master himself, although inferior in execution of details—the point which is perhaps the most perfectly characteristic of Holbein, whose painting of details was *par excellence* his most distinguishing feature. The claim is based on the difference in the design, and a superior beauty and expression of

the head to those of the Darmstadt picture. That is to say, the picture is claimed to be by the master because it is better in some respects, and worse in others, than a picture admitted to be his by all the disputants. Does it not rather indicate that an artist whose name is unknown in relation to this work, has produced a work in the vein of Holbein, which, while it lacks his firm, precise, and masterly handling, has given more of the essentials of art, and who, perhaps following him, is lost entirely to fame? The history of art is full of such surmises, some at last proved, of works which have been the only evidence preserved of the existence of the masters; as, in later times, when the facility of recording facts has kept many from oblivion, which, without printing, would have been lost, instances have become known of painters who have caught the manner of men of high repute so well that their pictures pass current for years as the work of the known men, while their real authors are never heard of. There are two pictures exactly alike in the possession of one of the cities of Holland, one by Massys, the other either by him or a copy of the original by some other painter, for the original of which a large price has been offered by an English collector, when it shall be ascertained which of the two it is, which the owners thus far have been unable to do, the copy having an inconsiderable value, although in every inherent quality it is indistinguishable from the true canvas. How far this result would obtain if either of the two so-called Holbeins were to be discovered to be the work of an unknown man, it is impossible to say, as neither of them is in the market; but that, despite all the superior beauty and art of the Dresden picture, it would lose value immensely in the eyes of its possessors, if it were discovered to be by a man of little repute, there is no doubt. So much of the value of a work of art is merely autographic, that, on a moderate estimate, the work of the great artists would merely bring one-tenth their present value were they, by the discovery of a monogram hitherto unseen, found to be the productions of men we have never learned to reverence. A curious case of this occurred in the exhibition of pictures of deceased masters, held by the Royal Academy of England last winter. A picture, believed by the owner to be a Turner, was exhibited in a place of honor, received the most unqualified praise of leading critics, and was held of great value, being currently accepted as an excellent example of the master. Before the exhibition had closed it was known to be an imitation by a man whose name was unknown to the public. Pyne, the English landscape painter, was a most dexterous imitator of the old landscape painters, and once painted an imitation Ruysdael, which he sold as such. A few years later he was asked by a dealer to come and see a fine Ruysdael in his possession, and recognized in it his old imitation. He assured the dealer of the origin of the picture, and proved to him by concealed marks that he had painted it, notwithstanding which it was still held and finally sold as a Ruysdael.

How much, then, of our love of art is personal to the painter—due to the effect of an imaginative presence of the man in his work, and how much is genuine artistic passion, and how much less still love of nature, which is the book of art! An artist, to be judged fairly and honestly, must go incognito, not like Haroun al Raschid, to hear his praises said to his face by those unknowing to whom they speak, but being seen and known as some other unknown, be judged by his work and not by himself. And such is the intelligence of even the most highly educated communities, that, once a man is dead and unable to testify to his own work, there is no collective opinion that is worth having, no public that would not find a supposed Raphael great, and an unrecognized one foolish and affected.

This is one of the penalties Art pays for its very subtlety and the undemonstrability of its usefulness. What can be measured and weighed we can measure and weigh the equivalent for; but those subtlest refining agencies, without which no life is complete and no society civilized, have no value more than sunshine and the air—no care can produce the elements that favor their growth, and no pecuniary compensation produce them. When the soil and climate seem most adverse they spring into a blooming existence, and when court and fashion gather round them they wither and become perverted, and the only compensation they have is that of becoming the instruments of unappreciating pride, whose fostering care is death. Painters sometimes are in fashion, but true art never is. The autographic is the real element of popularity—the admiration of the prophet, not the merit of the revelation.

THE POLES are taking to the study of Dante, although the genius of the two nations is so unlike that one could scarcely look for a love for the "divine singer" among the cold Sclaves of the North. But genius in its inmost nature is cosmopolitan, and therefore the gifted minds of every nation take an equal share of interest in its labors and creations, with no question as to what zone they originate in. And thus a famous Polish scholar has just given to the world a series of lectures on the *Divina Commedia*. The primary intention of Kraszewski has been to lead his countrymen into the labyrinths of the creations of Dante, and he does this with great enthusiasm and a perfect knowledge of his subject. He takes the stranger kindly by the hand, and in a labor of love leads him into a mighty Cathedral, whose wealth of images at first confuses, but in whose aisles the thoughtful traveler with so proficient a guide soon learns to distinguish the forms, colors, and characteristic beauties of the magnificent edifice. The learned author enters into a very interesting discussion of the sources of Dante's inspiration.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

WILLIAM HUNT'S PICTURES.

THE trite wisdom of a proverb has sometimes an allegorical under-current which is long undiscovered. "Truth lies at the bottom of the well," we say, and never ask if the words mean more than that truth is hard to get at. But looking down to the very bottom of the deepest wells, what do we see? Stars at noonday!

Then comes the realist, and says: "The stars are visible only at night; of course their light is extinguished by the greater light of the sun: I never saw a star at noonday in all my life."

"No, but don't you wish you could?" retorts Turner, or any other master who has seen down to the truth.

We thought of these things while looking last month at the exhibition of William Hunt's pictures in Boston. Mr. Hunt has never before exhibited a collection. We have had single pictures of his, or twos or threes, announced by no flourish, and in too many cases hung in juxtaposition with pictures whose very neighborhood was sufficient to make solemn significant simplicity look, to the careless eye, like common-place insignificance. We do not hear larks sing while the circus-band is going by at full blast. Hence it has come to pass that William Hunt's work is not known as it should be; only the reverent few, who, loving art enough to understand its mission, hold it separate from French looking-glass and the multiplication table, know that America has no other painter of whose works she is more sure to be proud a hundred years hence.

The first and leading characteristic of Mr. Hunt's work is simplicity. The second is not easily designated by a single word or phrase: it is a mixture of pathos and tenderness, a solemn recognition of the unutterable significance of all life, all humanity.

These are qualities which it needs no knowledge of the technics of the painter's art to feel. These are qualities which make themselves felt. When the realistic critic comes, saying: "This woman's foot is too long. That boy's leg is impossible," we reply, if we are brave enough: "I don't care. That woman is alive. She is waiting in just the same resigned hopelessness with which I myself have waited for what did not come. She is my sister. I love her. As for that naked boy, he is my own baby just out of the bath. I have seen him stand a thousand times in just that eager, upreaching attitude, with his little legs curiously twisted. I am very sorry if, as you say, the bones in the legs are all wrong But there are manikins next door which have every bone, tendon, muscle in accurate place. You can look in there for legs. I shall stay here." Then when the critic goes on: "This color is not permanent; these pigments and methods are not legitimate," we lose temper, and say: "Go to! Is it a cement of which you are in search? Our family tomb in Mt. Auburn is floored with one warranted to last till the day of judgment. Here is the maker's card. We wish, for the sake of our great-great-grandchildren and their descendants, that Mr. Hunt's colors *were* permanent. So far as we are concerned they are; for not till our dying day shall we forget the desolate pain of the dark folds in which his Hamlet is wrapped. But, by the way, how know you in one hour that a color is not permanent? Come to us—wherever we are—a hundred years hence, and tell us that this Hamlet has ceased to be the picture of broken-hearted loneliness, and we will believe you, perhaps. As for 'legitimate,' it is a brave word, useful in courts. But the father's blood and the mother's blood in son's cheeks blazes it to scorn. Art as well as wisdom is known of her children." "And it is absurd to call these pictures works," goes on the critic. "Why not frankly call them sketches, when they are evidently done in such haste, left so unfinished?"

Now we are quieter, and reply, pityingly: "Call them by any name you like, O man of rule and compass and crucible. We might quarrel as to the definition of the word 'works,' perhaps: only one thing is certain of a man's 'works,' *i. e.*, that they will 'follow him,' whether they be good or whether they be evil." Painted in one day, or in two, it is very likely that some of these pictures have been. Many of Titian's, of Veronese's, of Velasquez's were. Thank God that a true picture can be, since life is so short and pictures so rare!

But do you remember what Ruskin said when he looked over the shoulder of a "conscientious young artist," working away for the twentieth or thirtieth day over a copy of one of Veronese's great paintings: "My poor fellow, if you can't do it in an afternoon you can't do it in a lifetime."

Meantime here hang the pictures—calm, silent, untouched by the praise or by the blame. Sensitive souls to whom they really speak are aware, on entering the room, of a sense of peculiar stillness in the atmosphere, like the hush which is in a lonely wood. It is here as it is there, the crowding of subtle presences which all address themselves to no mere physical sense.

Here is a picture of an infant boy, reaching up towards a butterfly higher than his head. The boy is naked; from his left hand trails a little white garment; his right hand is lifted to the utmost height to which his arm can reach: is the palm downwards? Is he trying to "*catch*" the butterfly? No, by no means. He is an infant; he is Faith, Hope, Love; he is only waiting for the butterfly to come to him. It is when we are old that we go out to "catch" butterflies with hasty grasping fists, or with a blue net at end of our staff.

His little palm upward—every finger stretched in invitation and eagerness and trust, there he stands, as

beautiful as one of Raphael's cherubs on the Farnesina ceiling, and with a far deeper spiritual significance. The butterfly is of clear vivid yellow, and is relieved by the dark foliage of a tree under which the child stands. Our last sight of this picture was in the late twilight. The background and the tree were blended into an indistinct mass of black shadow; but the butterfly shone out bright and clear in the darkness, like a lamp from a window.

Then there is another picture of a poor working-woman asleep in a chair, with her baby asleep on her breast. How know we that it is a working-woman? Ah, that is one of the subtle revelations of which we speak. There are no accessories to thrust it into our notice. We see no poverty-stricken apartment—no rags: against a solid dead gold background, which might serve as well for the picture of a crowned king's slumbers, there sleep the mother and child. But the record of a life of labor, the dull, heavy rest of accustomed fatigue, the lack of cheer even for dreams, all are in their faces. The pathos of the picture is unutterable: it fills every fold; it is the tone of every tint; the dull grays and reds of the very garments are tired and sad, and will wake to labor.

Of the Hamlet we have already spoken. It is a picture which demands longer study and closer analysis than we could give it there, or can give it here. It is, as is Shakespeare's Hamlet himself, an interpretation of a great spiritual idea, a rendering of a type. This is to be said of all true and masterly characterization in any art. We give names because the generation asks signs. But narratives are of no moment. Hamlet is Hamlet, not because the King of Denmark had a son, but because treachery is, and loneliness is, and despair and madness and broken hearts must be. These are in William Hunt's picture of Hamlet, in Hamlet's face, in the gray and white and black of the desolate sky—in the black of the cloak—in the iron and stone of the walls of the parapet where he walks—in the bit of chain which swings in the wind. Would a desperate and wretched man wrap himself in a bright Andalusian mantle to pace up and down on this night? No. But we want a bit of scarlet in this picture. Titian himself often employed the questionable device of a meaningless red cloth flung out of a window to light up a dark corner of a picture. The red was glorious, no doubt; yet, what business had the cloth? It was, after all, borrowing from the "property-man." But how do we find the needed red in this dark night where Hunt's Hamlet is walking? Two palace windows in the background, ablaze with lights; a stream of red glow pouring out, even to the very ground, from the room where other men whose hearts are not broken, whose brains are not crazed, are dancing and making merry.

This is alive. This is universal. This is art rendering life, rendering nature. If William Hunt had never painted another picture besides this, this would stamp him as a master.

But there is in this room a marvelous variety of subject. We have not time even to mention the pictures by name: there are, perhaps, fifty in all. Many of them rough charcoal sketches, but all bearing the impress of the same simplicity, significance, sadness. Music has many keys, but we know Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, in all.

There is a bit of forest caught in its first spring-time green: no tops to the trees; of course, if you are in a forest and look across it, you look midway between root and top-branch of the trees; and this was one of the early days when birch-leaves, if you touch them, curl like cobwebs, and there is golden dust of myriad catkins in the air.

There is a brave fellow at work in a quarry—not hammering—looking up—but the stroke, and the ring, and the purpose are there; there also is the pathetic silence of strong stone. Ah, the lesson of a quarry,—of the hewn, and the unhewn and the hewer!

There is a charcoal picture of a moonlit balcony, with a look of a cloister about it. And on the edge, two owls nestled close side by side, with their heads resting lovingly on each other. They are only owls, but they look as if they loved like lovers and purred like kittens. There is a woman, spinning, spinning, who is mingled fairy, fate, and grandmother. There is a group of poor peasant children feeding their poorer donkey; there is a sheet full of filmy butterflies; there is a picture of a bit of road leading away among some trees—only the commonest of woods, only the commonest of trees; why does it so hold the eye, and set the heart instantly into half-conscious conjecture?

There is an old woman driving her pig through the forest; you laugh, for it looks like a pig leading an old woman; as must all true pictures of that obstinate animal.

There are two little beggar children sitting in an old stone doorway, eating soup from a bowl between their knees. They who think Mr. Hunt's effects easily and hastily produced would do well to study the background of this picture, and to fancy the scene changed by the addition of one single point of sharper color.

There is a full-length portrait of a young woman in a simple white gown with a red sash. She is standing out of doors, fastening a new daisy into her hat. She is looking down at that, and her face is half turned away. It is the picture of her as she passed by some morning.

"I will tell you my idea of a portrait," said Corot: "Let a person walk slowly through an open door, about ten feet away from you; let him pass and repass a few times; then if, after he has gone, you can paint the image which he has left in your brain, you will paint a portrait. If you sit down before him, you begin to count his buttons."

This was extravagant; but its extravagance is only the overflow of a truth!

"Because you see, you are blind," said another master. And the Divine Master of all: what said he? "Having eyes, ye see not; and having ears, ye hear

not." For three thousand years the world has gone on believing that these words meant to reproach those who did not sufficiently use their eyes and their ears. Why not to reproach those who use nothing but their eyes and their ears? The satire is sharper, the truth deeper, the lesson more needed. Perish the race and name of that man who first set us to counting our toes and fingers, and told us we had *five* senses. We have five million, and we are blind, and deaf, and crippled if we omit to use one of them.

Of Wm. Hunt's portraits, and of him as a portrait-painter, there is not now room to speak. It will be plain from what has been here said of his works wherein would lie and whence would come his greatest success in portraits, and whence, also, might come great failure. Neither is this any attempt to speak of him as a painter, in the limited sense of the words "painter" and "paints." Of color, considered as pigment, the world does not know much; for method, considered as mechanism, the world cares little. Of colors which are revelation, of methods which interpret, the most ignorant can become aware, and the world will never cease to be glad.

SANTLEY.

It is worthy of remark that the best singer of Italian music which an unusually prolific season has presented us is an Englishman. It would be difficult to find a more thorough master of the simplest and purest, and therefore the most effective school of vocalism, than Mr. Santley, who came here with the company of artists known as the "Dolby Troupe." He was identified with most of the recent operatic triumphs in London, and was known to us only by report as one of the popular lyric artists at the Drury Lane Theater. His appearance in New York was as a singer of English songs in a ballad company. He was, however, recognized immediately as a musician of fine culture, possessing a remarkable voice and a chaste, manly style sufficient to distinguish him above all the singing contemporaries of his sex who were then with us. The charm of Mr. Santley's vocalism was not wholly due to his exceptional voice, which is a baritone of over two octaves compass, as suave and tractable throughout as any tenor, and imbued in every tone with a ringing virile sonority that takes the sense as does extraordinary masculine beauty of face or form, but in great measure to the exquisite method with which he employed it. He sang here a number of nights with Miss Edith Wynne, a clever but not brilliant soprano, who has considerable reputation in England for her execution of Welsh ballads, and Mme. Patey; but owing to the want of distinct character in the entertainments, or perhaps to the absence of anything like "sensationalism," the company was overshadowed by other and louder attractions. During this visit, Mr. Santley alone, of all the troupe, commanded the unqualified admiration of critical judges, for reasons which we have already stated. When the company, after a short tour, returned to the city and interspersed Italian music of a declamatory character in its entertainments, we began to perceive more accurately wherein the baritone excelled and wherein he was deficient. Probably no troupe of singers ever before appealed to a New York audience in the concert-room with so much vocal power and so little declamatory art. Not one of these artists possessed the ability to color the passionate music presented with sufficient dramatic force. In delicacy of phrasing, purity of intonation, correctness of emphasis, and execution of difficult musical feats they showed themselves vocalists of no mean accomplishments, and Mr. Santley more distinctly than any of them. His singing of "The Stirrup Cup" and Handel's quaint and charming song "O, Ruddier than the Cherry" renewed the robust English character of those compositions. It was a positive delight to hear him. His ringing tones seemed at times the unforced emanations of a splendid physique; yet they scarcely ever touched us with the potency of passion. They were never fraught with the intensity of the singer's feelings. The beautiful aria from "Don Sebastian"—"O, Lisbona"—was never so smoothly and suavely sung, and the scena from "Zampa" proved conclusively how perfect a master Mr. Santley was of all the vocal graces of utterance. But this rigid musical excellence filled the ear without touching the feelings, and Mr. Santley created no enthusiasm, because he possessed none. It is probable that New York will yet hear him in Italian opera. Negotiations to that end are already in progress. He has a large repertoire, and it was only last season that he added to it the extremely difficult *rôle* of "The Flying Dutchman," and did more than even the London management to save that heavy Wagnerian work from failure by his admirable execution of the exacting music. When he appears in opera here, it will be found that his vocalism, as in the concert-room, is superb, but that his dramatic power is inadequate to the creation of any popular excitement.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.*

Real Folks, though not one of the most elaborate of Mrs. Whitney's works, belonging rather to the series of her stories for young people than to her novels, is yet, in some respects, the ripest, as it is the latest, of her productions. It is one of her finest characteristics, that her stories for the young, simple in construction and in style as they are, and interesting to the class for whom they are written, merely as tales, all contain matter to instruct and inspire the wisest and maturest minds and hearts. Beneath the pleasant and easily traversed surface, there are mines of moral and spiritual experience which reward the working of all who are competent to explore them. For, above all things, Mrs. Whitney is in earnest, and never writes without a serious and profound purpose. Her books are "real" books—coming out of genuine convictions, and solid and patient experience. She writes because she has something to say. She is no idle echo of public

* *Real Folks*—by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney—Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

sentiment, or imitator of other models, but an original voice, crying out of the depths of native feeling, or declaring the observations of a direct vision. In this respect she shares the claims of the poet,—a maker, not the refashioner of things made. She brings to her day and generation the fresh, first-hand convictions of a deeply penetrative, highly reflective, and constitutionally spiritual mind, and, above all, of a mind in sympathy with actual life. She needs not to go apart and make a sphere in an ideal world, or among a select class of persons, or for those in a special condition, but finds in the every-day life of every-day people, without regard to age, sex, condition, circumstances, the materials and the illustrations and the objects of her labors.

There are those who amuse and cheer and soften their race, by furnishing it with galleries of human portraits, each selected for some humorous, eccentric, or extravagant quality, on which their whole personality is made to turn, so that all the graces, foibles, and oddities of life, in a picturesque and heightened form, are made, as in a masked ball, to dance before the beholder's eye. Dickens is the very head of this class, and he has done noble service in broadening the sympathies of the race, and in cheering toil with his exquisite powers of amusement. But Dickens was really an actor, and his works are a portable theater set up in a million homes, to entertain and delight the leisure of over-worked and often secluded and ill-provided persons. But it is doubtful if anybody ever learned much from him in respect to the real nature of human life, or the serious personal problems of his own being. The theater does not aim to instruct but to entertain,—without injuring, but also without improving the heart. It is a high function to amuse innocently and refreshingly the human race, and blessed is the memory and great the genius of those who have largely succeeded in that line. There is another class of writings in which life is drawn just as it is, without caricature or excess—with a faithful regard to the balance of faculties that make up every human being, and with a consciousness that nothing can be more interesting to humanity than to see even ordinary people living and acting and talking just as they do in real life, in the pages of the novelist. But this class of novels of real life has seldom proposed to itself anything beyond the wholesome entertainment of society, with perhaps some side view exhibiting the perils of too much sensibility, or too little will, or too great devotion to fashion, or too quick confidence in strangers. Mrs. Jane Austen is, by a great remove, above all who have succeeded in this line.

But there is no aspiration, no great sense of any possible improvement of society, no considerable depth of spiritual insight, in her admirable and charming books. They are very much confined to ever-living portraits of the gentry and better class of people in English county society. They awake no new consciousness, stimulate no slumbering spiritual ambition, widen nobody's horizon, do not raise the common into a fresh significance, and could hardly be expected to animate and change for the better any person's life and character. The highest that can be said for them is, that while they have ever been, for their truth to nature, their wit and humor, and the purity and grace of their style, the admiration of the best judges—of men like Scott, Hallam, and Macaulay—they contain not a line that morality could wish to blot, and not a sentiment that could pollute or take the freshness from the most innocent soul.

There is a third class of novelists of whom our generation is happily prolific, that aim at something positive and directly useful; who seek to entertain for the purpose of instructing, and not merely in manners, or in conventional morals and proprieties, but in respect to the highest and holiest themes; to clear up the problem of life, not only in its external but its internal factors; to give trial and temptation their due as teachers; to present encouragements to struggling virtue, and warnings to successful vice; but above all to arouse the common soul of humanity to a sense of the significance of nature and society, and toil and domestic relations, and all the providential circumstances of our mortal lot.

This class of writers of fiction is now busy, with the aid, and sometimes in the shape, of poets, in unveiling to this generation the value, the meaning, the moral and divine depth of ordinary life. Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* is the link that binds the novelists and the poets of our generation together in a spiritual tie. Mr. Owen Meredith's *Lucile* is a novel in verse, and full of bright and wise as well as some wicked and foolish things; but it is a novel of "class," of romantic and extravagant character—and if it instructs at all, it is not the homely and the ordinary, not the human and universal soul that it reaches.

Miss Evans, Miss Muloch, Mrs. Stowe, Macdonald, Mrs. Whitney, and Mr. Edward Everett Hale belong to the class of writers of modern fiction whose ends and aims are as serious and direct as if they were moralists or preachers by profession. And we are very much disposed to think Mrs. Whitney has claims to be considered the most satisfactory representative of the class. She has not the scholarship, passion, and dramatic power of Miss Evans; the intelligibleness and progressive story-telling skill of Miss Muloch; the artistic perfection and exquisite music of Mrs. Stowe, nor her varied humor, sustained pathos, and finished characterization; she has not Macdonald's fullness, intensity, and vigor, although much more like him than any of the others we have named; nor has she Mr. Hale's realism and power of making the most incredible things seem as true as plainest matters of fact. Mr. Locke, with his moon-story, must have been Mr. Hale's prototype when he wrote his *Brick Moon*, but we should much sooner hope to escape from Mr. Locke's toils than from any hoax Mr. Hale attempted to fasten upon us! Only, Mr. Hale always hoaxes people into the practice of virtue, and leaves them genuine, in spite of his counterfeit means of instruc-

tion. But if Mrs. Whitney is less in vigor of genius, or in special attributes, than one or two of the writers we have named, she has a steady loftiness and high spirituality of powers and qualities which no one of them possesses, and a gift and quality strictly her own.

In purity of moral judgment, in absolute freedom from ethical mistakes, we would trust Mrs. Whitney before any of these writers. She not only has the clearest vision of what is right, but the most adhesive purpose in working out the retributive elements in her characters. Rhadamanthus could be more easily bribed than Mrs. Whitney to condone real offenses against moral law. There is a fearful looking for of judgment which the readers of her stories learn to tremble with as they watch the fate of her characters! But this moral severity—the stern climate in which all high natures must dwell—is not the conventional acerbity of inexperienced virtue, the rigor of a prude, the cruelty of those who have not passion enough to know what temptation means for those who fall below themselves under the assaults to which rich and powerful emotions expose them. It is more like the severity of the Master himself, who pities while he condemns, and lifts up with his rebuke. There is a tonic and pungent morality in Mrs. Whitney, which in these loose literary times is like sal volatile in a heated and air-poisoned ball-room. She has suffered no relaxing in her moral fibers from the enfeebling sentimentality of much of mannish women's and womanish men's writings, in these days of irresolute will and unsettled convictions.

And doubtless the reason of this is her essential spirituality. That is to say, she lives in direct vision of the real things. God, heaven, angels, truth, reality are not distant and second-hand, but immediate and positive objects of experience, of spiritual sight. This will seem a bold assertion only for those who have themselves no direct vision of spiritual things. For the carnal mind seeth not the things of the spirit!

But Mrs. Whitney, having vision, sees the invisible: and those who have themselves seen it, see that she sees it, and feel neither spiritual pride nor mock modesty in claiming the right to declare what can only be confirmed by a like experience. Let those who do not realize this simply note the fact, and ask themselves if their spiritual senses are not closed.

The best thing to be said of Mrs. Whitney's spirituality is that it is so real and genuine; that it comprehends the outward world and the life that now is, not as a foreign and unrelated fact or substance, but as a constituent part of itself. If the body requires a soul, the soul requires a body—and God has given the human soul not merely one body, but several,—its flesh and blood, its domestic kinship, its social relationships, its environment in external nature, its perfect cosmos; and these bodies—like the Chinese balls within balls, all made of one original solid substance, and cut and carved in strict connection with each other, with loop-holes from the very center out, and from the outermost rind in to the heart—are all planned and constituted to make man know himself, his race, his Maker, and the universe. There is nothing common nor unclean in itself; there is no voice without signification! Matter is as great a mystery as mind, if it be not its other side. And so Mrs. Whitney is not the least ghostly, or other-worldly, or ascetic, or withdrawn, or indifferent to the present world, or its ordinary pursuits and pleasures. She has the very opposite of a morbid, over-righteous, sanctimonious, or pietistic spirit, while profoundly religious and worshipful in faith and feeling.

Real Folks, in its very title, is a clue not only to the story it names, but to all Mrs. Whitney's writings. She is looking for the *real* behind the apparent; for the moral and spiritual substance of life under the shadows of things. And every *real* man or woman, independent of outward circumstances, belongs to her aristocracy. She thinks and feels under no tyrannical scepter of circumstances and conventions. Honest will, unselfish feeling, devotion to others' good, aspiration toward God and duty; above all, the *inner sense* of life, its meaning, sacredness, and true wealth—these make true manhood, true womanhood, and every person partaking these traits belongs to her fellowship of "real folks."

There is not much more story to *Real Folks* than belongs to everybody's experience. The events are trivial and commonplace—purposely so. To go out of the common way to find her characters or incidents would be to abandon the very idea of her books, which is to elevate and interpret the common, to show heroism in vulgar circumstances, insight in humble eyes, great meaning in little things, and real greatness in people in low stations.

It would be a pleasure to speak of the finely-drawn—that is not the word—the admirably suggested characters in *Real Folks*. Mrs. Whitney does not *draw* characters. She feels them, and makes the reader feel them by subtle means,—by what they do, or briefly say, and rarely, especially of late, by painstaking analysis.

Like Rembrandt painting in the midst of Dutch fogs, and painting just and only what he saw in vivid contrast of strong shade and lights high only by reason of the general darkness,—but ever giving the innermost significance of faces, scenes, trees,—Mrs. Whitney does not outline her characters, but seizes the heart of them, and then, by a few touches of light and shade, places them in a perspective, often powerfully foreshortened, which is as characteristic of her manner as Rembrandt's own of his. She has an eye for color rather than for form—and specially for the gleam of jewels and the glint of light. Her characters emit light, and shine themselves by a sudden flash into the apprehension of the beholder. They speak, too, in dark sayings which, like amber rubbed, give out perfume and power. There is much to hold the reader in pithy and sometimes mystic sentences, which are the very core of the speaker's heart. Mrs. Whitney is doubt-

less obscure to many, but it is the obscurity of depth and fullness, like that of parables and sacred aphorisms and things that require the hearer's heart close to the speaker's mouth, to be understood.

We regard Luclarion as one of the most admirable in that long list of characters drawn from New England 'help,' which Mrs. Whitney is never willing to leave out of her books. And as nobody makes them so well, we are never tired of them. Luclarion is a marvel of goodness and greatness of soul, of mother-wit and sacred insight, of heroic courage and originality of purpose and character, and a style of utterance clear as a trumpet and short and sharp as a battle-charge. She routs all obstacles and is *sans peur et sans reproche*—a true Joan of Arc in humble life and a servant's position. Dear Miss Craydocke reappears in her modest boldness, everybody's busy friend without ceasing to live her own life; the type of the woman who expects nothing for herself, and finds everything by doing everything for everybody—herself with a milk of human kindness in her that thunder-storms cannot turn. Of Desire and Hazel and Mrs. McGilp and Uncle Oldworthy and Mrs. Ripwinkle and Kenneth we dare not begin to speak, they are so interesting each in a different way. For we wish to add to this already over-long notice the special charm for us in *Real Folks*. Mrs. Whitney has grappled with the difficulties of young-lady life; the servant-question; the love problem, as modern days present it, in many previous stories. But in this she gives a bold stroke at the gravest of all questions for practical Christians—the question of obviating the moral and intellectual and social inequalities of life by a direct heroic contact between the rich and the poor, the pure and the impure, the fastidious and the reckless and coarse. She evidently feels that little good can be done to the lower and dangerous classes by associations, public charities, in short by any kind of deputy work. It is "real folks" that are wanted, individual hearts and souls, burning with sympathy and love, and who value so much more the possibilities and inherent aptitudes of humanity than they dread and recoil from its coarseness and ugliness and squalor, that with unfeigned interest, and even joy, they can really live in the midst of what repels ordinary mediocre Christian folks (who are not "real" folks), and work miracles of reform, and discover in the dirt and bring from the gutter diamonds and rubies—folks just as "real" as themselves. That luxury and comfort and fastidious tastes and artificial disgusts weaken or pervert modern philanthropy, and render most of its richly endowed charities of feeble usefulness, is very certain. Mrs. Whitney touches the quick with her lancet. She shows that she feels more than she now expresses upon this point, and has perhaps only opened in *Real Folks* a vein which she means to work deeply by and by. We welcome her into this new and hardly opened road; and we give *Real Folks*, as the avant-courrier of a perhaps fuller and more deeply laden work upon this critical theme, our most cordial and grateful welcome.

"OVERLAND."

"CAN there be," and "will there be a good novel which is truly American?" are questions which critics have often discussed, and have usually dismissed with a supercilious negative. Mr. De Forest himself, we remember, expressed some years ago, in one of his uncommonly clever essays in *The Nation*, much doubt whether it would be done in the course of this century. He must have been at that time strangely unaware of his own latent power, perhaps of his own purpose. He has given us in this year two good novels, both so vividly, so clearly American, that it is safe to say no one but an American could have written them. To be sure, each is strongly sectional, in geography of plot and in tone of coloring; but they are none the less genuinely American for all that. There are as yet many Americas. Probably there always will be; and it is the overrating of the bearing of this condition on the future American novel which has created the misgiving as to its probability. But it seems illogical. Nobody disputes that a faithful picture of Devonshire people has as good a right as one of Regent Street and London Terrace to be called a picture of English life. So with *Overland* and *Kate Beaumont*. In the latter we have the incongruities, the crimes and the virtues, the brutalities and the elegancies of the Southern United States; in *Overland* we have the intense dramatic movement, the horror, the grandeur, the playing with lives for stakes, of the Pacific Coast. Each atmosphere is defined, real, from first to last; there is not a dull page, not a flagging paragraph; many of the scenes are described with a fire, a resonant sound, which are masterly. Mr. De Forest has gained an artistic power of which his earlier stories gave very little promise.

The characterization in *Overland* is most successful. The civilized villain "Coronado," and the brutal villain "Texas Smith," are admirably drawn. There are many close shadings, fine psychological discriminations in these two portraits. "Aunt Maria" is delicious; and so is "Sweeny," the Irish recruit, whose loyalty to his commanding officer does not fail even in presence of one of the most terrible dangers, that of starvation in a wilderness.

"It's as aisy talkin' right as talkin' wrong," retorted Sweeny; "ye've no call to grunt the curritch out av yer betthers. Wait till the liftinant says die."

As for Mr. De Forest's heroines, they are always of one type. We are tempted to think that he does not believe in the possibility of a clever woman's being lovable or loving. His heroines are simply tall little girls in long clothes; artless, affectionate, sweet, but singularly unintellectual. They never say anything which is not directly emotional; they never do anything except make some man love them—it must be granted they do that effectually; they love very heartily in turn, and one has a strange sort of liking for them all through; perhaps they are the most comfortable sort for every-day life. Mr. De Forest evidently thinks so. But, as artistic creations, they

amount to very little; as central interests or even foremost figures in a narrative, they would be utter failures. They must be caught up and borne along by a great deal of action, of machinery, aside from all which is of necessity involved in their own existence. Clara on the "Overland" journey affords excellent points for Thurstane's development and behavior, because he loves her; she is in danger—he must protect her. Of Clara at home, for two hundred winter evenings, we confess we think even Thurstane might weary.

Mr. De Forest has still to guard against a tendency to the sensational. The poisoning episode near the end of this story only weakens and retards the denouement, and is poorly worked up in itself. This is the one fault in the plot. But it is a minor one, and easily overlooked in the interest inspired by the main narrative. If Mr. De Forest continues for the next ten years to make as steady advance as he has for the last—if he gives us, some day, a novel as much better than *Overland*, as *Overland* is than his earliest stories—it is not too much to say that he will take place among the foremost novelists, and we may forgive him for ceasing to be an essayist.

"MY WIFE AND I."

THE instinct of preaching seems to have been as hereditary in the Beecher family as the instinct of comb-building in a bee-hive. All the men preach. All the women preach; though their sermons are called by some other name. Mrs. Stowe's last is called *My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History*.

The text, if it had had one, would have been, "Oh, young man, look well to the paths of thy feet, that they carry thee not into the houses of worldly maidens; but if it must be that thou marry one of the daughters of Heth, from Fifth Avenue, see to it that she shall be one who can content herself in Greenwich street and paper her own dining-room."

Not that the sermon is without sentiment. There are many passages of genuine feeling, healthful tenderness; many episodes where simple manliness and affectionate womanliness are well pictured and well taught: but the flavor of the book as a whole is of the outer rather than of the inner life. At the end we take leave of Harry Henderson and Eva Van Arsdale, fairly launched on the voyage of life, with a sense of entire satisfaction, and unimpeachable confidence in their future; but it is much as if one, having seen friends off by steamer, had come back from the wharves, and looked in to say, concisely, "All right. Barometer rising steadily. Wind S. by S. S. W. Copper-bottomed; three compartments; coaled and provisioned for two months. Make yourself easy."

All the romance, all the idealization, all the color of the narrative are in the first chapters, which tell the story of the "child-wife." These are sweet and touching. It is always in her simplest stories of simplest scenes that Mrs. Stowe is most successful. The life and death of the little child-wife Daisy remind us of some of Mrs. Stowe's earliest sketches, which she has never since equaled in quiet grace and pathos.

The chapter on the woman question is more funny than fair, but will be read with great interest on account of certain legal threatenings which resulted from its first publication. Miss Audacia Dangereyes is hardly a caricature; but poor, pretty Mrs. Cerulean is too hard hit; neither does the comparatively secluded Miss Ida represent a type. In fact, the introduction of the subject at all seems a mistake, unless it could have been more dramatically and exhaustively handled.

The faults of this book, considered as a sermon—which it certainly is—are a lack of general applicability and a preponderance of special pleading; it might be added, also, that perhaps guides to matrimony are superfluous.

The faults of the book considered as a romance—which it certainly is not—are a lack of idealization of persons, places, or incidents, and a preponderance of insignificant detail.

The excellences of the book, whether we call it sermon or romance, are those which will always be found in any work from Mrs. Stowe's pen—excellences which are organically inherent in the Beecher blood—earnestness of aim; opposition to everything which is false or mean or unhealthful; advocacy of all that is true and kindly and beneficial; and the exaltation of home virtue, home comfort, home beauty, home living, as the greatest goods this world can afford.

NEW SERIES OF WONDER-BOOKS.

IT is too often forgotten by parents and teachers, that in education, especially with the young, inspiration outranks instruction. In other words, it is not so much the amount of knowledge imparted in a given time as the intensity of desire for knowledge awakened, that is the true test of primary teaching. As Sir John Lubbock remarked not long ago in Parliament, "It is often better a boy should like his lesson than learn it." The elementary principles of science may be, and frequently are, so presented to young minds as to deaden any disposition they may naturally have to seek an acquaintance with Nature. The requirements of Boards of Education, and the impatience of parents for results that can be measured by the page, constantly compel teachers to sacrifice the spririt of education to the letter of learning,—to treat the child's mind as an empty store-house, not as a nascent power. The knowledge conveyed may be correct. It may be highly valuable. Yet it may none the less have the reverse of an educative effect, for the simple reason that it chills enthusiasm, crushes curiosity, or, what is worse, gives rise to the notion too common among students, that the subject is exhausted when the text-book is committed to memory.

As a corrective of this influence, slight, sketchy, suggestive works like those of the *Wonder Library* (Chas. Scribner & Co.) have a value not at all to be measured by their comprehensiveness or their scientific worth. Written in that vivacious style of which the French alone are masters, and which partially atones for the little service the French have rendered of late

years on the frontiers of science, these works stimulate as well as instruct the unlearned reader. The immense success of the series is an encouraging index of an increasing popular taste for reading that profits while it entertains. The new series of a similar sort, projected by the same publishers, bespeaks even a warmer welcome than that accorded the first, since the translations are to be supplemented by liberal additions having special reference to American contributions to the subjects treated. The bulk of the books will thus be considerably enlarged and their national interest much enhanced. The series begins with *The Wonders of Water*, by Gaston Tissandier, to which the editor, Professor Schele De Vere, has added several illustrations and many pages of text in relation to the waters of this country, as for example the falls and geysers of the Yellowstone, the water-supplies of our principal cities, our mineral springs, and so on. His remarks on the influence of forests on climate and rain-fall, and on the evil effects that follow excessive cutting down of trees, are timely and calculated to do good.

TAINE.

We can do no more than record the republication, on this side of the Atlantic, of the two volumes in which one of the greatest of critics and of historical students has given his estimate of the literature of our mother tongue. (*History of English Literature*, by H. A. Taine. Holt & Williams.) It is impossible, in a mere book-notice, to do justice to the genius which this writer brings to his great work. It is sufficient to say that there can nowhere else be found a survey of English Literature so comprehensive, in the main so accurate, and always so brilliant as is to be found in these two volumes. Already people have begun to discover the wonderful fascination of Taine's style—a fascination from which little seems to be lost by its translation into English, when that translation is intrusted to such careful hands as those of Mr. Van Laun. But nowhere has that fascination been so complete as in this latest and greatest of his works. For the prompt republication of these two volumes in such attractive and elegant form, the enterprising publishers deserve the hearty thanks of all lovers of good reading, of sound criticism, of laborious and faithful historical study. And costly as the enterprise of republication in so good a style must be, the steady and growing popularity of the book ought, without fail, to justify them in their experiment. For the book will certainly be popular. It is not for critics only, nor for students only. It is also for those readers who, if they read at all, must read easily and rapidly, and who need to read what is best worth reading in the readiest form. Far better than any volumes of selections from best authors, and the like, is this continuous narrative, rich with the treasures of the English tongue, vigorous, descriptive, discriminating, always delightful. In no way can one get a keener insight into the English national character as it is to day, than by such a study of the history of the English literature. It is marvelous to see what things have gone to the making of that character, and through what processes of growth and of reaction its development has taken place. And we, on this side of the water, cannot possibly forget our own hereditary interest in that strange history and in its great results.

CURTIUS'S GREECE.

The second volume of *The History of Greece*, by Dr. Ernst Curtius, appears from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., with an important improvement over the English copies. Since the translation was made by Professor A. W. Ward, a new edition has appeared in Germany, embodying, in the form of extensive alterations and additions, the result of the author's latest researches. These changes have been incorporated by Professor W. A. Packard, of Princeton College, with the American reprint, and a similar revision will be given to the third volume, which is yet to appear. The work of Dr. Curtius holds a middle place in historical literature. It is the production of an accomplished scholar, who has devoted the greater part of a lifetime to the study of Grecian monuments and literature, and ranks high as an original investigator. It merits, therefore, the respect of the learned; but on the other hand, it is not too elaborate for the general reader. Dr. Curtius has spared us an explanation of the processes by which he has reached his conclusions. He gives only the results, in a rapid and philosophical narrative, which does not fatigue the memory with a superfluity of details, nor distract the attention with unnecessary discussions, though an appendix contains an abundance of notes to satisfy the wants of the most careful student. The second volume opens with a survey of the religious, commercial, literary, and artistic influences which affected the union of the Grecian States, and after a narrative of the conflicts with Persia, the wars of liberation, and the rise of the power of Athens, closes with an admirable account of Grecian culture—lyric and dramatic poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, philosophy, science, industry, and politics—in the time of Pericles.

"THE EARTH."

In these days of busy scientific speculation, and more or less blind groping after results that are as yet beyond our reach, it is a comfort to lay hold of a book which is content to furnish accurate and abundant scientific information, and to leave the work of conjecture and theory to those whose special duty or delight is in such work. Manifestly such work is not the duty of the people, who have not the time, the training, nor the talent for it. It requires specialists, who ought to give to it their whole ability and endeavor, and who ought to have in it complete and unembarrassed liberty. What most of us have to ask of men of science is that they will give us their results, and, if they choose, the processes by which assured results were reached, but not perplex and bother us with theories which are unestablished, with guesses or probabilities which may after all prove wrong. A scientific fact once demonstrated, almost never causes a panic, either among the

theologians or the populace. But crude and fanciful conjectures, laboriously and solemnly asserted, as if they were established facts—conclusions jumped at by eager and ambitious aspirants for scientific renown—do sometimes, with a certain justice, occasion complaint and distress to quiet and religious folk accustomed to stand fast in the old ways, and reluctant to be jostled and disturbed.

Such a book, most admirable in the vast range of its learning, and in the clearness and condensed force of its statements, has been reprinted by Messrs. Harper & Bros. from the English plates (*The Earth: a Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe;* by Elisée Reclus. Translated from the French and copiously illustrated). It is hard to see how such vivacity and, at times, such poetic felicity of style as this work exhibits could consist with the recital of so vast a multitude of scientific facts and with details of information which might well enough have grown dry and wearisome. But we doubt whether any reader of ordinary intelligence and maturity could fail to find the volume fascinating; and whether in the hands of any thoughtful boys or girls, who like to know about the world they live in, it would not presently come to be the successful rival of the sensational novel or average Sunday-school book. Properly speaking, this volume would not tell them so much about the world they live in, but about the globe they live upon. It is a book of physical geography. It is very far from being a children's book, or a popular book in the frivolous sense; it is a book for students; but it is so fresh and clear in its style and so crammed with wonders, which are not fictitious, but veritable, that it is pre-eminently worthy of a place in a household where there are growing children, who begin to ask questions about "the earth and the world," and who have tendencies which, if rightly directed and encouraged at the outset, may make them students of science when they grow older. It is safe to say that what can be known concerning the structure and history of the globe is better indicated by this volume than by any other one work yet attempted. It is comprehensive enough to claim the title of an encyclopedia of physical geography. It is careful and accurate enough to suffice for all the needs of an ordinary student; and it is entertaining enough to claim a place in a series of wonder-books for the stimulus and delectation of the youthful mind. Some of the chapters on mountains may yet be responsible for the making of adventurous climbers and travelers out of the boys who shall read the fascinating pages.

It is worth while to say a word of especial commendation of the maps and plates by which the book is illustrated. These are very abundant and admirably executed. And altogether the volume is one of those which every household that owns it will be the richer for—a wholesome, useful book, learned without being dreary, scientific without being conceited, and reverential in its spirit without any ostentation of reverence.

"THE LAST TOURNAMENT." *

Alas, that poets grow old! But they never do. Theirs is the gift of perpetual youth. It is we, their readers, that grow inevitably old. What man is there of us not old enough to have been a part of that world which thronged Albemarle street to buy Byron on publishing mornings, and yet old enough to have watched Tennyson's star nearly all the way up from the horizon to the meridian, but can recall the fury, divine and gentle—fury bred of the delicious wine of youth—with which he used to greet every fresh overflow of balm-dew that dropped upon him from the long pathway of that steep starry culmination, so prosperous and so slow? Locksley Hall! Morte d'Arthur! The Princess! In Memoriam! The Ode! Yes, and Maud too. Idylls of the King! At what price would we not buy back the emotion with which we struck hands together and looked at one another out of eyes dim with enthusiastic tears, in the times foregone, over those gifts from our poet!

Have we any successors? Are there young men now that inherit us? Will the divinity students of '72 hold symposia over *The Last Tournament?* Does Tennyson still furnish refections of the gods to an ingenuous generation? Or have our youth found out another poet, whom we shall never know, more than our elders knew Tennyson, but whose is the future, and whose the fair young planet, and whose that old world which is the new? We critics have it all our own way for our while in the magazines and reviews. We praise and we blame as we will. But meantime the youth that have yet to win their voice in literature are silently shifting the crown in our despite to other brows. The old order changeth, yielding place to new.

To us that know the hand and prize its work, *The Last Tournament* seems worthy of its authorship. It is not to be judged as a separate poem. So judged, it would not advance the poet's reputation. But judged as an artistic interpolation in the series of idylls that now, perhaps, complete Tennyson's treatment of the Arthurian Legends, it is fit and worthy. The story is not pleasing, for it concerns the decay of that severe and high chastity, which, for a happy moment, had soldered all the goodliest fellowship of famous knights whereof this world holds record. But the exquisite traits of an art that disdains to kindle bad desire, while describing it as if for reproof, go far to redeem the idyll to sincere enjoyment, and do quite redeem it from the ill society of certain lecherous performances, in verse, that have successfully brazed their way into recognized literature.

Tennyson's freedom in his art grows perceptibly. He will never gain freedom from his art. How charming the wanton heed with which he transgresses metric laws for the sake of a higher metric harmony!

"Rushed ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind—"
"The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream."

* *The Last Tournament;* Alfred Tennyson. J. R. Osgood & Co.

"The glory of our Round Table is no more."
"In blood-red armor sallying, howled to the king."
"With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts."

The whole effect of this addition to the epic of Arthur is to deepen the impression which one takes from the entire poem of the disintegrating social tendency of crimes against domestic sanctity. In this view it is a tract for the times, and not improbably meant to be such—for Tennyson is eminently a child of his age, and he has always wrought with a conscience and an aim farther and higher than the artist's merely.

"THE DIVINE TRAGEDY."

A VERY different poem, for a very different class of readers, is Mr. Longfellow's *Divine Tragedy*. Mr. Longfellow, too, resumes and supplements a former design in this new work. Pure, sweet, gentle, humane, reverent, catholic in its regard for all religious tastes, *The Divine Tragedy* is withal easy reading enough to be quite sure of a large and appreciative audience among those who, whether through conviction of conscience, or prepossessions of education, or natural bent of sentiment, are lovers of the grand old English Bible. In fact, this poem might almost be regarded as Mr. Longfellow's contribution to that teeming biographical literature which is just now so remarkably evidencing the hold that the Man of Calvary retains on the modern heart of mankind. It is like a dramatization of the life of Jesus the Christ. Its interest is not chiefly poetic, but religious. It is Scriptural, warp and woof. The sacred phrase, polarized with so much association, is religiously preserved. Page after page, the poem is almost pure transfer of Scripture. The molds of rhythm in which we have all of us learned to make the limpid phrases of the Bible flow as we read them, are scarcely disturbed. So much is this the case, that the prose rhythm of the original text seems often, if not generally, to prevail over the rhythm of the verse, and to take up the poet's meter, and lull and lose it in a music of its own. Mr. Longfellow refrains, for the most part, from attempting to throw any new interpretative lights on the Scriptures which he adopts and adapts, contenting himself with the strictly traditional and familiar explanations. In short, there is the least possible reminder to one who reads that he is not reading his Bible.

This, of course, is either the perfection of art, or something else instead, so much more humble as to merit being called a process of skilled mechanical production. But to decide which is a problem not likely to perplex the minds of those who will read and enjoy Mr. Longfellow's poem.

THE COMING RACE.

A VERY remarkable book, which has attracted much attention in England, and has been republished for American readers by Messrs. Francis B. Felt & Co. of this city, is *The Coming Race*. It is said to be from the pen of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, the brilliant author of *Piccadilly*, at one time Member of Parliament for Stirling, in Scotland, and now one of the leading members of a religious society at Brocton, on the shores of Lake Erie, in this State. *The Coming Race* is an adventure in the field of social speculation after the manner of the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, or the Laputa of Jonathan Swift, and seeks to set before us another world than ours, the result of scientific progress, in which the inhabitants have attained unto the highest reach of knowledge. Perhaps we ought rather to say the lowest reach, for Mr. Oliphant's imaginary beings dwell not in another planet, but down far below the surface of this earth, our *Tellus* of the solar system, where, in sunless seclusion, which is not gloom by reason of gas, they live out their quiet and somewhat uninteresting existence. The discovery of this nether land (in some respects, as, for example, its placid routine and freedom from mad ambitions and desolating wars, not unlike the Netherlands of our own upper globe) is ingeniously contrived. "A native of ———, in the United States of America," visits a coal-mine, no matter where, and, penetrating deeply into its recesses, sees, through a natural chasm underneath, a great realm lighted by gas-lamps, from which he catches at intervals the hum of human voices. He determines to explore this wonderful region, and the next day, accompanied by a friend, returns, with ropes and grappling-hooks of sufficient length and strength to enable them to descend to it. The Columbus of the new realm gets down in safety, but his companion falls by the breaking of the rope, and is immediately gobbled up by a Saurian. Flying from this monster in terror, our hero comes ere long upon a native of the under-world, tall, winged, and with a face of sculptured beauty, like the calm, intellectual aspect of the Sphinx. By this benevolent being, who speaks a language he cannot understand, the stranger is led, through fields covered with a lead-colored vegetation, irradiated by gas-light, into a weird city of fantastic architecture, and little by little learns the whole economy of the sphere around him. The *primum mobile* is a force called *Vril*, or electricity in its most powerful manifestation, by the exercise of which on the part of the humblest citizen, the most tremendous results may be instantly attained. As a hostile army might be utterly annihilated as by a flash of lightning with *Vril*, wars had ceased among the communities inhabiting this lower country, and crime had wholly disappeared. There were no armies, no police organizations, no lawyers—all was peace. Only one want was felt—light, and the Head Gas-lighter was one of the most important personages in the State. Work was performed by automata, sickness was unknown. The burning heats that we feel on the surface of the earth, the fearful tempests that sweep across our seas and continents, affected not the *Vril-ya*, as these people were called, in their quiet land. Life was a *dolce far niente*, literally a sweet do-nothing.

Our hero was not long in the realm of *Vril*, however, before he became aware of the fact that he might at any moment be offered up as a sacrifice to the peculiar views of the inhabitants on the subject of food. Vegetarians themselves, they discarded a flesh diet as bar-

barous, and devoted all carnivorous animals to destruction. The stranger's molars would have been conclusive against him, but for the willingness of the Council of Sages to take him on probation, as one who might possibly conform to their own usage. Escaping this peril he falls into another. The women of "The Coming Race," it should be explained, are wiser, stronger, larger than the men, and do all the love-making. Two of them fall in love with him, and as marriage with either would be impossible, he is condemned to die. But the higher nature of the two, despairing of a requital of her passion, magnanimously cleaves a passage for him through the rocks to the upper air, and thus he safely returns to the United States after three years of gas-lighted and graminivorous experience among the *Vril-ya*. Such in rapid outline is the story and manner of construction of *The Coming Race*. It has wonderful verisimilitude in the narration of its wildest improbabilities, recalling the style of De Foe; and the satire of treating our latest moral and political expedients as antiquated contrivances in government and society is very happy and effective. There is an apparent confidence in the author that electricity will yet work greater wonders than are dreamt of in our natural philosophy, but evidently he does not believe in any moral force stronger than woman's love, which manifests its unselfish devotion and asserts its inalienable rights even in that serene subterranean realm from which the distracting cares and morbid excitements of the upper world are forever excluded.

IS THE SOUL MORTAL?

A CURIOUS illustration of the revival of old ideas in modern literature is afforded in a work which is the authoritative exponent of the new school of Annihilationists—a school so old that it is new, for it is a thousand years and more since it once before claimed audience from the Christian world. This book, on *The Duration and Nature of Future Punishment*, is by the English Prebendary of Cork, Henry Constable, A.M.; it has lately been reprinted here,—edited, and somewhat condensed and otherwise modified,—by C. C. Chatfield & Co., of New Haven, a Yale professor introducing and indorsing it. Mr. Constable, Professor Ives, and their school would have Christians believe that immortality is their heritage alone, basing their argument upon their conception of the Divine justice, and upon their literal interpretation of the "second death" prophesied in revelation. This doctrine, it is claimed, was held by the earliest Fathers in the purest age of the Church, and names of such venerable weight as those of Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and Clement of Alexandria are adduced in the list of its upholders. Whether they taught this will be quite as much a matter of dispute as whether it is taught directly in the Bible. The Annihilationists claim both, and further, that the Platonic dogma of the immortality of the soul was the very "philosophy" against which Paul warned the early Christians.

But Plato and his followers are not alone in this belief, and indeed, the denial of the soul's essential immortality shakes faith in the whole province of "intuitive" conceptions, upon which all our philosophy, all our thoughts, we may almost say all our faith, are built. For that the spirit shall never die has been, in some shape or another, the belief of the most savage as well as of the most cultivated races. "What God has given, God can take," is a plausible cry of the Annihilationists; but this dictum is only to be relegated to the realms of the Unknowable, and it is safe to trust to the faith He has implanted in us—that the soul, in whatever state, lives forever. Christianity is founded upon both natural and revealed religion; if we thus give the lie to the natural, how long will it be ere we doubt the revealed.

The weakness of the Biblical reasoning of this school is that it proves too much; they insist upon the virtual rendering of figurative expressions, and are far too ingenious in evading several passages which on this plan of interpretation tell against them. As, for instance, the phrase "everlasting burnings"! But their explanation of the Divine justice of annihilation, if Mr. Constable be not disowned by the school for his bad logic, is alone sufficient to cast suspicion upon all their argument. Death, they say, is universally recognized as the most awful of punishments, and the more awful is it as more of life is to be taken away. Thus he who dies first, losing most of the future, is the worst punished. And immediately following this is the declaration that the ignorant, and therefore (it is said) so far blameless, heathen are to be put to death of the spirit before the Judgment of the good and bad who have known the light! There are few writers so content to furnish refutation in the same page with fallacy.

This doctrine of the annihilation of the souls of the wicked would indeed seem to be alike contradictory of natural religion, the common faith of men, and of the Bible as God has permitted it to be understood by those wisest of many generations, and by many generations of Christians. There is as yet no show of evidence sufficient to offset this verdict of the world and the ages.

THE "ONE GREAT FORCE."

ALL that the ancient philosopher asked was a place to rest his lever and he would move the world. All that a good many would-be modern philosophers ask is something that will be everything and do everything, and they will explain the universe off-hand. One can do it with "electricity;" not the electricity that other men recognize, but a miraculous sort of electricity that will answer every requisition that may be laid upon it. Another can account for all things by "gravitation," provided you allow gravitation to be sufficiently protean in character. Another asks nothing but "heat;" which, however is not the limited factor that others know, but something that is at will all the forces, all the modes of motion, everything known or unknown, conceivable or inconceivable, that the universe affords. Mr. Crisfield Johnson

thinks he holds the key of creation in *caloric*, by which he means not only all that was understood by "caloric" before that once honored term was laid away in oblivion with the other names of nonentities gone out of fashion, but everything else. His caloric is a subtile, eternal, omnipresent, self-repellent fluid, the "cause of gravitative planetary motion, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and other natural phenomena," as he modestly asserts on the title-page of his *One Great Force* (Buffalo: Breed and Lent).

To men of ordinary genius, the impossibility of proving the existence of such a universal motor grievously interferes with their easy progress; but to men like Mr. Johnson such a difficulty never occurs. The fact that they cannot explain things without it, is proof enough that it *must* exist. That settled, all is plain sailing. When an otherwise unaccountable phenomenon turns up, all they have to say is, "Nothing but—jigger-jigger—can do that!" or, "If jigger-jigger cannot account for that, *what can?*" and the rash objector is confounded by his own ignorance. Unfortunately, however, such philosophers can rarely content themselves with this achievement. They must undertake to tell how jigger-jigger acts, and then they are outrageously funny. They will go on, page after page, contradicting themselves and every other phenomenon of nature with a serenity that is all but sublime. Mr. Johnson's effort is an admirable type of productions of this class of self-elected reformers, who think they can set Newton, and Faraday, and Tyndall, and all the other scientists to rights without first mastering the rudiments of science.

"SCHOOL-HOUSES."

ALFRED WALLACE asserts that many of the lower orders of creation exhibit individually as much independence in the construction of houses as man does in his: that men go on from generation to generation copying inherited models as blindly as birds and beavers. If he had ever traveled in this country, the naturalist would probably have cited in proof of this observation the progress of the primitive Yankee school-house across the continent. The bees that lead civilization westward are not more conservative in their building instincts than the carpenters that follow. Everywhere from Maine to Minnesota the traveler will find at road-crossings the same nondescript structures too small for barns, too ill-proportioned for dwellings, too much neglected and desolate for out-lying farm buildings, indeed "too repulsive in all respects and exhibiting too many marks of parsimony to be anything but"—school-houses.

Public architecture—barring always the new court-house—is not our stronghold; nor is it likely to be, so long as the first impressions of the building art are gained, as a rule, from public structures so wretchedly unartistic as the average school-house. However just may be our national pride in our common schools, the housing of them redounds very little to our credit; as many of us became painfully aware four years ago at the Paris Exposition. A grand idea was probably never more pitifully represented than when an ugly little wooden school-house was sent all the way from the interior of Illinois to the Champs de Mars, to show the assembled world our high regard for popular education. A Webster's spelling-book would have been as felicitous a representative of the results of national culture. Yet, bad as it was, the sample—to use a commercial figure—was far too good to represent fairly the character of the stock. It was new and clean; and happily it was impossible to transport the forlorn and unsightly surroundings of the average school.

The sound advice which Mr. Johonnot gives in his handsome work on school architecture (*School Houses:* J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.) touching the structure, furnishing, situation, and adornment of school buildings, will go far, it is to be hoped, to make it possible for us to send a typical school-house to some future Exposition without being so roundly and so deservedly laughed at. His book should be in the hands of every school committee, not because it is precisely what it should be, but because it is the only work that attempts to give the instruction on this subject so sadly needed by school officers the country over. If committee-men and carpenters will take care to follow the author's suggestions, and equal care to shun the curiously ugly designs that Mr. Hewes has invented to illustrate the work (in imitation of "examples in false syntax" given in grammars, we suppose), a blessed reformation may be inaugurated in the external features of our country schools. The chapters on lighting, heating, and ventilating school-rooms are calculated to do much good. Mr. Johonnot adopts the principles of ventilation enforced by Mr. Lewis W. Leeds, and copies several of his admirable colored illustrations of the movements of hot and cold currents. The sensible chapter on out-buildings is especially praiseworthy.

"HOW TO DO IT."

IN telling the young folks *How to Do it* (J. R. Osgood & Co.), Mr. Hale has gone over a worn-out field, and made it blossom like a clover lot. He has a happy knack at giving sound advice in palatable doses; and by introducing his exemplars in the guise of natural boys and girls, he gives a dramatic point and force to his instructions that cannot fail to charm as well as instruct the young reader. In sixteen spicy chapters the conduct of juvenile life,—how to live, how to talk, how to read and write, how to go into society, how to travel, how to behave at home, at school, in church,—everything, in fact, that civilized boys and girls are expected to do, is reviewed and illustrated in a style as sensible as it is breezy and delightful. The chapter on going into society is specially admirable. The sunshine of Christianity is Mr. Hale's social motive power, and the four rules of his philosophy are, to look up and not down, forward and not backward, out and not in, and to lend a hand. The application of these rules to juvenile life forms, in a double sense, a good part of the book.



MATINÉE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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THE CHESAPEAKE PENINSULA.



OLD BRANDYWINE MILLS.

CAPE COD, Long Island, and the Eastern Shore of Maryland were our three peninsulas of the lost and the vague, until Thoreau, Roosevelt, and the newspaper tourists shed light upon the former two. A like service is yet to be rendered to the larger, more populous, and in many respects more quaint and venerable strip of Maryland, which is inclosed between the Chesapeake and the ocean. In point of water-scenery, it is the Puget-Sound country of the Atlantic, pierced with broad, navigable, arborescent bays and rivers, almost as fruity in the salt delicacies of shell-fish and wild fowl as are their shores with orchards of peach, and groves of nuts and berries. The loamy, sometimes sandy soil is varied by long aisles of pond and brackish sound or bayou, whose humid vegetation is strong and stately in cypress, gum, or hemlock forests. The dozen or twenty fishing or court-house towns are larger and more characteristic than the Maryland settlements on the Western Shore, and several of them possess attractions for the traveler in old-church, manor-house, and mill architecture, and in picturesque groupings of forms and angles not current in thoroughfare parts of America,—bridges, broken roofs, and queer river-craft blended in atmospheres which, at sunsets and twilight, are of exquisite softness or splendor; while, locked away for two hundred years in this forgotten nook, the people generally retain a purity of English blood and spirited natures entirely compatible with provincialisms of speech and manner, and amusing instances of idiosyncrasy. The whole of one of the thirteen Colonies, and parts of two others, are comprehended between the head and the Capes of the Chesapeake.

The typical Delawarean is a robust, easy-going, lolling compound of Swedish, Finnish, Dutch, Huguenot, Welsh, and English stock, shut out from the enterprising life of



A CHESAPEAKE WATERMAN.

the sea by want of harbors and commerce, inhabiting a flat land of sluggish creeks, good farms, and tracts of low forest, and, except in the northern county of New Castle, he seldom passes the plane of village Epicureanism and inoffensive "cleverness." John M. Clayton, for a time President Taylor's Secretary of State, and Lorenzo Thomas, for a shorter time President Johnson's Secretary of War, were Delaware types.

The two counties of Virginia east of the Chesapeake, although in a high state of productiveness compared to their worn-out kinsmen across the bay, maintain in other respects the Old Dominion character—pride of State and opinion, personal bearing, and the capacity of ready discipline and public spirit. From these counties came Henry A. Wise, and that Custis family whose fortunes were interwoven with Washington's.

The Eastern Marylander is the Virginian without his institutions and dogmatism. The seed of Quakerism and Wesleyanism successively fell upon kindly soil in these old and hospitable counties, softening society, and intoning it to consonance with the surrounding gentle scenery; the establishments of church and estate magistracy abated their claims in the presence of so cordial a democracy, and Methodism kept aristocracy at bay, not less by the energy of its circuit preachers than by the steady worldly prosperity of its membership. The landholders, whose roomy residences, built of English brick—the ballast of their returning produce vessels—still beautify the banks of the Wye and the Choptank, have lived to see the dissenters' chapels flourish above their own decayed parish churches and armorial grave-stones, and in some cases the usurper has not only appropriated the tithes but also the ritual. The Methodists of Cambridge have decorated their pulpit with the cipher I. H. S. and the Roman Cross, and introduced choristers and responses into the service.

To visit the Peninsula most expeditiously before the reforming era has quite remodeled it, one must leave the great southern railway line at Wilmington, the metropolis of the Peninsula—a rattling town of mills and ship-yards, now nearly of the population of Philadelphia at the Revolution, and possessing the only daily newspapers of the whole region. Here, in the cleft between two small rivers,—one of fine water-power and the other navigable,—was the capital of Swedish America, kept in green remembrance to this day by one picturesque church which obtained its pastors from the Bishop of Upsala, nearly to the date of our Independence.

In the environs is the College of Newark, the alma mater of the Peninsula, with a preparatory department of above a century's uninterrupted usefulness; and at New Castle is one of the three whipping-posts and pillories which remain in the United States, where the State of Delaware is flogged and egged in the esteem of the nation after every term of court.

The creeks which rise in the Pennsylvania hills come dashing down by many a mill-dam, and the Brandywine ceases its active life just at Wilmington, by feeding one of the most picturesque and elderly series of grist-mills in the country. They are built of stone, in the old style, with bent roofs and many tiers of windows, and packet-vessels ascend in deep water to take cargo beneath their eaves, within sound of the tumbling rapids which move their wheels. Even in Washington's administration these toiling houses ground 400,000 bushels of grain a year, when the town

was half a century old. Wilmington is now a rich city, almost monopolizing iron shipbuilding, and turning out prodigious quantities of carriages, railway-cars, machinery, and leather. In the vicinity are the largest powder-mills in the world, founded by the Huguenot family of Dupont, and paper-mills, and woolen and cotton mills, admirable in capacity and construction. The Swedish church is an exquisite object, buried up in ivy and gravestones, and the traditions of the place go back to the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, and the conquests of Petrus Stuyvesant. Marcus Hook, a few miles up the river, was originally a Finnish settlement, and the descendants of Swede and Finn are numerous round about,—

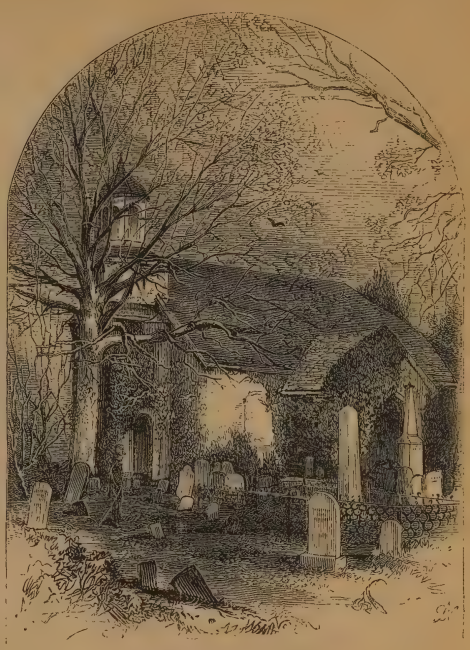
> "Their old names writ in English ways,
> In English prayers their Swedish praise."

The monument to Gunning Bedford, a commander of the Delaware line in the Revolution, and the Welsh Tract Meeting-house of what are called "Hard-shell Baptists" in the vicinity, give some idea of the mingled refinement and hard simplicity of these North Delaware elements.

Between Wilmington and the head of the Chesapeake the ground is the historic scene of Washington's maneuvers to arrest the march of Howe upon Philadelphia, and the eminences which force apart the waters of the Chesapeake and Delaware were picket and signal posts, not only in that campaign, but when at a later date the armies moved southward in pursuit of Arnold and Cornwallis. The Hudson's palisaded scenery is not stronger than the Susquehanna's at Port Deposit, where its deep and rocky breadth compresses that lumbering mart to a narrow beach at the foot of a precipice exposed to annual freshets; and the view from Havre de Grace of the broad Chesapeake and the blue tablets of the distant mountains of Elk Neck is of such soft nobility that some have lamented the Federal capital was not set there. Here, in the limpid nights, a hundred lamps often dot the surface of the bay, where the shad and herring fleet row with their seines and gill-nets, and at dawn the flocks of the North recall the apostrophe :—

> "Wise is the wild duck, winging straight to thee,
> River of Summer! from the cold Arctic sea;
> Coming, like his fathers for centuries, to seek
> The sweet, salt pastures of the far Chesapeake."

At Elkton, the home of Postmaster-General Creswell,—a very old town of large brick houses, on the edge of marshes and under hills,—the peninsular tourist may



OLD SWEDES CHURCH.

choose his route, either to descend the roads of Delaware or the parallel highway system of Maryland.

The towns of Delaware are sometimes quaint but seldom busy, and are often inhabited by a social life superior to their apparent resources. Women of spirit, and young men of gentle manners, with frequent instances of personal beauty in both sexes, relieve the listless by-streets, and fine old men and women, courteously inquisitive as to strangers, suggest authorities for neighborhood traditions and humorous studies in human nature. The inns are almost invariably poor; for nobody goes to a tavern who can rely upon good introduction, acquaintance, or even fair appearance. The railroad runs through the State like a seam, and has created several new and sprightly towns, called generally after State folk or railway dignitaries, and the inns in these cases are often kept by Pennsylvanians of German descent. Of the port-towns built upon the Delaware or some of the slow tidal creeks which empty into it, Newcastle shows the most decay,—once a great ferry slip between North and South, and the first stronghold on the Delaware for both Swede and Dutchman, now merely a jail and pillory-place for its county, and rusty and lazy when the court-week is done; Delaware City was long the shipping port for



SCENE AT TINICUM, DELAWARE RIVER.

Delaware peaches, and it still derives some importance from the Chesapeake Canal, of which it is the outlet; from Fort Delaware, which stands opposite upon a low island in the channel; and from a railway which will soon join it to Pennsylvania Deutschland; Smyrna and Milford are flourishing grain markets, running packet and freight boats to Philadelphia; Lewes, called for the English shire town of the county for which its own is named, is the old terminus of a new railway, and it sustains a steamship line to New York around Cape May; it is a village upon a sand-heap, made of clapboarded houses,—often the homes of pilots or seafaring men,—and with some pretenses to be a watering-place. One old Episcopal church, surrounded by many gravestones, some of people wrecked off the Capes of the Delaware, will detain the traveler for half an hour, while, nearly a mile across a salty plain, the lamps of Cape Henlopen are seen to cap the summits of a mighty hill of sand which has blown over the tallest boles of a former forest and buried them alive. Here is the great breakwater of stone, still unfinished,—although the work has been in almost continuous progress under our government for more than a third of a century,—where sea-going vessels, colliers, and coasters can safely run in from impending storms between Highland Light and Hampton Roads, about three hundred miles. In time of calm this breakwater is nothing; merely two long, rough sea-walls of toppled stone, raised well above the surface of the waves, and supporting the hut of a lamplighter. Standing at Henlopen Light in the calm, a few sails are seen to saunter in the offing, like listless females on promenade, and the mind of the beholder, as he gazes toward the tall white tower of Cape May, twelve miles across the ripples, can conjure up no thoughts more direful than of sly pirates in the olden time, stealing in through these Capes from bloody voyages in the rig of quiet merchantmen, sending perhaps a yawl ashore by night to bury their guilty treasures, and afterward tack up the great "South river" to dock demurely at Philadelphia. But when the black spot of the distant storm stands up on the horizon like Elijah's signal, and the old gossips at Lewes run out their telescopes and look sagaciously ere they make their wagers on the interval before the blow, the water-line is pierced by topsails peeping up from the deep, and barques and schooners crowding sail for refuge. They rise from every point of the water-line and stand in for these friendly piers, where sometimes hundreds of ships, brigs, three-masted schooners, pungies and bay-boats lie together, spars entangled, the vast roadstead scarcely equal to its necessities, and on one side the Atlantic, writhing in the grip of the storm, howls against the breakwater and dashes over it; while on the other the old, unchanging town of Lewes—the Plymouth of the races of our Middle States, settled almost continuously since 1638, once worthy of British bombardment, and now unable either to rise or to perish—blinks out at the commerce which is so near and yet so far. These capes were the Highland lights, the pillars of Hercules, to American mariners, as long as Philadelphia kept commercial supremacy; past them sail-

ed Blackbeard and Decatur, and the long line of privateers and heroes which made the sea grim with legends, but softened its wrinkles to acknowledgment of another state and type of men. To this day the Delaware scenery, river craft, and river folk keep resemblances to their antitypes of the Schelde, the Maas, and the Elbe :—

> "And up the river as we ride,
> Borne on the slow and equal tide,
> Above the level of the flocks,
> By many a hook and dike we slip,
> By many a sober-sided ship,
> By many a willow islet's strip,
> Set round with emerald splutterdocks."

Interior Delaware shows at Dover, the State capital, a queer little brick State-house facing a public green, with the whipping-post convenient; the Senate-chamber is not bigger than a comfortable bed-room. At hand, in a churchyard, John M. Clayton is buried under a fine marble tomb. The legislators are preponderatingly farmers, honest, and jealous of expenditures, but unequal either to the conception or care of a State; all that political Delaware has achieved is a good road system and no State debt.

If the tourist leave Elkton by the Maryland series of roads he will have better luck, plunging almost immediately into the land of peach, and in due time reaching the oyster realm. Sassafras River, a short half-day's ride due southward, is to the peach culture what the river Marne is to wine. Here the long tinted orchards begin, and the landscape wears a pink color for the better part of fifty miles ensuing. The American peach is not a pretender, like the American grape; it is a native prince with an old domain, growing in civilization every summer, and the people who love the beauty and sweetness of its sway are never required to apologize for it. It is, to look upon, the very velvet of nature's loom. The bee which woos it can make no honey like its flavor. At the gathering-time, when the roads are filled with teams and the air with *bouquet*, and the peaches are stripped from the parent stem which had groaned to support them, in all their ripeness and voluptuousness, the beautiful Sassafras, with its low bluff banks and changing woods, is also agitated with leaping perch, which make the waters populous as the orchard, and the game-birds of autumn begin also to twitter when the tide is low. Then, in the twilights, the laden steamers bear down the long coves these thousands of caskets of unequaled fruit, which drew its juices from such unpretending soil, to give a taste of the Eastern Shore to people in distant cities, soldiers in camps, and bad boys who scale pantries for it.

Chestertown, the home of United States Senator Vickers, is an old place, with a decayed college overlooking it, a loamy country round, and a beautiful river floating off by many manor-houses to Kent Island, the first colony on the Maryland shores of the Chesapeake, planted by William Claiborne, of Virginia, in 1629. Two other rivers, the St. Michaels and the Wye, make up into the Peninsula behind Kent Island—both wide, short-necked streams, beloved of wild duck, water-fowl, and shell-fish. Kent Island has no ruins and no town, but it is covered with pleasant farms and fishing beaches. Many old parish churches lie back from the rivers, of which two very primitive specimens are given in the illustrations. As the country in its most stately period was settled from the bayside, little can be seen on the back roads, and as there is a "neck" or cape every few miles to cut off even the bay roads, one had better explore the region by means of the Baltimore steamboats, which ascend all the streams, and now communicate with the interior by branch railways feeding the Delaware main stem.

The Choptank River is the noblest water-course of the Eastern Shore; at the mouth a superb sound, curtained with islands, several miles wide; farther inland a net-work of coves and deep creeks, to whose beachy margins the lawns and orchards of fine old homesteads slope. One can take a double-barreled gun and lie on any of the many sylvan capes reaching into this gray river, and bring



HIGH BRIDGE, BRANDYWINE CREEK.



THE WHIPPING-POST.

the wild ducks down from the flock as they fly over all the day to their feeding-grounds. The pike, perch, and shell-fish are fine and plentiful here, and we get the first view of the *mamano*, or long-necked clam, which lies deep in the sand at low tide and pokes forth its succulent head when the waters cover it. Easton, at the head of Threadhaven Creek,—a perfect fiord, unexcelled by any low-lying Danish or Swedish marine landscapes,—is the largest court-house town in the region, and its county of Talbot is said to contain no farm which has not a vessel-landing within three miles, so pierced is it with salt streams. At Oxford, a hamlet where the Threadhaven enters the broad, gray expanse of the Choptank, Robert Morris, the Jay Cooke of the Revolution, spent the first years of his boyhood in America.

Cambridge, the county-seat of Dorchester, is called the most beautiful place on the Peninsula. A salt creek flows up behind it, bordered with some of the snuggest old mansions of timber and brick which could please an artist's eye. The hotels here are tidy and neat. An old Episcopal churchyard, surrounded with mouldering gravestones carved with crests, shields, and ciphers, suggests the fine old affectations of a departed society, and the church stands up in the dewy atmosphere buttressed with delicate filaments of ivy which wrap the windows round, and give them the appearance of crocheted pinnacles carved in green. The court-house, jail, and other buildings inclose a dell shaded with forest-trees, in the depths of which a clear spring rises under an open dome. The books of the court-house are kept to this day with a conscientiousness and elegance surprising to visitors, and an hour spent in examining them, under the supervision of courteous county officials, will give amusing insights into provincial feuds. Cambridge is embowered in luxuriant shade, and the resident ladies have a high reputation for beauty of face and nature. In the back country are many noble shipping estates, the great houses frequently dilapidated or in ruins, and the low islands which lie off the coast contain, perhaps, the most simple and benighted people on the Chesapeake, few of whom read, and all "follow the water" for a livelihood. It is said that Holland's Island is governed in intellectual things by one man, who writes the letters of the inhabitants, tells them the news when it has got tolerably old, and informs them in the deep abstrusities of politics. In this county, at Indian Creek, some of the last Indians of the Peninsula struck their wigwams toward the close of the last century; and there are now no full-blooded aborigines on the Eastern Shore, although many of the free-born negroes show



THE SHERIFF'S CAT.



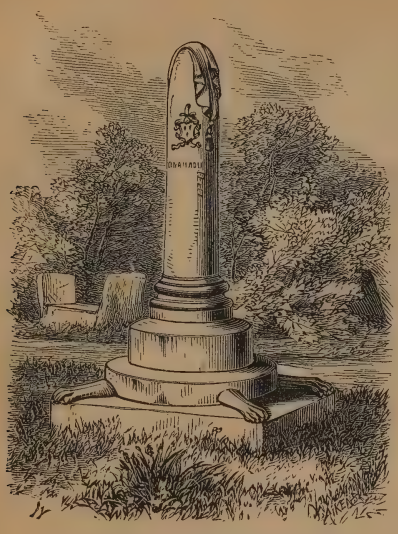
MARCUS HOOK.

Indian traces. The Indian names of this peninsula are often resonant, and they may be thought to sound like the croaking of the creatures of these swamps, the gurgle and suck of tides under low banks, and the cry of immemorial wild fowl; some prominent names are Gingoteque, Kiequotank, Matchopungo, Gangascoe, Pocomoke, and Appoquinimink.

The essence of Eastern Shoredom will be found on the Sounds of Tangiers and Pocomoke and their tributary streams. A steamer leaves Baltimore two evenings each week, affording good meals and clean state-rooms, and when the traveler rises next morning he is in Tangier Sound, an aisle like silver bordered with the dull gold strips of sandy bars and islands, and the greenness of humid groves which may almost be said to be rooted in the streets of the bivalvulous cities underlying this exquisite miniature sea. There those motionless epicures, the oysters, lie, with open mouths, while the sweet salt sluices pour past them and return every day, bearing particles of invisible nutriment from groves of fruits unknown to us, perhaps from orchards of marine peach and the kernels of luscious nuts which the dull microscope of the naturalist can never find. The predatory crab trundles his piratical hulk up those crystal alleys and filches the oyster from his cell, or sometimes cradles his young in the oyster's shell, hoping that the vagabond may grow up undetected to a like voluptuous esculence. But a hearty democrat is our oyster. He seizes upon a fisherman's shoe, or a tin kettle dropped overboard, or a bit of a wreck, and covers it by a system of animal electroplating, so that it often comes to the surface crystallized, colonized, a cluster of aquatic grapes fit for Neptune to plant upon Olympus.

Could we walk amongst these countrymen of ours, the pride of our seas, and observe their dense and silent municipalities lying, like submerged Venices or Hong Kongs, fed by processes of nature as intelligent as art, watered, freshened, fed, sustaining the family relation, of prodigious fecundity, the Chinese of the Chesapeake, we might apprehend the infliction of yonder merciless sloops and pungies which at the earliest dawn hoist sail beyond those Floridian islets, and move up into the sound with the slow deliberation of a cruel purpose. First, the long-shafted tongs descend into these nutritious waters, and as the oyster confidingly adheres to them the inquisitorial pincers grip himself and family and many of his neighbors, and hoist them through their native green element to the slaver's deck. Then, with profligate rapacity, injuring himself as well as his victims, the poacher drops his two great chain drags or dredges into the towns of these inoffensive burghers, who close their shells at the thunder of the concussion. All sail up, and the American flag hoisted at the gaff, signifying "oysters to sell," the boat cruises round and round in the trail of a fleet of similar vessels, and the heavy iron hews and crushes paths through the roofs of the subaqueous city. Those which escape the great chain-sack and capture are wounded, and perish; but with invincible spirit the breach is filled, life and enterprise go on more rapidly than destruction, and the patient oyster continues to increase, enacting below the surface of the seas the same hopeless struggle we make above, to intrench ourselves against the cruel, the unforeseen, the hungry, the epicurean—death.

The oysters of the Chesapeake, poorly attended to compared with their rivals in New York waters, are of better flavor and larger



TOMB OF GUNNING BEDFORD, WILMINGTON.

size. The best are the Cherrystones, small native growths of an inlet near Cape Charles. Next, Lynnhaven Bays, within the jaws of the opposite cape, Henry—large, lusty oysters, one of which will flavor a soup. Next in note come Elizabeth Rivers and York Rivers, in the very palate of the Chesapeake. Finally, the oysters of Tangiers, illimitable in quantity, in quality indescribable, the offspring half-way of the bay and the brine, the civilized and the savage waters.

"Eden of water-fowl, clinging to thy dells,
Ages of mollusks have yielded their shells;
While, like the exquisite spirits they shed,
Ride the white swans in the surface o'erhead."

People who can read modern religious biographies will find much homely matter pertaining to the Tangier Sound in "The Parson of the Islands," a book written to comme norate a poor fisherman evangelist who sowed the seeds of Methodism in this sandy archipelago, so that to this day, when a flag is seen raised on the little island chapels, signifying "Preacher amongst us from the mainland," the smooth waters fill with canoes scudding down from every point of the compass. The island parson kept a canoe, called "The Methodist," to haul the preachers to and fro, and in the second war with England, when the whole British army established a permanent camp on Tangier Island, and thence ravaged the shores, burnt Washington, and essayed to take Baltimore, this simple fellow preached to them, and prevailed upon them to respect the immemorial camp-meeting groves. Several of these old men of the islands in our time, remembered the Revolutionary War, the naval battle in Kedge's Straits, and the hanging of Tories in Cambridge, and two or three were known who had voted for every President from Washington to Zachary Taylor. Some of the many ghost tales pervading the peninsula are hinted at in the Parson's book. The voluminous journals of Francis Asbury make note of every hamlet on this peninsula. He wrote at Snow Hill, 1810: "We hold for God one hundred societies on this peninsula. . . . Methodist preachers politicians: what a curse!"

The gem of the Eastern Shore is the harbor of Onancock, a loop or skein of salt coves widening up betwixt straits of green mounds and golden bluffs, and terminating at an exquisite landing, where several creeks pour into the cove between the estates of Virginia planters. General Henry A. Wise has a book in press which will probably describe this, his native stream. Behind Onancock is the land of Accomac, commemorated by the campaigns of "Orpheus C. Kerr." In 1862 an army of peninsular Unionists marched almost to Cape Charles, starting in partly at Shelltown on the Pocomoke. The peaceable citizenry had engaged in one of their annual oyster wars, which arise from conflicts of State jurisdiction begotten by trading politicians at Annapolis and Richmond. A politician protecting an oyster is as ridiculous as a lawyer deciding a suit for the same oyster: he licks out the occupant himself and awards each contestant a shell.

The river Pocomoke leads under archways of green cypress, by solemn swamps rich in timber for spars, ship-ribs, and shingles, into the loneliest region of Maryland. Here, at



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ELKTON.

Snow Hill, young Vallandigham taught an academy. The old Episcopal church contains memorial tablets copied from the contemporaneous numbers of *The Spectator*, and accredited in each case to the particular number.

The seacoast of the lower Eastern Shore resembles that of lower New Jersey, a succession of inlets and shallow sounds, with here and there a long border of beach rent by the waves from the land, and making a low, perilous island like Chincoteague. This island is inhabited by oystermen and wreckers, inoffensive heathens in mode and talk, and it formerly contained a breed of dwarf ponies, but these were all drowned by a high tide a few years ago.

The total population of the Chesapeake Peninsula, Delaware included, is about 250,000; in superficies it is 180 miles long and from half a score to three score miles wide. It has nearly 300 miles of railway.

The reverence in which this old region is held by those who have wandered from it is exemplified by a late remark of William H. Hooper, delegate in Congress from Utah, and a Mormon, though not a polygamist. He was describing the virtues of Eastern Shore cooking, when one said:—

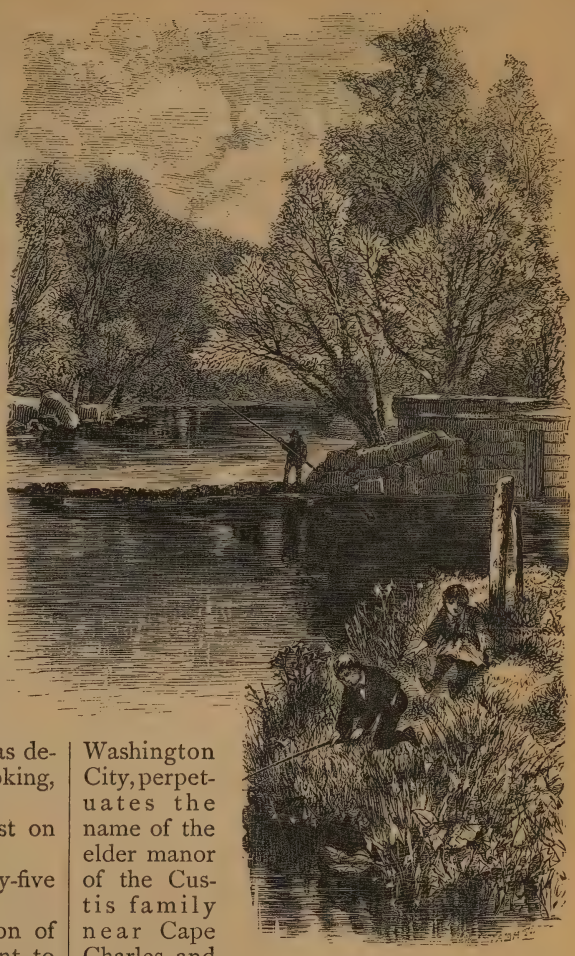
"Captain Hooper, when were you last on the old peninsula?"

"Never, Madame, since I left it thirty-five years ago."

"Why, sir, from your frequent mention of the place, I should think you would want to slip over there at least once every session of Congress."

"Never, Madame! I never wish to see it again; for I might be disappointed. I always want to remember it as it appeared to me last in the days of my youth: the most beautiful spot under the eyes of Providence."

Similar testimony was that of John Custis, father-in-law by her first marriage of Mrs. George Washington. The Custis family had descended, in America, from John Custis, a Hollander in name and origin, who received the appointment of Collector of Customs on the Eastern Shore of Virginia in 1687, and whose great estate of Arlington there, and relative fortune in money, attested either the richness of the Eastern Shore at that time, or the antiquity of the Collector of the Customs as we know him, a *Royal* officer to this day. The estate of Arlington, near Washington City, perpetuates the name of the elder manor of the Custis family near Cape Charles, and it is authentic history that the son of the Collector married the daughter of Daniel Parke, who carried the dispatches of Marlborough to Queen Anne, announcing the victory of Blenheim. This second Custis, living unhappily with his wife, left this tribute to the Eastern Shore on his tombstone:—



THE WHITE CLAY.

"Under this marble tomb lies the body of the Hon. John Custis, Esq., of the city of Williamsburg and parish of Burton, formerly of Hungars parish on the Eastern Shore of Virginia and County of Northampton, *aged seventy-one years, and yet lived but seven years, which was the space of time he kept a bachelor's home at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.*"

These attestations, however, revive the widely known anecdote invented by Hon. Tom Corwin, who used to tell it on the "stump." A very old man, with long jaws

and high cheek-bones, came once upon a time to the witness-box of an Ohio court.

"What is your age?" asked Corwin.

"Twenty-two."

"You probably mistake the question. The years of your life,—I wish to know the number of them."

"Twenty-two!"

"Have you spent all your life in Ohio?"

"Oh! no. I did live forty year on the Eastern Sho' of Maryland, but I hope the Lord ain't counted *them* agin me!"

The queer phrases and pronunciation of this region are of habit, and no longer of ignorance.

"I do'no but" is a mild form of affirmation. "A danged sight good deal" is an ambiguous estimate of quantity. "Won't 'mung ye come to see me!" is a somewhat querulous renewal of an invitation. "What for a sort of a man" is hardly indigenous, but sounds suspiciously like an imitation of "Fildelfy" or "Baltmer" business talk. Who can define an "ill-commeoned day" except upon the theory of natural volubility unrelieved by a dictionary? "An else" is a transposition of unless. "Right smart" is of universal currency: it applies to a man of sagacity, to quantity, and to distance; occasionally the word "peart" takes the place of smart, to signify animation. "Cleverness" in Delaware means hospitality and good-fellowship solely, never skill, and it is the next diploma below the impassable grade of "a gentleman."

Cousinship is a feature of good family life on the Peninsula, the remark being common of "So and So is my fourth cousin." Extraordinary cases of human longevity occur here, notwithstanding the prevalency at times



THE OLD BRICK CHURCH, AT CHURCH HILL.



WELSH TRACT CHURCH, IRON HILL.

of low fevers; but the Eastern Shore is healthier than the opposite and higher coast. Crime is rare; society was tranquil during the war; Northern immigration is welcomed, and observes no prejudice.

It is to be remarked that from peninsulated regions of the Chesapeake, closely resembling the Eastern Shore, many of our strongest public men have come; as, for example, Washington, the Lee family, Pinckney and Wirt, Taney and Reverdy Johnson; in short, the whole line of Virginia statesmen. William and Mary and St. John's Colleges, are pitched in the lowlands of the Chesapeake, *alma mater* of a body of provincial scholars whose influence upon mankind may not suffer in comparison with the progeny of more renowned universities. The epic story of Jamestown relates to a land in sight of the Eastern Shore, and to the eye a reproduction of it. In the three wars which comprise our military life this region received more commemoration than any other part of the country. To Accomac fled Berkeley and Dunmore from popular revolution; the cannon of the allied armies besieging Cornwallis resounded over both the low shores of this tranquil sound; lifting anchor from the oyster groves of Lynnhaven Bay, the British squadron followed to the scene of her speedy disgrace the unfortunate frigate *Chesapeake*—an event which led to the bloody duel where two gallant Commodores, born on opposite sides of

this riven-peninsula, ended their long rivalry in murder; from these placid coves our privateersmen of Napoleonic times launched their racers and put to sea; the protracted campaigns of the North against Secession, intrenched in Virginia, were fought and marched up just such old necks and tide-washed capes; from the serene fringes of a similar and neighboring spit the iron monster *Merrimac* bore down like a crocodile upon the hulls of basking frigates and crunched them with slow and cruel deliberation, and the Commander in that tragedy is now a tenant of the banks of the Wye; from these soft capes departed the mighty fleets of the Union to reduce the sea-ports of the South, and light again their extinguished beacons. And now, like a mirror which keeps no impression of the passions and sorrows it reflected, the beautiful bay lies glistening in the light as peacefully as when old Captain Smith explored it.

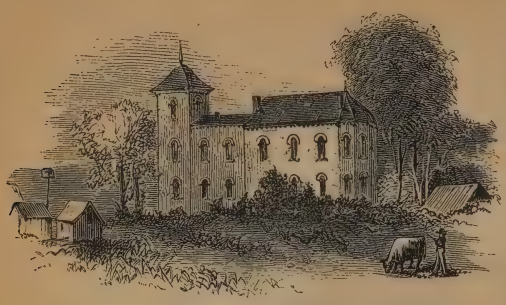
A literature of the Peninsula did not exist except in the journals of Fox, Whitefield, and the itinerant preachers of the Colonial period, and in passing references in general Maryland history, until the life and letters of George Read, published in 1871, illuminated the northern half of Delaware. Dr. Bird, playwright, and F. O. C. Darley, the artist, were Delawareans. Washington's diary gives a clear account of the former alternate road between Wilmington and Virginia, passing down the Eastern Shore by Christina bridge, Head of Sassafras, Chestertown, and Rock Hall, and thence ferrying over to Annapolis; he nearly lost his life crossing the bay by this route in 1790. The biography of the Peninsula probably contains no stronger name than Samuel Chase, subject and hero of impeachment under Jefferson; Henry A. Wise and Secretary Upshur came from the Virginia portion. Stephen Decatur, the naval family of Goldsborough, Frederick Douglas, the colored orator, Benjamin Bannaker, colored mathematician, Postmaster-General Creswell, Justice Davis, and the original Bayard of that family of Senators came from the Maryland part. Delaware, being a whole State, has had a good share of national honors, and Dupont, MacDonough, and many other good names ornament its pages. The name of Thomas Holliday Hicks, of Cambridge, a genuine Eastern Shoreman, will be forever memorable for the timely decisiveness with which he used the executive authority of the State in favor of the nation in 1861. The only public statue on the Peninsula marks his grave. John P. Kennedy is the foremost literary character of Maryland, unless we consider Edgar A. Poe and Jared Sparks, Marylanders; Kennedy wrote some beautiful legends of the Chesapeake. Several of the itinerant Methodist preachers have made desultory books upon their peninsular experiences, and the richness of clerical biography should lie in the lives of Hersey, Wiltshire, Captain Thomas, and some of these old cir-



WYE MILLS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



COURT-HOUSE SQUARE, NEW CASTLE.



HOME OF GOVERNOR HICKS.

cuit-riders. The Episcopal parishes of Maryland are the subject of a volume. A queer genius, George Lynn-Lachlin Davis, has made a contribution to Maryland genealogy, and Edward D. Neill, in *Terra Mariæ*, has drawn together in dignified form much that bears reference to the Eastern Shore. Maryland, in my judgment, is a State of fine literary temperaments. Baltimore could be the Boston of the South, if the local prejudices gave way to encourage a broader intellectual life, but we must wait for the uncompensating animosities of the war to expire. There was a poet, so-called, in Delaware, writing under the name of "The Milford Bard;" he had voluminousness and ardor—little more. For annals of a proximate reference to the subjects of this sketch, none, in our neighborhood collections, excel the History of Delaware County, Pennsylvania. For devotion and labors not always appreciated near home, no man in letters is worthier of respect than Bayard Taylor, whose pictures of Southeastern Pennsylvania life are also true of Northern Delaware. The Eastern Shore is a land to love by one reared in it; loving it, I need not, for its sake, exalt the expectations of strangers unduly about it; they can never take up the clod which gave us sap, and see the juices there we see. It is a land of serenity and dignity, but its confines are too narrow for youthful enterprises: it must ever be a nook. It has no imperial possibilities.

THE SKIPPER-HERMIT.

For thirty year, come herrin'-time,
Through many kind o' weather,
The Wren an' me have come an' gone,
An' held our own together.
Do' know as she is good as new,
Do' know as I am, nuther;
But she is truer'n kit' an'-kin,
Or any but a mother.

But arter all is said an' done,
There's somethin' sort o' human
About a boat that takes at last
The place o' child an' woman;
An' yet when I have seen some things-
Their mothers let me toss 'em—
My boat, she seemed a barnacle
'Longside a bran-new blossom.



They're at me now to stay ashore;
But while we've hand an' tiller,
She'll stick to me an' I to her:
To leave the Wren would kill her.
My feet have worn the deck; ye see
How watches leave their traces,
An' write on oak an' pine as plain
As winters on our faces!

Sometimes to me the breeze off-shore
Comes out upon the water,
As if it left the grave of her—
No wife to me nor daughter.
Lor! if I knowed where green or no
The turf is sweet above her,
I'd buy a bit o' ground there,—wide
As a gull's wings would cover.

We know the tricks of wind an' tide
That mean an' make disaster,
An' balk 'em, too—the Wren an' me—
Off on the Ol' Man's Pastur'.
Day out an' in the blackfish there
Go wabblin' out an' under,
An' nights we watch the coasters creep
From light to light in yonder.

The weather-cocks—no two agree—
Like men, they arg' an' differ,
While in the cuddy-way I set
An' take my pipe, an' whiff her.

My pipe—eh! p'ison? mighty s-l-o-w
It makes my dreamin' clearer,
Though what I fill it with now-days
Is growin' dearer 'n' dearer.



An' then ag'in we lay an' lay
Off Wonson's Cove or Oakses—
None go by our compass-light,
Nor we by other folkses.
Ashore the ball-room winders shine
Till weary feet air warnin',
But here an' there's a sick-room light
That winks away till mornin'.

An' Sundays we go nigher in,
To hear the bells a-ringin';—
I ain't no hand for sermons, you,
But singin's allers singin';

I takes my comfort when it comes,
Then no lee-lurch can spill it,
An' if my net is empty, Lor'!
Why, how can growlin' fill it?

An' so we jog the hours away,
The gulls they coo an' tattle,
Till on the hill the sundown red
Starts up the drowsin' cattle.
The seiners row their jiggers by;
I pull the slide half over,
An' shet the shore out an' the smell
Of seaweed sweeter 'n clover.

THE CRUISE OF THE *BALBOA*.

A STORY OF THE PACIFIC SEAS.

It was a memorable day. For me, at least, it was memorable, though there was nothing in my thought, nor in the sky, nor in the familiar scenery of Callao Bay to suggest anything of the dreadful incidents of the voyage then begun. It was on the 1st of June, 1867. We, that is to say, my brother Rob and myself, owned a coffee plantation at Baranchy, two days' sail up the coast, and had chartered the good bark *Balboa* to take thither a lot of Coolies and our annual stock of provisions. Our plantation was seven miles from the embarcadero, and adjoining it was that of Santa Rita, owned by a Peruvian firm, for whom we had a quantity of stores on board. So, for the two ranchos we had about two thousand mats of rice and fifty barrels of salt pork. Those Chinese rascals do eat rice enormously; and though rice is cheap in Peruvian ports, our hands made way with a great deal of it. And Coolie labor is not so very economical, after all, if you consider the cost of feeding, clothing, and dosing them, for the Chinese have an aggravating way of taking sick, and even dying, right in the height of the crop season, when every man is wanted.

But all this is superfluous; and I must say that when I saw the poor yellow wretches, sixty-nine of them in all, come tumbling over the ship's side, just before sailing, I felt sorry for them. They had just come over from Macao, China, on the Portuguese ship *Providenza*, and had been, I make no doubt, dreadfully abused on the voyage. I do not say a word against the system of Coolie labor; how could I, when Rob and I had availed ourselves of it for years? But it does seem a good deal like slavery; and Rob had to stay at home and look after those on the plantation, while I brought up a fresh supply.

On the *Providenza*, where the old-fashioned notion of African slavery prevailed, they had been a little too hard on the poor creatures. They had been kept closely confined below the hatches, only a few being ordered up at a time to exercise in squads; and this imprisonment of four hundred and twenty-five men, cooking their own food, sleeping like cattle in their stalls, and with only a small ration of water, had created such a state of things that the den was a floating hell, sure enough. The stench which came up through the gratings was, as the second mate said, "so thick you might almost cut it with a knife." No wonder they died like sheep. However, the *Providenza* came in with three hundred and fifty-one left, which was a pretty good cargo, after all, at four hundred and fifty dollars a head, though the lot was landed in rather bad order.

But my fellows had been picked out early, and so we got a choice parcel. They were strong, muscular men from the interior provinces, mostly from one locality, a fact which I did not like, as they all jabbered the same jargon, which is always to be avoided on a plantation where you have many Coolies, and must guard against combinations. They get to understand each other after a while, to be sure; but by that time they are wonted to their owners—masters, I mean—and are not so likely to make trouble. These men had had a hard time of it, what with sea-sickness, home-sickness, and one thing and another. And now, to be transferred from the Coolie ship to ours, with the idea of going off on another long voyage, pretty much discouraged them. They didn't know, of course, that their voyage was only to be of two days, but the ignorant creatures fancied, I suppose, that they were going on another three months' trip—for the *Providenza* was a dull sailer, and had been almost one hundred days getting across from Macao to Callao.

As we went out of the harbor with the ebb tide, I noticed several of the yellow rascals looking wistfully over to the westward across the Pacific; they knew that China lay where the sun was setting, and, after all that is said and done, a Chinese Coolie, probably, has some dim notions about home and wife and children, and especially a father and mother—for they set great store by their old parents. A few licks with a rope's end, however, set them all right, and they went about preparing their supper from the rations dealt out to them by my servant Su Hu Yok, one of the most faithful Coolies a man ever had. He had been with me six years; and though he was more like a valet to me, he turned his hand deftly to anything required of him. He took good care that the Coolies got no more than belonged to them in the matter of rations.

The wind was light, and came round to the northeast as we cleared Fronton Island, going out by the Boqueron Passage, and we had to stand out pretty well to the westward

I was up and down several times in the night, for Captain Balta stood his watch, and I liked to smoke a cigar and "gam" a bit with him, as the whalemen say. The night was lovely, and the moon at the full; the sails were drawing gently, and the deck, half in moonlight, half in shadow, was dotted with groups of sleeping Coolies in their picturesque panjammas and wide trousers. Looking over these poor outcasts, Orientals and wanderers as they were, far from their native land, I could not help feeling a bit of womanish pity for them. But then *we* had not kidnapped them; they had been captured in warfare or sold for debt; besides, they would get back home again if they lived long enough. So I forgot their sorrows in my own dreams.

When I came on deck next morning we were still beating up against the wind. The weather was thick, so thick that I could just make out the sharp low hills of Hormigas, while the higher peaks of the mountains in the distance were quite obscured. I was vexed at the prospect of delay on the voyage, for Rob had particularly urged me to hurry back with the bark, as our charter was an expensive one, with heavy penalties for overdays. I nervously fancied what would be our difficulties if blown off the coast with this small crew—only eight men besides the captain, first and second mates. But that was the foolish apprehension of a landsman; the wind, though dead ahead, was light. The main royal was set, so were the courses; but the foresail and mainsail were clewed up. I tell this that you may understand what followed.

I was eating my breakfast alone in the cabin when I heard a sudden rush on deck; there was a patter as of many bare feet driven hither and yon, a shot or two, a few crashing blows as of skulls mashed in, here and there a hearty Spanish curse, and above all the wild jabber of many Chinese, all talking at once. I ran to the companion-way, but was stopped by Su Hu Yok, who came rushing down, his yellow-bronze face livid with terror. He held in his hand, very comically, a dish of eggs and chili which he had been cooking for me at the galley.

"O, Misser Waller!" he cried, "Chinaman takee ship; killee everybody; killee me all same white man; I lun quick; I sabe Chinaman talk; they say they saillee back China."

The Coolies had risen and taken the vessel with the desperate plan of going back to China. While Su Hu Yok was telling his story he had clapped-to the companion-doors, fastened them on the inside, and we were temporarily safe. Peeping through a crack, I could see the struggle still going on. The crazy devils had evidently laid their plans carefully, for each white man had a ring of assailants around him as if detailed for his destruction specially. Hither and thither the battle raged, the Coolies attacking with belaying-pins, hand-spikes, and capstan bars, and the sailors striking back with their sheath-knives. The captain had evidently fallen early in the fight, and had been cut off from retreat to the cabin, where he might have found weapons. And one by one the rest of the crew succumbed to the force of numbers, for the Chinamen actually swarmed over each man, dragging him down as a pack of dogs might drag a lion. Exasperated at seeing the brave fellows overcome by such fearful odds, I seized a revolver and made an attempt to shoot at some of the cowardly wretches through a crack of the cabin doors; but Su Hu Yok begged like a good fellow:

"No, no, Misser Waller, you shootee once, they killee you; they killee me; you no shootee—all light."

"But," said I, "I can kill them all off, one at a time, if I am at it long enough."

"No, no," pleaded he; "Chinaman killee you sure. He burn ship, burn you, burn me all up; he bad Chinaman; he burn himself; he no go back Callao; he go back China. I savee you if you let bee; you shootee Chinaman—how can?"

Poor Su Hu Yok's logic was unanswerable, and I left the issue with him. And when comparative stillness was restored to the deck, I looked out to see that the captain, second-mate, cook, and two sailors lay dead. Seven of the men, in all, were left alive, and scattered on the deck were twice as many dead Chinamen—tokens of the fierceness of the fight. Some of the Chinese survivors were badly maimed and bruised, and several subsequently died of their wounds. Our seven poor fellows left alive were trussed up with ropes, bound hand and foot, just as I have seen Chinamen bind a live hog to carry it off, hung to a bamboo. One of them, the first mate, relieved his indignation by cursing the Coolies in old-fashioned Yankee dialect, as "goll-darned pagans." Poor Grindle was from Maine, and never could abide Chinese.

I wondered, as I peered through my loop-hole, what was to be the fate of these fettered captives. Presently the Coolies, after chattering among themselves a while, dragged forth from the forward part of the bark the heavy chain-cable which had been coiled in

the chain-boxes; and, while I still wondered, they stretched it along the deck and made the captives fast to it, one by one. Then it flashed on me at once—they were going to drown their prisoners! By slow degrees, and with much infernal clatter, they got the poor wretches piled up on the ship's rail, just aft of the fore rigging, with the links of chain laid over them, or triced by lanyards to the rigging. The groans, cries, and curses of the poor victims were awful to hear; and I crouched down on the steps of the companion-ladder, that I might not see the dreadful end. There was a sound of parting cries, a rattle of chain-cable, a mighty splash over the side, a yell from the savages, and all was over! I threw myself on a locker in the cabin and tried in vain to shut out the sounds which still rang in my ears. Out of the wild, sudden horror of these swiftly-passing events came the thought, What would become of me? How should I long escape? And what would be the end of it all? It was useless for me to speculate on the future; but even the tragedy which I had just seen was not sufficient to keep from my mind the thought that I and my faithful Su Hu Yok were at the mercy of these savages, floating almost out of sight of land, in a vessel which not one of all on board knew how to navigate or control. How dreadful our situation!

From these distracting thoughts I was roused by a loud pounding at the companion-way. Su Hu Yok, who had been cowering silently in a corner, darted up the steps and held a parley with the enemy. As their conversation was in Chinese, I knew nothing of what they said; nor is there anything about the tone of the vile language which gives one unacquainted with it the least idea of its drift. So I was astonished when Su Hu Yok turned and said that they had agreed to spare my life if I would give up as a ransom the six thousand Mexican dollars I had stored in the run of the vessel.

How did these rascals know I had the money? Could Su Hu Yok have been unfaithful? I began to suspect and hate the whole race; but, recollecting that the coin had come on board after the Coolies had, I was forced to acquit my poor servant of any complicity in the scheme to rob me. After all, a few thousand dollars, more or less, were not of so much account as a promise of life, even from these pagans. So the specie was handed out very cautiously by Su Hu Yok, who first exacted a stipulation that no man should come near the companion-way before he had deposited the coin on the deck and had secured the doors.

I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing my dollars divided amicably among the Coolies. Soon after, they scrambled up the rigging, and by dint of great pulling, squalling, ludicrous twisting of ropes and yards, got the sails squared round in a confused sort of way. The helm, which I could not see, had been taken in charge by a party of chattering lubbers; and looking out of the cabin windows, I saw the fading land dead astern. We were bound for China.

The first night in my floating prison was, after all, not so terrible as some that followed it. The wind held light, and though the vessel pitched about a good deal in the long swell of the sea, we had a quiet time of it. I knew that the Coolies could not get into the cabin without making noise enough to awaken me; so, fatigued with the various emotions which had exercised me all day, I fell asleep, and woke only occasionally through the night when the singular knocking about of the bark, badly steered as she was, reminded me of our lonely condition. I thought, in the gloom of the little cabin, of the unhappy fate of Captain Balta and his crew—murdered before my eyes, or cruelly sunk in the hungry waters of the Pacific. And what was before me? Where would this strange voyage end? I only hoped that some passing ship might descry us and take me off. But my heart sank when I reflected that the sea is wide—so wide that ships often pursue a solitary voyage without speaking a single vessel. As I considered the possibility that I might pass weeks—months, even—in this floating prison, guarded by treacherous semi-savage Asiatics, it seemed as if nothing but a good Providence could preserve to me my reason. Then, overcome by the boundlessness of the conjectures which floated over me, I sank again into disturbed and restless slumber.

With the morning came a struggling awaking into the real but half-forgotten terrors of the voyage. Assisted by Su Hu Yok, I made a thorough examination into the provisions accessible to us, in order that we might be prepared for the worst. We had not laid in stores for a voyage to China, but there was abundance, nevertheless. In a spare state-room, and in the after-hold, which was securely partitioned from the main-hold, we found rice, salt pork, beans, biscuit, red and white wine, a cask of sherry, and small stores. In the pantry were vinegar, salt, tea and coffee, and a few cases of preserved

meats. But there was *no water*, though a plenty of liquid, so that we need not die of thirst; and I believed that, in case of emergency, I could distill fresh water from the sea-water, as we had a brasier and some copper utensils. So we were not badly off, even though we might be confined for months on the ship. As for the Coolies, they had rice and other things in plenty; even a great store of water being kept in tanks in the hold. So we were secure from attack by them for the purpose of gaining means of subsistence. I did not dare think of wreck, but unconsciously made up my mind that such a disaster would finally end our enforced voyage. For the sake of drowning the cursed Coolies I was almost reconciled to even that.

I heard but little of the wretches on deck. They kept up an incessant gabble among themselves, as is their manner when relieved of the presence of strangers, but made no attempt at opening communications with us. We heard them rummaging in the hold, and once they sounded along the bulkhead which separated the after-hold from the rest, as if to see whether that were the end of the vessel. They were satisfied, apparently, for they never disturbed it again. We took frequent observations during the day from the only points available—the cabin windows and the chinks of the companion-doors. From the windows nothing was in sight but the sea and sky. The height of the bark's rail prevented any glimpse of the water from our other look-out; and I reflected bitterly that a vessel might come in hailing distance and pass away without my even knowing of it—immured in this prison. The Coolies were disposed about the deck, cooking, messing, and enjoying themselves, apparently to their great content. The sight of fire in the galley suggested the harassing thought that they might, in their carelessness, set the ship on fire. How horrible, then, would be our fate! Burned alive at sea, or drowned by fleeing to a watery death!

If anything were needed to aggravate the loneliness of our situation it was found in the nightly music of these queer pagans. They soon got into the way of gathering about the bow of the vessel at sundown, and repeating a monotonous chant, barbaric, rude, but very plaintive. It was not at all musical, and occasionally one high-keyed voice would break in upon the others in quite an independent style; but, for the most part, the performers kept up a long low whine, which resembled nothing so much as the moaning and soughing of the wind. Looking toward China, as they thought, I suppose, they repeated this weird, joy-dispelling performance nearly every night during the voyage.

We had a long calm spell, and I began to be quite reconciled to the existing state of things, for I had almost from the first given up all hope of reaching home. I thought of my brother Rob looking out, day after day, for the *Balboa's* sails over the headlands of the Baranchy embarcadero; of his hope deferred; of the sickening belief, slowly forming, that I should never return again; of his embarrassments in consequence of the loss of the bark and cargo; and of his grief when he should be forced to the conviction that we should never meet on earth.

The days slipped by, one just like another, without anything to mark our cruise. I had torn up a sheet and rigged it out of the cabin windows to a strip of wood, vaguely hoping that it might serve as a signal of distress; but the Coolies detected it, and, as if divining my intent, dropped a bight of rope over the stern and tore it away. So I gave up that hope. I used to lie hours at a time, stretched on the ship's locker, looking out through the narrow window on the waste of waters. It was a hopeless desert; no land in sight; no sail, and scarcely a sea-bird to break the awful monotony. It was a pitiful sight; and I pitied myself, a solitary prisoner, as I looked and longed—looked and longed for something which never came.

But I had something else to think of on the twentieth day out. The wind, which had been light and variable, but generally in the south-south-east, as near as I could judge, shifted to the south-west and blew a pretty stiff breeze. We boomed along before the gale, as the Chinamen had no idea of keeping the vessel on her course, and so were driven northeasterly. By sundown the gale had increased, and the weather blew up thick and squally. The wind came in fitful gusts, the cordage creaked, the sails flapped wildly, and the sea pounded fearfully against the sides of the ship, which rolled, tossed, and tumbled like a great animal sore beset and smarting with agony. Occasionally I could hear a sail blown out of its bolt-ropes with a sound like a clap of thunder; then the frightened Coolies would give a great yell and come and pound on the cabin door; but I knew I could not help them, and so I determined to stay in my prison and wait for the end.

About midnight the gale was at its highest, and the pother on deck was fearful. The

bark groaned in every limb; the masts shivered and shook; the ship plunged into the sea by her nose, burying the forecastle under water, or rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea, without steerage-way, and liable to capsize at any moment. The Coolies, I will say for them, stood manfully by the helm, for I could hear them overhead, screaming and chattering, as they tried to keep the rudder somewhere near where they thought, in their ignorance, it ought to be. At one time the wheel went rattling round fearfully, its revolutions knocking the gang into the lee of the bark, howling and yelping like so many coyotes.

Just after midnight there was a terrific crash and a great scream from the Coolies. Some of the top-hamper came down by the run, and I could hear the broken spars beating against the side of the vessel as she labored in the sea. The scared Coolies had not sense enough to clear the wreck; and the fearful din of the elements, the flapping of the torn sails, and banging of the loose spars overhead were increased by the thumping of the wreck over the side. As near as I could make out, it was the main-royal and the foretop-gallant yards and spars which had gone. So I told Su Hu Yok to tell the Coolies to cut away the rigging and let the spars fall off in the sea, or they would pound in the side of the vessel. He carefully undid the hasps and extra bolts which we had put on the companion-doors by way of precaution, and for the first time in twenty days the doors were opened, and Su Hu Yok trusted himself among his savage countrymen on an errand of real mercy. In the terror of the hour, I left the doors opened, and standing by, with a strange sense of relief, I felt the free salt air blowing on me, and the spray dashing over me, unmolested by the Coolies, while Su Hu Yok, prompted by me, superintended the cutting away of the tangled rigging. This done, the bark labored less; and as we again locked ourselves in our prison, the morning dawned, the gale abated, and I felt that the worst was over.

Sleep came to relieve the fatiguing alarms of the night, and I was surprised to find the bright sunlight streaming into the cabin windows, when I was awakened by a loud knocking on the cabin-door.

Su Hu Yok held a parley with the Coolies outside, and we found that they wanted me to see what could be done for one of their number who had been badly hurt during the hubbub of the gale. The proposition was a very odd one, I thought; and I hesitated at trusting myself with the wretches who only twenty days before had murdered every white man but myself on the vessel. But, after considerable discussion between prisoner and jailers, through Su Hu Yok as interpreter, it was agreed that I should go out and help the injured man if I could, relying on their word that I should not be molested.

After all, it was a great temptation to be free once more; and it was pleasant to stand out on the open deck and feel the sea-breeze after three weeks' confinement in the dingy cabin. But what a spectacle was the bark, to be sure! The *Balboa* was trim-built, and was well rigged when we left port. Now, her top-hamper was all gone down to the top-gallant-masts, both fore and main; the rigging hung in tangled skeins; the mizzen-mast was sprung, and the gaff-topsail, which had been set ever since we left Callao, was hanging in ribbons comically in the mizzen rigging, where it had been blown during the gale, and now flapped in the breeze. The deck was littered with *débris*, and overhead the wilderness of spars and running rigging was a mass of confused lines and yards. At any rate, now the vessel would surely be spoken; for if any craft sighted her, she would bear down to see if relief were needed by such a distressed-looking object.

Forward, under the lee of the cook's galley, was the injured Chinaman, groaning and taking on at a great rate. His leg was broken, and he was in much pain. He had been knocked over by the wheel, and was one of those whose yells I had heard during the disorder of the night before, I suppose. Not being much of a surgeon, I did not dare to do anything more than press back the fractured bones as well as I could, binding on splints of board about as I had seen practitioners manage such cases. The poor fellow took my rough treatment manfully, though it was made more difficult by the motion of the vessel, for the sea was still running quite high. The Coolies gathered around with curiosity during my surgical performances, evidently regarding the operation with some suspicion. Giving him some salts, by way of keeping up appearances, I left him to the nursing of his companions.

The man recovered, I may as well say here, and limped about the deck during the voyage; but the broken leg was much shorter than the sound one. I purposely fussed about my patient for some time, in order to prolong my brief liberty. But the Coolies did not hurry us away; and when we were once more within our retreat, Su Hu Yok

and myself talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that this might lead to our going on deck once in a while with "Chinaman's word" that we should not be harmed. The patient had to be looked after for several days at least, and that gave me a safe chance for longer liberty.

When on deck, I took furtive glances at the sea, but nothing was in sight. The waves ran high, their white crests curling in the broken sunlight; but no sign of land nor sail anywhere met my sad eyes. It was a weary waste.

Days, weeks, months slipped by after this first really startling experience. I cannot tell what happened, for nothing seemed to mark the time. Yet we were busy. I opened and kept up a journal, in which each trivial event was recorded with great exactness. This was a source of real comfort to me, though I could not feel that any eyes but mine should read the record of this strange cruise. Besides this, I had occupation in teaching Su Hu Yok to read and write the English language, taking from him some lessons in giving Chinese names to the common objects about us. Farther than this into the mysteries of the Chinese tongue I could not get. I also organized a system of daily round of duties, assisted by my faithful companion. In addition to the usual cooking and eating three times a day, all of which were performed with much elaborate ceremony, we had inspection, in man-of-war style. Attended by Su Hu Yok, I made the brief round of the little cabin and the after-hold, prying into every hole and corner, ordering away any trifling rubbish I saw, straightening everything for the day, and issuing peremptory orders to imaginary persons who were supposed to be inside the boxes and barrels which we met in our round, and holding conversations with invisible passengers. At nightfall the same performance was repeated, with many injunctions to the supposititious passengers to be careful with their lights. Su Hu Yok enjoyed this solemn fun; but I think he never quite understood it. By keeping up these and other mock severities of discipline, I managed to get rid of much time that would have hung heavily.

The only reading matter in the cabin was an almanac, an English Prayer-Book, three copies of the Lima *Nacional* of the 25th, 27th, and 28th of May, respectively; a copy of *Don Quixote* in Spanish, a printed copy of the farce of *Box and Cox*, and Blunt's *Coast Pilot;* so I was not so badly off. You would not believe me if I told you how many times I read *Don Quixote* from beginning to end, but it was a great many. I committed to memory whole columns of advertisements and prosy editorials from *El Nacional*, which I recited to Su Hu Yok, accompanied by animated gestures, much to the admiration of the interested Celestial, who looked on in solemn wonder. In the *Coast Pilot* I could not possibly get interested; it was worse than the newspaper, and had no living suggestion to me, since it treated of things which I cared nothing about. But the Prayer-Book was my great source of comfort. Before I left the *Balboa* I had learned every one of the beautiful offices of the Church; some of them I shall never, to my dying day, hear without tears; those were solemn times when I learned to say: "Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." And I hope nobody will think worse of me when I say that I taught Su Hu Yok the responses, so that when we held service, as we did every Sunday, and, after a while, every morning and evening, after "inspection," he followed me with his comical pigeon-English, chipping it at the right places in a parrot-like manner quite wonderful to hear. But it was real to me, and, as I say, it was a great comfort.

It may be a surprising thing to confess, but I really became quite reconciled to my imprisonment. After a few months, it almost seemed as if I had never lived anywhere else, all the past was so blotted out. My only cause of uneasiness, I may say, was the constant fear of wreck. On calm or only breezy days it was pleasant and cheerful, barring the thought of what must come eventually. This hung like a shadow over the brightest sky. Everywhere seemed to be written "wreck," "wreck." I only wanted to have it over with—not that I so much feared the end; I had made up my mind to that.

Still, I enjoyed the solemn farces which I had invented to kill time; the semi-savages on deck were a source of perpetual amusement to me as I watched them through our out-look, playing like young wild animals when unobserved. They were odd masqueraders, too, dressed in a mixed garb of Spanish sailor and Chinaman, as they had rifled the seamen's chests and appropriated the effects of their slaughtered victims. The visits which I made to the disabled Chinaman, in my capacity as surgeon, familiarized me to the presence of the Coolie mutineers somewhat, and I occasionally made a brief excursion on deck on my own account, al-

ways accompanied, however, by Su Hu Yok, who kept sharp watch on the movements of the men. I became accustomed to moving about among them, but never could quite get over the feeling of suspicion which I felt for the treacherous creatures. But, after all, perhaps they had been driven to desperation by the deceptions practiced on them.

They evidently considered me friendly; for in addition to relieving their wounded comrade, I had shown them how to free the ship from water by using the pumps; how to catch the rain-fall, for their supply might run low; and had given them matches from the cabin stores when theirs gave out. They, in return, let us have a plenty of water, which was a great boon, for rice boiled in claret and sea-water had become wearisome, and we were now able to have tea and coffee. Altogether, we had quite a community of interest. My advice was worth something to them; and I felt that as long as they were in command of the bark, it was better that they should be contented than miserable, starving and desperate. I felt very much as if in a cage of docile wild beasts whose fierceness might break out at any time. So I slept "with one eye open," and never relaxed vigilance at the entrance of our little castle, the cabin, which was, alas! a prison as well.

On one point the Coolies were inexorable; they never permitted me to approach the helm. They had some vague notion that this was the governing and motive power of the ship, and that I could not be trusted near it. They were going to China, they always told Su Hu Yok, and so they kept two or three men at the wheel, whirling it about in an aimless, absurd way, thinking that they were helping things along. But the bark was going all sorts of ways. Sometimes we were before the wind, sometimes not; but usually the Chinamen kept the tattered remnants of sails full by some means, though the bow of the bark generally pointed to the West—to China. But the progress made in that direction was very small. We were simply drifting; when we had steerage-way, we were often going westward; but it was plain that we were drifting sideways to the north. We were in the great current that sweeps around the Pacific, striking the frigid coasts of Alaska, and thence deflecting to Eastern Asia. But, plunging and reeling helplessly about as we were in the wild waste of sea, there was nothing to guide the imagination to shape our wandering course. That we were drifting northward was evident from a glance at the heavens. The North Star rose higher and higher each week, and the constellations more lately familiar to me sank below the horizon. The weather grew cooler, too; and one day, with a great thumping of the heart, I saw from the cabin windows a long low range of peaks, blue, like clouds, lying just astern. This showed that we were drifting sideways. I rushed on deck to examine the horizon, but no other land was in sight. The Chinamen had seen it, too; and believing that it could not be China, they suspiciously ordered me below. Stretched on the locker, I watched with tearful eyes the beloved land grow dimmer and dimmer, and finally fade quite away. It was sadder, after so many months at sea, to lose sight forever of this glimpse of solid land, than to have lost that of the hills of Hormigas when the voyage began. My heart sank, and for hours I gazed silently at the wearying sky, which seemed to bend nearer, and the hungry sea, which seemed to yawn closer. This was on the 28th September, three months and twenty-eight days out.

The very next day, while on deck sorrowfully scanning the horizon, I beheld, to my inexpressible delight, a sail! It was on the weather bow, hull down, and apparently standing in the direction of the land seen the day before. I concealed my joy as well as I could, and fastened my gaze upon the precious sight, hoping, longing, and praying that it might draw nearer. It did loom above the horizon slowly, and after three hours' watching I made her out to be a full-rigged ship standing about N.N.E. As I had long since lost all reckoning, and had not the vaguest idea of where we were, I could form no conjecture as to the character and destination of the vessel; only I hoped she might see us, and several times it really seemed that she had altered her course and would discover us. I knew we would not be seen from her decks; but as she kept on her way, cruelly regardless of the dismantled *Balboa*, I seized a Peruvian flag from my state-room, and, rushing on deck, jumped into the rigging and waved it with frantic despair. In an instant the Coolies rushed towards me in a body and savagely tore me from the rigging, knocking me on the deck; one wiry little wretch dealt me a severe blow on the head with a belaying pin as I lay, and then danced about, looking for a weapon to finish me. The whole mob were eager to kill me then and there, apparently, and I did not much care if they did. Despair had taken hold of me; but my time had not yet

come. Su Hu Yok, with great ado, threw himself on my body and angrily jabbered at the Coolies, and, probably reminded of their promise, they slunk off and left me to be helped below by my faithful servant, who barred the door and volubly scolded in his native tongue—whether at his countrymen or myself I could not guess; I was too sore and disappointed to think. It was clear that I was not so contented with my dismal lot as I had fancied.

About three weeks after this we drifted into a fog, which enveloped us for days and weeks at a time. By night or day it was like a damp pall about us. By night it seemed as if I could hear the breakers on a lee-shore on which we were certainly drifting. My ear, which had become so finely trained that I could detect a change in the wind by the sound of the waves, was alert to catch the roar of the breakers; but it never came. By day, I fancied I saw strange shapes looming up in the impenetratrable fog which shut us in. Sometimes I thought I could make out the bellying sails of a full-rigged ship coming head on; then I looked to see the keen line of her forefoot breaking the dim edge of our narrow horizon where fog and water met. I seemed to hear the splash and thud of a steamer's wheels in the gray shadows on the weather-bow; the sound seemed to come nearer, and my heart stood still with hope and apprehension. The vessel which I had prayed to relieve us might now be our destruction. I almost shouted in my agony; but nothing came out of the ghostly wall that shut us in. Only the ceaseless murmur of the sea, the creaking of our crazy craft, and the low swash of the small waves against the side—that was all.

On the 15th of December we had a terrible blow. There had been several gales of more or less force; but since that of the 20th June, we had had none which compared with this. I certainly thought our hour was come. It was impossible to keep on deck, and for two days I did not so much as unbar the cabin-doors. It was just as well to meet death below as above. The yards went banging about at a fearful rate, and the poor shreds of sails were slit in the wind like ribbons. The bark groaned, turned, twisted, in her fierce contest with the waves, and occasionally a sea swept the decks. The cabin was full of water, and the air below was excessively oppressive, as we were shut up closely. It was a dreadful time, but God spared us in His mercy; and when, on the 17th, the sea went down, and I went on deck, it was to see the poor craft almost an utter wreck. The foremast was snapped off at the top; the maintop-gallant was gone, and only the mizzen stood intact, though badly strained by the previous gale. It was wonderful that the vessel had not foundered or sprung a fatal leak, but the pumps showed that she was comparatively free. The Chinamen began to think this an unlucky voyage; six of the poor fellows had been swept off during the gale.

We had been driven considerably south, as the stars showed when the sky became clear, after a few days. And we continued to make southing for several weeks after this. I think we must have drifted down to the track of the China and California steamers; we had certainly been far north of that track during the gale. At any rate, one dark thick night, unable to sleep, I had ventured up on deck, followed by my faithful Su Hu Yok, who never trusted me out of his reach, when I heard the unmistakable rush of a steamer coming out of the darkness and mist. My heart gave a great leap; I was not deceived, for in another moment an immense side-wheel steamer—monstrous and black, with white paddle-boxes, with lights gleaming—rushed out of the solitude of the sea, passing directly under our stern, then instantly melted away into the misty veil beyond. I shouted my feeble cry in vain; I clutched with eager hands the empty air; with her twinkling life on board, her human lights winking redly at me as she passed, careless of so much despair left speechless in her fading track, she had gone. She had gone with her happy homeward-bound men, women, and children, leaving me in unutterable loneliness. And then she had passed so near—so near, O God! and yet so far! An ocean rolled between us.

After this calamity, I resolved to keep a light burning every night as a signal. Our store of binnacle-oil had long since been exhausted, though used with great economy. Fortunately, however, there was a considerable supply of lard on hand, and this, with a case of olive-oil, was sufficient for all practical purposes. I rigged a globe lantern in the cabin window; and ever after that, from dusk till daylight the feeble ray of my poor little light streamed out over the desolate sea. Each night, as I set it in the open window, swinging clear, I prayed that before the morning came some one might see the pathetic call for help; and each morning I took it in again with a little pang of disap-

pointment. I do not know that it was ever seen.

As the months wore away and spring came on, a new danger threatened us. Our course since December had been that of a great loop, so far as I could determine from observing the stars and consulting the charts. We had drifted north toward the Alaska coast, and then south and southwestward back again. On the first day of January, 1868, we made our most extreme southing, I think, as on New Year's eve I was certain the North Star was lower than on the succeeding night; and from that time forth it began to rise in the sky. It was a matter of real wonder to me that I should have learned to become so close an observer of the signs of the sky and water; but it seemed as though I could read them like printed pages. Seven months at sea, with no companions more congenial than the waves, and clouds, and sea-birds, I became on familiar terms with nature around me. So when we drifted into fields of floating icebergs, I was at first almost pleased with my new acquaintances. They were very beautiful in the dazzling light, and they kept with us day by day as we drifted northwestward. But one morning, to my great dismay, we were so thickly surrounded with these dangerous companions, there seemed no escape from their crushing embrace. The sun, which was now climbing higher, burnished their pinnacles of crystal; their arches and deep recesses were sometimes of malachite, then lapis-lazuli, then of a vivid ultramarine hue. Some toppled quite over in the sea, turning a complete summerset, and from some, with a great crash, the tall shafts and spires would fall, shivering like glass, and churning the sea into foam as they fell. Some drew nearer and nearer our poor helpless hulk, threatening to crush her frail sides as an egg-shell; then, by some unaccountable freak, they would drift off and leave us free again. One day we had a narrow escape; one of the largest bergs came floating majestically down toward us on the port bow. Nearer and nearer the vast crystal bulk, brilliant as a palace of glass, moved toward us, a breeze then giving us considerable motion. We seemed drawn toward it as if by power of attraction, just as a floating bit of cork drifts toward a larger object. Already the cathedral-like spires towered far above us, and certain destruction seemed before us. The Chinamen jabbered frantically among themselves, and jammed the helm hard to the starboard; the bark fell off with the wind, her keel grazing the substructure of the berg, which extended far out under water from the walls; and so we escaped wonderfully.

The Chinamen had, by hard experience, learned something of seamanship. They managed the helm with considerable skill, keeping the tattered sails full when it was possible, and always, with a vague notion of general direction, steering westward—for China. But on cloudy days they had no idea of the points of the compass, the sun and stars being their only guide. So, on such days we simply drifted. I attempted to teach them the cardinal points of the compass; but they distrusted my advice, and gave no heed whatever to any instructions. They were going to China, they said, and knew the way. Had not they once been across the ocean?

They also, with wonderful patience and ingenuity, rigged up some apology for sail, when it was not blowing heavily. They got out some of the spare sails and rigging, and patched up a few forlorn-looking sheets to catch the breeze. When the wind blew too stiffly they cut the lines which fastened the affair up, and everything came down on the run. So we drifted.

While we were among the icebergs the nights were very trying to me; it was likely that we might be ground to pieces by them at any moment; and when, just before turning in for the night, I looked out on the dim waste of waters and saw these ghastly shapes looming up like ghosts in the dark, they seemed to remind me of sepulchers, graveyards, funereal monuments, and other gloomy things. But, by a merciful Providence, we escaped them all, and on the 27th of April parted their company. At sundown that day the last one disappeared down the horizon, and, for the first time in seven weeks, the sea was free and clear; our little bark was the only object in the great circumference within which we lay.

After this we occasionally saw many whales, great lazy fellows, which came up alongside and tumbled sportively about; or they would lay off at a distance, spouting like vapory fountains. It was fretting to think that these creatures had their complete liberty; they could go where I could not. They were not prisoners; and it was pitiful that I had come to such a pass that I should envy these dumb brutes; but they had some human interest; they were alive, and had their loves and hates, I thought, like human beings; so they gave me something to think about.

The weather, which had been very cold, grew warmer, though we were going north. We had been obliged to keep a fire nearly all of the time in our brasier, the cabin was so very cold and damp. To do this we had gradually used up all of the partitions of the state-rooms—which were six in all—to say nothing of the loose stuff which had first supplied our fuel. May 1st, we were using the mahogany doors, which made good firing, helped out with such light work as was left about our quarters. One of the partitions had upon it my calendar, which registered in red chalk the name and date of each day, Sunday being marked with a black line; in this way I kept up an almanac, beginning with the New Year. I sacrificed it with real regret, but first copied it all into the fly-leaves of my journal. I lost my watch in the scuffle of the 29th September previous; but a good chronometer, belonging to the bark, was ample substitute as a time-keeper. I had changed the time from that of Greenwich to local time, as near as I could guess by the sun, and so regulated it every few weeks when the weather was clear.

All these little details gave me something to think of, and kept me from losing my wits altogether; at least it seems so now to me. Besides these, I had the teaching of Su Hu Yok; and, among other things, I taught him to recite in English. In this way we learned the parts of *Box and Cox* together; he got through it quite creditably, though his pronunciation was very funny. Indeed, I question if the farce was ever so farcically played elsewhere as we performed it, Su Hu Yok taking the part of the belated printer, and your humble servant playing the smug hatter and "Mrs. Bouncer" interchangeably. Our company, you see, was very limited.

But, after all, this was rather ghastly fun, though we both laughed immoderately at our own performances, Su Hu Yok's amusement being a reflection of my own, for he never appreciated the joke of the thing; but anything that amused me tickled him mightily.

On the 10th day of May, 1868, we once more came in sight of land. On the starboard bow was a high, round-topped island or headland, blue and beautiful against a cold gray sky. I should have been transported at the sight, but, for some cause, I was not. Perhaps, I thought to myself, I am losing my reason as well as all relish for the society of my kind. I keenly reproached myself for the apathy with which I gazed on the lovely sight. Yet it was only a bare-looking island, rocky, and partly covered with stunted trees. I could not tell if it was inhabited or not, and as we gradually raised it above the horizon, so that I could see the white breakers which skirted its southerly point, we fell off to the westward, and it grew dim and dimmer until it faded quite away. A gray mist soon shut in, and its cold blank wall seemed a prison around me, closing me forever from the world.

Next day, about ten o'clock in the morning, I was on deck, watching the water, which gave token of being on soundings, when the fog lifted a little, and, to my unutterable astonishment, I saw land—not a mile off! It was a low woody shore, above which rose masses of reddish rock, and farther inland I could see pale green hills, laced with melting snows. The sight was transporting. If I had been a swimmer I might have plunged in and swum for it, and never did my neglect to learn to swim seem so fatal as then. There were no signs of human life, not even a bit of sawed or hewn timber on the solitary shore; yet, as we drifted lazily by, I could hear the low wash of waves on the stony beach; I could feast my eyes on the solid earth and the blessed green of the trees. A flock of wild ducks, scared at our appearance, rose and flew over the island—*over* the island I could not reach. It smiled at me sadly and compassionately as I drifted away, out into the vague unknown sea—out into the shadows of an endless night.

This passage convinced me that we had drifted through a group or chain of islands. Possibly they were the Aleutian Islands, and we were bearing away into the Arctic regions. Visions of starvation and freezing in that mysterious circle of ice began to dawn upon me. After this year of drifting from the warm equatorial belt of the South Pacific, was it possible that we should find an icy tomb in the frozen fields of the North Pole? Yet, as the days wore on, I saw that we made a great deal of westing, and were unerringly following the great Japanese circle, the currents of which sweep around this mighty ocean. Twice during the next twenty days I saw sails, but only for a brief space, and at so great distance as to awaken no hope, which seemed now to be again quite dead.

We floated monotonously on, and gradually, as well as I could guess, began to turn southward again. The Coolies persistently worked the ship westward, as much as they were able, never realizing, apparently, that we were far north of China, to which country they were still bound to go. So, what with the dull currents and the steering of the vessel, we made

uncertain progress. But on the 20th of June we sighted two points of land—islands, apparently, lying due south, and we were drifting straight toward them, if I can call that progress straight which was made sidewise. The current had become quite strong; and although the Chinamen endeavored to keep the bark to the westward, with a brisk northwest breeze and the current, she made no headway, but drifted clumsily to the south.

By noon we were well up with the islands, the current setting us directly toward one on the port bow. It seemed as if we might be wrecked on the rocky coast; I hoped and prayed that we might. Again I cursed my carelessness for not learning to swim, and was angry for not having tried to save one of the boats which the Coolies had long since used for fuel. Nearer and near we drifted to the blessed land—the solid, solid land, looking so real and substantial after our many weary months of tossing on the restless, changing sea. Stern foremost now we floated, the land cutting off much of the breeze. Swirling around a rocky point, so near that I could see the sea-weeds on the ledges rise and fall with the tide, we opened a broad cove bordered with firs and spruce-trees. Just above the beach was a hut, from which a column of blue smoke was curling, and pulling across the placid water was a boat! Merciful Heaven! was this a mad dream? In that boat were men—white men—looking almost grotesque, they were so real, with their commonplace civilized garb. I saw no more the shore, the hut, the rising smoke, the welcome verdure of the trees, only the precious weather-beaten faces of those three men.

Astonished at the apparition of the crippled bark, they gave us a hail:—

"Ship ahoy! what ship is that?"

The accents of my native tongue, so dear and yet so strange, broke me quite down. It was weak, I know, but I cried like a child. I could make no other reply save to wave my arms in the air.

The Coolies, alarmed at the turn affairs were taking, approached, and with threatening gestures motioned me below. I recovered sufficiently to shout, "Come under our stern," and rushed down into the cabin. Su Hu Yok barricaded the door and stood guard, while I held conversation with the men who came under the cabin windows. My brief explanation was received with wonder and almost incredulity. Deliverance had come at last—at last. A few fathoms of rope, which I had kept for any possible emergency, gave us means of exit, made fast inside and leading out of one of the cabin windows. I gathered up one or two of the more precious of my treasures, gave a parting, half-regretful look at the familar walls of my prison, and slid down the rope to the boat, dazed at the suddennesss of my escape. Su Hu Yok soon followed, and we pulled off from the vessel, amidst derisive jeers from the Chinamen, who, assembled in the stern of the bark, seemed, on the whole, glad to be rid of us. It was strange to look back on the outside of the hulk which had been so long our home and prison, and now seemed so different from the trim bark *Balboa*, which, more than a year ago, had sailed gayly through the south passage of Callao Bay.

My new friends wanted to board the bark and drive the Chinamen overboard; but I persuaded them not to undertake such a rash affair. What was our handful of men against forty or fifty desperate Coolies? I was only too thankful for my deliverance; and with no thought of vengeance on the poor creatures, I saw the battered hull, which had so long been my floating prison-home, drift slowly away, and, like a phantom-ship, fade into the gray shadows of the mist which came creeping up against the wind.

Our skiff grated along in shallow water, touched the beach, and, a free man, I leaped on the welcome land once more. What feelings of devout thankfulness thrilled my heart I cannot tell. To be a year a prisoner at sea, and to be delivered thus as by a divine stroke of mercy—it was like a fantasy. But this was the solid earth, with homely weeds, and familiar rocks and trees, though in a strange land. These things were old acquaintances; these rough men were my beloved friends and brothers. I walked as one in a dream, yet surrounded by people and scenes that were a part of an every-day life ages ago. This was new; yet it was old. I had been here before; but I did not know where I was. It was a vision; yet I was awake. We were on Raukoke, one of the Kurile Islands, a continuation of the broken chain of islets which from the Aleutian Islands stretches across from Alaska towards the northeastern coast of Asia, connecting the two continents. We had passed through the chain northward, thence, making a considerable *détour* in the sea of Ochotsk, had doubled on our track and drifted outward through the Kuriles, on one of which my good fortune had stayed my progress. My rescuers were whalemen left here temporarily by the bark *Maria*, of New London, Conn., the vessel being on a short cruise just

north of the islands. A dwarfish, debased race, resembling the Aleuts, inhabit these islands, and on the south side of Raukoke was a Russian trading-post. But we were left to ourselves in "Balboa Bay," which was then and there thus christened by its new settlers.

Mine was a lovely life on Raukoke. All day long I could lie in the sunny nooks of the rocks, absorbing the restful thought that I was on the solid land and among my own countrymen. Two of these were from my native State of Massachusetts, rude, hardy men, but kindly and homelike; they reminded me of a life which seemed that of yesterday, while that of the past year, after a week, was as a dream. It was like a period of ancient history; it was a passage in an era before the Flood. Sometimes, while lying on the grass, feasting my eyes on the solid hills and living trees—poor enough and bare though they were—I felt as if the old dream of the past year were coming back again, and I had to run and take a look at the honest faces of Jerry Booden and Simeon Murch; that recalled me to the blessed reality of the present, and always restored my wandering senses. But, somehow, my life in Peru—the plantation, Baranchy, the coffee-trees, the hacienda—were all blotted out of my past. My brother was to me only in the memory of the old days of our boyhood in New England.

Early in August, the trading-schooner *Amanda Mullet*, bound to San Francisco, touched at the Raukoke trading-post, giving me an opportunity to return home, which I gladly embraced, though parting with my friends with real sorrow. Su Hu Yok and I arrived at San Francisco, after a voyage somewhat delayed, on the 19th of September, 1868, fifteen months and nineteen days from our departure from Callao. Here were ships, wharves, street-cars, carriages, hotels, and all the features of civilized life. They appeared to me like the institutions of some other sphere than ours. It required time to make me realize that they were tangible things. But in a few weeks I was on my way homeward, and on the 21st of October I astonished my brother Robert by riding up to Plantation Margarita—the dead alive, the lost found.

On the 27th of August, while we were on our way down from the Kuriles, there floated into the Bay of Hakodadi, Japan, an extraordinary apparition. It was a weather-beaten hulk, dismasted, crippled, and yet with some faint show of life on board. A few tattered and mildewed remnants of sails hung to the lower yards; from the splintered spars drooped in snaky festoons the rotting ropes and rigging, and over the battered sides dangled rusty chains. A plaintive protest from the seas, it floated on, responding to no hail, and silent to the call of the pilot off the Heads. A few strange forms were clustered about the fore-chains, as helplessly it drifted sidling on to Samonsaki Bank, grounded, and so, touching the shore of Asia, the long voyage of the *Balboa* was ended.

There is little more to tell. The Japanese authorities boarded the bark and found forty-six Coolies, who steadfastly refused to give any account of themselves. Nor was there anything about the vessel to disclose her name or nationality. They had painted out the letters from the stern, thrown log and colors overboard, and destroyed every vestige of personal property and every scrap of paper. No, not every scrap; on one of the Coolies was found his "shipping-papers," or bill of lading, on the Portuguese ship *Providenza*, once bound to Callao from Macao. This hulk was not the *Providenza*; she was known at Hakodadi. But here was the clue; and though the surviving Coolies melted away into the population of China and Japan, the story of their phantom-ship followed me, and in Callao I finally united the threads of this strange story, and the great circle of the Pacific was complete.

BACK-LOG STUDIES.—III.

I.

HERBERT said, as we sat by the fire one night, that he wished he had turned his attention to writing poetry like Tennyson's.

The remark was not whimsical, but satirical. Tennyson is a man of talent, who happened to strike a lucky vein, which he has worked with cleverness. The adventurer with a pick-ax in Washoe may happen upon like good fortune. The world is full of poetry as the earth is of "pay-dirt;" one only needs to know how to "strike" it. An able man can make himself almost anything that he will. It is melancholy to think how many epic poets have been lost in the tea-trade, how many dramatists (though the age of the drama has passed), have wasted their genius in great mercantile and mechanical enterprises. I know a man who might have been the poet, the essayist, perhaps the critic of this country, who chose to become a county-judge, to sit day after day upon a bench in an obscure corner of the world, listening to wrangling lawyers and prevaricating witnesses, preferring to judge his fellow-men rather than enlighten them.

It is fortunate for the vanity of the living and the reputation of the dead that men get almost as much credit for what they do not as for what they do. It was the opinion of many that Burns might have excelled as a statesman, or have been a great captain in war; and Mr. Carlyle says that if he had been sent to a University, and become a trained intellectual workman, it lay in him to have changed the whole course of British literature! A large undertaking, as so vigorous and dazzling a writer as Mr. Carlyle must know by this time, since British literature has swept by him in a resistless and widening flood, mainly uncontaminated, and leaving his grotesque contrivances wrecked on the shore with other curiosities of letters, and yet among the richest of all the treasures lying there.

It is a temptation to a temperate man to become a sot, to hear what talent, what versatality, what genius is almost always attributed to a moderately-bright man who is habitually drunk. Such a mechanic, such a mathematician, such a poet he would be, if he were only sober; and then he is sure to be the most generous, magnanimous, friendly soul, conscientiously honorable, if he were not so conscientiously drunk. I suppose it is now notorious that the most brilliant and promising men have been lost to the world in this way. It is sometimes almost painful to think what a surplus of talent and genius there would be in the world if the habit of intoxication should suddenly cease; and what a slim chance there would be for the plodding people who have always had tolerably good habits. The fear is only mitigated by the observation that the reputation of a person for great talent sometimes ceases with his reformation.

It is believed by some that the maidens who would make the best wives never marry, but remain free, to bless the world with their impartial sweetness and make it generally habitable. This is one of the mysteries of Providence and New England life. It seems a pity, at first sight, that all those who become poor wives have the matrimonial chance, and that they are deprived of the reputation of those who would be good wives were they not set apart for the high and perpetual office of priestesses of society. There is no beauty like that which was spoiled by an accident, no accomplishments and graces are so to be envied as those that circumstances rudely hindered the development of. All of which shows what a charitable and good-tempered world it is, notwithstanding its reputation for cynicism and detraction.

Nothing is more beautiful than the belief of the faithful wife that her husband has all the talents, and could, if he would, be distinguished in any walk in life; and nothing will be more beautiful—unless this is a very dry-time for signs—than the husband's belief that his wife is capable of taking charge of any of the affairs of this confused planet. There is no woman but thinks that her husband, the green-grocer, could write poetry if he had given his mind to it, or else she thinks small beer of poetry in comparison with an occupation or accomplishment purely vegetable. It is touching to see the look of pride with which the wife turns to her husband from any more brilliant personal presence or display of wit than his, in the perfect confidence that if the world knew what she knows there would be one more popular idol. How she magnifies his small wit, and dotes upon the self-satisfied look in his face as if it were a sign of wisdom. What a councilor that man would make! What a warrior he would be! There are a great many corporals in their retired homes who did more

for the safety and success of our armies in critical moments, in the late war, than any of the "high-cock-a-lorum" commanders. Mrs. Corporal does not envy the reputation of Gen. Sheridan; she knows very well who really won Five Forks, for she has heard the story a hundred times, and will hear it a hundred times more with apparently unabated interest. What a general her husband would have made; and how his talking talent could shine in Congress!

HERBERT. Nonsense. There isn't a wife in the world who has not taken the exact measure of her husband, weighed him and settled him in her own mind, and knows him as well as if she had ordered him after designs and specifications of her own. That knowledge, however, she ordinarily keeps to herself, and she enters into a league with her husband, which he was never admitted to the secret of, to impose upon the world. In nine out of ten cases he more than half believes that he is what his wife tells him he is. At any rate she manages him as easily as the keeper does the elephant, with only a bamboo wand and a sharp spike in the end. Usually she flatters him, but she has the means of pricking clear through his hide on occasion. It is the great secret of her power to have him think that she thoroughly believes in him.

THE YOUNG LADY STAYING WITH US. And you call this hypocrisy? I have heard authors, who thought themselves sly observers of women, call it so.

HERBERT. Nothing of the sort. It is the basis on which society rests, the conventional agreement. If society is about to be overturned, it is on this point. Women are beginning to tell men what they really think of them; and to insist that the same relations of downright sincerity and independence that exist between men shall exist between women and men. Absolute truth between souls, without regard to sex, has always been the ideal life of the poets.

THE MISTRESS. Yes; but there was never a poet yet who would bear to have his wife say exactly what she thought of his poetry, any more than he would keep his temper if his wife beat him at chess; and there is nothing that disgusts a man like getting beaten at chess by a woman.

HERBERT. Well, women know how to win by losing. I think that the reason why most women do not want to take the ballot and stand out in the open for a free trial of power, is that they are reluctant to change the certain domination of centuries, with weapons they are perfectly competent to handle, for an experiment. I think we should be better off if women were more transparent, and men were not so systematically puffed-up by the subtle flattery which is used to control them.

MANDEVILLE. Deliver me from transparency. When a woman takes that guise, and begins to convince me that I can see through her like a ray of light, I must run or be lost. Transparent women are the truly dangerous. There was one on ship-board [Mandeville likes to say that; he has just returned from a little tour in Europe, and he quite often begins his remarks with, "on the ship going over;" the Young Lady declares that he has a sort of roll in his chair, when he says it, that makes her sea-sick] who was the most innocent, artless, guileless, natural bunch of lace and feathers you ever saw; she was all candor and helplessness and dependence; she sang like a nightingale and talked like a nun. There never was such simplicity. There wasn't a sounding-line on board that would have gone to the bottom of her soulful eyes. But she managed the captain and all the officers, and controlled the ship as if she had been the helm. All the passengers were waiting on her, fetching this and that for her comfort, inquiring of her health, talking about her genuineness, and exhibiting as much anxiety to get her ashore in safety, as if she had been about to knight them all and give them a castle a-piece when they came to land.

THE MISTRESS. What harm? It shows what I have always said, that the service of a noble woman is the most ennobling influence for men.

MANDEVILLE. If she is noble, and not a mere manager. I watched this woman to see if she would ever do anything for any one else. She never did.

THE FIRE TENDER. Did you ever see her again? I presume Mandeville has introduced her here for some purpose.

MANDEVILLE. No purpose. But we did see her on the Rhine; she was the most disgusted traveler, and seemed to be in very ill humor with her maid. I judged that her happiness depended upon establishing controlling relations with all about her. On this Rhine boat, to be sure, there was reason for disgust. And that reminds me of a remark that was made.

THE YOUNG LADY. Oh!

MANDEVILLE. When we got aboard at Mayence we were conscious of a dreadful odor somewhere; as it was a foggy morning, we could see no cause of it, but concluded it

was from something on the wharf. The fog lifted and we got under way, but the odor traveled with us, and increased. We went to every part of the vessel to avoid it, but in vain. It occasionally reached us in great waves of disagreeableness. We had heard of the odors of the towns on the Rhine, but we had no idea that the entire stream was infected. It was intolerable.

The day was lovely, and the passengers stood about on deck holding their noses and admiring the scenery. You might see a row of them leaning over the side, gazing up at some old ruin or ivied crag, entranced with the romance of the situation, and all holding their noses with thumb and finger. The sweet Rhine! By-and-by somebody discovered that the odor came from a pile of cheese on the forward deck, covered with a canvas; it seemed that the Rhinelanders are so fond of it that they take it with them when they travel. If there should ever be war between us and Germany, the borders of the Rhine would need no other defence from American soldiers than a barricade of this cheese. I went to the stern of the steamboat to tell a stout American traveler what was the origin of the odor he had been trying to dodge all the morning. He looked more disgusted than before, when he heard that it was cheese; but his only reply was: "It must be a merciful God who can forgive a smell like that!"

II.

The above is introduced here in order to illustrate the usual effect of an anecdote on conversation. Commonly it kills it. That talk must be very well in hand, and under great headway, that an anecdote, thrown in front of, will not pitch off the track and wreck. And it makes little difference what the anecdote is; a poor one depresses the spirits and casts a gloom over the company; a good one begets others, and the talkers go to telling stories; which is very good entertainment in moderation, but is not to be mistaken for that unwearying flow of argument, quaint remark, humorous color, and sprightly interchange of sentiments and opinions, called conversation.

The reader will perceive that all hope is gone here of deciding whether Herbert could have written Tennyson's poems, or whether Tennyson could have dug as much money out of the Heliogabalus Lode as Herbert did. The more one sees of life, I think the impression deepens that men, after all, play about the parts assigned them, according to their mental and moral gifts, which are limited and preordained, and that their entrances and exits are governed by a law no less certain because it is hidden. Perhaps nobody ever accomplishes all that he feels lies in him to do; but nearly every one who tries his powers touches the walls of his being occasionally, and learns about how far to attempt to spring. There are no impossibilities to youth and inexperience; but when a person has tried several times to reach high C and been coughed down, he is quite content to go down among the chorus. It is only the fools who keep straining at high C all their lives.

MANDEVILLE here began to say that that reminded him of something that happened when he was on the—

But HERBERT cut in with the observation, that no matter what a man's single and several capacities and talents might be, he is controlled by his own mysterious individuality, which is what metaphysicians call the substance, all else being the mere accidents of the man. And this is the reason that we cannot with any certainty tell what any person will do or amount to, for, while we know his talents and abilities, we do not know the resulting whole, which is he, himself.

THE FIRE TENDER. So if you could take all the first-class qualities that we admire in men and women, and put them together into one being, you wouldn't be sure of the result?

HERBERT. Certainly not. You would probably have a monster. It takes a cook of long experience, with the best materials, to make a dish "taste good;" and the "taste good" is the indefinable essence, the resulting balance or harmony which makes man or woman agreeable, or beautiful, or effective in the world.

THE YOUNG LADY. That must be the reason why novelists fail so lamentably in almost all cases in creating good characters. They put in real traits, talents, dispositions, but the result of the synthesis is something that never was seen on earth before.

THE FIRE TENDER. Oh, a good character in fiction is an inspiration. We admit this in poetry. It is as true of such creations as Colonel Newcomb, and Ethel, and Beatrix Esmond. There is no patch-work about them.

THE YOUNG LADY. Why wasn't Thackeray ever inspired to create a noble woman?

THE FIRE TENDER. That is the standing conundrum with all the women. They will not accept Ethel Newcomb even. Perhaps we shall have to admit that Thackeray was a writer for men.

HERBERT. Scott and the rest had drawn so many perfect women that Thackeray thought it was time for a real one.

THE MISTRESS. That's ill-natured. Thackeray did, however, make ladies. If he had depicted, with his searching pen, any of us just as we are, I doubt if we should have liked it much.

MANDEVILLE. That's just it. Thackeray never pretended to make ideals, and if the best novel is an idealization of human nature, then he was not the best novelist. When I was crossing the channel—

THE MISTRESS. Oh, dear, if we are to go to sea again, Mandeville, I move we have in the nuts and apples, and talk about our friends.

III.

There is this advantage in getting back to a wood-fire on the hearth, that you return to a kind of simplicity; you can scarcely imagine any one being stiffly conventional in front of it. It thaws out formality, and puts the company who sit around it into easy attitudes of mind and body,—lounging attitudes, Herbert said.

And this brought up the subject of culture in America, especially as to manner. The back-log period having passed, we are beginning to have in society people of the cultured manner, as it is called, or polished bearing, in which the polish is the most noticeable thing about the man. Not the courtliness, the easy simplicity of the old-school gentleman, in whose presence the milkmaid was as much at her ease as the countess, but something far finer than this. These are the people of unruffled demeanor, who never forget it for a moment, and never let you forget it. Their presence is a constant rebuke to society. They are never "jolly;" their laugh is never anything more than a well-bred smile; they are never betrayed into any enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is a sign of inexperience, of ignorance, of want of culture. They never lose themselves in any cause; they never heartily praise any man or woman or book; they are superior to all tides of feeling and all outbursts of passion. They are not even shocked at vulgarity. They are simply indifferent. They are calm, visibly calm, painfully calm; and it is not the eternal, majestic calmness of the Sphinx either, but a rigid, self-conscious repression. You would like to put a bent pin in their chair when they are about calmly to sit down.

A setting hen on her nest is calm, but hopeful; she has faith that her eggs are not china. These people appear to be setting on china eggs. Perfect culture has refined all blood, warmth, flavor, out of them. We admire them without envy. They are too beautiful in their manners to be either prigs or snobs. They are at once our models and our despair. They are properly careful of themselves as models, for they know that if they should break, society would become a scene of mere animal confusion.

MANDEVILLE. I think that the best-bred people in the world are the English.

THE YOUNG LADY. You mean at home.

MANDEVILLE. That's where I saw them.* There is no nonsense about a cultivated English man or woman. They express themselves sturdily and naturally, and with no subservience to the opinions of others. There's a sort of hearty sincerity about them that I like. Ages of culture on the island have gone deeper than the surface, and they have simpler and more natural manners than we. There is something good in the full, round tones of their voices.

HERBERT. Did you ever get into a diligence with a growling Englishman who hadn't secured the place he wanted?

THE MISTRESS. Did you ever see an English exquisite at the San Carlo, and hear him cry "Bwavo"?

MANDEVILLE. At any rate, he acted out his nature, and wasn't afraid to.

THE FIRE TENDER. I think Mandeville is right, for once. The men of the best culture in England, in the middle and higher social classes, are what you would call good fellows,—easy and simple in manner, enthusiastic on occasion, and decidedly not cultivated into the smooth calmness of indifference which some Americans seem to regard as the *sine qua non* of good breeding. Their position is so assured that they do not need that lacquer of calmness of which we were speaking.

THE YOUNG LADY. Which is different from the manner acquired by those who live a great deal in American hotels?

THE MISTRESS. Or the Washington manner?

HERBERT. The last two are the same.

THE FIRE TENDER. Not exactly. You think you can always tell if a man has learned his society carriage of a dancing-master. Well, you cannot always tell by a person's manner whether he is a *habitué* of hotels or of Washington. But these are distinct from

* Mandeville once spent a week in London, riding about on the tops of omnibuses.

the perfect polish and politeness of indifferentism.

IV.

Daylight disenchants. It draws one from the fireside and dissipates the idle illusions of conversation, except under certain conditions. Let us say that the conditions are: a house in the country, with some forest-trees near, and a few evergreens, which are Christmas-trees all winter long, fringed with snow, glistening with ice-pendents, cheerful by day and grotesque by night; a snow-storm beginning out of a dark sky, falling in a soft profusion that fills all the air; its dazzling whiteness making a light near at hand, which is quite lost in the distant darkling spaces.

If one begins to watch the swirling flakes and crystals he soon gets an impression of infinity of resources, that he can have from nothing else so powerfully, except it be from Adirondack gnats. Nothing makes one feel at home like a great snow-storm. Our intelligent cat will quit the fire and sit for hours in the low window, watching the falling snow with a serious and contented air. His thoughts are his own, but he is in accord with the subtlest agencies of Nature; on such a day he is charged with enough electricity to run a telegraphic battery, if it could be utilized. The connection between thought and electricity has not been exactly determined, but the cat is mentally very alert in certain conditions of the atmosphere. Feasting his eyes on the beautiful out doors does not prevent his attention to the slightest noise in the wainscot. And the snow-storm brings content, but not stupidity, to all the rest of the household.

I can see Mandeville now, rising from his arm-chair and swinging his long arms as he strides to the window, and looks out and up, with, "Well, I declare." Herbert is pretending to read Herbert Spencer's tract on the philosophy of style; but he loses much time in looking at the young lady, who is writing a letter, holding her portfolio in her lap—one of her everlasting letters to one of her fifty everlasting friends. She is one of the female patriots who save the post-office department from being a disastrous loss to the treasury. Herbert is thinking of the great radical difference in the two sexes, which legislation will probably never change; that leads a woman always to write letters on her lap and a man on a table—a distinction which is commended to the notice of the anti-suffragists.

The Mistress, in a pretty little breakfast-cap, is moving about the room with a feather-duster, whisking invisible dust from the picture-frames, and talking with the Parson, who has just come in, and is thawing the snow from his boots on the hearth. The Parson says the thermometer is 15° and going down; that there is a snow-drift across the main church entrance three feet high, and that the house looks as if it had gone into winter quarters, religion and all. There were only ten persons at the conference meeting last night, and seven of those were women; he wonders how many weather-proof Christians there are in the parish, anyhow.

The Fire Tender is in the adjoining library, pretending to write; but it is a poor day for ideas. He has written his wife's name about eleven hundred times, and cannot get any further. He hears the Mistress tell the Parson that she believes he is trying to write a lecture on the Celtic Influence in Literature. The Parson says that it is a first-rate subject, if there were any such influence, and asks why he doesn't take a shovel and make a path to the gate. Mandeville says that, by George, he himself should like no better fun, but it wouldn't look well for a visitor to do it. The Fire Tender, not to be disturbed by this sort of chaff, keeps on writing his wife's name.

Then the Parson and the Mistress fall to talking about the soup-relief, and about old Mrs. Grumples in Pig Alley, who had a present of one of Stowe's Illustrated Self-Acting Bibles on Christmas, when she hadn't coal enough in the house to heat her gruel; and about a family behind the church, a widow and six little children and three dogs; and he didn't believe that any of them had known what it was to be warm in three weeks, and as to food, the woman said, she could hardly beg cold victuals enough to keep the dogs alive.

The Mistress slipped out into the kitchen to fill a basket with provisions and send it somewhere; and when the Fire Tender brought in a new fore-stick, Mandeville, who always wants to talk, and had been sitting drumming his feet and drawing deep sighs, attacked him.

MANDEVILLE. Speaking about culture and manners, did you ever notice how extremes meet, and that the savage bears himself very much like the sort of cultured persons we were talking of last night?

THE FIRE TENDER. In what respect?

MANDEVILLE. Well, you take the North American Indian. He is never interested in anything, never surprised at anything. He has by nature that calmness and indifference which your people of culture have acquired. If he should go into literature as a critic, he

would scalp and tomahawk with the same emotionless composure, and he would do nothing else.

THE FIRE TENDER. Then you think the red man is a born gentleman of the highest breeding?

MANDEVILLE. I think he is calm.

THE FIRE TENDER. How is it about the war-path and all that?

MANDEVILLE. Oh, these studiously calm and cultured people may have malice underneath. It takes them to give the most effective "little digs;" they know how to stick in the pine-splinters and set fire to them.

HERBERT. But there is more in Mandeville's idea. You bring a red man into a picture gallery, or a city full of fine architecture, or into a drawing-room crowded with objects of art and beauty, and he is apparently insensible to them all. Now I have seen country people,—and by country people I don't mean people necessarily who live in the country, for everything is mixed in these days, —some of the best people in the world, intelligent, honest, sincere, who acted as the Indian would.

THE MISTRESS. Herbert, if I didn't know you were cynical, I should say you were snobbish.

HERBERT. Such people think it a point of breeding never to speak of anything in your house, nor to appear to notice it, however beautiful it may be; even to slyly glance around strains their notion of etiquette. They are like the countryman who confessed afterwards that he could hardly keep from laughing at one of Yankee Hill's entertainments.

THE YOUNG LADY. Do you remember those English people at our house in Flushing last summer, who pleased us all so much with their apparent delight in everything that was artistic or tasteful, who explored the rooms and looked at everything, and were *so* interested? I suppose that Herbert's country relations, many of whom live in the city, would have thought it very ill-bred.

MANDEVILLE. It's just as I said. The English, the best of them, have become so civilized that they express themselves, in speech and action, naturally, and are not afraid of their emotions.

THE PARSON. I wish Mandeville would travel more, or that he had stayed at home. It's wonderful what a fit of Atlantic sea-sickness will do for a man's judgment and cultivation. He is prepared to pronounce on art, manners, all kinds of culture. There is more nonsense talked about culture than about anything else.

HERBERT. The Parson reminds me of an American country minister I once met walking through the Vatican. You couldn't impose upon him with any rubbish; he tested everything by the standards of his native place, and there was little that could bear the test. He had the sly air of a man who could not be deceived, and he went about with his mouth in a pucker of incredulity. There is nothing so placid as rustic conceit. There was something very enjoyable about his calm superiority to all the treasures of art.

MANDEVILLE. And the Parson reminds *me* of another American minister, a consul in an Italian city, who said he was going up to Rome to have a thorough talk with the Pope, and give him a piece of his mind. Ministers seem to think that is their business. They serve it in such small pieces in order to make it go round.

THE PARSON. Mandeville is an infidel. Come, let's have some music; nothing else will keep him in good humor till lunch time.

THE MISTRESS. What shall it be?

THE PARSON. Give us the *larghetto* from Beethoven's second symphony.

The young lady puts aside her portfolio. Herbert looks at the young lady. The Parson composes himself for critical purposes. Mandeville settles himself in a chair and stretches his long legs nearly into the fire, remarking that music takes the tangles out of him.

After the piece is finished lunch is announced. It is still snowing.

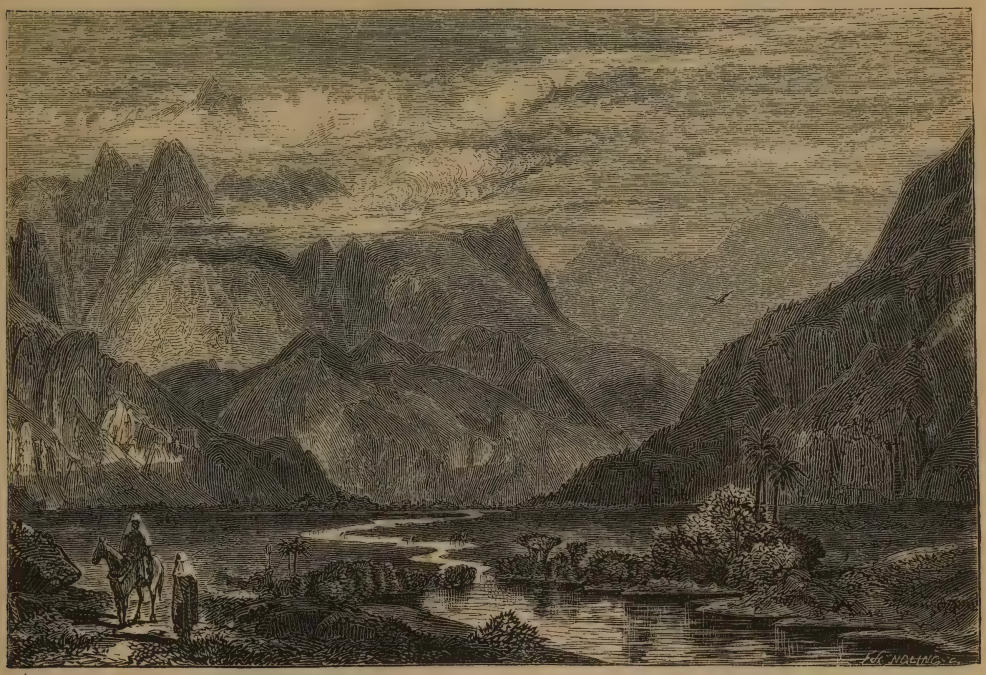
MY HICKORY FIRE.

Oh helpless body of hickory tree,
What do I burn, in burning thee?
Summers of sun, winters of snow,
Springs full of sap's resistless flow;
All past year's joys of garnered fruits;
All this year's purposed buds and shoots;
Secrets of fields of upper air,
Secrets which stars and planets share;
Light of such smiles as broad skies fling;
Sound of such tunes as wild winds sing;
Voices which told where gay birds dwelt,
Voices which told where lovers knelt;—
Oh, strong white body of hickory tree,
How dare I burn all these, in thee?

But I too bring, as to a pyre,
Sweet things to feed thy funeral fire:
Memories waked by thy deep spell;
Faces of fears and hopes which fell;
Faces of darlings long since dead—
Smiles that they smiled, and words they said;
Like living shapes they come and go,
Lit by the mounting flame's red glow.
But sacredest of all, O, tree,
Thou hast the hour my love gave me.
Only thy rhythmic silence stirred
While his low-whispered tones I heard;
By thy last gleam of flickering light
I saw his cheek turn red from white;
O cold gray ashes, side by side
With yours, that hour's sweet pulses died!

But thou, brave tree, how do I know
That through these fires thou dost not go
As in old days the martyrs went
Through fire which was a sacrament?
How do I know thou dost not wait
In longing for thy next estate?—
Estate of higher, nobler place,
Whose shapes no man can use or trace.
How do I know, if I could reach
The secret meaning of thy speech,
But I thy song of praise should hear,
Ringing triumphant, loud and clear,—
The waiting angels could discern,
And token of thy Heaven learn?
Oh, glad, freed soul of hickory tree,
Wherever thine eternity,
Bear thou with thee that hour's dear name,
Made pure, like thee, by rites of flame!

THE HEART OF ARABIA.*



A VALLEY IN OMAN.

THE Peninsula of Arabia, forming the extreme southwestern corner of Asia, is partly detached, both in a geographical and historical sense, from the remainder of the continent. Although parts of it are mentioned in the oldest historical records, and its shores were probably familiar to the earliest navigators, the greater portion of its territory has always remained almost inaccessible and unknown. But unknown only to the geographer and the traveler; for picturesque episodes of its history, of the sense of honor, the refinement and generosity of its people, fragments of the strains of its poets, and traditions of the deeds of its heroes have drifted over its border and found their way into the literature of Europe. Its one great religious reformer—comparing the faith he taught with that which it overthrew—has stamped his whole life upon the annals of the world. Its rude original tribes nurtured the men who ruled in Bagdad, Cordova, and Granada, and who taught, while they menaced, the Europe of the Middle Ages. From the bosom of this mysterious region, guarded by barriers of burning sand, came much of the power, and splendor, and science, which gave the first impetus to the growth of our present civilization. Our long ignorance of Arabia is chiefly owing to the early antagonism of the races. While they stood face to face, for centuries, as rival claimants for the mastery of the world, their reciprocal enmity and prejudice prevented each from knowing, or even wishing truly to know, the other. When "Mahound" was an Antichrist in the eyes of Christians, and all Christians were Polytheists in those of the followers of Islam, even a dispassionate comparison of the differences between them was impossible. Indeed, at this day, only the few are aware of the reverence in which Christ was held by Mohammed, and is still held by the Moslem. The wars of nearly a thousand years so confirmed and intensified this antagonism, that we have been obliged to wait until the West has been able to give back to the East its lost arts,—until the sons of Islam have been forced to base their political power upon systems developed under the influence of Christianity,—in order to behold ancient Arabia in the light of intelligent report.

Indeed, the interior of the great peninsula has never been carefully explored until within the last ten years. It has been inhabited by the same race since the earliest times, and

* *Arabia*, by Bayard Taylor. Chas. Scribner & Co.



PILGRIMS TO MECCA.

appears to have changed less, in the course of at least three thousand years, than any other country on the globe, not excepting China. We have no record of either the Babylonian, Egyptian, Persian, or Assyrian empires having succeeded in gaining possession of more than the narrow coast region. Alexander the Great, it is true, made preparations for a journey of conquest, but it was prevented by his death; and Trajan is the only Roman emperor who penetrated into the interior. From his time until the expedition of Ibrahim Pasha against the Wahabees, in 1818, we have scarcely any record of the history of those fertile regions in the heart of Arabia, where the race attained, and still preserves, its highest culture, —where an ante-Mohammedan age of epic poetry flourished, which produced almost fabulous models of honor, courage, and generosity, and whence were drawn the germs of that art and science which made illustrious the reigns of the Abbassides and the Ommiades.

The fair land of Nedjed, the home of the aristocratic horse, haunted by the heroic shadows of Hatem and Antar, has seemed to us almost like that Arab myth of the gardens of Irem, which lie beyond the mirage of the Desert, sometimes visible to the eyes of the traveler, but never to be trodden by his foot. Now, when an intrepid Englishman penetrates that guarded region, and lifts the immemorial mystery from its life and landscapes, we are all the more delighted to find that our picturesque fancies are at least half justified by the reality.

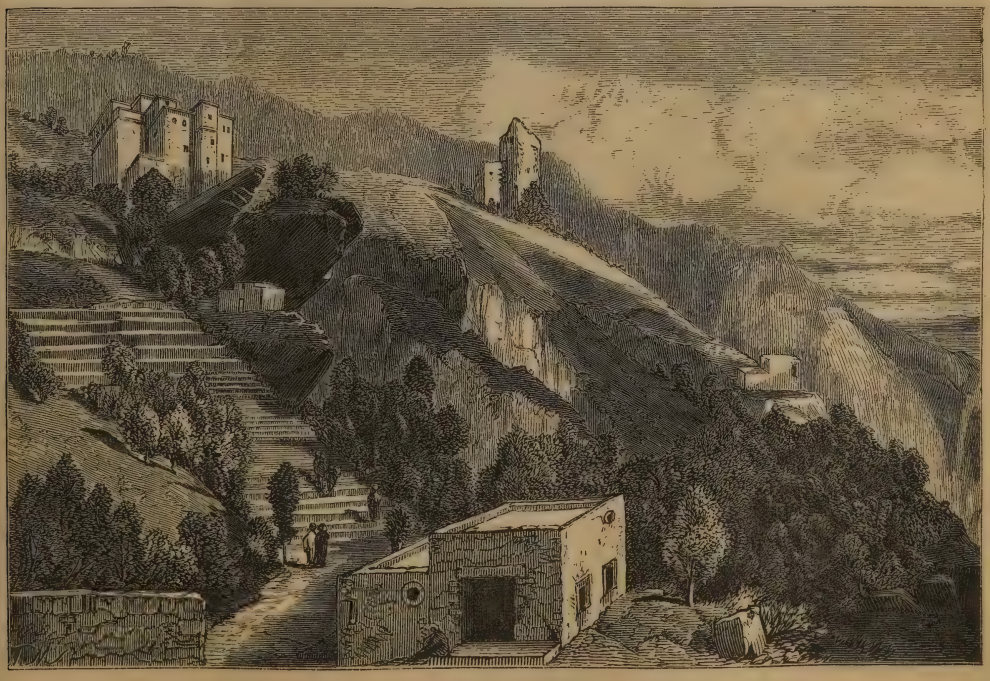
The explorations of Arabia commenced, of course, with its habitable coast-belt, reaching, with a few interruptions, from Suez around to Bassora, at the mouth of the Euphrates. The small commercial ports of the Hedjaz, of Yemen and Hadramaut (which we still know better as Teman, Sheba or Sabæa, and *Arabia Felix*), and of Oman and Ormuz, have known the Frank trader, and occasionally a curious wanderer from Europe, for many centuries; but their very smallness,

and the restricted character of the trade, made it easy to prevent the stranger from penetrating into the interior.

The two or three Europeans who succeeded in reaching Mecca, previous to our day, were either renegades,—like the Italian Bartema, in the sixteenth century; or slaves and compulsory Moslem,—like the Englishman Pitts. Burckhardt, the discoverer of Petra, was the first traveler who visited the holy cities with the special design of describing them. But the first European traveler to whom we are indebted for a thorough account of an interesting portion of Arabia is Carsten Niebuhr (father of the celebrated historian of Rome), who was sent on a scientific expedition to the Orient, in 1761, by the government of Denmark. He reached the port of Loheia, in Yemen, in December of the following year, and spent eight or nine months in a series of journeys through the mountain regions of the ancient Sheba. He adopted the native dress, rode upon a donkey, and traveled in such simple style, accommodating himself to the customs of the people, that he seems never to have encountered any serious difficulty. He even succeeded in reaching Sana, the capital of Yemen, and had a friendly interview with the Sultan.

Niebuhr was the first European to visit the famous coffee-hills of Yemen, the original home of that precious tree, where its berry still has a flavor and fragrance which it seems impossible to transplant. His description of the abrupt change from the burning plains of the low country to high, steep basaltic hills, with their tumbling cascades, their terraces of shade, and the busy friendly people employed in the orchards, vividly reproduces his own delight in the reader's mind. "The coffee-trees were all in flower at Bulgosa, and exhaled an exquisitely agreeable perfume. They are planted upon terraces, in the form of an amphitheater. Most of them are only watered by the rains that fall, but some, indeed, from large reservoirs upon the heights, in which spring-water is collected, in order to be sprinkled upon the terraces, where the trees grow so thick together that the rays of the sun can hardly enter among their branches." When Niebuhr returned to Denmark, five years afterwards, he was the sole survivor of the party of six sent out by the government. In extreme old age, when he had become totally blind, his great solace was to recall, in memory, the warm, bright landscapes of Yemen, as he had beheld them fifty years before. They were still so glowing that they beguiled him into forgetfulness of his own darkness.

Burckhardt's journey to Mecca and Me-



COFFEE-HILLS OF YEMEN



CAMP AT MOUNT ARAFAT.

deeneh was made in the year 1814. It was, apparently, not a part of his original plan of exploration, but it was very admirably and successfully carried out. His Arabic studies had been so thorough, and he was so familiar, after a residence of several years in the East, with all the minor customs and ceremonials of the people, that he was able to pass triumphantly through every test of his assumed character. He made the pilgrimage in company with Mohammed Ali and two of his sons, so that he saw the ceremonies at Mecca and Mount Arafat under circumstances of unusual pomp and splendor. His account of the great Mosque of Mecca,—called the *Beit Allah*, or "House of God,"—with the Kaaba and its famous black stone, and his description of Medeeneh (which he visited on the return journey to Egypt), are exceedingly clear and satisfactory. In fact, they leave nothing to the imagination; for even the picturesque features of the great pilgrimage seem to have impressed him but slightly.

Captain Burton's narrative of the same journey, forty years later, is much more lively and exciting. His original design was to cross the Arabian Peninsula, exploring the unknown land of Nedjed by the way; but he failed to obtain a sufficient leave of absence from the East India Company, in whose service he then was, and decided to prove at least his fitness for the task, by making the pilgrimage to the holy cities. His long residence in India enabled him to assume the character of an Affghan Mohammedan, which he maintained with little trouble and without exciting much suspicion.

Sailing from Suez in an Arab vessel for Yambo, the port of Medeeneh, he started inland with the company of pilgrims from the latter port, and after a week of severe travel came in sight of the holy city, famous for the tomb of the Prophet. His description of this first view is a good specimen of his power as a painter in words:—"As we looked eastward, the sun arose out of the horizon of low hills, blurred and dotted with small tufted trees, which gained a giant stature from the morning mists, and the earth was stained with gold and purple. Before us lay a spacious plain, bounded in front by the undulating ground of Nedjed; on the left was a grim barrier of rocks, the celebrated Mount Ohod, with a clump of verdure and a white dome or two nestling at its base. Rightward, broad streaks of lilac-colored mists were thick with gathered dew, there pierced and thinned by the morning rays, stretched over the date groves and the gardens of Kuba, which stood out in emerald

green from the dull tawny surface of the plain. Below, at the distance of about two miles, lay El Medina; at first sight it appeared a large place, but a closer inspection proved the impression to be an erroneous one."

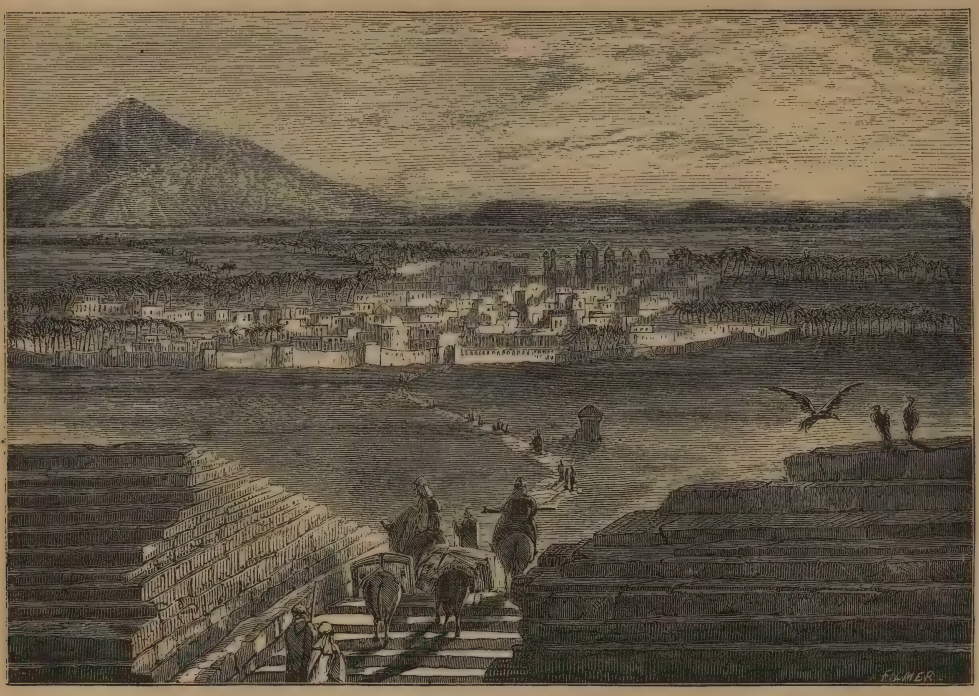
Burton's route from Medeeneh to Mecca was not the same as that traversed by Burckhardt, and his description of the country is much more minute and graphic. He sketches the singular villages on the borders of Hedjaz, built at the foot of basaltic hills, each with its surrounding gardens and groves of date-palm; the tracts of desolation where, as his Arab companion said, "there is nothing but He (Allah)," and where Nature, scalped and flayed, discovered her unsightly anatomy; the rocky passes, haunts of lurking robbers whose volleys of musketry are the first indication of their presence; and finally, the rich orange orchards, the streams and balmy gardens which heralded their approach to the capital of Islam.



CAPTAIN BURTON AS A PILGRIM.

Burton took part in all the ceremonies at Mecca and Mount Arafat. His account corresponds in all essential particulars with that of his predecessor, but he made the additional discovery that the black stone of the Kaaba, which fell from heaven, is, indeed, an aërolite. He concludes his description of a sermon, preached in the great mosque of Mecca, with these words:—"I have seen the religious ceremonies of many lands; but never—nowhere—aught so solemn, so impressive, as this spectacle." The duties of the Moslem pilgrimage, as described by him, are many and complicated, but there is nothing veiled or mysterious: it is simply a rude symbolism which has been attached to the original faith. When—probably at no very distant day—Mecca shall be free to the Christian traveler, we may have new pictures of the city and its people, but we shall find little more to learn concerning the ceremonials of their religion.

To Mr. William Gifford Palgrave, however, the palm of Arabian exploration is due. Like Niebuhr, the son of a historian (his



MEDEENEH, FROM THE WEST.

father was Sir Francis Palgrave), he betrays a similar courage, skill, and power of endurance, and an equal enthusiasm for the brilliant, fascinating features of Oriental life. Although the Swede, Wallin, a few years before him, had crossed the Arabian Peninsula, Palgrave was the first to reach Nedjed,—the Heart of Arabia,—to successfully brave the suspicion of the fierce Wahabees, and come back to us with a clear and full account of that strange region. His qualifications for the undertaking were in some respects superior to those of either Burckhardt or Burton. To a high degree of general culture, and a vigorous and picturesque style as a writer, he added a knowledge of the Arabic language and literature equal to that of any native scholar; he spoke the language as well as his mother tongue; his features were sufficiently Oriental to disarm suspicion, and years of residence in the East had rendered him entirely familiar with the habits of the people,—even with all those minor forms of etiquette which are so rarely acquired by a stranger. His narrative, therefore, is as admirable and satisfactory in its character as the fields he traversed were new and fascinating.

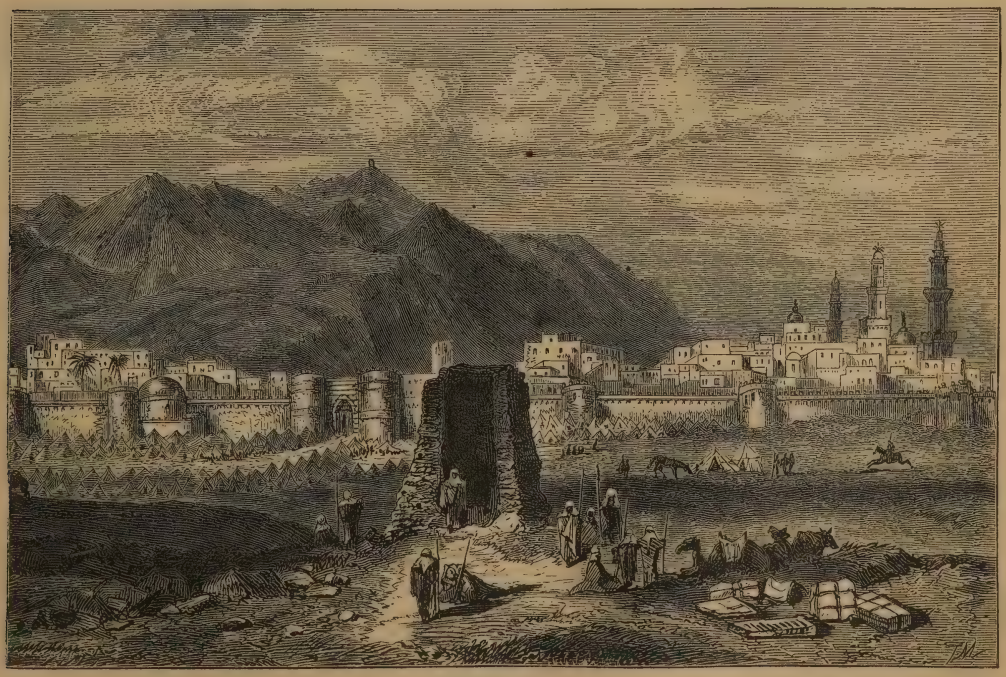
After having prepared himself by some years of residence at Damascus, Palgrave associated with him an intelligent native Syrian, named Barakat, and commenced his hazardous journey. He assumed the character of a physician, relying for his means chiefly upon the patronage which he might receive by the way. Starting from Gaza, he crossed the rugged land of Edom, and without much difficulty reached the little town of Ma'an, to the eastward of Petra, and on the edge of the great Arabian Desert. Beyond this all was unknown, mysterious, and dangerous. Palgrave's description of the commencement of his long journey is very impressive:—"It was the evening of the 16th of June, 1862; the largest stars were already visible in the deep blue depths of a cloudless sky, while the crescent moon, high to the west, shone as she shines in those heavens, and promised us assistance for some hours of our night march. We were soon mounted on our meager long-necked beasts, 'as if,' according to the expression of an Arab poet, 'we and our men were at mast-heads,' and now we set our faces to the east. Behind us lay, in a mass of dark outline, the walls and castle of Ma'an, its houses and gardens, and farther back in the distance the high and barren range of the Sheraa' mountains, merging into the coast chain of Hejaz. Before and around us extended a wide and level plain, blackened over with countless peb-

bles of basalt and flint, except where the moonbeams gleamed white on little intervening patches of clear sand, or on yellowish streaks of withered grass, the scanty product of the winter rains, and dried now into hay. Over all a deep silence, which even our Arab companions seemed fearful of breaking; when they spoke it was in a half whisper and in a few words, while the noiseless tread of our camels sped stealthily but rapidly through the gloom, without disturbing its stillness."

The nearest inhabited district of Central Arabia, for which they were first bound, was the Djowf, a kind of outlying station, belonging to the large and fertile region called Djebel Shomer. The distance to be traversed was something more than two hundred miles, over a waterless waste haunted by marauding tribes of Bedouins. They were obliged to travel partly by night, to endure the torments of hunger and thirst, and to conciliate, by cunning, the natives whom they found encamped near brackish springs; but, after fourteen days of hardships, including a narrow escape from being overwhelmed in a sand-storm, their courage was rewarded, when they had threaded the last burning pass between the naked hills, by a sudden and splendid burst of landscape. A broad, deep valley, descending by ledges far into the distance, everywhere studded with tufts of palm-groves and dark-green orchards of fruit trees; a large brown fortress crowning a central hill; around its base the round turrets and flat house-tops of the capital town, buried in foliage; and all the broad and grand scene, to the purple mountains along the far horizon, bathed in a flood of the intensest light and heat,—it was a delight and a glory to their weary eyes.

The Djowf is an oasis, seventy miles in length by ten or twelve in breadth, with a population of about 40,000. The people are tall, well-proportioned, and tolerably fair, unusually healthy, and much more intelligent and refined than the Bedouins of the Desert. It was governed at the time of Palgrave's visit by Hamood, the Vicegerent of Telal, Prince of Djebel Shomer, one of the wisest and noblest characters in Arabia. The travelers spent eighteen days in the town, treated with kindness by Hamood and the best native families, and, on leaving, were furnished by the former with a letter of recommendation to Prince Telal.

The hazards of their further journey were very much diminished, so far as the inhabitants were concerned; but another danger awaited them, in the necessity of crossing the terrible "Nefood," or desert of shifting sands, during midsummer. It is an immense ocean



THE PROPHET'S TOMB.



A VILLAGE IN HEDJAZ.

of loose reddish sand, boundless to the eye, and heaped up in enormous parallel ridges, each swell two or three hundred feet in height, its crest furrowed by the winds of the desert. In the depths between, the traveler finds himself, as it were, imprisoned in a suffocating sand-pit, hemmed in by burning walls on every side; while, when he has labored up the slope, he overlooks what seems a vast sea of fire, swelling under a heavy monsoon wind, and ruffled by a cross-blast into little red-hot waves. Nearly a week of terrible travel was required before the caravan, with staggering camels, dry water-skins, and men in a state of half-delirium from thirst and fatigue, reached an encampment on the outskirts of the great oasis of Djebel Shomer.

Palgrave's description of his first view of Ha'yel, the capital of Djebel Shomer, gives us an unexpectedly agreeable picture of the civilization of the heart of Arabia:—"The sun was yet two hours' distance above the western horizon, when we threaded the narrow and winding defile, till we arrived at its further end. Here we found ourselves on the verge of a large plain, many miles in length and breadth, and girt on every side by a high mountain rampart, while right in front of us, at scarce a quarter of an hour's march, lay the town of Ha'yel, surrounded by fortifications of about twenty feet in height, with bastion towers, some round, some square, and large folding gates at intervals; it offered the same show of freshness, and even of something like irregular elegance, that had before struck us in the villages on our way. This, however, was a full-grown town, and its area might readily hold three hundred thousand inhabitants or more, were its streets and houses close-packed like those of Brussels or Paris. But the number of citizens does not, in fact, exceed twenty or twenty-two thousand, thanks to the many large gardens, open spaces, and even plantations, included within the outer walls, while the immense palace of the monarch alone, with its pleasure-grounds annexed, occupies about one-tenth of the entire city. Our attention was attracted by a lofty tower, some seventy feet in height, of recent construction and oval form, belonging to the royal residence. The plain all around the town is studded with isolated houses and gardens, the property of wealthy citizens or of members of the kingly family, and on the far-off skirts of the plain appear the groves belonging to Kafar, 'Adwah, and other villages, placed at the openings of the mountain gorges that conduct to the capital. The town walls and buildings shone yellow in the evening sun, and the whole prospect was one of thriving security, delightful to view, though wanting in the pe-



A NIGHT MARCH IN THE DESERT.

culiar luxuriance of vegetation offered by the valley of Djowf. A few Bedouin tents lay clustered close by the ramparts, and the great number of horsemen, footmen, camels, asses, peasants, townsmen, boys, women, and other like, all passing to and fro on their various avocations, gave cheerfulness and animation to the scene."

These attractive external features of the region were not counteracted by the reception which Palgrave and his companion met with, and the life which they afterwards led in the city. After having reported themselves at the palace, where they announced, according to the custom of the country: "We desire the favor of God most high, and secondly, that of Telal," they were received by the famous prince, whom Palgrave describes as the model of a ruler. He and his household treated them with the greatest kindness; though Obeyd, Telal's uncle, a jealous, suspicious character, laid a trap for them which might have proved fatal after they reached Nedjed, but for their own shrewdness and knowledge of the Arab character.

During a residence of six weeks in Ha'yel, Palgrave associated with the best native society. He was popular as a physician; his disguise was unsuspected, and he appears to have been delighted with the place and the fair regions round about; but the chief end of his journey was Nedjed, the inaccessible land of the Wahabees, and he was obliged to avail himself of the first good opportunity for proceeding thither. Telal gave him a passport, with his royal sign manual; and a caravan of twenty-eight persons having collected together, on the 8th of September they left the gates of Ha'yel. So far, they had had better fortune than could have been expected; the danger of being detected had lessened; the summer heats were over, and the belts of desert they must yet cross were less terrible: but the fierce prejudice of the Wahabees was, as it proved in the end, a greater danger than any which had been yet encountered.

After eight days, Palgrave reached Bereydah, the capital of Kaseem, beyond which it seemed impossible to go, on account of the disturbed state of the country. The delay, however, was his good fortune; for it en-

abled him to fall in with a native of Aleppo, named Aboo-'Eysa, who had the post of guide across Arabia to the Persian pilgrims to Mecca, and who was Palgrave's good angel for the remainder of his journey. In company with this new friend the travel was resumed, and after three weeks of picturesque and eventful marches, they saw before them the great valley of Nedjed and the towers of its capital, Ri'ad. In the foreground were the ruins of the ancient capital, Derreyeh, captured and ravaged by Ibrahim Pasha, and never since rebuilt. Around the walls of Ri'ad, over which loomed grandly the great square towers of its central palace, stretched a belt of palm-trees, three miles in width. The rich plain opened and broadened to the south, inclosed by the mountains of Yemamah, which an Arab poet, 1,300 years ago, compared to drawn swords in battle array; and far to the east stretched the blue wall of Djebel Toweyk, celebrated in Arab literature. "In all the countries which I have visited," says Palgrave, "and they are many, seldom has it been mine to survey a landscape equal to this in beauty and in historical meaning, rich and full alike to eye and mind. But should any of my readers have ever approached Damascus from the side of the Anti-Lebanon, and surveyed the Ghootah from the heights above Mazzeh, they may then form an approximate idea of the valley of Ri'ad when viewed from the north. Only this is wider and more varied, and the circle of vision here embraces vaster plains and bolder mountains; while the mixture of tropical aridity and luxuriant verdure, of crowded population and desert tracks, is one that Arabia alone can present, and in comparison with which Syria seems tame, and Italy monotonous."



AN ARAB CHIEF.

The Wahabees derive their name from Abd-el-Wahab, a native of Nedjed, who, early in the last century, scandalized at what he believed to be the corruption of the Moslem faith, began preaching a Reformation. He advocated the slaughter or forci-



RUINS OF NAKAB-EL-HADJAR, IN HADRAMARET.

ble conversion of heretics, the most rigid forms of fasting and prayer, the disuse of tobacco and coffee, in addition to that of wine, and various other changes in the Oriental habits of life. Having converted the Prince of Nedjed, he took up his residence in Derreyeh, and his followers throughout Central Arabia so increased that they formed an army of 100,000 men, and for many years successfully defied the Ottoman power. But when, in 1803, the Wahabees took and plundered Mecca, and slew great numbers of the pilgrims, the Sultan transferred to Mohammed Ali the duty of suppressing them. He finally succeeded, and their first fierce strength was broken; but their doctrine still prevails throughout all Central Arabia, even Prince Telal, though no longer a devout believer, being obliged to conform to the outward observances of the sect.

The Wahabees are, in fact, a sort of Moslem Puritans in their faith and zeal; while, in the habits of life which they enforce, they might readily fraternize with many of our American Reformers. They lay much greater stress upon personal habits than upon personal character; they consider the wearing of silk or gold, the use of wine, tobacco, or coffee, as deadly sins, and in their zeal for the extermination of these sins they overlook such minor offenses as falsehood, theft, or adultery. Their prohibitory law is carried out by a system of visitation, an espionage which penetrates into every private household, and which suspends a perpetual menace over the whole population of Nedjed. Suspicion and fear, the concomitants of arbitrary power, have been gradually wrought into the character of the people, and their ignorance has increased in the same proportion as their prejudices.

Palgrave gives a curious illustration of this fact, in the report of his conversation with Abd-el-Kereem, a member of the old nobility of Nedjed, of whom, assuming a profoundly devout air, he asked information concerning the greater and the lesser sins.

"Abd-el-Kereem doubted not that he had a sincere scholar before him, nor would refuse his hand to a drowning man. So, putting on a profound air, and with a voice of first-class solemnity, he uttered his oracle, that 'the first of the great sins is the giving divine honors to a creature.' A hit, I may observe, at ordinary Mahometans, whose whole doctrine of intercession, whether vested in Mahomet or in 'Alee, is classed by Wahabees along with direct and downright idolatry. A Damascene Shekh would have avoided the equivocation by answering, 'infidelity.'



AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT.

"'Of course,' I replied, 'the enormity of such a sin is beyond all doubt. But if this be the first, there must be a second; what is it?'

"'Drinking the shameful,' in English, 'smoking tobacco,' was the unhesitating answer.

"'And murder, and adultery, and false witness?' I suggested.

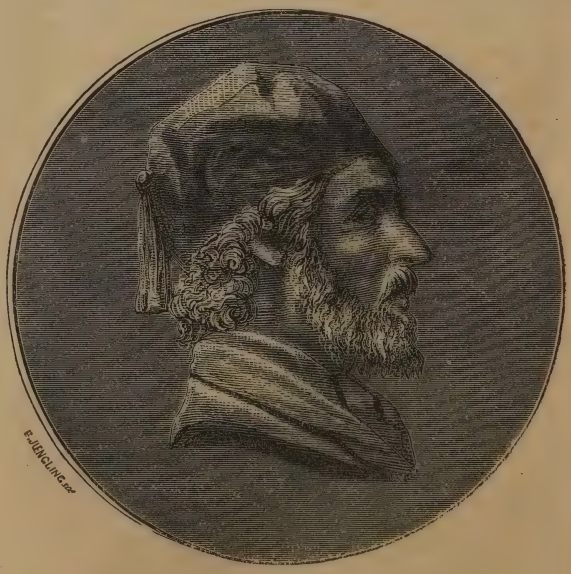
"'God is merciful and forgiving,' rejoined my friend; that is, these are merely little sins.

"'Hence two sins alone are great, polytheism and smoking,' I continued, though hardly able to keep countenance any longer. And Abd-el-Kereem with the most serious asseveration replied that such was really the case."

It is much easier to enter the lion's den than to escape therefrom; and so Palgrave found it. The king, Feysul, was old and blind; his sons were bitterly hostile to each other, and Palgrave's refusal to supply one of them with strychnine made his own position in the capital very hazardous. Nevertheless, by the help of his faithful friend, Aboo-'Eysa, he was enabled to avert the constant suspicions of the court, and to practice his profession among the people until a favorable chance for escape should arise. His account of the Wahabee empire is much the most complete which has yet been given to the world. He estimates the population—his sources of information being the government registers at Ri'ad—at 1,219,000, and the military force at 47,000.

There is some evidence that the severity of the ancient discipline is gradually relaxing in private; but the reign of such a liberal and magnanimous ruler as Prince Telal in Djebel Shomer will accomplish far more for Central Arabia than any armed opposition from the side of Turkey or Egypt.

By allowing himself to be taken for a veterinary surgeon, Palgrave was enabled to visit the royal stables, where the flower of the famous Nedjed horse-family, renowned for so many centuries, is carefully preserved. There seems to be no doubt that the best



PALGRAVE.

blood of the world was originally drawn from this source. There were three hundred horses in the stables, an equal number being at pasture. Palgrave had never seen or imagined such a beautiful collection of animals. "Remarkably full in the haunches, with a shoulder of a slope so elegant as to make one, in the words of an Arab poet, 'go raving mad about it;' a little, a very little saddle-backed, just the curve which indicates springiness without any weakness; a head broad above and tapering down to a nose fine enough to verify the phrase of 'drinking from a pint-pot;' a most intelligent and yet a singularly gentle look, full eye, sharp thorn-like little ear, legs fore and hind that seemed as if made of hammered iron, so clean and yet so well twisted with sinew; a neat, round hoof, just the requisite for hard ground; the tail set on, or rather thrown out, at a perfect arch; coats smooth, shining, and light; the mane long, but not overgrown or heavy; and an air and step that seemed to say: 'Look at me, am I not pretty?'—their appearance justified all reputation, all value, all poetry."

It was worth some risk to have seen the pure blood of Nedjed on its native soil. We have no further space to relate what serious perils encompassed Palgrave during his stay of several weeks in the capital, nor the courage, firmness, and skill with which he foiled the machinations of the Wahabee princes. His narrative has all the interest of a romance, with the clearness and exactness of a scientific report. He was finally obliged to steal away, without farewells, and to hide in a desert valley until joined by the faithful Aboo-'Eysa; then he crossed the mountain of Toweyk, the eastern belt of desert, and descended safely to the palm-groves which border the Persian Gulf, near the famous pearl-fisheries of Bahreyn. After many other mishaps, including a fearful shipwreck on the coast of Oman, he reached Bassora in the delirium of typhus-fever, and was kept alive to tell of his wonderful journey by the skill of the surgeon of an English steamer. In the records of modern exploration there is no more picturesque and adventurous story than that which he relates.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 466.)

CHAPTER LXI.

THE PARISH REGISTER.

THE sky clouded as we went; it grew very dark, and the wind began to blow. It threatened a storm. I told Styles a little of what I was about—just enough to impress on him the necessity for prudence. The wind increased, and by the time we gained the copse, it was roaring, and the slender hazels bending like a field of corn.

"You will have enough to do with two horses," I said.

"I don't mind it, sir," Styles answered. "A word from me will quiet Miss Lilith; and for the other, I've known him pretty well for two years past."

I left them tolerably sheltered in the winding lane, and betook myself alone to the church. Cautiously I opened the door, and felt my way from pew to pew, for it was quite dark. I could just distinguish the windows from the walls, and nothing more. As soon as I reached the vestry, I struck a light, got down the volume, and proceeded to moisten the parchment with a wet sponge. For some time the water made little impression on the old parchment, of which but one side could be exposed to its influences, and I began to fear I should be much longer in gaining my end than I had expected. The wind roared and howled about the trembling church, which seemed too weak with age to resist such an onslaught; but when at length the skin began to grow soft and yield to my gentle efforts at removal, I became far too much absorbed in the simple operation, which had to be performed with all the gentleness and nicety of a surgical one, to heed the uproar about me. Slowly the glutinous adhesion gave way, and slowly the writing revealed itself. In mingled hope and doubt I restrained my curiosity; and as one teases oneself sometimes by dallying with a letter of the greatest interest, not until I had folded down the parchment clear of what was manifestly an entry, did I bring my candle close to it and set myself to read it. Then indeed I found I had reason to re-

gard with respect the dream which had brought me thither.

Right under the 1748 of the parchment stood, on the vellum cover, 1747. Then followed the usual blank, and then came an entry corresponding word for word with the other entry of my great grandfather and mother's marriage. In all probability Moldwarp Hall was mine! Little as it could do for me now, I confess to a keen pang of pleasure at the thought.

Meantime I followed out my investigation, and gradually slipped the parchment off the vellum to within a couple of inches of the bottom of the cover. The result of knowledge was as follows:—

Next to the entry of the now hardly hypothetical marriage of my ancestors stood the summing up of the marriages of 1747, with the signature of the rector. I paused, and, turning back, counted them. Including that in which alone I was interested, I found the number given correct. Next came by itself the figures 1748, and then a few more entries, followed by the usual summing up and signature of the rector. From this I turned to the leaf of parchment; there was a difference: upon the latter the sum was six, altered to seven; on the former it was five. This of course suggested further search: I soon found where the difference indicated lay.

As the entry of *the* marriage was, on the forged leaf, shifted up close to the forged 1748, and as the summing and signature had to be omitted, because they belonged to the end of 1747, a blank would have been left, and the writing below would have shown through and attracted attention, revealing the forgery of the whole, instead of that of the part only which was intended to look a forgery. To prevent this, an altogether fictitious entry had been made, over the summing and signature. This, with the genuine entries faithfully copied, made of the five, six, which the forger had written and then blotted into a seven, intending to expose the entry of my ancestors' marriage as a forgery, while the rest of the year's register should look genuine. It took me some little trouble to clear it all up to my own mind, but by degrees everything settled into its place, and assumed an intelligible shape in virtue of its position.

With my many speculations as to why the mechanism of the forgery had assumed this shape, I need not trouble my reader. Suffice it to say that on more than one supposition I can account for it satisfactorily to myself. One other remark only will I make concerning it: I have no doubt it was an old forgery. One after another those immediately concerned in it had died, and there the falsehood lurked, in latent power, inoperative until my second visit to Umberden Church. But what differences might there not have been had it not started into activity for the brief space betwixt then and my sorrow?

I left the parchment still attached to the cover at the bottom, and laying a sheet of paper between the formerly adhering surfaces, lest they should again adhere, closed and replaced the volume. Then looking at my watch, I found that, instead of an hour, as I had supposed, I had been in the church three hours. It was nearly eleven o'clock—too late for anything further that night.

When I came out the sky was clear and the stars were shining. The storm had blown over. Much rain had fallen. But when the wind ceased or the rain began, I had no recollection: the storm had vanished altogether from my consciousness. I found Styles where I had left him, smoking his pipe and leaning against Lilith, who—I cannot call her *which*—was feeding on the fine grass of the lane. The horse he had picketed near. We mounted and rode home.

The next thing was to see the rector of Umberden. He lived in his other parish, and thither I rode the following day to call upon him. I found him an old gentleman, of the squire type of rector. As soon as he heard my name he seemed to know who I was, and at once showed himself hospitable.

I told him that I came to him as I might, were I a Catholic, to a father-confessor. This startled him a little.

"Don't tell me anything I ought not to keep secret," he said; and it gave me confidence in him at once.

"I will not," I returned. "The secret is purely my own. Whatever crime there is in it, was past punishment long before I was born; and it was committed against, not by my family. But it is rather a long story, and I hope I shall not be tedious."

He assured me of his perfect leisure.

I told him everything, from my earliest memory, which bore on the discovery I had at length made. He soon showed signs of interest; and when I had ended the tale with the facts of the preceding night, he silently rose and walked about the room. After a few moments, he said:

"And what do you mean to do, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Nothing," I answered, "so long as Sir Giles is alive. He was kind to me when I was a boy."

He came up behind me where I was seated, and laid his hand gently on my head; then, without a word, resumed his walk.

"And if you survive him, what then?"

"Then I must be guided partly by circumstances," I said.

"And what do you want of me?"

"I want you to go with me to the church, and see the book, that, in case of anything happening to it, you may be a witness concerning its previous contents."

"I am too old to be the only witness," he said. "You ought to have several of your own age."

"I want as few to know the secret as may be," I answered.

"You should have your lawyer one of them."

"He would never leave me alone about it," I replied; "and positively I shall take no measures at present. Some day I hope to punish him for deserting me as he did."

For I had told him how Mr. Coningham had behaved.

"Revenge, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Not a serious one. All the punishment I hope to give him is but to show him the fact of the case, and leave him to feel as he may about it."

"There can't be much harm in that."

He reflected for a few moments, and then said:

"I will tell you what will be best. We shall go and see the book together. I will make an extract of both entries, and give a description of the state of the volume, with an account of how the second entry—or more properly the first—came to be discovered. This I shall sign in the presence of two witnesses, who need know nothing of the contents of the paper. Of that you shall yourself take charge."

We went together to the church. The old man, after making a good many objections, was at length satisfied, and made notes for his paper. He started the question whether it would not be better to secure that volume at least under lock and key. For this I thought there was no occasion—that in fact it was safer where it was, and more certain of being forthcoming when wanted. I did suggest that the key of the church might be deposited in a place of safety; but he answered that it had been kept there ever since he came to the living forty years ago, and for how long before that, he could not tell; and so a change would attract attention, and possibly make some talk in the parish, which had better be avoided.

Before the end of the week, he had his document ready. He signed it in my presence, and in that of two of his parishioners, who as witnesses appended their names and abodes. I have it now in my possession. I shall inclose it, with my great-grandfather and mother's letters—and something besides—in the packet containing this history.

That same week, Sir Giles Brotherton died.

CHAPTER LXII.

A FOOLISH TRIUMPH.

I SHOULD have now laid claim to my property, but for Mary. To turn Sir Geoffrey with his mother and sister out of it, would have caused me little compunction, for they would still be rich enough; I confess, indeed, it would have given me satisfaction. Nor could I say what real hurt of any kind it would occasion to Mary; and if I were writing for the public, instead of my one reader, I know how foolishly incredible it must appear that for her sake I should forego such claims. She would, however, I trust, have been able to believe it without the proofs which I intend to give her. The fact was simply this: I could not, even for my own sake, bear the thought of taking, in any manner or degree, a position if but apparently antagonistic to her. My enemy was her husband: he should reap the advantage of being her husband; for her sake he should, for the present, retain what was mine. So long as there should be no reason to fear his adopting a different policy from his father's in respect of his tenants, I felt myself at liberty to leave things as they were; for Sir Giles had been a good landlord, and I knew the son was regarded with favor in the county. Were he to turn out unjust or oppressive, however, then duty on my part would come in. But I must also remind my reader that I had no love for affairs; that I had an income perfectly sufficient for my wants; that, both from my habits of thought and from my sufferings, my regard was upon life itself—was indeed so far from being confined to this chrysalid beginning thereof, that I had lost all interest in this world save as the porch to the house of life. And, should I ever meet her again, in any possible future of being, how much rather would I not stand before her as one who had been even Quixotic for her sake—as one who, for a hair's-breadth of her interest, had felt the sacrifice of a fortune a merely natural movement of his life! She would then know not merely that I was true to her, but that I had been

true in what I professed to believe when I sought her favor. And if it had been a pleasure to me—call it a weakness, and I will not oppose the impeachment;—call it self-pity, and I will confess to that as having a share in it;—but, if it had been a shadowy pleasure to me to fancy I suffered for her sake, my present resolution, while it did not add the weight of a feather to my suffering, did yet give me a similar vague satisfaction.

I must also confess to a certain satisfaction in feeling that I had power over my enemy—power of making him feel my power—power of vindicating my character against him as well, seeing one who could thus abstain from asserting his own rights could hardly have been one to invade the rights of another; but the enjoyment of this consciousness appeared to depend on my silence: if I broke that, the strength would depart from me; but while I held my peace, I held my foe in an invisible mesh. I half deluded myself into fancying that while I kept my power over him unexercised, I retained a sort of pledge for his conduct to Mary, of which I was more than doubtful; for a man with such antecedents as his; a man who had been capable of behaving as he had behaved to Charley, was less than likely to be true to his wife: he was less than likely to treat the sister as a lady, who to the brother had been a traitorous seducer.

I have now to confess a fault as well as an imprudence—punished, I believe, in the results.

The behavior of Mr. Coningham still rankled a little in my bosom. From Geoffrey I had never looked for anything but evil; of Mr. Coningham I had expected differently, and I began to meditate the revenge of holding him up to himself: I would punish him in a manner which, with his confidence in his business faculty, he must feel: I would simply show him how the precipitation of selfish disappointment had led him astray, and frustrated his designs. For if he had given even a decent attention to the matter, he would have found in the forgery itself hints sufficient to suggest the desirableness of further investigation.

I had not, however, concluded upon anything, when one day I accidentally met him, and we had a little talk about business, for he continued to look after the rent of my field. He informed me that Sir Geoffrey Brotherton had been doing all he could to get even temporary possession of the park, as we called it; and, although I said nothing of it to Mr. Coningham, my suspicion is, that, had he succeeded, he would, at the risk of a law-suit in which he would certainly have been cast, have ploughed it up. He told me also that Clara was in poor health; she who had looked as if no blight could ever touch her, had broken down utterly. The shadow of her sorrow was plain enough on the face of her father, and his confident manner had a little yielded, although he was the old man still. His father had died a little before Sir Giles. The new baronet had not offered him the succession.

I asked him to go with me yet once more to Umberden Church—for I wanted to show him something he had overlooked in the register—not, I said, that it would be of the slightest furtherance to his former hopes. He agreed at once, already a little ashamed perhaps of the way in which he had abandoned me. Before we parted we made an appointment to meet at the church.

We went at once to the vestry. I took down the volume and laid it before him. He opened it, with a curious look at me first. But the moment he lifted the cover, its condition at once attracted and as instantly riveted his attention. He gave me one glance more, in which questions and remarks and exclamations numberless lay in embryo; then turning to the book, was presently absorbed, first in reading the genuine entry, next in comparing it with the forged one.

"Right after all!" he exclaimed at length.

"In what?" I asked. "In dropping me without a word, as if I had been an impostor? In forgetting that you yourself had raised in me the hopes whose discomfiture you took as a personal injury?"

"My dear sir!" he stammered in an expostulatory tone, "you must make allowance. It was a tremendous disappointment to me."

"I cannot say I felt it quite so much myself; but at least you owed me an apology for having misled me."

"I had *not* misled you," he retorted angrily, pointing to the register.—"There!"

"You left *me* to find that out though. *You* took no further pains in the matter."

"How *did* you find it out?" he asked, clutching at a change in the tone of the conversation.

I said nothing of my dream, but I told him everything else concerning the discovery. When I had finished—

"It's all plain sailing now," he cried. "There is not an obstacle in the way. I will set the thing in motion the instant I get home. It will be a victory worth achieving!" he added, rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Coningham, I have not the slightest intention of moving in the matter," I said.

His face fell.

"You do not mean—when you hold them in your very hands—to throw away every advantage of birth and fortune, and be a nobody in the world?"

"Infinite advantages of the kind you mean, Mr. Coningham, could make me not one whit more than I am: they *might* make me less."

"Come, come," he expostulated; "you must not allow disappointment to upset your judgment of things."

"My judgment of things lies deeper than any disappointment I have yet had," I replied. "My uncle's teaching has at last begun to bear fruit in me."

"Your uncle was a fool!" he exclaimed.

"But for my uncle's sake I would knock you down for daring to couple such a word with *him*."

He turned on me with a sneer. His eyes had receded in his head, and in his rage he grinned. The old ape-face, which had lurked in my memory ever since the time I first saw him, came out so plainly that I started; the child had read his face aright! the following judgment of the man had been wrong! the child's fear had not imprinted a false eidolon upon the growing brain.

"What right had you," he said, "to bring me all this way for such tomfoolery?"

"I told you it would not further your wishes. But who brought me here for nothing first?" I added, most foolishly.

"I was myself deceived. I did not intend to deceive you."

"I know that. God forbid I should be unjust to you. But you have proved to me that your friendship was all a pretence; that your private ends were all your object. When you discovered that I could not serve those, you dropped me like a bit of glass you had taken for a diamond. Have you any right to grumble if I give you the discipline of a passing shame?"

"Mr. Cumbermede," he said, through his teeth, "you will repent this."

I gave him no answer, and he left the church in haste. Having replaced the register, I was following at my leisure, when I heard sounds that made me hurry to the door. Lilith was plunging and rearing and pulling at the bridle which I had thrown over one of the spiked bars of the gate. Another moment and she must have broken loose, or dragged the gate upon her—more likely the latter, for the bridle was a new one with broad reins—when some frightful injury would in all probability have been the consequence to herself. But a word from me quieted her, and she stood till I came up. Every inch of her was trembling. I suspected at once, and in a moment discovered plainly that Mr. Coningham had struck her with his whip; there was a big weal on the fine skin of her hip and across her croup. She shrunk like a hurt child when my hand approached the injured part, but moved neither hoof nor head.

Having patted and petted and consoled her a little, I mounted and rode after Mr. Coningham. Nor was it difficult to overtake him, for he was going a foot-pace. He was stooping in his saddle, and when I drew near, I saw that he was looking very pale. I did not, however, suspect that he was in pain.

"It was a cowardly thing to strike the poor dumb animal," I cried.

"You would have struck her yourself," he answered with a curse, "if she had broken your leg."

I rode nearer. I knew well enough that she would not have kicked him if he had not struck her first, and I could see that his leg was not broken; but evidently he was in great suffering.

"I am very sorry," I said. "Can I help you?"

"Go to the devil," he groaned.

I am ashamed to say the answer made me so angry that I spoke the truth.

"Don't suppose you deceive me," I said. "I know well enough my mare did *not* kick you before you struck her. Then she lashed out, of course."

I waited for no reply, but turned and rode back to the church, the door of which, in my haste, I had left open. I locked it, replaced the key, and then rode quietly home.

But as I went, I began to feel that I had done wrong. No doubt Mr. Coningham deserved it, but the law was not in my hands. No man has a right to *punish* another. Vengeance belongs to a higher region, and the vengeance of God is a very different thing from the vengeance of man. However it may be softened with the name of retribution, revenge runs into all our notions of justice; and until we love purely, so it must ever be.

All I had gained was self-rebuke, and another enemy. Having reached home, I read the Manual of Epictetus right through before I laid it down, and, if it did not teach me to love my enemies, it taught me at least to be ashamed of myself. Then I wrote to Mr.

Coningham, saying I was sorry I had spoken to him as I did, and begging him to let bygones be by-gones; assuring him that if ever I moved in the matter of our difference, he should be the first to whom I applied for assistance.

He returned me no answer.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A COLLISION.

And now came a dreary time of reaction. There seemed nothing left for me to do, and I felt listless and weary. Something kept urging me to get away and hide myself, and I soon made up my mind to yield to the impulse and go abroad. My intention was to avoid cities, and, wandering from village to village, lay my soul bare to the healing influences of Nature. As to any healing in the power of Time, I despised the old bald-pate as a quack who performed his seeming cures at the expense of the whole body. The better cures attributed to him are not his at all, but produced by the operative causes whose servant he is. A thousand holy balms require his services for their full action, but they, and not he, are the saving powers. Along with Time I ranked, and with absolute hatred shrank from—all those means which offered to cure me by making me forget. From a child, I had a horror of forgetting; it always seemed to me like a loss of being, like a hollow scooped out of my very existence—almost like the loss of identity. At times I even shrank from going to sleep, so much did it seem like yielding to an absolute death—a death so deep that the visible death is but a picture or type of it. If I could have been sure of dreaming, it would have been different, but in the uncertainty it seemed like consenting to nothingness. That one who thus felt should ever have been tempted to suicide, will reveal how painful if not valueless his thoughts and feelings—his conscious life—must have grown to him; and that the only thing which withheld him from it should be the fear that no death, but a more intense life might be the result, will reveal it yet more clearly. That in that sleep I might at least dream—there was the rub.

All such relief, in a word, as might come of a lowering of my life, either physically, morally, or spiritually, I hated, detested, despised. The man who finds solace for a wounded heart in self-indulgence, may indeed be *capable* of angelic virtues, but in the meantime his conduct is that of the devils who went into the swine rather than be bodiless. The man who can thus be consoled for the loss of a woman, could never have been worthy of her, possibly would not have remained true to her beyond the first delights of possession. The relief to which I could open my door must be such alone as would operate through the enlarging and elevating of what I recognized as *myself*. Whatever would make me greater, so that my torture, intensified it might well be, should yet have room to dash itself hither and thither without injuring the walls of my being, would be welcome. If I might become so great that, my grief yet stinging me to agony, the infinite *I* of me should remain pure and calm, God-loving and man-cherishing, then I should be saved. God might be able to do more for me—I could not tell: I looked for no more. I would myself be such as to inclose my pain in a mighty sphere of out-spacing life, in relation to which even such sorrow as mine should be but a little thing. Such deliverance alone, I say, could I consent with myself to accept, and such alone, I believed, would God offer me—for such alone seemed worthy of Him, and such alone seemed not unworthy of me.

The help that Nature could give me I judged to be of this ennobling kind. For either Nature was nature in virtue of having been born (*nata*) of God, or she was but a phantasm of my own brain—against which supposition the nature in me protested with the agony of a tortured man. To Nature, then, I would go. Like the hurt child who folds himself in the skirt of his mother's velvet garment, I would fold myself in the robe of Deity.

But to give honor and gratitude where both are due, I must here confess obligation with a willing and thankful heart. The Excursion of Wordsworth was published ere I was born, but only since I left college had I made acquaintance with it: so long does it take for the light of a new star to reach a distant world! To this book I owe so much that to me it would alone justify the conviction that Wordsworth will never be forgotten. That he is no longer the fashion, militates nothing against his reputation. We, the old ones, hold fast by him for no sentimental reminiscence of the fashion of our youth, but simply because his humanity has come into contact with ours. The men of the new generation have their new loves and worships: it remains to be seen to whom the worthy amongst them will turn long ere the frosts of age begin to gather and the winds of the hu-

man autumn to blow. Wordsworth will recede through the gliding ages until, with the greater Chaucer, and the greater Shakspeare, and the greater Milton, he is yet a star in the constellated crown of England.

Before I was able to leave home, however, a new event occurred.

I received an anonymous letter, in a handwriting I did not recognize. Its contents were as follows:—

"SIR—Treachery is intended you. If you have anything worth watching, *watch it.*"

For one moment—so few were the places in which through my possessions I was vulnerable—I fancied the warning might point to Lilith, but I soon dismissed the idea. I could make no inquiries, for it had been left an hour before my return from a stroll by an unknown messenger. I could think of nothing besides but the register, and if this was what my correspondent aimed at, I had less reason to be anxious concerning it, because of the attested copy, than my informant probably knew. Still its safety was far from being a matter of indifference to me. I resolved to ride over to Umberden Church and see if it was as I had left it.

The twilight was fast thickening into darkness when I entered the gloomy building. There was light enough, however, to guide my hand to the right volume, and by carrying it to the door I was able to satisfy myself that it was as I had left it.

Thinking over the matter once more as I stood, I could not help wishing that the book were out of danger just for the present; but there was hardly a place in the bare church where it was possible to conceal it. At last I thought of one—half groped my way to the pulpit, ascended its creaking stair, lifted the cushion of the seat, and laid the book, which was thin, open in the middle, and flat on its face, under it. I then locked the door, mounted, and rode off.

It was now more than dusk. Lilith was frolicsome, and, rejoicing in the grass under her feet, broke into a quick canter along the noiseless, winding lane. Suddenly there was a great shock, and I lay senseless.

I came to myself under the stinging blows of a whip, only afterwards recognized as such, however. I sprung staggering to my feet, and rushed at the dim form of an assailant, with such a sudden and I suppose unexpected assault that he fell under me. Had he not fallen, I should have had little chance with him, for, as I now learned by his voice, it was Sir Geoffrey Brotherton.

"Thief! Swindler! Sneak!" he cried, making a last harmless blow at me as he fell.

All the wild beast in my nature was roused. I had no weapon—not even a whip, for Lilith never needed one. It was well, for what I might have done in the first rush of blood to my reviving brain, I dare hardly imagine. I seized him by the throat with such fury that, though far the stronger, he had no chance as he lay. I kneeled on his chest. He struggled furiously, but could not force my gripe from his throat. I soon perceived that I was strangling him, and tightened my grasp.

His efforts were already growing feebler, when I became aware of a soft touch, apparently trying to take hold of my hair. Glancing up without relaxing my hold, I saw the white head of Lilith close to mine. Was it the whiteness—was it the calmness of the creature—I cannot pretend to account for the fact, but the same instant before my mind's eye rose the vision of one standing speechless before his accusers, bearing on his form the marks of ruthless blows. I did not then remember that just before I came out I had been gazing, as I often gazed, upon an Ecce Homo of Albert Dürer's that hung in my room. Immediately my heart awoke within me. My whole being still trembling with passionate struggle and gratified hate, a rush of human pity swept across it. I took my hand from my enemy's throat, rose, withdrew some paces, and burst into tears. I could have embraced him, but I dared not even minister to him, for the insult it would appear. He did not at once rise, and when he did, he stood for a few moments, half-unconscious, I think, staring at me. Coming to himself, he felt for and found his whip—I thought with the intention of attacking me again, but he moved towards his horse, which was quietly eating the grass now wet with dew. Gathering its bridle from around its leg, he mounted, and rode back the way he had come.

I lingered for a while utterly exhausted. I was trembling in every limb. The moon rose and began to shed her low yellow light over the hazel copse, filling the lane with brightness and shadow. Lilith, seeming in her whiteness to gather a tenfold share of the light upon herself, was now feeding as gently as if she had known nothing of the strife, and I congratulated myself that the fall had not injured her. But as she took a step forward in her feeding, I discovered to my dismay that she was quite lame. For my own part, I was now feeling the ache of numerous

and severe bruises. When I took Lilith by the bridle to lead her away, I found that neither of us could manage more than two miles an hour. I was very uneasy about her. There was nothing for it, however, but to make the best of our way to Gastford. It was no little satisfaction to think, as we hobbled along, that the accident had happened through no carelessness of mine beyond that of cantering in the dark, for I was on my own side of the road. Had Geoffrey been on his, narrow as the lane was, we might have passed without injury.

It was so late when we reached Gastford, that we had to rouse the hostler before I could get Lilith attended to. I bathed the injured leg, of which the shoulder seemed wrenched; and having fed her, but less plentifully than usual, I left her to her repose. In the morning she was considerably better, but I resolved to leave her where she was, and, sending a messenger for Styles to come and attend to her, I hired a gig, and went to call on my new friend the rector of Umberden.

I told him all that had happened, and where I had left the volume. He said he would have a chest made in which to secure the whole register, and meanwhile would himself go to the church and bring that volume home with him. It is safe enough now, as any one may find who wishes to see it—though the old man has long passed away.

Lilith remained at Gastford a week before I judged it safe for her to come home. The injury, however, turned out to be a not very serious one.

Why should I write of my poor mare—but that she was once hers all for whose hoped perusal I am writing this? No, there is even a better reason: I shall never, to all my eternity, forget, even if I should never see her again, which I do not for a moment believe, what she did for me that evening. Surely she deserves to appear in her own place in my story!

Of course I was exercised in my mind as to who had sent me the warning. There could be no more doubt that I had hit what it intended, and had possibly preserved the register from being once more tampered with. I could think only of one. I have never had an opportunity of inquiring, and for her sake I should never have asked the question, but I have little doubt it was Clara. Who else could have had a chance of making the discovery, and at the same time would have cared to let me know it? Also she would have cogent reason for keeping such a part in the affair a secret. Probably she had heard her father informing Geoffrey; but he might have done so with no worse intention than had informed his previous policy.

CHAPTER LXIV.

YET ONCE.

I AM drawing my story to a close. Almost all that followed bears so exclusively upon my internal history, that I will write but one incident more of it. I have roamed the world, and reaped many harvests. In the deepest agony I have never refused the consolations of Nature or of Truth. I have never knowingly accepted any founded in falsehood, in forgetfulness, or in distraction. Let such as have no hope in God drink of what Lethe they can find; to me it is a river of Hell, and altogether abominable. I could not be content even to forget my sins. There can be but one deliverance from them—namely, that God and they should come together in my soul. In His presence I shall serenely face them. Without Him I dare not think of them. With God, a man can confront anything; without God, he is but the withered straw which the sickle of the reaper has left standing on a wintry field. But to forget them would be to cease and begin anew, which to one aware of his immortality is a horror.

If comfort profound as the ocean has not yet overtaken and infolded me, I see how such may come—perhaps will come. It must be by the enlarging of my whole being in truth, in God, so as to give room for the storm to rage yet not destroy; for the sorrow to brood yet not kill; for the sunshine of love to return after the east wind and black frost of bitterest disappointment; for the heart to feel the uttermost tenderness while the arms go not forth to embrace; for a mighty heaven of the unknown, crowded with the stars of endless possibilities, to dawn when the sun of love has vanished, and the moon of its memory is too ghastly to give any light: it is comfort such and thence that I think will one day possess me. Already has not its aurora brightened the tops of my snow-covered mountains? And if yet my valleys lie gloomy and forlorn, is not light on the loneliest peak a sure promise of the coming day?

Only once again have I looked in Mary's face. I will record the occasion, and then drop my pen.

About five years after I left home, I happened in my wanderings to be in one of my favorite Swiss valleys—high and yet sheltered. I rejoiced to be far up in the moun-

tains, yet behold the inaccessible peaks above me—mine, though not to be trodden by foot of mine—my heart's own, though never to yield me a moment's outlook from their lofty brows; for I was never strong enough to reach one mighty summit. It was enough for me that they sent me down the glad streams from the cold bosoms of their glaciers—the offspring of the sun and the snow; that I too beheld the stars to which they were nearer than I.

One lovely morning, I had wandered a good way from the village—a place little frequented by visitors, where I had a lodging in the house of the syndic—when I was overtaken by one of the sudden fogs which so frequently render those upper regions dangerous. There was no path to guide me back to my temporary home, but, a hundred yards or so beneath where I had been sitting, lay that which led down to one of the best known villages of the canton, where I could easily find shelter. I made haste to descend.

After a couple of hours' walking, during which the fog kept following me, as if hunting me from its lair, I at length arrived at the level of the valley, and was soon in one of those large hotels which in the summer are crowded as bee-hives, and in the winter forsaken as a ruin. The season for travelers was drawing to a close, and the house was full of homeward-bound guests.

For the mountains will endure but a season of intrusion. If travelers linger too long within their hospitable gates, their humor changes, and, with fierce winds and snow and bitter sleet, they will drive them forth, preserving their winter privacy for the bosom friends of their mistress, Nature. Many is the winter since those of my boyhood which I have spent amongst the Alps; and in such solitude I have ever found the negation of all solitude, the one absolute Presence. David communed with his own heart on his bed and was still—there finding God: communing with my own heart in the winter valleys of Switzerland, I found at least what made me cry out: "Surely this is the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!" I would not be supposed to fancy that God is in mountains and not in plains—that God is in the solitude and not in the city: in any region harmonious with its condition and necessities, it is easier for the heart to be still, and in its stillness to hear the still small voice.

Dinner was going on at the *table d'hôte*. It was full, but a place was found for me in a bay window. Turning to the one side, I belonged to the great world, represented by the Germans, Americans, and English, with a Frenchman and Italian here and there, filling the long table; turning to the other, I knew myself in the temple of the Most High, so huge that it seemed empty of men. The great altar of a mighty mountain rose, massy as a world, and etherial as a thought, into the upturned gulf of the twilight air—its snowy peak, ever as I turned to look, mounting up and up to its repose. I had been playing with my own soul, spinning it between the sun and the moon as it were, and watching now the golden and now the silvery side, as I glanced from the mountain to the table, and again from the table to the mountain, when all at once I discovered that I was searching the mountain for something—I did not know what. Whether any tones had reached me, I cannot tell;—a man's mind may, even through his senses, be marvelously moved without knowing whence the influence comes;—but there I was searching the face of the mountain for something, with a want which had not begun to explain itself. From base to peak my eyes went flitting and resting, and wandering again upwards. At last they reached the snowy crown, from which they fell into the infinite blue beyond. Then, suddenly, the unknown something I wanted was clear. The same moment, I turned to the table. Almost opposite was a face—pallid, with parted lips and fixed eyes—gazing at me. Then I knew those eyes had been gazing at me all the time I had been searching the face of the mountain. For one moment they met mine and rested; for one moment, I felt as if I must throw myself at her feet, and clasp them to my heart; but she turned her eyes away, and I rose and left the house.

The mist was gone, and the moon was rising. I walked up the mountain path towards my village. But long ere I reached it, the sun was rising; with his first arrow of slenderest light, the tossing waves of my spirit began to lose their white tops, and sink again towards a distant calm; and ere I saw the village from the first point of vision, I had made the following verses. They are the last I will set down.

I know that I cannot move thee
To an echo of my pain,
Or a thrill of the storming trouble
That racks my soul and brain;

That our hearts through all the ages
Shall never sound in tune;
That they meet no more in their cycles
Than the parted sun and moon.

But if ever a spirit flashes
Itself on another soul,
One day, in thy stillness, a vapor
Shall round about thee roll;

And the lifting of the vapor
Shall reveal a world of pain,
Of frosted suns, and moons that wander
Through misty mountains of rain.

Thou shalt know me for one live instant—
Thou shalt know me,—and yet not love:
I would not have thee troubled,
My cold, white-feathered dove.

I would only once come near thee—
Myself, and not my form;
Then away in the distance wander,
A slow-dissolving storm.

The vision should pass in vapor,
That melt in æther again;
Only a something linger—
Not pain, but the shadow of pain.

And I should know that thy spirit
On mine one look had sent;
And glide away from thy knowledge,
And try to be half-content.

CHAPTER LXV.

CONCLUSION.

THE ebbing tide that leaves bare the shore, swells the heaps of the central sea. The tide of life ebbs from this body of mine, soon to lie on the shore of life like a stranded wreck; but the murmur of the waters that break upon no strand is in my ears; to join the waters of the infinite life, mine is ebbing away.

Whatever has been his will is well—grandly well—well even for that in me which feared, and in those very respects in which it feared that it might not be well. The whole being of me past and present shall say: it is infinitely well, and I would not have it otherwise. Rather than it should not be as it is, I would go back to the world and this body of which I grew weary, and encounter yet again all that met me on my journey. Yes—final submission of my will to the All-will—I would meet it *knowing what was coming*. Lord of me, Father of Jesus Christ, will this suffice? Is my faith enough yet? I say it, not having beheld what thou hast in store—not knowing what I shall be—not even absolutely certain that thou art—confident only that, if thou be, such thou must be.

The last struggle is before me. But I have passed already through so many valleys of death itself, where the darkness was not only palpable, but choking and stinging, that I cannot greatly fear that which holds but the shadow of death. For what men call death, is but its shadow. Death never comes near us; it lies behind the back of God; he is between it and us. If he were to turn his back upon us, the death which no imagination can shadow forth, would lap itself around us, and we should be—we should not know what.

At night I lie wondering how it will feel; and, but that God will be with me, I would rather be slain suddenly, than lie still and await the change. The growing weakness, ushered in, it may be, by long agony; the alienation from things about me, while I am yet amidst them; the slow rending of the bonds which make this body a home, so that it turns half alien, while yet some bonds unsevered hold the live thing fluttering in its worm-eaten cage—but God knows me and my house, and I need not speculate or forebode. When it comes, death will prove as natural as birth. Bethink thee, Lord—nay, thou never forgettest. It is because thou thinkest and feelest that I think and feel; it is on thy deeper consciousness that mine ever floats; thou knowest my frame, and rememberest that I am dust: do with me as thou wilt. Let me take centuries to die if so thou willest, for thou wilt be with me. Only if an hour should come when thou must seem to forsake me, watch me all the time, lest self-pity should awake, and I should cry that thou wast dealing hardly with me. For when thou hidest thy face, the world is a corpse, and I am a live soul fainting within it.

. . . . . .

Thus far had I written, and was about to close with certain words of Job which are to me like the trumpet of the resurrection, when the news reached me that Sir Geoffrey Brotherton was dead. He leaves no children, and the property is expected to pass to a distant branch of the family. Mary will have to leave Moldwarp Hall.

. . . . . .

I have been up to London to my friend Marston—for it is years since Mr. Coningham died. I have laid everything before him, and left the affair in his hands. He is so confident in my cause, that he offers, in case my means should fail me, to find what is necessary himself; but he is almost as confident of a speedy settlement.

And now, for the first time in my life, I am about—shall I say, to court society? At least I am going to London, about to give and receive invitations, and cultivate the acquaintance of those whose appearance and conversation attract me.

I have not a single relative, to my knowledge, in the world, and I am free, beyond question, to leave whatever property I have or may have to whomsoever I please.

My design is this: if I succeed in my suit, I will offer Moldwarp to Mary for her lifetime. She is greatly beloved in the county, and has done much for the laborers, nor upon her own lands only. If she had the full power she would do yet better. But of course it is very doubtful whether she will accept it. Should she decline it, I shall try to manage it myself—leaving it to her, with reversion to the man, whoever he may be, whom I shall choose to succeed her.

What sort of man I shall endeavor to find, I think my reader will understand. I will not describe him, beyond saying that he must above all things be just, generous, and free from the petty prejudices of the country gentleman. He must understand that property involves service to every human soul that lives or labors upon it—the service of the elder brother to his less burdened yet more enduring and more helpless brothers and sisters; that for the lives of all such he has in his degree to render account. For surely God never meant to uplift any man *at the expense* of his fellows; but to uplift him that he might be strong to minister, as a wise friend and ruler, to their highest and best needs—first of all by giving them the justice which will be recognized as such by him before whom a man *is* his brother's keeper, and becomes a Cain in denying it.

Lest Lady Brotherton, however, should like to have something to give away, I leave my former will as it was. It is in Marston's hands.

. . . . . .

Would I marry her now, if I might? I cannot tell. The thought rouses no passionate flood within me. Mighty spaces of endless possibility and endless result open before me. Death is knocking at my door.

No—no; I will be honest, and lay it to no half reasons, however wise. I would rather meet her then first, when she is clothed in that new garment called by St. Paul the spiritual body. That, Geoffrey has never touched; over that he has no claim.

But if the loveliness of her character should have purified his, and drawn and bound his soul to hers?

Father, fold me in thyself. The storm so long still, awakes; once more it flutters its fierce pinions. Let it not swing itself aloft in the air of my spirit. I dare not think, not merely lest thought should kindle into agony, but lest I should fail to rejoice over the lost and found. But my heart is in thy hand. Need I school myself to bow to an imagined decree of thine? Is it not enough that, when I shall know a thing for thy will, I shall then be able to say: Thy will be done? It is not enough; I need more. School thou my heart so to love thy will, that in all calmness I leave to think what may or may not be its choice, and rest in its holy self.

. . . . . .

She has sent for me. I go to her. I will not think beforehand what I shall say.

Something within tells me that a word from her would explain all that sometimes even now seems so inexplicable as hers. Will she speak that word? Shall I pray her for that word? I know nothing. The pure Will be done!

THE END.

IN THE BROOK.

Sylvia Dare had come back. This piece of news, whispered from one to another, was enough to set all the caps in Baybrook nodding, and to stir the village into a ripple of unusual excitement.

I wish I could make you see Baybrook as it stood that day, knee-deep in fallen yellow leaves, and rimmed by mountain ranges of pale blue which seemed melting into the pale November sky. Hush was the predominant character of the place. The bare and songless woods into which the long street plunged at either end, where it sought the open country, were no stiller than the village at its busiest center. There was absolutely no sound in the air, no voices, no hammers, no stir of occupation, only the cawing of crows in the fields, and one faint shriek from a distant locomotive ten miles away. The closely-shuttered houses looked dumb and lifeless. There was life enough going on in back regions,—life, and hard domestic trial,—but it was not visible to the road. The men of the place, gathered in the customary circle about

the post-office store, conversed, if at all, in low husky tones, varying their talk with the life and interest of frequent expectoration. The sidewalk was deserted. Once or twice in the course of the morning a woman with fluttering garments passed along, or dodged into this door or that, but her presence brought no relief to the prevailing sense of lifelessness, or broke it only with that slight surprise which we experience when some bird, a robin or belated woodpecker, brushes by us in the wintry woods.

But for all this peaceful exterior, Baybrook did not lack its gossips. In the remote kitchens, where so much unseen business was daily done, great interchange of neighborly chat was going on. At Mis' Wilder's, for instance, old Mis' Philbrick had run over "'cross lots" to interview her crony on the topic of the day, and Mis' Wilder, taking out her knitting and banishing "the girls" in clumsily contrived errand to the buttery, had fairly settled down for enjoyment. While Hepsy and Pris, indignant at being sent off, and on very tip-toe of curiosity, were doing their little all to overhear through the chink of the door.

"Who's Sylvia Dare?" asked Pris, catching the name amid the tantalizing hum, hum, hum of the low voices.

"I don't know," replied Hepsy, with wide-open eyes. "Somebody awful, I guess."

Poor Sylvia! It was not so very long—ten or twelve years at utmost—since she left her native village, and already her name was a strange one in the ears of the generation who now usurped her place. She wasn't "somebody awful" then. The elders remembered her, a willful, beautiful girl, carrying all before her with the insolence of youth and vanity, flirting now with this young man, now with that, and breaking more than one heart. They recollected the time of her brief engagement to Phil Thorpe—the likeliest fellow in the county—and his wretched looks when, some months after it was all broken off, she vanished from home to return no more. "Gone on a long visit to some friends in York," old Miss Dare said, in a last effort to save her darling's credit; but a year later, when she lay dying, the poor aunt confessed the truth,—she did not know where Sylvia was, she had never known,—neither word nor sign had come from the child since the day she went away. A dark cloud of surmise rested thenceforward over the fate of the village beauty, never lifted until now, when, marvelous to relate, she had come back.

"But when did she come?" asked Mis' Wilder.

"Last night," replied Mis' Philbrick, bringing her cap nearer. "Jehiel Forbes was to the depot with his team, and he fetched her over. She didn't speak, nor give no sign who she was, and he never mistrusted at first—she was so changed! Not much of handsome Sylvie Dare left, I reckon. But by-and-by he asked where did she want to be set down? and she says, says she, in a kind of hesitating voice, 'Is old Miss Dare alive yet?' And then Jehiel he said, 'Why, no; Mis' Dare died a long piece back, not more'n a year after her niece went off.' And at that she kind of choked, and pulled down her veil, and then Jehiel guessed. So he didn't say anything more till they got real near the village, and then he asked again where would she be set down? And at first she didn't answer, and then she said: 'Oh, I don't know; drive to the house where Miss Dare used to live. Perhaps they'll take me in there to board,' says she, and she burst right out crying. Jehiel says he felt real bad, and he took her there and fixed it all straight with Mis' Clark, and she's got the room her aunt used to have. Mis' Clark don't know yet who it is she's got boarding with her. She 'n Mr. Clark's pretty much strangers yet in these parts, you know. But I wouldn't wonder if somebody was to tell her before long."

"Poor Sylvie! I hope not," said the gentler woman. "And Jehiel says she's so changed?"

"He says she don't look to him as if she was long for this world," responded Mis' Philbrick. "Dreadful thin and holler, and with a cough that it shakes you all to pieces to hear. Poor cretur, as you say, Mis' Wilder. The way of the transgressor *is* hard—there's no doubt about it! Well, I must be goin'."

"Mother," cried Pris and Hepsy, released at last from their buttery, "who *is* Sylvia Dare that you and Mis' Philbrick was talking about? Do tell us about her."

"She's a poor child who used to live here, and who 's come back to die, I'm afraid," replied the mother, cautiously. "Don't mind about her, girls, but come up stairs with me, and help pick over the carpet-rags. It's time they was sorted out."

And in the excitement of matching blues and yellows, and arranging for black stripes and brown, Hepsy and Pris forgot their curiosity. But their mother did not forget, and prayed long and earnestly that night for the

wanderer brought so strangely back to her home.

Meantime Sylvia was lying in the bed where, as a child, she had slept beside her kind old aunt. The room was little changed. There was the old-fashioned cherry bureau, the maple wash-stand, the pine shelf in the corner, on which Miss Dare's black-bound Bible used to lie. Sylvia even recognized the musty smell which breathed from the closet, a sort of ghostly waft from by-gone and traditional apparel. There was the wall-paper, with its wavy pattern, which once she had loved to follow with her finger until it lost itself in the corner angle. There was the small looking-glass which had reflected a fair young face in those other days, not so very long ago; and the broken slat in the blind, not mended yet, through which the sun sent his morning greeting. His beams lay, a bright spot, on the same strip of faded carpet. Could they have been lying there all this time? Sylvia thought, pursuing her recollections with languid interest. She felt tired—too tired to rise. She would lie still for a day or two, and then she should be better. And she wondered if anybody would remember her? would come to see her? and for the first time in years a painful curiosity to know what had been said of her absence awoke in her mind. Once she had not cared. Could it be true, what Jehiel said, that her aunt's death had really had anything to do with *that?* And Sylvia closed her eyes, then opened them again, and tossed feverishly about.

All that day and the next she lay languid and restless. Her landlady came now and then, bringing up tea and such other "vittles" as suggested themselves; but a sharp inquisitive manner had replaced the fussy good-nature of her earlier greeting, and Sylvia guessed that her story was known. Why had she come back? she asked herself, in fits of miserable despondency. She did not know that it was but the instinct of all hunted and dying things, turning with desperate longing to the morning covert where their race began, and which to the end is home.

The third morning was warm and sunny. A dreamy haze softened the mountain outline and clothed the bare woods with many-hued mists. Sylvia felt stronger. Rising feebly, she dressed, and, wrapped in a shawl, sat down beside the open window. The pure air, the quiet and peace of all out-door things, the lovely penciling of the elm-boughs as they fell between her eyes and the sky, thrilled her with vague pleasure. Nobody seemed to be moving; all things slept or appeared to sleep, though blue smokes curled from chimneys, and here and there the upper half of a front door stood open to admit the air. How pretty, how hushed it was; how like the old life, and yet how different. By-and-by a girl came by—a girl about the age of that girl who had passed from all these peaceful things so long ago. As she walked she glanced upward, and, catching a glimpse of Sylvia's head against the side of the window, paused, stared curiously, and then hurried on again with a look of shy confusion. Sylvia shrank back. Why had she come? she again asked herself.

The next day was Sunday. A bright and fitful sun shone in at the pane, but the clouds had deepened on the mountains, and the wind blew with a keener edge. It braced Sylvia's languid frame like a tonic. Looking out towards noon, she saw orderly groups of people passing home from church, and a desire to leave the house seized her. Perhaps she had been mistaken; perhaps nobody would know her, after all, or, knowing, some kind soul might speak tenderly and pityingly to her. Even pity would be sweet, thought Sylvia in her loneliness, and wrapping herself in shawl and veil, she crept down stairs and into the street.

People were not going home from church, however. An unusual throng was pouring through Squire Welch's gate, and moving in long lines across the brown meadow which lay beyond. What could it mean?

"Where are the folks going?" asked Sylvia of a little boy who stood with pocketed hands near the gate.

"Down to see the baptizin'," replied the boy. "Ain't you goin'? There's ten on 'em beside the Elders a goin' in. I guess the water 'll be pretty cold too."

Some vague recollection floated through Sylvia's mind, as her feet rather than her will bore her along in the track of the procession; recollections of a baptizing to which she had been taken years before. Yes, it must have been here that it took place; here, where Bayberry Brook—pretty Bayberry, from which the village borrowed its name—ran deepest. But at first sight of the stream, curving through its banks of sedge and golden grass, this remembrance forsook her, lost in a tide of other thoughts. Half her childhood had been passed in this meadow beside the brook. There was the shallow where she and Phil built the dam. Under that bank he found the lark's nest which he showed to her and kept a secret

from all the other girls. Just then she had caught her first trout. She remembered how the hook got tangled in her curls, and how Phil worked for half an hour getting it out. She could feel his fingers now, and see the bright boyish face close to her own, and feel his breath on her cheek. And on that hummock—strangest memory of all—they had sat that evening when he asked her to marry him. Poor Phil! She had felt sorry about him sometimes of late years. She wondered if he were alive yet—if he had quite got over feeling bad about her. But pshaw! of course he had. And as thus—

> "Down the all golden water-ways
> Her thoughts flew——"

the path, pursued almost unconsciously, brought her to the bank where people were standing in silent attentive groups.

For a moment Sylvia shrank back. Then, perceiving that no one turned or seemed to notice her presence, she ventured to linger, even to press forward a little, and soon, absorbed in what was going on, she forgot all else. Directly beneath where she stood lay the deep pool in which Bayberry, losing for a time its happy, rippling murmurs, ran with placid and noiseless force. The farther bank was soft with tufts of yellow grass. There stood the choir, and even as she gazed the leader raised his hand and led the air of a wild, sweet hymn, full of that blended triumph and pathos which distinguishes the Methodist hymnal, and which seems caught from those early days when, on lonely hill-tops and Cornish moors, John Wesley stood and poured his burning message into the ears of the common people, who heard him gladly. Never under gray English skies did the strains ring with gladder meaning than now beneath the blue New England heavens, with the distant solemn mountains looking on, and the plash and jingle of Bayberry Brook sounding each note like an unseen accompaniment. One verse,—no more, —then a bustle and stir took place in the crowd below, and, slowly emerging, two figures descended the bank and passed into the water.

One was the gray-haired Elder; the other a young woman, with long, streaming hair and black garments. Step by step they gained the center of the pool, where the water was deepest, and, standing waist-deep, paused, and turned so as to face the people. Sylvia bent forward. She heard the sacred formula pronounced, saw the girl's head with its heavy tresses bend suddenly backward and vanish beneath the swirling waves. Another moment it rose again, and dripping and gasping the girl was led by the Elder toward the shore, and assisted up the bank by her friends, while a wild strain of welcome rang from the choir. Another baptism followed, and another. Then some unusual excitement shook the audience, as a tall man's figure came forward leading a young woman by the hand. Sylvia just caught sight of the girl's face as they passed: a fair, modest one, framed in light, braided hair; but the Elder advanced, and, placing himself between the two, led them into the brook. The words of consecration were uttered, the dark head and the fair vanished in turn beneath the water, and the forms turned again toward the bank, the young man holding up the girl with a strong arm. Her sweet, dripping face was quite unruffled in expression. His —Sylvia gasped as she gazed—wore a look of steadfast, honest peace, which made the strong features absolutely beautiful. It was Philip Thorpe, the lover of her youth—no longer a boy, but a man, every inch of him; a man of whom a woman might well be proud. And just then a gust of wind seized and blew aside her veil, and Philip's eyes, as he slowly ascended the bank, met hers, and he knew his lost love's face!

"How dreadful white Phil Thorpe looks, don't he?" whispered somebody near by in the crowd. "I wouldn't wonder if he'd taken his death of chill."

"But Mary Allen don't," was the reply. "She's just as pretty and calm as if she hadn't been in the water at all. No wonder Phil thinks such a heap of her. Elder Quinn he wanted them to go in separate, but Phil wouldn't hear to it. 'She and me's going through life together, and we're going to be baptized together,' he said. The Elder couldn't do nothing with him. I don't blame him one mite, for my part."

Sylvia heard no more. The burning flush which had rushed into her face on meeting Phil's eyes gave place to death-like pallor and a feeling of sickly faintness. With desperate footsteps she hurried back across the meadow, feeling each moment as if she must sink. The wild, sweet strain of the choir pursued her—

> "He will save you—
> He will save you—
> He will save you just now—
> Just now—
> He will save you just now."

Would He? Oh, if He would!

When a girl is, in country parlance, "sit-

ting up with a young man," it is desirable that her parents should make a practice of going to bed early. Farmer Allen and his dame were not behind-hand in this respect. They knew what was expected of them, and duty, fortunately, coincided with both habit and inclination. So by eight o'clock all was still that Sunday evening in the old homestead, except for the distant creak of some bedstead bending under the weight of a sleeper, and the crackling of the ample fire upon the kitchen hearth, beside which the lovers sat. Philip was in the farmer's big chair, and Mary on a low stool drawn up close to it. There were tears on her fair cheek, and Philip looked grave and pale as he stroked her small fingers in his broad palm.

"And so it's been like a cloud over the day—the day we said was going to be so happy, Mary. Not that it hasn't been happy, dear,—I must take that back,—happy in some ways. But all the time I am seeing that face—that poor changed face."

"Is she good-looking still?" faltered Mary.

"No, not good-looking now. You needn't worry, dear. The bright pretty face of old times is all gone. Nobody will ever have to fret any more over Sylvia Dare's beauty."

"Oh, Phil, I'm not worrying," said Mary, almost crying; "it's only—only—"

"I know, dear," very tenderly. "It's only that to-day, of all days, you and I were to belong entirely to each other—and to God. And we do, darling. I wouldn't go back if I could to that old time when Sylvie made me so miserable. This new time is more to me than that; and you, my Mary, a thousand times dearer than ever she was. But some men can't ever forget the past, or lay it aside, or bury it away out of sight, and I am one of them. My love for Sylvia Dare died long ago. I wouldn't dig it up again if I could by saying the word. But when I saw her face to-day, so unhappy, dear, so changed, I forgot all that has come between, all her wrong and my anger, and saw only the little Sylvia who used to be my sweetheart at school and play with me beside Bayberry Brook. Don't be angry with me, darling; but help me to think what we can do for poor Sylvie."

"Angry, Phil"—kissing him—"why, how could I? I love you all the more for being so tender-hearted—just like a woman, dear—for all you're so big and strong. But what can we do?"

"I am trying to think, darling. If you were my wife it would be easy. We would go together to Sylvie, and comfort her together. But it won't do for me to go now; and if you made friends with her, people would talk so. Even your—"

"But Phil," cried true-hearted Mary, "why need we mind people's talking, if what we do is right? Tell me that you wish me to go, and I'll go to-morrow. Or you needn't tell me; I'll go any way, because I want to go. And, dear," the sweet face grew tender, "you know we said that we would try to look out for something good to do,—something we could help or give to in memory of this day when we professed church membership together. Perhaps this is the very work. Perhaps He has sent this poor thing specially to us; who knows, Phil?"

While thus tender souls took counsel over her fate, Sylvia stood alone beside Bayberry Brook. A long afternoon of fever had bred within her such restless disquiet and impatience of the confined air of her room, that, haunted with the longing to escape, she had risen from her bed about nine o'clock in the evening, and, wrapped in a shawl, had crept unperceived from the house.

The night was wild and gusty. It had rained heavily over the mountains all day, and masses of heavy cloud, driven by the wind, were now scudding across the sky, catching up in their folds and then releasing the moon, which here and there gleamed out with fitful splendor. A boding moan came on the breeze, significant of coming storm. It fell like some awful, tortured human voice upon the ears of the half-delirious girl, as with rapid steps she passed along the meadow-path, now silent and deserted. Gaining at last the bank where in the morning she had stood, she paused and bent over, with clasped hands, weeping and talking to herself.

"Oh, what a dreadful, dreadful world it is!" she sobbed; "I didn't know how dreadful till I came back here. That girl's face! Did my face ever look like that?—so happy and quiet! I had forgotten girls could look so! How Phil changed when he saw me! He turned white, and his eyes stared as if I was something awful. And I am! I am a ghost!—the ghost of little Sylvia Dare, who used to play beside Bayberry Brook. Oh, if I could only go back and *be* her,—go back to the time when I went to school across this meadow, and Aunt Orphah used to call me a 'good child!' Good! Ah, no! Nobody will ever say that to me again!

"If there was only some way of going back—going back! Any way to get rid of the

burden of one's self! What did that hymn say—

"'He will save you just now?'

Not me! That couldn't mean me! I wish it did. I wish the Elder would take hold of my hand and lead me in and dip me under, as he did this morning, and say those words, and all these wretched years could slip off and float away, and I could rise up again washed clean, with a face like that girl's, and walk out and begin over! Oh dear! That would be good!"

She filled her hands with the water and poured it over her burning head. "That is nice," she said,—"nice and cool. Perhaps, if I went in and stood just there where Phil stood this morning, I should be cool all through, and this pain would go away. I'll leave my shawl here, though, to keep dry till I come out."

She threw the shawl upon the ground and waded in. The stream had risen since morning, fed by the mountain rains, but she never heeded the added depth. Intent upon reaching the middle of the pool, where the morning's baptism had taken place, she hurried forward. Now the water was at her waist—now above her breast. A hasty slip,—her footing gave way,—the water was over her head. Instinctively she struggled, for one moment grasped the air—then a sudden gladness possessed her: "Just now," she murmured, with a wild smile on her white face—then gave herself to the stream and sank. The moon plunged into sudden eclipse of cloud; the wind sounded with drearier moan,—then, ere the ripples of Sylvia's passage had ceased in the brook, the silvery radiance again streamed forth and lit the eddying circles. The breeze died into stillness, and hush and night possessed the place.

They found her in the morning. The stream had floated her down a little way to where a tiny cape of yellow grasses arrested its flow,—and there, half in, half out of the water, she lay pillowed on the slope. The brown waves played lightly with her garments and lapped and caressed her form as a mother caresses her child. A smile of perfect peace rested on her lips. She was fair and young and innocent: the deep baptism of Death had washed away all stain of life's anguish, and she seemed as one fallen asleep.

"She looks dreadful happy, don't she?" said old Mis' Philbrick.

But Philip and Mary were heavy at heart. "We were going to help her—we were going to be so good to her on the morrow," they said to each other; "if she had only known—if she only had lived one day longer!"

In the meadow, not far from the water's edge, is Sylvia's grave. Rough hands laid her to rest and smoothed the brown sods over her; but many kind words were spoken, and no harsh ones, for the village folk were not ungentle at heart. The murmur of Bayberry sounds forever past her bed, and Philip's little children come sometimes to put daisies and pink mallow-buds on the mound. And sometimes, though rarely, Philip comes himself, and stands, and thinks, and stoops to brush a stick or a dead leaf from the grass. The blue sky arches her in, the curving mountain chain encircles her—and so Sylvia rests.

THE FALSE CLAIM OF MORMONISM.

Some may have thought the statements of President Grant's Message on Mormon polygamy to be severe. There is not, however, a nation of Asia whose customs and laws would not justify these statements. The expressions of the Message are: "In Utah there still remains a remnant of barbarism, repugnant to civilization, to decency, and to the laws of the United States." To indicate one chief particular in which polygamy is opposed to the whole spirit of law, both in this and other nations, the President suggests: "It may be advisable for Congress to consider what, in the execution of the law against polygamy, is to be the status of plural wives and their offspring. The expediency of Congress passing an enabling act, authorizing the Legislature of Utah to legitimate all children born prior to a time fixed in the act, might be justified by its humanity to these innocent children." Yet further to indicate the cloak of religious hypocrisy under which these marriages are justified, the President declares: "Neither polygamy nor any other violation of existing statutes will be permitted within the territory of the United States. It is not with the religion of the self-styled saints, but with their practices, we are now dealing. They will be protected in the worship of God according to the dictates of

their consciences, but they will not be permitted to violate the laws under the cloak of religion."

As already remarked, these statements may seem to some dictatorial in tone; but they would be justified in any nation even of Asia, not to say of Europe.

The views of the Chief Magistrate have not been adopted and thus publicly set forth without thorough investigation and wise counsel.

Many years ago intelligent foreigners wondered that in this land, and in the nineteenth century, after Christianity had become fundamental law, people could be found who would be deluded by sophistries and absurdities worthy of the ignorance of the Middle Ages. Two things are to be remembered in regard to this suggestion. So extreme has been the American view that religion should not be interfered with, that practices have been tolerated which pertain not at all to duties to the Divine Being, but to the rights and welfare of present and future generations; these abuses being cloaked under the garb of religion. It is further to be remembered, that the people who are so ignorant as to be deluded by Mormon elders are nearly all from the dregs of European populations, with comparatively few native-born Americans.

It has been generally supposed that the Mormon practice is justified by Asiatic and patriarchal customs, and by both Mohammedan and Mosaic statutes. No greater perversion of fact, as to existing society in Asia, and patriarchal practice, as well as to Mosaic laws, could be conceived than this. The *fact* being mistaken, no wonder the principle has been misconstrued. The facts of history will show that the Mormon polygamy is opposed to the customs of every age and nation; that it is contrary to the spirit and letter of Mosaic as well as American law; and that even the religious statutes of the Mormon Bible forbid the practice.

It should be understood, in dealing with Mormon polygamists, that they are professedly a *community* of men with more than one wife apiece—an absurdity and infamy such as was never dreamed of by the Orientals. Asiatic, as well as European nations, from the days of Aristotle, have known that there are substantially as many males as females born into the world by the Creator's appointment.

Of course polygamy, as a custom for a community or a nation, is an absurdity in itself; and, in our day, it is an infamy; since, as Aristotle argues, if all men are equal in their rights, he is a robber of the most villainous order who appropriates more than one female as his wife.

Hence in all countries, China and Turkey being of the number, where polygamy as the *exception* is allowed, it is the special privilege of official rank to have a harem with a plurality of wives. There is not one man in ten thousand, therefore, that has more than one wife.

Three things conspire to make monogamy the law, and polygamy the rare exception. In the first place, very few men, if permitted, could meet the expenses of sustaining two families. Again, the law makes polygamy not simply the privilege, but the indispensable condition of official position, the plurality of wives being a part of the equipage of official rank; while, yet more, many persons entitled to the privilege, from preference avoid it, if possible.

These facts are seen illustrated in the following cases occurring in Turkey and China. The late Sultan of the Turkish Empire, Abdûl Mejîd, the eldest son of Selim, who was a man of great ability, came to the throne in 1839, at the age of about twenty. Prior to his accession to the throne he had a wife to whom he was tenderly attached. As the wife of his youth, he wished no other. By the precept of the Koran and the accordant law of the Empire, on becoming the Sultan he was compelled to divorce the wife of his sole attachment and take four Georgian slaves. It was the general conviction that this unnatural divorce and official connection preyed on his spirit, and led him to habits which shortened his life; his brother, Abdûl Azîz, succeeding him at his death some years ago. A kindred case, so far as the fact of polygamy is concerned, occurred in China some years since. A promising Chinese youth, converted to Christianity, was promoted under the Imperial Government to a position whose perquisite—or encumbrance—was the taking of a second wife. The unnatural connection was, of course, in conflict with both the desire and the religious convictions of the young candidate for office.

These facts present the general law as to polygamy, both in Buddhist China and in Mohammedan Turkey. Such an idea as a *community* of polygamists, we repeat, never was dreamed of in Asia. On the other hand, polygamy is one of the most odious relics of Asiatic despotism,—no more to be tolerated in a country like ours than the plunder and hoarding of any universal privilege. The American people had a specimen of the spirit that such a monopoly

awakens even in the Chinese mind, when a vessel some months since came into San Francisco with a cargo of females designed for the exclusive appropriation of some few lordly merchant princes, whose superior success in money accumulations permitted them to set up as aristocrats. The mob thronged the ship and the carriages that brought up the women into the town; and it required all the nerve and force of a large American police to prevent another seizure like that of the Sabines.

And this calls attention to another fact: the indispensable accompaniment to polygamy, which the ancient Greek historian mentions as a feature of Asiatic custom in certain small and warlike tribes, is a kindred perversion of law on the part of both sexes. Polygamy is, indeed, a two-edged sword. In the Turkish army, while civil and military officers singly appropriate many women, many men appropriate in common one woman.

Here is a fact worthy of special notice: that nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that the pious patriarchs, before the days of Moses, were polygamists. Let the fact be noted, that of all the model men among all the patriarchs, commended during two thousand five hundred years of the world's history prior to Moses, there is but one polygamist to be found; and he becomes such by the fraud of a heathen father-in-law. To the record. The antediluvian history shows a line of ten generations of good men from Adam to Noah, every one of whom are monogamists. In the race descended from Cain even, it is not until the seventh generation that polygamy originates; when the severest of curses is pronounced on its author, and its influence is stated to be the principal cause of the deluge. Generation after generation of pure and true men succeed, among whom no one, from Noah to Abraham, is a polygamist. And it is not in this line alone, down to the era of Abraham, that this fact is true. Job on the Euphrates, and Melchisedek on the border of the Mediterranean, are not living in this practice. Indeed, Abraham was a true monogamist; for his brief and unwilling connection with a servant-woman was induced by the short-sighted pride of his own wife, of which she soon bitterly repented. Isaac was the husband of one wife; and Joseph, while prime minister of Eygpt, was not compelled, by the then existing court custom, to have more than one wife. Only Jacob, in the long history of two thousand five hundred years, is the husband of two wives; and he, against his own wish and convictions, is tricked into the union by the fraud of his idolatrous and selfish father-in-law. Where is the honesty of men in reading this ancient history?

A new way this of showing that "the exception proves the rule." One poor, dependent young man, cheated by his avaricious employer, has foisted on him a daughter that he does not choose; and then afterwards marries, at the same suggestion, the daughter he does love. And this single case, met as an exception in a history of twenty-five centuries, proves the patriarchs to be a set of polygamists! If any other history were thus belied, the literary world could not restrain its just indignation.

Now since "custom" makes law, since the "common law" of every country, as of England, is nothing but the collated customs of a people, it is beforehand to be supposed that the *customs* of Asiatic nations as to polygamy find an echo in their laws. There is not, let it be distinctly noted, a single Asiatic code of laws, ancient or modern, that does not make monogamy the rule according to which men ought to live; while it only legislates about divorce and polygamy as abuses to be guarded by law, since the public morals of the day could not wholly suppress them. We cite three instances: the code of Mohammed, published about A.D. 550; that of Moses, given about B.C. 1490; and that of Menu, doubtless of a still greater antiquity.

Here the distinction must be drawn between *polygamy*, or association with more than one wife at the same time, and *divorce*, which is the changing of wives according to the whim of the husband. In confirmation of the truth that polygamy has always been an exceptional practice, and that divorce is unnatural, three facts are worthy of consideration as illustrative of the code now to be examined. First, Jesus Christ condemns divorce in the strongest terms, citing the fact that Adam lived when only one woman existed, so that divorce and remarriage was impossible; while to polygamy he has no occasion to allude as a custom of his day. Again, divorce is now despised by the Mohammedans; and the man who divorces his wives becomes a pest and an outcast from respectable society, since the instinct of all men, in any community, insists that each is entitled to a wife that has not been corrupted by the lechery of a beastly divorcer.

Taking up, then, first, the Koran of Mo-

hammed, we find the Fourth Sura, or chapter, devoted mainly to the laws of marriage; while allusions to its laws are occasionally made in subsequent chapters. It is to be remembered that for nearly twenty years Mohammed had lived the husband of one wife, whom he almost adored; and that it was not until after he wrote this chapter, and when the ambition of Oriental despotism possessed him, that he added other wives to his retinue. Among the Arab chieftains, and among the monarchs of Persia and Egypt, whom he sought to win to his faith, he found men, wedded to their official titles, to be polygamists. Hence, he begins with the primitive history which Christ cited; thus: "O men, fear your Lord who hath created you out of one man, and out of him created his wife." Then, alluding to the practical objection to polygamy, that it makes helpless orphans of the children of all the wives except the favored one, he adds: "If ye fear that ye shall not act with equity towards the orphans, take in marriage of such women as please you, two, or three, or four, and not more. And if ye fear that ye cannot act equitably towards so many, marry one only." Finding also divorce a practice of those who received his religion, he gave this stringent law; even for a divorce permitted virtually in all Oriental countries, from a betrothal made by parents, from which, when grown to maturity, it was certainly legitimate that the parties should be allowed to seek a release. "O believers, it shall be no crime in you if ye divorce your wives, provided ye have not touched them, nor settled any dowry on them. But provide for their temporary necessities what is reasonable; for this is a duty of the righteous. And if ye divorce them before ye have touched them, yet after ye have already settled a dowry on them, then ye shall give them a half of what ye have settled; unless they release any part." The case here is what modern law calls breach of promise; and certainly this law of Mohammed is quite as equitable as any statute of modern times. The fact that these cases are singled out as "no crime" implies that in the view of Mohammed's original law, divorce, after actual marriage, was a crime. That he himself departed from his own law, and that many of his followers, disposed to gratify their *lust*, have departed from it, alters not the fact that the moral sentiment of Asiatics has always, as a rule, anciently and now, regarded divorce, as well as polygamy, a violation not only of the rights of woman,—thus subject in the married relation to an individual caprice,—but even more, a violation of the rights of men, who feel that no one man is authorized thus to trifle with their common title to a wife uncontaminated.

Thus prepared, we may, perhaps, be ready for an impartial examination of the Mosaic law. Here it is to be remembered that Moses, though brought up as a courtier in Egypt, was the husband of but one wife; and for a reason presently to be cited, at a court where probably polygamy never had existed. It is, then, beforehand unlikely that he would legislate in favor of polygamy. Everything in his law, on the other hand, goes to show that he legislates for monogamists, and them alone. In the first place, the Moral Law, placed at the head of his code and repeated elsewhere in it, is based on the idea, as seen in the Tenth Commandment, that men have but one wife. Beginning with the code proper, whose epitome is condensed into three chapters of Exodus, then reading through the entire body of laws in the Levitical statutes and in the revised code called Deuteronomy, we find hundreds of statutes alluding to the "wife," but *never* to the "wives," of a citizen of the Hebrew commonwealth. Pausing at the statutes relating to inheritance, again we find that they presuppose as truly as does the English Common Law, which rules in the American States, that a man has but one wife; and it would be as impossible to apply the Mosaic code in this particular to a community of polygamists, as American jurists find our common law for inheritance inapplicable to the wives and children of Mormons.

There are two or three statutes which Mormon prophets have sought to wrest to their purposes; but these statutes, which might, perhaps, be doubtful if found in the Koran of Mohammed, are clear in the statutes of Moses from the prevailing spirit of the whole as just cited. Thus we read (Deut. xxi. 15–17): "If a man have two wives, one beloved and another hated, and they have borne him children, both the beloved and the hated; and if the first-born son be hers that was hated, then it shall be, when he maketh his sons to inherit that which he hath, that he may not make the son of the beloved first-born before the son of the hated, which is indeed the first-born." The inference is here illegitimately drawn that the husband might have two wives at the same time; whereas violations of the spirit of this statute may be found under English and American law, in cases where a widower on second marriage makes favorites, both during life and at his death, of the children of the second wife.

This is made more manifest by the provision recorded Deut. xxv. 5–10; a case illustrated in the history of Ruth, and alluded to in Christ's teachings. From this it is apparent that a younger brother of one betrothed only, but not married, who dies before marriage, and therefore without an heir, should enter into the betrothal engagement of the first-born son and heir to the homestead, so as to prevent a disputed succession under the right of primogeniture. The declining of such a succession and betrothal was regarded only an apparent disgrace, though not a real dereliction from duty.

Strangely enough, the statement (Lev. xviii. 18): "Neither shalt thou take a wife to her sister, to vex her, to uncover her nakedness, beside the other in her lifetime," has been construed into an indication that Moses' law recognized polygamy; as if any *other* woman than a "wife's sister" might be a second wife during the life of the first. The Presbyterian and some other branches of the Christian Church have thought they saw in this statute the suggestion of danger to a husband's fidelity in the close intimacy into which a wife's sister would be brought during the period of child-bearing; and hence their rule of second marriages drawn from this statute. Certainly this, like the single other disputed statute just considered, gives, when fairly weighed, no ground whatever for the idea that Moses legislated for polygamists. The statutes are clear enough in themselves, aside from the fact that they are part of a code which in all its allusions and special statutes is adapted only to a nation of monogamists.

It may be added that divorce is only three times mentioned in the Mosaic writings; that two of these are mere irrelevant allusions; while the special statute justifies Christ's unanswerable declaration that Moses condemned instead of justifying divorce. The statute is as follows (Deut. xxiv. 1): "When a man hath taken a wife, and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, because he hath found some uncleanness in her, then let him write a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house." In reference to this, three points are to be observed. The statute is found in Deuteronomy; as the name implies, the Revised Code, written forty years after the original code given on Mount Sinai. As that does not anywhere allude to divorce, there is reason to suppose that the practical experience of Moses led him to give a statute for the protection of society as well as of the divorced woman. This is more manifest from the fact that the cause of divorce cited is one which would under Christian law either justify a divorce, or at least lead a husband of sensitive spirit to the course suggested, as Matthew states, to the mind of Joseph, the betrothed husband of Mary, before the birth of Jesus. The meaning of this statute as to divorce is made more apparent by the severe judgment (Deut. xxii. 15–19, mentioned just before the statute) of the man who should mis-judge the virtue of his newly married wife. Surely Mormon prophets are too far down in the scale of moral convictions to be intelligent interpreters of the Laws of Moses. This becomes yet more apparent when we take up for examination the code of Menu, which there is reason to believe was known to Moses as a student in the colleges of Egypt.

Here a statute of Moses is to be noted, which is a hinging confirmation of the view just taken of the Mosaic code; while at the same time it is an explanatory transition to the Indian code, now to be considered. Even polygamy as the official perquisite of an Oriental king is forbidden by Moses, on the supposition that the Hebrew nation, for whom he legislated, should in future days seek a king. His words are (Deut. xvii. 17): "Neither shall he multiply wives to himself, that his heart turn not away." Just before Moses had said (Deut. iv. 6–8): "Keep therefore and do them: for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes, and say, Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. For what nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon him for? And what nation is there so great, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law, which I set before you this day?" This he could not have said unless the Hebrew people, as well as he, were familiar with other nations and other codes.

And now, after this positive statute of the Hebrew legislators against polygamy, even as the perquisite of an Asiatic despot, no fair mind can fail to dispose aright of the practice of David, Solomon, and other Hebrew kings. Their polygamy was just like the exceptional vices of a few truly Christian men in our day. The penalty of this violation of law was sufficiently severe upon David in the revolt of his sons, Absalom and Adonijah, in his own disgraceful conduct and the humiliation it brought, and in the bitterness of his lament

over children ruined by his fault. As for Solomon, his case was a counterpart of that of Abdûl Mejîd, the late Sultan above alluded to. His sweet "Song of Songs"—so little comprehended by lustful modern minds supposing themselves specially refined—pictures a sincere and deep attachment which he had formed in early youth for Abishag, the Shulamite brunette, who had nursed his father in old age; whom he, like Abdûl, could not, as a sovereign, wed; but who had so won his true love that when Adonijah asked her hand his passion was stirred more than if he had asked the kingdom. To that pure and genuine affection, which could hold only one object, his mind turns when in mature manhood he writes: "Rejoice with the wife of thy youth. Let her embrace satisfy thee at all times. Be thou always ravished with her love." To this he sadly reverts when in his harassed old age, with his three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines about him, he pens the exclamation: "One *man* among a *thousand* have I found; but one *woman* among *them all* have I not found." Of this pure transport of early love it is that in his youth he sings in the "Song of Songs." If any human mind can extract a *law* for polygamy out of these histories, that mind must be strangely constituted. Americans have too much common sense—it is to be hoped too much high-toned honesty—to be beguiled by special pleading from such cases.

The Laws of Menu, the most ancient code of India, were translated by Sir William Jones at a time when a part of Hindostan was by conquest brought under British sway. The question then arose in the British Parliament whether the people of the conquered province should be subjected to the sway of the English Common Law, or be left under the authority of their own time-honored code. The conclusions of Sir William Jones are, that this code was earlier than that of Moses. The evidence is ample that by commerce and national intercourse India, Egypt, and Assyria were from the earlier times brought into the closest contact; that the Brahmins, one of whom wrote the laws of Menu, ruled in Egypt as well as in India, and that this body of laws was known to Moses when he claimed superiority for his own code. All this, however, is of no present force, except as the laws of the two great sages illustrate each other in the special question here considered. The laws of Menu relate to four classes of men: the Brahmins or sages; the military class, whose head was the king; the middle, or mercantile class; and the lower, or laboring class. The statutes as to marriage apply to all these classes.

After a chapter on "Education," called the "First Order," the second chapter relates to "*Marriage*," or the second order. Here the laws of marriage are embodied; and they are also referred to in several succeeding chapters of the code. No statute is found as to divorce. Polygamy is not recognized; though concubinage is referred to as a perversion of the true law of the married relation. The following statutes sufficiently indicate that *monogamy* is the law, divine and human, of this most ancient Asiatic code. As soon as the young Brahmin, says the code, has so studied the Vedas as "perfectly to comprehend them," let him, as a "twice-born man," "espouse a wife of the same class with himself, and endued with the marks of excellence; and let him constantly be satisfied with her alone." As the law of this mutual relation for all classes, the statute is, "*Let mutual fidelity continue until death;* this, in a few words, may be considered as the supreme law between husband and wife." "Let a man and woman united by marriage continually beware lest at any time, disunited, they violate their mutual fidelity. Thus has been declared unto you the law, abounding in the purest affection, for the conduct of man and wife."

The following is the law laid down for a king even: "Having prepared his mansion for this end, let him choose a consort of the same class with himself, endued with all the bodily marks of excellence, born of exalted race, captivating his heart, adorned with beauty and the best qualities." These are the principles ruling marriage in the purest and best days of the noblest country of Asia, in a code never since abrogated: union to one person, and that for life; fidelity unwavering to one consort; and the rule of all domestic ties mutual affection. Not a word of polygamy or divorce is to be found in this time-honored code.

To confirm all, and yet indicate one point of difference made between the wife and husband, the statute of marriage enjoins that, while the widow, on the death of a husband, shall never "even pronounce the name of another man," it is permitted that the husband, if he "has lived by these rules" of marriage already cited, "having performed the funeral rites of his wife who dies before him, may marry again." Surely the Mormons have little ground for their *Community* of polygamists in either the customs or codes

of ancient or modern Asia. No religion on earth was ever found that denied manifest Divine ordinances, and that outraged all human instincts, natural, moral, and religious, by such a perversion of all the laws of human nature as does polygamy.

Where then, pray, did the Mormons find the sanction now pleaded before an intelligent world for such a profanation? Not even in the Book of Mormon, nor in the law of their own Community, strange as the fact may appear. The Book of Mormon is generally known to have been published from the manuscript of a romance written by a clergyman named Spalding, which, having been left with a printer for some years unpublished, was bought for his purposes by Joseph Smith about 1830, and thus fell into hands that were guided by more of cunning than of shrewdness.

The idea of this clergyman was that the American Indians were descendants of an old patriarchal family mentioned by Moses, which —possessing a knowledge of much of the Mosaic and prophetic writings, as well as a clear promise of the religion of Christ— crossed from the Eastern to the Western continent, and wandered on to the region now known as the State of New York. It is not wonderful that the good pastor, writing to strengthen the faith of his readers in the Old and New Testaments, should have introduced a precept of Mormon, the professed author of this book, binding his people always to have but one wife. The prohibition, however, was too incidental to arrest the attention of so dull a student as Joseph Smith, and so bookless a manager as Brigham Young. There, however, it stands, to forbid any appeal to "religious scruples" and their "sacred volume" as sanctioning the outrage on humanity in the customs and laws, which this "community of polygamists" have for a generation inflicted upon a few deluded souls.

Where, again, is the "civil law," even of their own enacting, to sustain their practice? It is well urged before the court now trying polygamists, that no statute ever enacted by themselves as an independent State, or as a Territory of the United States, gives any sanction to polygamy. What, then, have these men to plead before any bar, human or divine? Under what constitution or code can they defend their practice?

It is enough to say, in summary, that polygamy never could exist except as the privilege of a despotic aristocracy. In every republic men certainly have an equal right to the one woman for each man which the Creator persistently sees fit to provide. That Constitution which pledges a republican government to each State in the Union must put an end to this worst of aristocracies. Yet again, neither the common law nor any code ever made could legitimate and provide an inheritance for the orphans that in the second generation of Mormondom will be left destitute by their beastly fathers.

STATISTICS OF STATIRA.

STATIRA was the last of a noble race. She was one of those wonderful old New England servants who could do everything, and, like the parson who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year," she was content with one dollar a week, and would take no more.

She was a fixture in our house when I was born, and I remember no childhood without Statira. I have often been told how my beautiful young mother was struggling, as New England housekeepers struggled forty years ago, with those appalling giants—winter, with its unyielding severity; houses in which there were yet no furnaces, and through which scarlet-fever, croup, and consumption wandered at will; spring, with its backward garden; summer, with its unfulfilled promises and its typhoid fever; autumn, with its "pickling and preserving;" and all seasons with their cry, which has continued ever since, "Help! more help!"—when she found Statira. Plymouth Rock, and Republicanism, and Equal Rights (miserable misnomer) have given us many good things, but they have taken good servants away from us forever.

Often have I been with Statira to the melancholy farm-house where she was brought up. Often have I wondered how the large family were reared in its miserable boundaries, under its incomplete defense against winter's snow and summer's heat, in its atmosphere of utter and hopeless poverty and misery,— and have heard her tell the story of my mother's finding her.

Statira had had a disappointment in love, which meant as much to her as it would have done to an Italian countess, and she was suffering all that cruel disgrace which the people of a rustic neighborhood visit upon the "jilted."

I shall never forget the pitiless expression which would come over the faces of a New England tea-party when one said of another, "Oh, she has been *jilted*, you know!"

Poor Statira had been jilted, and was eating her heart out in the miserable atmosphere of her forlorn, cheerless home, when my mother drove up in her carriage, looking, as Statira was fond of saying, "like a very angel," and asked if she could get "a girl" to come and cook, wash, iron, bake, brew, and all the rest.

Statira offered herself, was accepted, and the connection continued for forty years.

When I remember the capacities of that woman for labor, when I remember what she must necessarily have done, and when I measure it with what one woman can do now, I am almost disposed to go back to the Scandinavian theory, and believe that the race began mightily, and is constantly degenerating. It was not mere strength; it was skill of the highest. Her cookery was superb: her soups were clear as wine; her coffee equally so; her bread was like that of a French restaurant; her roasts and boils perfect of their kind. Certain dishes have expired with her. No one can ever give the lusciousness to succotash, or the flavor to a broiled chicken, that she did. It was not alone that I ate her dishes with a certain sauce which has since also been lost,—*i. e.*, the appetite of youth,—for she was praised by gourmands who had had more experience than I in the best foreign cookery.

Then her *laundresse*, if I may coin a word (why not *laundresse* as well as largesse?), was perfect. Not only did she do a mighty day's washing, but she did it with a perfection which has also vanished. She delighted in seeing her ladies in white dresses, and spared no pains in fluting, plaiting, and other graces to make those spotless dresses beautiful.

I sometimes wish, as a bundle comes home now from my French laundress, with a bill of twenty, thirty, or more dollars pinned on, that the muslins were as clear as Statira's.

Then she had the enormous and never-ending work of a country gentleman's family, where the hay was to be cut and the men to be fed; where the fat porkers were to be killed and the meat salted down; where nothing could be bought on the instant, but where everything was to be made. She took care of a large dairy, and made butter and cheese (and both were perfect), and in all these varied and overwhelming duties she positively disliked help. She wanted to do it alone.

Of course help was forced upon her, and she was made to rest, or she would have died, daughter of Thor though she was; but it always made her cross, and we all suffered. She had no administrative ability—she could not direct others—her wonders were accomplished by sheer strength, great capacity, and a heart wholly devoted to her work.

But I have not got half through her accomplishments. She was the most tender, true nurse in sickness that ever lived. She was always taking care of some sick or well child during all her years of service. She begged as a favor to be allowed to have one of the children sleep with her, and she chose generally the teething one. So I wonder that she slept at all. To children she was always kind and sympathetic. What tooth-aches have been hidden and forgotten in that ample bosom! What bruised fingers, what aching bones, what contused knees, have received treatment at her hand. Her apron was like the fabled tent, which could contract to the size of a lady's palm or expand to cover a multitude. How many slices of bread and butter did that humble Charlotte, unmentioned in romance, spread for her hungry flock; and she sprinkled sugar on them all, literally and metaphorically.

She was an ignorant and timid woman, afraid of thunder and afraid of ghosts, a reader of dream-books,—so far as she could read at all,—and afraid of sickness and of death, as are the unenlightened always. But when sickness and death came into our house, amongst those whom she had loved and tended, affection made her a heroine. She forgot her terrors in her love, and found time to wipe the damp brow, cool the fevered hand, and to catch the last sigh of the children whom she loved better than life itself. She has gone now to join them, and it is not, I trust, an irreverent wish that they may have been the first to greet her in that world of rest and consummation.

Statira was wonderful with babies. No baby could withstand her for a moment. She took the *cryingest* baby into her Lethean arms, and rocked him in a kitchen-chair, with a jerk which almost dislocates my joints to think of; and he became happy and somnolent. She was all the soothing syrups incorporated. Her great healthy organization seemed to draw from the poor little sufferer all his pains and aches, and her plump yielding figure afforded him a downy nest into which he sank, as in a bed, to repose. She would even leave the beloved washing to inferior and incompetent hands, to put on a clean dress and tend a sick baby.

Imagine what she was to a poor New England mother with eight children!

During her forty years' service I do not remember that she was ill more than once or twice. Then she was taken care of, of course, by the whole family. The daughters of the house were only too glad to take turns as her faithful nurses. They had a long debt to pay, and paid it willingly. But she always resisted. She had the feudal element strongly in her constitution, and she had lived too near to the Revolution and its English memories not to have a strong sense of the difference of classes. She could not bear to be called a "servant,"—so much indeed of the Declaration of Independence had reached her,—but neither could she bear that her young ladies should work; and the modernized servants whom we got in from time to time to help her, and who took airs and were above their business, were objects of her unmitigated abhorrence. One who aspired to a seat at the family table was especially put down by her. "Don't you respect yourself too much to go to a table full of clean people in your working-clothes?" was her sensible remark to this young lady. On one point she was, however, very disagreeable. She never liked "strange folks in her kitchen." That was her throne, and she guarded it with a jealousy which would become any potentate. We used to try to learn to make bread, to do up fine muslins with something of her skill, but she drove us forth, with the remark that the parlor was our place, and that our hands were meant to be white. Perhaps she felt as Mr. Webster did towards the rising statesmen (according to the Marshfield farmers): "he did not like to have the things botched."

Her temper was faulty, and we were often afraid of her. She could, if she pleased, deprive us of the key of the store-room, and then, alas for the tea-table! Some of our guests did not please her, and she did not fail to let them know it. She was not a thornless rose, by any means, on the occasion of picnics, when we wanted to force her exquisite pies and her glorious cakes into dirty baskets, and "eat the good things on the dirty ground," as she would remark. But these faults were mole-hills, while her virtues were, like herself, mountainous.

Her superstitions were very curious. She believed in the oracular teacup, and in all signs and wonders. She was haunted through a long and innocent life by the idea that she had "deadly enemies," and I think the idea was a great comfort to her. Perhaps next to having friends, the possession of enemies is the most flattering thing possible to our self-love. Statira would dream of snakes, for instance, after, probably, eating of one of her own superb mince-pies, and then she would indulge in comforting reveries of "deadly enemies." She consulted a greasy pack of cards, and read of "letters which were coming to her across a river, written by a light-haired man," if perchance the ace of hearts instead of the ace of spades appeared first. But no duty was neglected because of these imaginative recreations. The bread was never sour, and the coffee never bitter. She never scorched her fine linen, even if her deadliest enemy haunted her thoughts; nor even when age and infirmity began to weigh her down—those two deadliest of enemies—did she forget her kind, unselfish soothing of little children.

She lived to take care of the second generation, and to fondle the babies of her own first babies. Her beloved mistress had gone before her, and she seemed to be waiting, almost forgotten, when a fatal disease made its appearance. But she was not destined to suffer long. She went quietly to sleep one night, in her usual health almost, and awoke the next morning in a brighter world. To her was answered Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful prayer "To Her Spirit":—

> ——— "Give me no warning,
> But in some brighter world
> Wish me good morning."

One of her especial children, with whom she was living at the time of her death, in the same family home at whose altars she had ministered so long, wrote of her with peculiar sweetness:—

"Those who have known Statira, and the family whose children, and whose children's children she served so long, will be glad to know that in tenderness for her age, infirmity, and timorous nature, God took her gently, in her sleep."

Such was Statira, a woman ignorant of books, having no training in those household arts in which she so admirably excelled but such as nature and experience gave her: who for nearly half a century lived a life of eminent usefulness and respectability; who gave of her scanty earnings a handsome support to a number of lazy relatives; and who left, at her life's end, a sum by no means contemptible, which now helps them to shun labor, as well as to pursue the occupation most congenial to the female part of the family—that of becoming caricatures of fine ladies.

I see no hope of future Statiras. Why did not her mantle descend on some of her nieces and cousins?

Because the pernicious idea has crept in, that household labor is degrading to an American woman. The American man has no such mistaken idea. He will pound stone, chop down the forest, drive the horses, black the boots, and still vote for President with undiminished self-respect. In fact he sells his labor; it is his capital and his "stock in trade." But the effect of Republican institutions has been less grand on woman. She will often prefer a life of grinding poverty and of shabby gentility to the position of an independent, helpful industry, in which her trained intelligence would produce the most noble and gratifying results. Nothing can be conceived of finer in its way than a union of the New England brain with the modern improvements for the simplifying of labor. If a New England woman would learn to cook as Soyer could teach her, with a modern "*Batterie de Cuisine*," she would excel the French, those masters of social science. No science has greater surprises or triumphs than that of cookery; what perpetual voyages of discovery could not a female Columbus make on the savory surface of a soup-pot? And what greater goddess than Juno—who only "fringes and flutes" the clouds of a summer afternoon—would she be who presided over the snowy clouds of an unimpeachable laundry!

We see occasional glimpses of this perfection—work done with intelligence—when the lady of the house does it herself.

We have all eaten of those glorified biscuit, and have drunk of that ambrosial coffee. But a woman cannot be Mother, Wife, Housekeeper, Reader, Thinker, and Cook long. She dies. The graves of overworked women are green on the hillside. No man assumes to be Editor, Lawyer, Minister, and Engine-driver at the same time. Yet his wife, in the present state of things, must be all these and more. We are killing our "Rose-breasted Grosbecks," our birds born to sing, and to make life beautiful, by freighting them with tasks which would have killed a race of Giants.

And, strange to say, side by side with these overfreighted women are thousands of women, unmarried, sighing for a career! They have fine physiques, but not the requisite gifts for teaching; they have excellent intelligence, but perhaps no instinct for the arts of painting or sculpture. The old farm on which they were born has given out; they must work, or beg, or starve. They are ashamed of the splendid example of their Father, or Mother, or Aunt Statira; and they drag on a miserable existence, determined on one thing only: they "will not work in anybody's kitchen."

Would that some Florence Nightingale might arise, and say to them:—

"My sisters, let us form an association called the 'College of the Useful Hands.' Let us study cookery, washing, and housekeeping generally, as we do the other fine arts. Let us see how much we can accomplish with the least expenditure of strength. Let us become the Raphaels of the bread-trough, the Michael Angelos of the wash-tub. Instead of sending poor sculptors to Rome, let us send good cooks into every New England village. Let us reform the eating and drinking of a great nation. It is charged upon American women that their bad cookery has led to the fatal preponderance of drunkenness. Let us wipe out this stain, and by feeding a man well keep him from the necessity of stimulants of a hurtful character. A good beefsteak, well cooked, is the best of stimulants, and the hardest to find."

It is considered no disgrace in a class in college that certain boys find out that they were meant to row a boat, bat a ball, run faster and farther than their neighbors; while others find that they are to do their fighting, running, and rowing with pen and ink, and to conquer their fortunes from the study chair and table, while their more robust companion is to meet the enemy on the plains, in the ranks of the army, or on the top of the rolling waves. Women, on the contrary, are ashamed of physical superiority—that strength which old Homer praised in such glorious, high-resounding words. That capacity of the "neat-handed Phillis," which the poets have sung from time immemorial, has no laureate now; to "work" is to be vulgar, to be idle is to be "genteel." Most miserable of words, more miserable of mistakes! The "sixty thousand unmarried women," without money or career, who are often quoted in the census, would find, if they tried it, that service, rendered with intelligence and an amiable spirit, would breed the most friendly relations between the employer and employed. There might necessarily be separation in their daily lives, but there need not be alienation. The position which Statira filled, ignorant and prejudiced as she was, was not an ignoble or unhappy one: no wedding was perfect without her presence; no funeral in the family but she took her place in decent mourning garb—the humble friend of the family, whose smiles and tears mingled with hers over a common joy or sorrow. There was no patronage on one side, no presump-

tion on the other. She was deeply concerned for the honor and welfare of the family she served. They respected her rights and cared for her in sickness and in health. When death thinned their ranks, or marriage separated and scattered them, her venerable figure remained for many years a rallying-point for the little flock to whom she had been so faithful. She rests from her labors. She sleeps at the feet of the mistress whom she loved and served. Was there anything degrading in such a servitude?

THROUGH THE RED SEA.

HARDLY any other of the historical facts of the Bible has been the subject of such persistent attack and defense as the description of the manner in which the Children of Israel, in their exodus from Egypt, were enabled to pass the seemingly absolute barrier of the Red Sea. Although the crossing itself was participated in by all the multitudes of Israel, and its record handed down from those witnesses through all the succeeding generations of that undying nationality, the skepticism of modern times has selected this "self-evident impossibility" as the object of its keenest ridicule and its most contemptuous denials. With reference to all this discussion, it may be enough to say that both attack and defense have been conducted mainly in an acceptance of the existing topography of south-eastern Egypt, and with but an imperfect study of even the physical conditions now visible. Recent explorations, conducted for purposes of practical engineering, have thrown upon the subject a new light, which may have value to even those who unhesitatingly accept the Mosaic record.

The engineers of M. de Lesseps, in their surveys and cuttings for the Suez Canal, following approximately the line of the strait which in ancient times separated Asia from Africa, ascertained the previously conjectured fact that the dividing of the waters of the Red Sea for Israel was by no means a miracle for the sake of a miracle. It became evident that Moses did not lead his fugitive myriads around the head of the sea at what is now Suez, for the simple reason that there was no "head of the sea" there in his time. Eight and a half centuries later, Isaiah prophesied, "And the Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea" (Isaiah xi. 15 and xix. 5), but in the days of Moses that tongue or gulf extended to the northward at least fifty miles above its present terminus, or to the supposed site of Serapeum. The Bitter Lakes fill four-fifths of this distance with brackish water to this very day. The necessity of searching for the miraculous pass at any point below Suez is thus entirely obviated and the whole question happily simplified.

Another fact established by the survey is, that if an isthmus of sandy land then existed between the northern extremity of the gulf at Serapeum and the waters of Lake Timsah, it was probably but five or six miles wide. It is but little more now. That exit, if used, would have led out the Israelites in the direction of the warlike tribes of the Philistines, with whom they were not yet prepared to contend. This is the very practical reason given in Exodus xiii. 17, why a different route was selected.

All the lands northwest and west of Lake Timsah, including all the region of the Delta of the Nile, belonged to the irrigated or agricultural portion of Egypt, in which the pastoral Hebrews had no possession or fixed residence. Indeed nearly all the commentators, sacred and profane, are inclined to follow the dictates of reason, and place the Goshen assigned to Israel in the south-easterly part of Egypt, and thus more conveniently for the rapid mustering which took place at the Exodus. Such of the Israelites as were scattered elsewhere were given ample time and notice.

There are excellent reasons, in local monuments, traditions, and otherwise, for accepting as correct the position given by the usual maps to the city of Rameses, where the Hebrews rendezvoused (Ex. xii. 37). This was about twenty miles northwest of Serapeum, and therefore well adapted for the initial point of a movement around the then head of the sea, had that been deemed advisable. No other Biblical name can be assigned in this vicinity to a more than plausibly probable locality, except by a consideration of topographical peculiarities, and we may therefore set aside, as of no authority or importance, every part and parcel of the guesswork geography according to which the march of Moses has hitherto been designated.

The entire nation of the Hebrews, as may be seen in the 11th and 12th chapters of Exodus, were fully warned of the events about



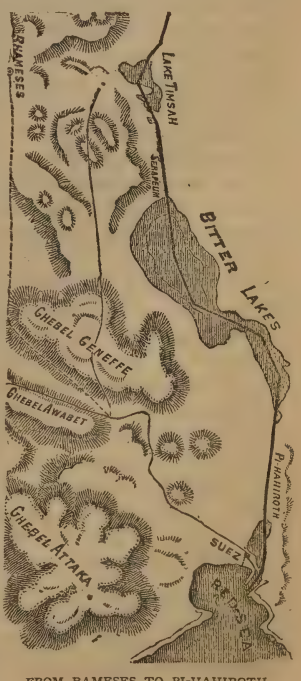
VERTICAL SECTION, from the maps of the cutting for the Suez Canal, showing the ancient and modern beds of the "Tongue of the Red Sea."

A, present head of Red Sea; B, present level of Pi-hahiroth; C, Bitter Lakes; D, Serapeum, the ancient head of the Red Sea; E, Lake Timsah, a possible connection of the Red Sea in ancient times; FF, sand-drift or surface formation; HH, solid formation, underlying the sand-drift.

to come to pass, and in consequence were ready to move forward as soon as Moses broke up his headquarters at Rameses. This was done at last in great urgency and haste, and they began their southward march on the fifteenth of the month Abib or Nisan (Numbers xxxiii. 3). Their next encampment was at Succoth, or "booths;" this name indicating, perhaps, their hasty provision for shelter. Their numbers have been variously estimated at from two millions to over three millions of souls, and as their very multitude has been employed to point a scoff at the Red Sea crossing, it may be as well to accept the larger number. From Succoth they journeyed to Etham, "in the edge of the wilderness" (Ex. xiii. 20), and the only importance of determining either of these localities would be to afford a more likely guess as to whether they afterwards marched by the shore of the sea, between that and the eastern slope of the broken elevation of Ghebel Geneffe, or whether they made their way through the caravan-road between Ghebel Awabet and Ghebel Attaka. The latter seems more likely, from the fact that they *turned* from Etham (Ex. xiv. 1) after leaving that encampment.

They were commanded to leave Etham and encamp "before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea" (Ex. xiv. 2), and they did so. It is possible that this word "Pi-hahiroth," which in Hebrew signifies "the mouth of the hollow," may have some reference to the physical fact which is made to appear by the maps of the French engineers. It was while the Hebrews were encamped at this place that Pharaoh and his host, in whose hearts grief had been succeeded by revenge, came thundering on for their destruction. Well might the Egyptian king say, "they are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in" (Ex. xiv. 3); for before them rolled the deep waters of the Gulf of Suez. Reaching far inland on their left flank was "the tongue of the Egyptian sea," not to be dried up for a thousand years except for their own miraculous relief; while to their right, piled up between them and Upper Egypt, were the rugged rocks of Ghebel Attaka (Migdol?), impassable utterly by such a host as theirs; and through the passes behind them the chariots of Pharaoh and his warriors were coming in hot haste. The Hebrews themselves appreciated the extreme peril of their position even more vividly than did Pharaoh, and there is something truly magnificent in the unflinching faith with which Moses bade them, in their slavish terror, "Fear ye not! Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord" (Ex. xiv. 13). But that he supplemented his faith by earnest prayer is also evident (Ex. xiv. 15).

And now we come to a point which has been by no means overlooked by those who deny the miracle. The sacred narrative details the precise physical agency by which the deliverance was effected: "The Lord caused the sea to go, by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry, and the waters were divided." (Ex. xiv. 21). It was God who sent the wind, but only by the wind-power was the passage made. "Never!" says the scoffer who has taken soundings in the deep water below Suez. "If the wind had blown until this day there would have been no passage made." It may be that, according to his own miserable light,



FROM RAMESES TO PI-HAHIROTH.

the scoffer is not so far wrong; but for the canal explorations his argument might still have weight.—In the accompanying map we have given the profile of the cuttings for the canal, from Suez to the entrance of the Bitter Lakes, which were then a part of the sea. The varying elevation above low-water level is composed wholly of sand, drifted in from the desert by the winds of many centuries, but even now only a few feet in average depth. The more solid formation which underlies the sand arises nearly to the line of low-water level, so that before the drying up, or filling in, of this part of the "tongue of the sea," there must obviously have existed here a shallow, or "bar," which would have deserved the name of Pi-hahiroth. The length of this shallow north and south was not far from ten miles, while its width could not probably have been more than five or six. Along its western border, "before Pi-hahiroth," lay the multitudes of Israel, with the fear of Pharaoh pressing them closer and closer to its sandy edge. No dweller by any shore of the ocean will see any difficulty in believing that a strong east wind stripped bare this sandy bar, especially at low tide,* and left it a hard, smooth level, like a clean floor, over which Moses and his men could execute their swift flank movement into the wilderness beyond. A glance at the relative positions of the Bitter Lakes and the Gulf of Suez on the map, will show that an east wind from the desert, of all winds that could blow, would bring up no water from either, but would rather drive it away in both directions, so that, as Moses has written, it would be "divided." It was therefore through no narrow and contracted pass, no mere wind-blown hole in the sea, that the emancipated millions followed their great leader; marching by the flank, as they did, their front on Pi-hahiroth may have been ten miles long, and, in close array, their six hundred thousand warriors, twenty thousand men abreast, need have been but thirty deep. They had, moreover, only a few miles to go, and all night to march in. Behind them, between their rearguard and the host of Pharaoh, towered the mysterious "Pillar of Fire," and the sea to the north and the south rendered anything like "flanking" them out of the question. "The waters a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left" (Ex. xiv. 22), evidently has reference to this manifest protection.

* The Israelites crossed the Red Sea in the latter part of the month Nisan, or near the vernal equinox, at which time the difference between high and low tide at Suez is about eleven feet.

It is more than likely that Pharaoh and his generals, regarding their prey as securely caged, were quite willing, after their forced march in the hot sun, to wait until morning before beginning their feast of vengeance, and kept but indifferent watch of what might be going on beyond that terrible symbol of power which blocked their way.

When the morning came, however, their disappointment smote them in the face and stirred them up to instant and energetic action. To their eyes, superstitious as they were, and doubly inclined to dread the God of Moses, there was no evidence of any present miracle. They understood perfectly well the meaning of the shallow at Pi-hahiroth, and there had been low tides and east winds before, even if no such remarkable result had followed. Besides, was not the wind still blowing and the flat still bare? The sand which had been firm enough for the multitudes of Israel would surely bear the warriors of Egypt, and they unhesitatingly marched on (Ex. xiv. 23). There could still be no "flanking," and close on the heels of the fugitives pressed the eager chariots of Pharaoh. Then the wind began to die away and the waters to return, and in the softening, melting sands the chariot wheels drove heavily and were torn from their tugging axles. In from the main gulf, through the deep channel of Suez, and down from the high-piled reservoir of what is now *Lacs Amers*, poured the destroying billows. Never before or since came such a tide across the level sands of Pi-hahiroth; but the east winds of that desert into which Moses led his triumphant people vindicated well, in after ages, their power to make the dry land there appear, and to keep permanently open the fatal path on which the pride of Egypt lay dead in their harness on that memorable morning.

It is not recorded that the entire army of Pharaoh perished, but only "the chariots and the horsemen, all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them" (Ex. xiv. 28). This would have been the flower of their array, and if indeed there were foot-soldiers who escaped, it was only because their slower movement prevented them from coming up in time. After their crossing at Pi-hahiroth the Hebrews marched down the eastern shore of the sea for three days before they reached a supply of water, and it may be worthy of note that precisely the same condition, in that respect, still obtains, even to the fact that, except at the traditional "fountain of Moses," the brackish and undrinkable springs may well be termed "Marah."

AT HIS GATES

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.



NOTHING happened, however, to justify Drummond's fears. The success of Rivers's in its new form was as great and as steady to all appearance as that of its ancient phase. People vied with each other in rushing into it, in crowding its coffers and its share lists. Stephen Haldane, "left to himself," according to Mr. Burton's instructions, had long since deposited all he had in its hands; and almost all of Robert's professional friends who had any money to invest, invested it in the bank which had an R.A. upon the roll of directors. People came to him to ask his advice who in other times would have given him theirs freely, with no such respect for his judgment. But though this was the case, and though ignorant persons in society sometimes wondered how he could make the two occupations compatible, and carry on business and art together, yet the fact was that business and Robert had very little to do with each other. He went to the meetings of the directors now and then. He was blandly present sometimes at an auditing of accounts. He listened at times to the explanations given by Mr. Golden, the manager, and found them everything that was reasonable and wise. But beyond that he cannot be said to have taken much part in the management. For this mild part he was abundantly rewarded — so abundantly that he sometimes felt half ashamed, reflecting that the clerks in the offices actually contributed more to the success of the place than he did, though they did not profit half so much. He felt himself justified in taking a nice house in the country, though not at Dura, at the end of the first season, and he gave his wife a pretty little carriage with two ponies on her birthday, in which she drove about with a pleasure perhaps more real than that which any other circumstance of their prosperity gave her. They did not leave their house in St. Mary's Road, for it was dear to them in many ways, and still satisfied all their wants; and Robert could not tolerate the idea of another painter using the studio he had built, or another woman enjoying the conservatory which had been made for Helen. "However rich we may grow—even if we should ever be able to afford that house in Park Lane—we must keep this," he said; "no profane foot must come in, no stranger intrude upon our household gods; and Norah must have it after us, the house she was born in." Thus they planned their gentle romance, though they had been a dozen years married and more, and bought the house they loved with their first disposable money. And Robert still loved his work and kept to it, though he did not need now to trouble about the exhibitions and push on his picture, working from the early morning down to twilight to get it ready. He got a little lazy about finished pictures, to tell the truth. Even Francesca, though he loved her, had been put aside on the spare easel, and never completed. "I will get up early and set to work in earnest to-morrow," he always said; but to-morrow generally found him like the day before, making a study of something—sketching in now one subject, now another—tormenting his wife with questions as to which was best. She had a good deal to put up with in this period; but she kept up under it and bore it all smilingly. And Robert, like so many more, made his sketches much better than his pictures, and put ideas upon his canvas which, if he could but have carried them out, might have been great.

Thus two years passed over the pair; and there were times when Helen thought, with a leap of her heart, that ease and leisure had done what care and toil could not do—had roused a spark of divine genius in her husband's breast. Now and then he drew something that went right to her heart, and it was she who had always been his harshest critic. When she said to him one day suddenly, without purpose or meaning, "I like that, Robert," he turned round upon her all flushed and glowing, more radiant than when he was made an R.A. It was not that he

had supreme confidence in her knowledge of art, but that her backing of him, the support which he had longed for all these years, was more than the highest applause, and invigorated his very soul. But he was so pleased to have pleased her, that he set up his sketch upon a bigger canvas, and worked at it and improved it till he had improved the soul out of it, and Helen applauded no more. He was much mortified and disappointed at this failure; but then in his humility he said to himself, "What does it matter now? I am an R.A., which is the best I could be in my profession, so far as the world is concerned, and we have something else to stand upon besides the pictures." Thus he consoled himself, and so did she.

And, in the meantime, Norah kept growing, and became a more distinct feature in the household. She was a feature more than an agent still; though she was nearly twelve not much was heard of her except the scales, which she still rattled over dutifully every morning, and the snatches of songs she would sing in the lightness of her heart as she went or came. On most ordinary occasions she simply composed such a foreground to the family picture as Maurice had seen that October night. She sat on a stool or on the floor somewhere, with a book clasped in her arms, reading; in summer she and her book together crouched themselves against the window in the room, getting the last gleam of daylight, and in winter she read by the firelight, which crimsoned her all over with a ruddy glow, and scorched her cheeks. Perhaps it was because she was kept conscientiously at work all day that Norah thus devoured all the books she could lay hands on in the evenings. She sat in her corner and read, and heard what was going on all the same, and took no notice. She read everything, from Grimm's Tales and the Arabian Nights to Shakspere, and from Shakspere to Tennyson, with an undiscriminating all-devouring appetite; and as she sat in a dream, lost in one volume after another, the current of life flowed past, and she was aware of it, and heard a hundred things she was unconscious of hearing, yet remembered years after. She heard discussions between her father and mother which she was supposed to pay no attention to. And she did not pay any attention to them: but only innocently—an unconscious eavesdropper—heard everything, and received it into her mind. This was the child's position in the house; she was the centre of the picture—everything somehow bore a reference to her; she alone was silent in the midst. The other two—who loved her, talked of her, planned for her, contrived that everything that was pretty and pleasant and sweet should surround her waking and sleeping—had yet no immediate need of Norah. They were each other's companions, and she was the third—the one left out. But she was too young to feel any jealousy, or to struggle for a place between them. She had her natural place, always in the foreground, a silent creature, unconsciously observing, laying up provision for her life.

"Are you not afraid to talk of everything before your daughter?" Mr. Golden said one day when she had left the room. "You know the old proverb, 'Little pitchers have long ears.'"

"Afraid of—Norah?" said Robert. The idea was so extraordinary that he laughed first, though the moment after he felt disposed to be angry. "My child understands what honour is, though she is so young," he said with paternal pride, and then laughed, and added, "That is highflown of course, but you don't understand her, Golden; how should you? She is a thousand times too deeply occupied to care for what we are saying. Pardon me, but the suggestion, to one who knows her, is so very absurd."

"Ah, you never know where simplicity ends and sense begins," said the bank manager. He had become a frequent guest at St. Mary's Road. He was a man of Mr. Burton's type, but younger, slightly bald, perfectly brushed, clean, and perfumed, and decorous. He was a little too heavy for the *rôle* of a young man in society: and yet he danced and flirted with the best when an opportunity offered. He never spoke of the City when he could help it: but he spoke a great deal about Lady So-and-so's party, and the fine people he knew. It was difficult to make out how he knew them; but yet he visited, or professed to visit at a great many of what are called "good houses." As manager of the bank he had every man's good opinion—he was at once so enterprising and so prudent, with the most wonderful head for business. There was no one like him for interpreting the "movements" on the Stock Exchange, or the fluctuations of the Funds. He explained business matters so lucidly that even Drummond understood them, or at least thought he did. But there were a good many people who did not like Mr. Golden. Helen for one had a natural antipathy to the man. She allowed that she had no reason for it; that he was very civil, sometimes amusing, and

had never done anything she could find fault with. But she disliked him all the same. Norah was more decided in her sentiments, and had a clearer foundation for them. He had insisted on disturbing her from her book one afternoon to shake hands with her; on another he had offered to kiss her, as a child, and she nearly twelve! "But then you are so little of your age, Miss Norah. I daresay the gentleman took you for nine," said her maid—an explanation which did not render Norah more favourably inclined towards the manager. And now he was trying to libel her, to traduce her to her father! Even Robert himself was moved by this enormity; it shook his opinion of his counsellor. "That is all he knows," Drummond said to himself; and he resumed his conversation more distinctly than ever when Norah came back.

In the meantime the Haldanes had thriven too, in their way. Stephen was as helpless, as far from any hope of moving as ever; but he was well off, which alleviates much suffering. The walls of his room were hung with Drummond's sketches, half a dozen of them, among which were two pictures of Norah. He lived in an arm-chair elaborately fitted with every possible contrivance, with a reading-desk attached to its arm, and a table close by, which could be raised to any height: and his helpless limbs were covered with a silken quilt of Mrs. Haldane's own working. There he passed the day and night without change: but thanks to Miss Jane and her mother, no strange eye had looked upon the helpless man's humiliation; they moved him from his chair to his bed, and did everything for him. The bed was closed up by day, so that no stranger might suspect its existence; and the room was kept airy and bright by the same unwearied watchers. Here he lived, making no complaint. Whatever his feelings might be, whatever the repinings in his mind, he said nothing of them to mortal ear. A shade of weariness the more upon his face, a deeper line than usual between his eyes, were the only tokens that now and then the deep waters overflowed his soul. And as for the mother and sister, who were his slaves and attendants, they had forgotten that there was anything unusual in his condition—they had become accustomed to it. It seemed to them in some sort the course of nature. And God knows whether unconsciously a feeling that it was "for the best" might not sometimes steal into their minds. He was theirs for ever; no one could step in between them, or draw his heart from their love. Had it been suggested to Miss Jane that such a sentiment was possible, she would have rejected it with horror; and yet in the depths of her heart it was there, out of her own sight.

And he had an occupation in his seclusion which was a blessing to him. He had become the editor of a little magazine, which belonged to his "denomination" before he fell ill, and he had been allowed to retain the post. This was the refuge of his mind in his trouble. Poor Stephen, he pleased himself with the idea of still influencing somebody, of preserving his intercourse with the outer world. It had been a very homely little publication when it came into his hands—a record of what the "denomination" was doing; the new chapels it was building; the prayer-meetings gathered here and there, which might grow into congregations; and the tea-parties, which furnished at once intellectual and social enjoyment for the people. But Stephen had changed that; he had put his mind into it, and worked it into a sort of literary organ. There were reviews in it, and essays, and a great deal of discussion of the questions of the day. These were approached from the standing ground of the denomination, it is true, but the discussions were often far from being denominational. Up to this time, however, the community gave no signs of disapproval. Mr. Baldwin favoured the magazine, and the writer of it was still popular, and not yet forgotten. They gave him some fifty pounds a year for this hard though blessed work which kept his mind alive; and his late congregation gave him fifty pounds; and the money in Rivers's bank had last quarter paid ten per cent. of profit. He was well off, he was indeed rich for his wants, though he was not rolling in wealth like Drummond. Money makes no man happy, but how much good it does! Nothing could make this poor man happy, rooted thus in his immovable calm; but his ten per cent. kept him in comfort, it gave him worship in the eyes of his people, who were not fond of poverty; it procured to him his only consolation. He had no need to be indebted to any one; he could even help the poor people of his former flock, and feel himself independent. He could buy books, and give such quiet comforts and pleasures as they could enjoy to the women who were so good to him. All these were great alleviations of the sick man's lot. But for Rivers's how different would his position have been! He would have been subject to the constant inspection of deacons and brethren; he would have been interfered with in respect to

his magazine. All the comfort and freedom which remained to him were the result of the little more which made him independent and put him above criticism. What a poor thing money is, which cannot buy either health or happiness! and yet what a great thing! only the poor know how great.

This time of prosperity had lasted for two years, when Mr. Burton withdrew from the direction of the bank. He had enlarged his business greatly in another way, and had no longer time to bestow upon this; and, indeed, he had professed all along his desire to be free. This had been the object of the old company in taking in "new blood," and now the new company was able to proceed alone upon their triumphant way.

"It is your turn to get into harness, Drummond," he said, with a glance in which there was some contempt. Robert did not see the scorn, but he laughed with perhaps a little gentle confidence in his own power to be of use if he should choose to exert himself.

"I must put myself into training first," he said.

"Golden will do that for you. Golden is the best coach for business I have ever come across," said Mr. Burton. "He will put you up to everything, good and bad—the dodges as well as the legitimate line. Golden is not a common man of business—he is a great artist in trade."

There was a certain elation in his air and words. Was he glad to have shaken off the bonds of Rivers's, though they were golden bonds? This was the question which Helen asked herself with a little surprise. The two men were dining at St. Mary's Road on the night after Burton's withdrawal, and she was still at table, though they had begun to talk of business. As usual, she who took no part was the one most instructed by the conversation. But she was bewildered, not instructed, by this. She could not make out what it meant. She knew by the best of all proofs that the bank was profitable and flourishing. Why, then, did her cousin show such high spirits? What was his elation about? Long after she remembered that she had noted this, and then was able to divine the mystery. But now it only surprised her vaguely, like a foreign phrase in the midst of the language she knew.

"The dodges are amusing," said Mr. Golden. "The legitimate drama is more dignified and imposing, but I rather think there is more fun in the work when you are living on the very edge of ruin. The hair-breadth escapes one has—the sense that it is one's own cleverness that carries one through—the delight of escaping from the destruction that seemed down upon you! There is nothing like that," he said with a laugh, "in the steady platitudes of ordinary trade."

And Mr. Burton laughed too, and a glance passed between them, such as might have passed between two old soldiers who had gone many a campaign together. There was a twinkle in their eyes, and the "Do you remember?" seemed to be on their very lips. But then they stopped short, and went no further. Helen, still vaguely surprised, had to get up and go away to the drawing-room; and what more experiences these two might exchange, or whether her husband would be any the wiser for them, she was no longer able to see. Norah waited her in the other room. She had just come to the end of a book, and, putting it down with a sigh, came and sat by her mother's side. They were alike in general features and complexion, though not in the character of their faces. Norah's hair was brighter, and her expression less stately and graceful than Helen's—she had not so much *distinction*, but she had more life. Such a woman as her mother she was never likely to be, but her attractions would be great in her own way.

"How nice your velvet gown is, mamma!" said Norah, who was given to long monologues when she spoke at all. "I like to put my cheek upon it. When I am grown up, I will always wear black velvet in winter, and white muslin in summer. They are the nicest of all. I do not think that you are too old for white. I like you in white, with red ribbons. When I am a little bigger I should like to dress the same as you, as if we were two sisters. Mayn't we? Everybody says you look so young. But, mamma, ain't you glad to get away from those men, and come in here to me?"

"You vain child!" said Helen. "I can see you whenever I like, so it is no novelty to me; while papa's friends——"

"Do you think they are papa's friends? I suppose there are no villains nowadays, like what there are in books?" said Norah. "The world is rather different from books somehow. There you can always see how everything happens; and there is always somebody clever enough to find out the villains. Villains themselves are not very clever, they always let themselves be found out."

"But, my dear, we are not talking of villains," said Helen.

"No, mamma, only of that Mr. Golden.

I *hate* him! If you and I were awfully clever, and could see into him what he means——"

"You silly little girl! You have read too many novels," said Helen. "In the world people are often selfish, and think of their own advantage first; but they don't try to ruin others out of pure malice, as they do in stories. Even Norah Drummond sometimes thinks of herself first. I don't know if she is aware of it, but still it happens; and though it is not always a sin to do that, still it is the way that most sins come about."

This purely maternal and moral turn of the conversation did not amuse Norah. She put her arm round her mother's waist, and laid her cheek against the warm velvet of Helen's gown.

"Mamma, it is not fair to preach when no one is expecting it," she said in an injured tone; "and just when I have you all to myself! I don't often have you to myself. Papa thinks you belong to him most. Often and often I want to come and talk, but papa is so greedy; you ought to think you belong to me too."

"But, my darling, you have always a book," said Helen, not insensible to the sweet flattery.

"When I can't have you, what else am I to do?" said crafty Norah; and when the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, the two were still sitting together, talking of a hundred things. Mr. Golden came up, and tried very hard to be admitted into the conversation, but Norah walked away altogether, and went into her favourite corner, and Mrs. Drummond did not encourage his talk. She looked at him with a certain flutter of excited curiosity, wondering if there was anything under that smooth exterior which was dangerous and meant harm; and smiled at herself and said, no, no; enemies and villains exist only in books. The worst of this man would be that he would pursue his own ends, let them suffer who might; and his own ends could not harm Drummond—or so at least Helen thought.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was in the summer of the third year of his bank directorship that Robert made his first personal entry into business. The occasion of it was this. One of his early friends who had been at school with him, and with whom he had kept up a private and often interrupted intercourse, came to him one morning with an anxious face. He was in business himself, with a little office in one of the dreary lanes in the City, a single clerk, and very limited occupation. He had married young, and had a large family; and Drummond was already aware that while the lines had fallen to himself in pleasant places, poor Markham's lot had been hard and full of thorns. He was now at the very crisis of his troubles. He gave a glance round the painter's handsome studio when he entered, at the pictures on the walls and the costly things about, and the air of evident luxury that pervaded everything, and sighed. His own surroundings were poor and scant enough. And yet he could and did remember that Drummond had started in life a poorer man, with less hopeful prospects than himself. Such a contrast is not lively or inspiriting, and it requires a generous mind to take it kindly, and refrain from a passing grudge at the old companion who has done so much better for himself. Poor Markham had come with a petition, on which, he said, all his future life depended. He had made a speculation which would pay him largely could he only hold out for three months; but without help from his friends this was impossible. It was a large sum that he wanted—more than any private friend would be likely to give him—something between two and three thousand pounds. The welfare of his family, his very existence in a business point of view, and the hopes of his children depended on his ability to tide those three months over. For old friendship's sake, for all the associations of their youth, would Drummond help him? Robert listened with his kindly heart full of sympathy. Long before the story was done, he began to calculate what he had at his disposal, how much he could give; but the sum startled him. He could not produce at a moment's notice a sum of nearly three thousand pounds. With a troubled heart he shook his head and said it was impossible—he had not so much money at his disposal—he could not do it. Then Markham eagerly explained. It was not from his friend's own purse that he had hoped for it; but the bank! On Drummond's introduction, the bank would do it. Rivers's could save him. No such request had ever been made to Robert before. Very few of his friends were business men. Their needs were private needs, and not the spasmodic wants of trade. There were people who had borrowed from himself personally, and some who had been helped by him in other ways; but this was the first appeal made to his influence in the bank. He was startled by it in his innocence of business ways. It seemed to him as if it was like

asking a private favour, turning over his own petitioner to a third person. "He is my friend, give him three thousand pounds." It seemed to him the strangest way of being serviceable to his neighbour. But poor Markham had all the eloquence of a partially ruined man. He made it clear to Robert, not only that such things were, but that they happened continually, and were in the most ordinary course of nature. The end was that they went out together, and had an interview with Mr. Golden at the bank. And then Robert found that his acquaintance had not exaggerated, that the matter was even easier than he had represented it, and that there would not be the slightest difficulty in "accommodating" the man who was Mr. Drummond's friend. Markham and he parted at the door of the bank, the one with tears of gratitude in his eyes, blessing God and Robert for saving him, and the other with a bewildered sense of power which he had not realised. He had not known before how much he could do, nor what privileges his directorship put in his hands, and he was confused by the discovery. It bewildered him, as a man might be bewildered to know that he could bestow fertility or barrenness on his fields by a glance—how strange the power was, how sweet in this instance, how—dangerous. Yes, that was the word. He felt afraid of himself as he went home. If such plaints came to him often, it would be so difficult to resist them; and then a kind of horrible dread came over his mind. Would the money ever be paid back that he had got so easily? The thought made his hand shake when he went back to the peaceable work, at which no such bewildering risks were run.

When the three months were over, Markham's money was not paid; on the contrary, he had fled to Australia, he and all his children, leaving nothing but some wretched old furniture behind him. Poor Drummond was nearly beside himself. He rushed to the bank when he heard the news, and protested that the loss must be his. It was his fault, and of course he must repay it. Mr. Golden smiled at him with a genuine admiration of his simplicity. He told him in a fatherly way of a speculation which had been very successful which had cleared nearly the same sum of money. "Putting the one to the other, we are none the worse," he said, "every commercial concern must make some bad debts."

Drummond went away with more bewilderment still, with many new thoughts buzzing in his head, thoughts which troubled the composure of his life. He himself being but an artist, and not a merchant, was afraid of money. He touched it warily, trafficked in it with a certain awe. He knew how much labour it required to earn it, and how hard it was to be without it. He could not understand the levity with which Burton and Golden treated that potent thing. To them it was like common merchandise, sugar or salt. A heap of it, as much as would make a poor man's fortune, melted away in a moment, and the bland manager thought nothing of it—it was a bad debt. All this was so strange to him, that he did not know what to make of it. He himself was guilty, he felt, of having thrown away so much which belonged to other people. And every other director on the board had the same power which he had with a painful pleasure discovered himself to have. And they knew better about it than he did; and what check could there be upon them? If every other man among them had been art and part in losing three thousand pounds, what could Robert say? It would not be for him to throw the first stone. He felt like Christian in the story, when, upon the calm hillside, he suddenly saw a door through which there was, open and visible, the mouth of hell. It occurred to Robert to go down to the next meeting of directors, to tell them his own story, and beg that the money lost through his means should be subtracted from his private share of the capital, and to beg all of them to do likewise. He quite made up his mind to this in the first tumult of his thoughts. But before the time for that meeting came, a sense of painful ridicule, that bugbear of the Englishman, had daunted him. They would call him a fool, they would think he was "canting," or taking an opportunity to display his own disinterestedness. And accordingly he accepted the misfortune, and was content to permit it to be called a bad debt. But the enlightenment which it threw on the business altogether gave Robert a shock which he did not easily recover. It seemed to show him a possible chasm opening at his very feet, and not at his only, but at the feet of all the ignorant simple people, the poor painters, the poor women, the sick men like Haldane, who had placed their little seed-corn of money in Rivers's bank.

These thoughts were hot in his heart at the time of this misadventure with Markham; and then there came a lull, and he partially forgot them. When no harm is visible, when the tranquil ordinary course of affairs seems to

close over a wrong or a blunder, it is so difficult to imagine that everything will not go well. He said as little as possible to Helen on the subject, and she did not take fright fortunately, having many things to occupy her nowadays. There was her own enlarged and fuller household, the duties of society, her charities; for she was very good to the poor people near Southlees, their house in the country, and kept watch over them even from St. Mary's Road. And she had now many friends who came and occupied her time, and carried her off from her husband; so that he had not that resource of talking about it which so often lightens our anxiety, and so often deepens it. In this instance, perhaps it was as well that he could not awaken her fears to increase and stimulate his own.

And thus everything fell into its usual quietness. Life was so pleasant for them. They had so much real happiness to cushion the angles of the world, and make them believe that all would always be well. Those who have been experienced in pain are apt to tremble and doubt the continuance of happiness when they attain it; but to those who have had no real sorrows it seems eternal. Why should it ever come to an end? This the Drummonds felt with an instinctive confidence. It was easier to believe in any miracle of good than in the least prognostic of evil. The sun was shining upon them; summer was sweet and winter pleasant. They had love, they had ease, they had wealth, as much as they desired, and they believed in it. The passing cloud rolled away from Robert's mind. He reflected that if there was danger there, there was danger in everything; every day, he said to himself, every man may be in some deadly peril without knowing it. We pass beneath the arch that falls next moment; we touch against some one's shoulder unaware whose touch of infection might be death; we walk over the mined earth, and breathe air which might breed a pestilence, and yet nothing happens to us. Human nature is against everything violent. Somehow she holds a balance, which no one breaks down, though it is possible to be broken down at any moment. The directors might ruin the bank in a week, but they would not, any more than the elements, which are ever ready for mischief, would clash together and produce an earthquake. Such things might be: but never—or so seldom as to be next to never—are.

In the early autumn of that year, however, another shock came upon the ignorant painter. His wife and Norah were at Southlees, where he himself had been. Business had brought him up against his will, business of the gentler kind, concerning art and the Academy, not the bank. He was alone at St. Mary's Road, chafing a little over his solitude, and longing for home and the pleasant fields. London, the London he knew and cared for, had gone out of town. August was blazing upon the parks and streets; the grass was the colour of mud, and the trees like untanned leather. The great people were all away in their great houses, and among his own profession those who could afford it had started for Switzerland or some other holiday region, and those who could not had gone for their annual whiff of sea-air. Robert was seated by himself at breakfast, mournfully considering how another day had to be got over, before he could go home, when a hansom dashed up to the door, and Mr. Golden, bland and clean as ever, but yet with a certain agitation in his face, came in. He explained eagerly that he had come to Drummond only because the other directors were out of town. "The fact is," he said, "I want you to come with me, not to give you much trouble or detain you long, but to stand by me, if you will, in a crisis. We have had some losses. Those people in Calcutta who chose to stop payment, like fools, and the Sullivans' house at Liverpool.—It is only temporary.—But the Bank of England has made itself disagreeable about an advance, and I want you to come with me and see the governor."

"An advance! Is Rivers's in difficulties; is there anything wrong? You take away my breath."

"There is no occasion for taking away your breath," said Mr. Golden; "it is only for the moment. But it is an awkward time of the year, for everybody is out of town. I should not have troubled you, knowing you were not a business man, but of course the presence of a director gives authority. Don't be alarmed, I beg. I will tell you all about it as we drive along."

But what Mr. Golden told was very inarticulate to Robert, what with the wild confusion produced in his own mind, and the noise and dust of the sultry streets. It was the most temporary difficulty; it was not worth speaking of; it was a simple misunderstanding on the part of the authorities of the Bank of England. "Why, we are worth twenty times the money, and everybody knows it," said Mr. Golden. His words, instead of making Robert confident, made him sick. His sins in that matter of Markham

came darkly before him; and, worse even than that, the manager's words recalled Markham's to him. In his case, too, it was to have been merely a temporary difficulty. Drummond's imaginative mind rushed at once to the final catastrophe. He saw ruin staring him in the face—and not only him.

The interview with the authorities of the Bank of England did not make things much clearer to the amateur. They talked of previous advances; of their regret that the sacred name of "Rivers's" should be falling into mist and darkness; of their desire to have better securities, and a guarantee which would be more satisfactory: to all of which Robert listened with consternation in his soul. But at last the object was attained. Mr. Golden wiped the moisture from his forehead as they left the place. "That has been a tough battle," he said, "but, thank heaven! it is done, and we are tided over. I knew they would not be such fools as to refuse."

"But, good God!" said Robert, "what have you been doing? What is the meaning of it? Why do you require to go hat in hand to any governor? Is Rivers's losing its position? What has happened? Why don't you call the shareholders together and tell them if anything is wrong?"

"My dear Mr. Drummond," said Mr. Golden. He could scarcely do more than smile and say the words.

"Don't smile at me," said Drummond in the ardour of his heart. "Do you consider that you have the very lives of hundreds of people in your hands? Call them together, and let them know what remains, for God's sake! I will make good what was lost through me."

"You are mad," said Golden, when he saw that his gentle sneer had failed; "such a step would be ruin. Call together the shareholders! Why, the shareholders—Mr. Drummond, for heaven's sake, let people manage it who know what they are about."

"For heaven's sake! for hell's sake, you mean," said Robert in his despair. And the words reverberated in his ears, rang out of all the echoes, sounded through the very streets, "It would be ruin!" Ruin! that was the word. It deafened him, muttering and ringing in his ears.

And yet even after this outburst he was calmed down. Mr. Golden explained it to him. It was business; it was the common course of affairs, and only his own entire inexperience made it so terrible to him. To the others it was not in the least terrible, and yet he had no right to conclude that his colleagues were indifferent either to their own danger, or to the danger of the shareholders of whom he thought so much. "The shareholders of course know the risks of business as well as we do," Mr. Golden said. "We must act for the best, both for them and for ourselves." And the painter was silenced if not convinced. This was in the autumn, and during the entire winter which followed the bank went on like a ship in a troubled sea. After a while such a crisis as the one which had so infinitely alarmed him became the commonest of incidents even to Drummond. Now that his eyes had been once enlightened, it was vain to attempt any further concealment. One desperate struggle he did indeed make, when in the very midst of all this anxiety a larger dividend than usual was declared. The innocent man fought wildly against this practical lie, but his resistance was treated as utter folly by the business board, who were, as they said, "fighting the ship." "Do you want to create a panic and a run upon us?" they asked him. He had to be silent, overpowered by the judgment of men who knew better than himself. And then something of the excitement involved in that process of "fighting the ship" stole into his veins. Somehow by degrees, nobody had been quite aware how, the old partners of Rivers's had gone out of the concern. It was true there had been but three or four to start with; now there was but one left—Lord Rivers, the head of the house, who never took any share in the business, and was as ignorant as the smallest shareholder. The new directors, the fighting directors, were men of a very different class. As the winter went on the ship laboured more and more. Sometimes it seemed to go down altogether, and then rose again with a buoyancy which almost seemed to justify hope. "*Tout peut se rétablir*," they said to each other. "After all we shall tide it over." And even Robert began to feel that thrill of delight and relief when a danger was "tided over," that admiration, not of his own cleverness, but of the cleverness of others, which Golden had once described. Golden came out now in his true colours; his resources were infinite, his pluck extraordinary. But he enjoyed the struggle in the midst of his excitement and exertion, and Drummond did not enjoy it, which made an immense difference between them.

Things became worse and worse as spring came on. By that time, so far as Drummond was concerned, all hope was over. He felt himself sucked into the terrible whirlpool whence nothing but destruction could

come. With a heart unmanned by anxiety, and a hand shaking with suppressed excitement, how could he go into his peaceable studio and work at that calmest work, of art? That phase of his existence seemed to have been over for years. When he went into the room he loved it looked to him like some place he had known in his youth—it was fifty years off or more, though the colour was scarcely dry on the picture which stood idly on the easel. When he was called to Academy meetings, to consultations over an old master, or a new rule, a kind of dull amazement filled his soul. Did people still care for such things—was it still possible that beauty and pleasantness remained in life? There were people in these days who felt even that the painter had fallen into bad ways. They saw his eyes bloodshot and his hand trembling. He was never seen with his wife now when she drove her ponies through the park—even in society Helen went sometimes out alone. And they had been so united, so happy a pair. "Drummond



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will have nothing ready in April," the painters said to each other—"even his diploma picture has never been finished—prosperity has not agreed with *him*." When he was visible at all, his vacant air, his tremulous look, the deep lines under his eyes, frightened all his friends. Dr. Maurice had spoken to him very seriously, begging that he would be candid and tell his ailments. "You cannot go on like this," he said. "You are killing yourself, Drummond." "How much can a man go through without being killed, I wonder?" poor Robert asked, with an unsteady smile, and even his friend stopped short in dismay and perplexity. Was it dissipation? Was it some concealed misery? Could his wife have anything to do with it? These suggestions flitted vaguely through the doctor's mind without bringing any certainty with them. Once he seemed to be getting a clue to the mystery, when Robert rushed in upon him one day, and with a show of levity suggested that Haldane's money should be taken out of the bank. "I know a better investment, and he should have the very best that is going," said Drummond. Dr. Maurice was somewhat startled, for he had money in Rivers's too.

"Where is there a better investment?" he asked.

"In the Three per Cents.," said Robert, with a hoarse laugh.

Was he mad? Was he——drunk? The doctor took a day to consider it, to think whether there could be anything in it. But he looked at the dividend papers, showing that Rivers's that year had paid ten per cent. And he called upon Dr. Bradcliffe, and asked him to go with him privately, *accidentally*, one of these days, to see a friend whose brain was going, he feared. The two physicians shook their heads, and said to each other mournfully how common that was becoming. But Fate moved faster than Dr. Maurice, and the accidental call was never made.

CHAPTER IX.

THE life which Helen Drummond lived during this winter would be very hard to describe. Something wrong had happened, she saw, on that rapid visit to town which Robert had made on Academical business in October, leaving her at Southlees. No anxiety about business matters connected with the bank had ever been suggested to her mind. She had long ago accepted, as a matter of course, the fact that wealth was to come from that source, with an ease and regularity very different from the toilsome and slow bread-winning which was done by means of art. She was not surprised by it as Robert was; and enough of the *bourgeois* breeding was left in her to make her pleased that her husband should see the difference between the possibilities of his profession and of the commerce which she had been wont to hear lauded in her youth. She was almost proud that Trade had done so much for him. Trade came from her side, it was she who had the hereditary connection with it; and the innate idealism of her mind was able to cling to the old-fashioned fanciful conception of beneficent commerce, such as we have all heard of in our educational days. But her pride was not sensitive on this point. What really touched her was the praise or the blame which fell upon him as a painter, and the dread that instantly sprang into her mind was that he had met with something painful to him in this respect—that his opinion had not been received as of weight in the deliberations of the Academy, or his works been spoken off with less respect than they ought to have secured. This was the foolish fancy that took hold of her mind. She questioned him about the Academy meeting till poor Robert—his thoughts occupied about things so very different—grew sick of the subject. Yet he was almost glad of some subject on which to vent a little of his excitement. Yes, they were a set of old fogies, he said, with audacious freedom. They pottered about things they did not understand. They puzzled and hesitated over that Rembrandt, which any one with half an eye could see had been worked at by some inferior hand. They threw cold water upon that loveliest Francia which nobody could see without recognising. They did what they ought not to do, and neglected what was their duty. "We all do that every day of our lives," said Helen; "but what was there that specially vexed you, Robert?" "Nothing," he said, looking up at her with eyes full of astonishment; but there was more than astonishment in them. There was pain, dread, anxiety—a wistful, restless look of suffering. He will not tell me: he will keep it to himself and suffer by himself, not to vex me, Helen said in her own thoughts. And though the autumn was lovely, Robert could not be happy at Southlees that year. He had been very happy the two previous summers. The house was situated on the Thames beyond Teddington. It was rustic and old, with various additions built to it; a red-brick house, grown over with all manner of lichens, irregular in form and harmonious with its position, a house which had grown—which had not been artificially made. The family had lived on the lawn, or on the river in those halcyon days that were past. There was a fringe of trees at every side except that, shutting in the painter's retirement; but on the river side nothing but a few bright flower-beds, and the green velvet lawn, sloping towards the softly flowing water. One long-leaved willow drooped over the stone steps at which the boat was lying. It was a place where a pair of lovers might have spent their honeymoon, or where the weary and sick might have come to get healing. It was not out of character either with the joy or the grief. Nature was so sweet, so silent, so meditative and calm. The river ran softly, brooding over its own low liquid gurgle. The stately swans sailed up and down. The little fishes darted about in the clear water, and myriads of flying atoms, nameless insect existences, fluttered above. Boating parties going down the stream would pause, with a sigh of gentle envy, to look at the group upon the lawn; the table with books and work on it, with sometimes a small easel beside it or big drawing pad supported on a

stand; a low chair with Helen's red shawl thrown over it, and Norah, with her red ribbons, nestled on the sunny turf. They sat there, and worked, and talked, or were silent, with an expansion of their hearts towards everything that breathed and moved; or they spent long days on the river, catching the morning lights upon those nooks which are only known to dwellers on the stream; or pursuing waterlilies through all the golden afternoon in the backwaters which these retired flowers love. The river was their life, and carried them along, day after day. Such a scene could not but be sweet to every lover of nature; but it is doubly sweet when the dumb poetic imagination has by its side that eye of art which sees everything. The painter is a better companion even than the poet—just as seeing is better than saying that you see. Robert was not a genius in art; but he had the artist's animated, all-perceiving eye. Nothing escaped him—he saw a hundred beautiful things which would have been inperceptible to ordinary men—a dew-drop on a blade of grass at his feet charmed him as much as a rainbow—his "Look, Helen!" was more than volumes of descriptive poetry. They were out and about at all times "watching the lights," as he said in his pleasant professional jargon; in the early mornings, when all was silvery softness and clearness, and the birds were trying over their choicest trills before men woke to hear; in the evening when twilight came gently on, insinuating her filmy impenetrable veil between them and the sunset; and even at full noon, when day is languid at the height of perfection, knowing that perfectness is brother to decadence. The painter and his wife lived in the middle of all these changes, and took them in, every one to the firmament in their hearts.

Why do we stop in this record of trouble to babble about sunset skies and running waters? Is it not natural? The "sound as of a hidden brook, in the leafy month of June" comes in, by right, among all weird mysterious harmonies of every tragical lute. "The oaten pipe and pastoral reed" have their share even in the hurly-burly of cities and noisy discord of modern existence. Robert Drummond had his good things as well as his evil things. For these two summers never man had been more happy—and it is but few who can say as much. His wife was happy with him, her old ghosts exorcised, and a new light suffusing her life. It seemed a new life altogether, a life without discontents, full of happiness. and tranquillity, and hope.

But this autumn Robert was not happy at Southlees. He could not stay there peaceably as he had done before. He had to go to town "on business," he said, sometimes twice a week. He took no pleasure in his old delights. Though he could not help seeing still, his "Look, Helen!" was no longer said in a tone of enthusiasm; and when he had uttered the familiar exclamation he would turn away and sigh. Sometimes she found him with his face hidden in his hands, and pressed against the warm greensward. It was as if he were knocking for admission at the gates of the grave, Helen thought, in that fancifulness which comes of fear as much as of hope. When she questioned him he would deny everything and work with pretended gaiety. Every time he went to town it seemed to her that five years additional of line and cloud had been added to the lines on his forehead. His hair began to get grey; perhaps that was no wonder, for he was forty, a pilgrim already in the sober paths of middle age; but Helen was nearly ten years younger, and this sign of advancing years seemed unnatural to her. Besides, he was a young man in his heart, a man who would be always young; yet he was growing old before his time. But notwithstanding his want of enjoyment in it he was reluctant that his wife should leave Southlees sooner than usual. He would go into town himself, he declared. He would do well enough—what did it matter for a few weeks? "For the sake of business it is better that I should go—but the winter is long enough if you come in the end of the month. No, Helen, take the good of it as long as you can—this year."

"What good shall I get of it alone, and how can I let you live for weeks by yourself?" said Helen. "You may think it is fine to be independent; but you could not get on without Norah and me."

"No," he said, with a shudder. "God knows life would be a poor thing without Norah and you; but when it is a question of three weeks—I'll go and see my friends; I'll live a jovial bachelor life——"

"Did you see the Haldanes," she asked, "when you were in town last."

It was the most innocent unmeaning question; but it made him grow pale to the very lips. Did he tremble? Helen was so startled that she did not even realise how it was he looked.

"How cold the wind blows," he said, with a shiver. "I must have caught cold, I suppose, last night. The Haldanes? No; I had no time."

"Robert, something worries you," she said earnestly. "Tell me what it is. Whatever it is, it will not be so heavy when you have told me. You have always said so—since ever we have been together."

"And truly, my darling," he said. He took her hand and held it tenderly, but he did not look at her. "I cannot tell you of worries that don't exist, can I?" he added, with an exaggerated cheerfulness. "I have to pay a little attention to business now the other men are out of town. And business bores me. I don't understand it. I am not clever at it. But it is not worth while to call it a worry. By-and-by they will come back, and I shall be free."

When he said this he really believed it, not being then fully aware of the tormenting power of the destruction which was about to overwhelm him. He thought the other directors would come back from their holidays, and that he himself would be able to plunge back into that abyss of ignorance which was bliss. But Helen did not believe it: not from any true perception of the state of affairs, but because she could not believe it was business at all that troubled him. Was Robert the kind of man to be disturbed about business? He who cared nothing for it but as a means, who liked money's worth, not money, whose mind was diametrically opposite to all the habits and traditions of trade? She would as soon have believed that her cousin Reginald Burton would be disturbed by a criticism or troubled to get a true balance of light and shade. No, it was not that. It was some *real* trouble which she did not know of, something that struck deeper than business, and was more important than anything that belonged to bank or market. Such were Helen's thoughts; they are the thoughts that come most natural to a woman; that he had been betrayed into some wrong-doing or inadvertent vice—that he had been tempted, and somehow gone astray. This, because it was so much more terrible than anything about business, was the bugbear that haunted her. It was to save her pain, as he thought, that poor Robert kept his secret from her. He did as so many men do, thinking it kindness; and thus left her with a host of horrible surmises to fight against, any one of which was (to her) harder than the truth. There is no way in which men, in their ignorance, inflict more harm upon women than this way. Helen watched in her fear and ignorance with a zealous eagerness that never lost a word, and gave exaggerated importance to many an idle incident. She was doubly roused by her fear of the something coming, against which her defences would not stand, and by her absolute uncertainty what this something was. The three weeks her husband was in town by himself were like three years to her. Not that a shade of jealousy or doubt of his love to herself ever crossed her mind. She was too pure-minded, too proud, to be jealous. But something had come on him, some old trouble out of the past—some sudden horrible temptation; something, in short, which he feared to tell her. That money could be the cause of it, never crossed her thoughts.

And when she went home, things were no better; the house looked bare to her—she could not tell why. It was more than a month before she found out that the Perugino was gone, which was the light of her husband's eyes; and that little Madonna of the Umbrian school, which he delighted to think Raphael must have had some hand in, in his youth. This discovery startled her much; but worse had come before she made sure of that. The absence of the pictures was bewildering, but still more so was the change in her husband's habits. He would get up early, breakfast hurriedly before she had come down, and go out, leaving a message with the servants. Sometimes he went without breakfast. He avoided her, avoided the long evening talks they had loved, and even avoided her eye, lest she should read more in his face than he meant her to see. All this was terrible to Helen. The fears that overwhelmed her were ridiculous, no doubt; but amid the darkness and tragic gloom which surrounded her, what was she to think? Things she had read in books haunted her; fictitious visions which at this touch of personal alarm began to look real. She thought he might have to bribe some one who knew some early secret in his life, or some secret that was not his—something that belonged to his friends. Oh, if he would but tell her! She could bear anything—she could forgive the past, whatever it might be. She had no bitterness in her feelings towards her husband. She used to sit for hours together in his deserted studio, imagining scenes in which she found out, or he was driven to confide to her, this mystery; scenes of anguish, yet consolation. The studio became her favourite haunt. Was it possible that she had once entered it with languid interest, and been sensible of nothing but disappointment when she saw him working with his heart in his work? She would go all round it now, making her little comment

upon every picture. She would have given everything she had in the world to see him back there, painting those pictures with which she had been so dissatisfied—the Francesca, which still stood on its easel unfinished; the sketches of herself which she had once been so impatient of. The Francesca still stood there behind backs; but most of the others had been cleared away, and stood in little stacks against the walls. The floor was so orderly that it went to her heart to see it; nothing had been done, nothing disturbed, for weeks, perhaps months; the housemaid was free to go and come as if it had been a common parlour. All this was terribly sad to the painter's wife. The spring was coming on before she found the two sketches which afterwards she held so dearly. They bewildered her still more, and filled her with a thousand fears. One represented a pilgrim on a hilly road, in the twilight of a spring evening. Everything was soft in this picture, clear sky and twinkling stars above; a quiet rural path over the grass; but just in front of the pilgrim, and revealing his uplifted hands and horror-stricken countenance, the opening of a glowing horrible cavern—the mouth of Hell. The other was more mysterious still. It was a face full of anguish and love, with two clasped hands, looking up from the depths of a cave or well, to one blue spot of sky, one star that shone far above. Helen did not know what these sketches meant; but they made her shiver with wonder and apprehension. They were all that he had done this year.

And then something else, of a different kind, came in to bewilder her. Robert, who avoided her, who of evenings no longer talked over his affairs with her, and who probably had forgotten all her wants, let the quarter-day pass without supplying her, as he was in the habit of doing. So great a host of fears and doubts were between the two, that Helen did not remind him of his negligence. It pained her, but in a degree so different. What did that matter? But time went on, and it began to matter. She took her own little dividends, and kept silence; making what use of them she could to fill up the larger wants. She was as timid of speaking to him on this subject as if she had been a young girl. He had never obliged her to do so. She had been the general treasurer of the household in the old days; and even in recent times, he, who was so proud of his wife, had taken care to keep her always supplied with what she wanted. She never had needed to go to him to ask money, and she did not know how to begin. Thus they both went their different way; suffering, perhaps, about equally. His time seemed to himself to be spent in a feverish round of interviews with people who could supply money, or wildly signing his name to papers which he scarcely understood—to bills which he could never dream of paying; they would be paid somehow when the time came, or they could be renewed, or something would be done, he was told. He had carried everything he could make money by away before this time; the title-deeds of his house, his pictures, even—and this was done with a very heavy heart—his policies of life insurance. Everything was gone. Events went faster as the crisis approached, and Drummond became conscious of little more than his wife's pale face wondering at him, with questioning eyes more pathetic than words, and Golden's face encouraging, or trying to encourage. Between the two was a wild abyss of work, of despair, of tiding over. Every escape more hairbreadth than the last! The wild whirl growing wilder! the awful end, ruin and fell destruction, coming nearer and more near!

It happened at length that Helen one day, in desperation, broke the silence. She came before him when he was on his way out, and asked him to wait, in a hollow voice.

"I don't want to trouble you," she said, "since you will not trust me, Robert. I have been trying not to harass you more; but—I have no money left—I am getting into debt—the servants want their wages. Robert—I thought you had forgotten—perhaps——"

He stood and looked at her for a moment, with his hat in his hand, ready to go out. How pale he was! How the lines had contracted in his face! He looked at her, trying to be calm. And then, as he stood, suddenly burst, without warning, into momentary terrible tears, of a passion she could not understand.

"Robert! oh, what is the matter?" she cried, throwing her arms round him. He put his head down on her shoulder, and held her fast, and regained control over himself, holding her to him as if she was something healing. In her great wonder and pity she raised his head with her hands, and gazed wistfully into his face through her tears. "Is it money?" she cried, with a great load taken off her heart. "Oh, Robert, tell me! Is that all?"

"All!" he said. "My God!" and then kissed her passionately, and put her away from him. "To-morrow," he said hoarsely,

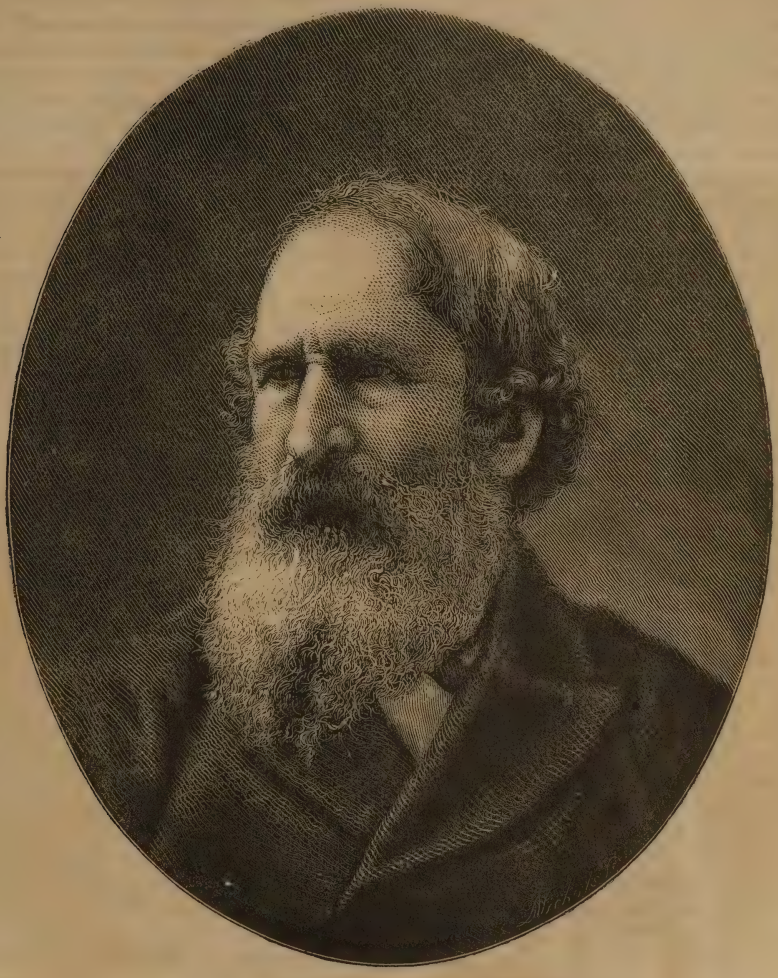
"perhaps—I hope—I will tell you everything to-morrow." He did not venture to look at her again. He went out straight, without turning to the right or left. "The end must be near now," he said to himself audibly, as he went out like a blind man. To-morrow! Would to-morrow ever come? "The end must be near now."

The end was nearer than he thought. When he reached the bank he found everything in disorder. Mr. Golden was not there, nor any one who could give information to the panic-stricken inquirers who were pouring in. It was said the manager had absconded. Rivers's was at an end. For the first ten minutes after Drummond heard the news that awaited him, it was almost a relief to know that the worst had come.



LIVING AMERICAN ARTISTS.

NO. III.



WILLIAM PAGE.

WILLIAM PAGE, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE story of the art-student of fifty years is not to be compressed into six pages of a magazine, even if the hero of it have not passed beyond the boundaries of his native State for food for thought or subjects for his pencil. How much less successful, then, the effort at compression, where the student's outer life has been one of travel and adventure: his inner life, one of changes no less notable. Hence, with the task before him—to sketch the life of one of the oldest of living painters, whose story, if done justice to, would fill a goodly volume—the writer deems it timely to say here that the utmost which he can hope to accomplish in these brief biographies, is to make his readers somewhat better acquainted with the men to whom, from day to day, they pay homage, by admiration of their works. And this much more, perhaps, he can do: he can place on record here, for the benefit of the biographer of the future, certain facts in the histories of the men of whom he writes which may be relied upon, since that which he sets down, in this regard, comes directly from the men themselves—obtained in con-

versation with them, and carefully noted at the time. The occasional reflections upon the characters of the men and of their work which have appeared in the sketches already written, or which will appear in those to come, may or may not be of value in the future. They have but this to recommend them: they are those of one to whom his labor is one of love, who has no purpose to serve other than to find a vehicle for his thought on a subject which he has much at heart. If, however, this occasional comment should help the reader of to-day, interested in artist life, to a better knowledge of it, and tend to quicken his sympathies for those who devote themselves to it, thinking less of self than of their art, it will have accomplished much; and this is the writer's immediate aim.

We have been compelled to this explanation by a glance at the voluminous notes before us, taken during several conversations with him whose life we are about to sketch—a life embracing half a century of thought and work.

William Page was born on the 23rd of January, 1811, in Albany, State of New York. His father was Levi Page, of Coventry, Connecticut; his mother was a native of Massachusetts, and a widow with a family when Levi married her. When William was about nine years old the elder Page moved to New York City, and it was about this time that the future artist began to give evidence of the bent of his tastes. This he did in making drawings of familiar objects in and about his home, and by frequently essaying bolder flights in attempts at portraiture.

One of his efforts, at this time, was a portrait of his mother, which went up in the smoke of his burning home soon after he had finished it. At school he made an early reputation among his fellows as a draughtsman, topping the pinnacle of popularity when he was but eleven years old, by obtaining a prize of one dollar for a drawing of the head of Louis XVIII., which his teacher exhibited for him at the exposition of the American Institute.

For such encouragement as he received at home Page is indebted mainly to his mother (God bless the mothers!), and to his half-brother, Dr. Dunnel. The mother was a woman of refined tastes, fond of art, and appreciative of the early efforts of her son. She herself was quite skillful in wax-flower making, the popular accomplishment of her day. To her was left in great measure to decide as to the future of her youngest boy, for Page the elder was absorbed at all times in the cares of business, or by some invention craving for delivery.

It was thus when one day Mr. Frederick De Peyster called at the school where young Page was, to obtain a boy for his law-office. The teacher recommended Page, and spoke of his talent for drawing. Mr. De Peyster was Secretary of the Academy of Design at this time, and, as might be expected, was not a little influenced by this recommendation. He offered the situation to Mrs. Page for her boy, and she accepted it. William remained here for two years, until his health broke down, and further confinement at the desk endangered his life.

During these two years he had managed to continue his art study—had drawn a good deal, and read many works on art and biographies of great painters. Neither did he lack encouragement from his employer; on the contrary, received much. Colonel Trumbull was shown his drawings during this time, but offered no encouragement. The Colonel was never lavish in this direction.

After leaving the lawyer's office, and on being permitted to have his will at home with brush and canvas for a while, the young artist's health recovered. But he was now seventeen years old, and must take to a profession of some sort; so his half-brother and good friend, Dr. Dunnel, took him to the studio of one Herring, a portrait-painter of those days, where it was agreed that he should receive instruction in lieu of such help as he might give his master. This help, it appears, was, before long, worth some fifty dollars weekly to Herring, who "did" portraits by wholesale, and thus found young Page to be quite a valuable assistant. This was one of the happiest periods of his fitful life, Page says, for it was the first wherein all his time was given to work congenial to him; his heart was full of hope, his future had no clouds that were yet visible.

During his stay with Herring, which lasted about a year, it was the young artist's habit to rise at six A.M., and, when the light permitted, to work two hours before going to his master's studio. In this way he made a large drawing of Germanicus, which was pronounced a great effort by his immediate friends, who advised him to let Colonel Trumbull see what he could do *now*. The Colonel, be it remembered, was the oracle on art matters in those days. He saw it and approved. Nay, more: he condescended to say that "he generally discouraged

young men from becoming artists, but he thought young Page might be permitted to starve genteelly."

Thus encouraged, Page worked still harder, if this were possible; the natural result of which was that he fell sick again, and had to absent himself from the studio. On his return there, some weeks after, the portrait-painter, who, no doubt, had missed his assistant much, gave vent to his ill-humor in abusive language, concluding by saying that "he must have some one with him whose health could be relied upon." This unreasonable exhibition of bad temper lost Herring a good servant, for young Page refused to wait until the master recovered his equanimity; turning on his heel, he left the studio, never to go back.

Page's mother now called upon Mr. Morse, then a distinguished artist, and prevailed upon him to take William as a pupil. Here he began by setting the palette of the artist, but soon attaining to higher work, he progressed rapidly in his knowledge of drawing, and in the use of color. During this time he also attended the evening classes at the Academy. When exhibition time approached, Mr. Morse asked him what prize he would draw for. "The first," was the reply; "I shall work all the harder." And he won it. It was a silver palette that year. He won also the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in three volumes, and other prizes, at succeeding exhibitions. These were for his drawings of Praxiteles, the head of Michael Angelo, and the Laocoön.

Morse's studio was then at the corner of Broadway and Pine, and it was here, we believe, that the future great inventor had his first ambitious thought to put a girdle round the world.

With Morse Page remained two years, during which he had every opportunity to develop his talent. The master was uniformly kind and encouraging, permitting the student full play with the palette, for he soon recognized that Page's love of color would be that most likely to individualize him as an artist. It was while painting with Mr. Morse that Page exhibited his first Academy picture. It was a piece of still life, and was favorably received. His second painting, however, was less fortunate, if not less meritorious: it was rejected; he probably aimed too high this time, for his subject was "The Anger of Achilles."

Thus far the career of William Page was commonplace enough, and had he continued simply the industrious student, the remainder of his life might have been summed up in a paragraph, even as was that of another portrait-painter whose placid history we have already given. Verily, there are those whom Fortune seeks, but they are not many: the crowd runs after her; and there are those who care little about the fickle jade, but who are guided in their work by motives which they do not always understand and not in frequently misinterpret; who are impelled by unknown forces when they are best satisfied that they move of their own volition. And assuredly of these last was William Page.

Page's life at this time provides a unique example of the condition of mind so common to imaginative youths just merging from their teens. Painting he discovered to be too slow an interpreter of such thoughts as his. At least he fancied so, and grew discontented. The world must be touched more nearly, more forcibly, and without the delay which slow art entails. He would prepare himself for this high work in other fashion. He must find a vehicle for the pictures which stirred his imagination, prompt of use, obedient to his wish. He would be a preacher, an orator! Henceforth the pulpit; the studio nevermore!

And so deciding he set off to Andover, where he studied classics at Phillip's Academy, painting miniatures, between times, to pay his way. But, after all, this was humdrum business. However grateful to the imagination the Æneid may be, there is not much to tickle the fancy before one gets there. Syntax is not prolific, certainly, of fair visions. He left Andover, after a month or two at the conjugations, and went to Amherst, where he remained for a considerable time, still stirred by the religious fervor which had impelled his wandering—the pulpit still the goal of his ambition.

But here, somehow, he began to have grave doubts as to whether he was on the right track after all, and he wrote home of this change of spirit to his people, who rejoiced, no doubt, at this promise of returning sanity. From Amherst he went to Northampton, and thence to Albany, ready to paint anything and everything, and, as he says, "not particularly religious any more." He was, in fact, about to enter the infidelic phase—to suffer the reaction from the fanatic one he had just passed through.

Whilst at Albany he painted a number of full-length portraits, several of which are now historical—for example, one of old Stephen Van Rensselaer. He also painted, while in

this city, his picture of "Minerva interfering between Achilles and Agamemnon," which he sent to the Academy Exhibition. Before this, however, he had sent several paintings to the Academy, since he left New York, all of which had attracted some attention. But this classical subject was his first great success. It was purchased by Myndert Van Schaick, in whose family it still is.

In turn Page tired of Albany, and went back to New York, where he proposed to paint for a short time, then go to Europe to complete his studies. *L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose:* the artist fell in love and married. Thus all his plans of European travel and study there, were changed or indefinitely postponed. At least so he settled it, and sat down to his easel well content—married to New York too.

During this happy time Page painted his picture known as "The Mother and Child," and sent it to the Academy. On opening day, when he saw his painting upon the wall, it so much disappointed him that he felt as if he could cut the canvas from the stretcher. And he would have done so, probably, but for the dread of making an exhibition of the painter. He went home sore-hearted.

Next morning Prof. Mapes called. "Why, Page, have you been asleep all this time? Your 'Mother and Child' will make your fortune."

And it did: the fortune Page most yearned and worked for was reputation, and this was his from that day forward. The artist at once took rank among the most popular painters of the city. Orders came to him much more rapidly than he could execute them, or rather than he would, for he had determined not to allow the temptation to make money lead him away from true devotion to his beloved art. He preferred to let pass into other hands the thousand dollars which he might have gained at some sacrifice of spirit, to earn a hundred at the work he loved.

It was not until 1850, when he was thirty-nine years old, that he fulfilled his long-cherished desire to visit Europe, which he reached after thirty-one days' sailing in one of Grinnell & Minturn's packets, landing at Dover, whence he crossed the channel to Calais, and at once proceeded to Paris. Here he stayed six weeks, during which he visited the principal collections of the city, but devoted himself mainly to the study of ancient art as represented in the collection of the Louvre. From Paris he went to Marseilles, thence to Nice, and there took diligence for Florence, passing through Genoa. Florence he made his home for three years, making occasional excursions to other Italian cities; his longest stay, however—a whole summer—being made in Venice.

This was a season of hard work with him; and here began, and grew, his admiration of the works of Titian above all others. Whilst here he made many copies of the paintings of the great master which he sent home. He also received many commissions for copies which he executed. It was at this time, he claims, that he made discovery of the earlier processes in Titian's work—that he discovered the "ground" upon which the master painted. It happened that, one day, while closely examining the Venus at Florence, he saw that the bare edge of the canvas disclosed the fact that the painting was executed upon a white base, covered with washes of blue-black. This was, to him, the key-note of Titian's color, and he made it his own. Whether for good or ill, he harps upon it to this day.

From Florence, Page went to Rome, where he resided for five years, visiting England once during that time, when he spent a summer's vacation in London. During these five years he continued his study of the old masters, painted portraits of distinguished persons, Americans and others, who visited the Eternal City, and composed several of his most notable works. Among these last may be noted here: the "Venus," publicly exhibited after his return home, and now at his studio in Tenth street; his large painting of "Aaron and Hur sustaining the arms of Moses on Mount Horeb," also there; and a "Venus rising from the Sea," now in the Boston Athenæum. Among the portraits he painted were those of Charlotte Cushman, and Mrs. Crawford, the sculptor's wife, pronounced by the husband one of the finest examples of modern portraiture—which expression of opinion, notwithstanding any favorable prejudice regarding the subject, was a compliment of weight, being Crawford's. Page also painted, about this time, the head of Robert Browning, which received praises hardly less lavish.

After an absence of eight years he returned to America. He remained here only a few weeks, and soon went back to Rome, where he shortly afterwards married his present wife, his first having died some time before.

And now he resolved to give up portrait-painting altogether—to aim at what he deemed to be still higher work, the purely creative. But the reflections, to which the efforts that followed gave rise, led him to this con-

clusion: that after all there *was* no higher plain in art than that which he occupied, who succeeded in rendering faithfully the likeness of God's chief work—the man and woman; in suggesting all that was within them and without them. And he set himself to work, with modest heart, to reach that plain.

It was not until 1861 that Page returned to this country to remain in it. Patronage waited for him, and the appreciation of his fellow-artists was generously bestowed—even by those who did not admire his method, for all respected him for his earnestness of purpose and unselfish devotion to his art. He made his studio-home in the Tenth street building, where he has since remained. Soon after his return he painted portraits of Collector Barney, John Hoppin, and other distinguished citizens. He delivered lectures on art which were much esteemed. One of these was delivered at the Athenæum Club. He also published, about this time, his "Proportions of the Human Figure," a work well known to artists, and an authority.

But these days immediately following his return were unhappy ones; too exciting in their fearful revelations of strife and bloodshed for this high-strung student, now too old to fight, but not too old to suffer. The studios echoed the struggle which was going on without. Page betook himself for a time to Eaglewood, where he studied landscape among its peaceful glades, and experimented in color.

From Eaglewood he afterwards removed to Staten Island, where he purchased a plot of ground, upon which he has since built the home now occupied by his family.

Throughout this time he retained his studio in the Tenth street building, changing, however, to the one he now occupies—above the Exhibition Hall of the Place, which is mainly occupied by his works, and the door to which faces you directly when you enter from the street.

During these ten years since his return from Europe, Page has painted the portraits of many of our most notable men—soldiers, statesmen, orators, artists, poets, and divines—among them those of Farragut, J. Quincy Adams, Fenton, Phillips, Lowell, J. Q. A. Ward, Henry Ward Beecher, and a host of lesser lights. His latest and most talked-of work, perhaps, is the "Head of Christ," exhibited at the Spring Exhibition of the Academy last year.

Thus far we have sketched the outline of this adventurous student-life.

But we cannot part thus easily with our subject. We have still a word to say of this William Page we know to-day, and how he fills out the full days of a ripe life, for he is now within the last decade of the goodly threescore years and ten.

Page was but twenty-five years old when he was made an Academician. Honors were easy in the early days of the Academy, it is true, but in this instance, at least, the success of the artist has confirmed the judgment of his electors. He was thus fourteen years a N. A. before he left for Europe, during which time the higher academic honors were not distributed—a grave mistake of the institution, and one which it has since had occasion to regret. Within a period of forty-four years the Academy had had but four Presidents, and during the greater portion of this time the Members of Council were as fixed almost as the members of the Pleiades. It is true that occasionally a particular star dropped out of the constellation, but the general immobility was not materially disturbed thereby. In other words, Academy affairs were managed by a Council of which a large majority continued to serve, year after year, until the unpleasant impression became general that the Academy was controlled, in the main, by a few good easy gentlemen who were well content with the perpetual round of honors, the gala exhibitions twice a year, and—nothing more.

This led, as might have been foreseen, to a dangerous apathy, which for a time threatened the very life of the institution. And it gave rise to what was known for a year or so as the "Party of Reform," mainly composed of the younger academicians, but of which the head and front was William Page. These reformers, so called, had for their chief objects the thorough development of the Academy Schools and the elevation of the institution generally to the position claimed for it—that of the first Art Institution of the United States. From the action of these reformers it ought not to be inferred that they were ungrateful for what *had* been done by the party in power, for they and their predecessors had done much—had certainly caused to be erected a costly Academy building, and stored it with a great deal that was valuable; the cause of their dissatisfaction was rather that these, the elders of the church, should rest content with this, when the evidences of progress, from year to year, were demanded by the artist members, by the press, and by the public generally, interested in the æsthetic development of the people.

William Page was the nominee of the Re-

form party for President at the election of 1869. He failed of election by a single vote; in 1870, by two votes; but in 1871 the tide of progress had set in too strongly for successful opposition, if such were meditated, and Page was elected. And here ended the brief combat of parties, and a happy fusion followed, the immediate result of which has been an activity in Academy matters full of promise.

Thus we have William Page the President of the National Academy of Design to-day, and chosen to that position—one of the highest attainable amongst us—by the party of progress.

"The child is father of the man;" the boy-worker, the art devotee of fifty years ago, is the leader amongst the workers of to-day, with enthusiasm unabated, and with an ardor of pursuit to which the history of but few lives presents a parallel.

Let us enter his studio, Asmodeus fashion, and hear a sermon the text of which is *labo-rare est orare.*

This is the room he has occupied for several years. You perceive it is approached in the ordinary way by a narrow flight of stairs from the Exhibition Hall beneath, into which we look over the balcony that bounds one side of the studio.

Yes, that white-haired, white-bearded man is he. The plaster model at which he works in the corner there is of a head of Shakespeare, which he is fashioning, aided by photographic views of the celebrated mask of the poet's face discovered in Germany; by that engraving of the Chandos portrait; and by the copy of the Stratford bust, half buried among the wonderful litter of his table. To each and all of these he refers in turn, that he may add another truth of form to the face before him. From this model, when completed, he will paint a portrait of Shakespeare which, he believes, will be the first that has been better than a caricature of the bard.

Would you believe it! he has been over a year at work upon that lump of plaster—at work day in, day out, from dawn to sunset: during the past summer he took no vacation, that he might proceed with it; and he has set aside much profitable labor lest it should interfere with this work.

That mask has cost him its weight in gold already, and it is not yet finished. This statement is no figure of speech, but a literal truth. Fifteen thousand dollars would not more than pay him for the work upon it, estimating his labor at its present market value.

"Why all this labor?" you may say; "will the end repay it?" Perhaps. Enough for him, since he estimates the telling of a truth so highly. And this is all he aims at—to give us a true Shakespeare; to suggest the soul and body of the poet; and this in such fashion that when we look upon the picture we shall say: "Yes, just such an one he must have been, that highest type of the intellectual in man which the modern world has known."

See now, the artist turns, lays down his modeling tool and cup of plaster, and lights his pipe, as conscious of what he is about as the philosopher who used the lady's finger for a tobacco-stopper. He is still the dreamer, you perceive, and if you could hear him talk you would find him quite as speculative on matters of philosophy and religion as he was forty years ago. And whilst he is by no means fluent—on the contrary, rather slow of speech—he is withal one of the best talkers we have ever heard, and we own no rival in our heart to him as a reader of rhythmic composition. It is a rare treat to hear him recite the sonnets of his favorite poet, or a pet passage from the poems of his scarcely less beloved Lowell.

You see how bravely he carries his sixty-odd years; how cheery and hopeful he looks. Ay! and he often sings, too, in that cage of his!

What a look of the master of color he loves so much he puts on as he grows old! How the first glance at him sends the student's thoughts back to his books again—to the days when Art sat as upon a throne and men worshiped her for the beauty and the joy she gave them; when artists were the children of the People, of the States, and not mere mechanics, as most of them, through necessity, now are.

A link 'twixt the old and the new is William Page. Would that there were more, with so much of the old in them—so much of the spirit of self-sacrifice, betrayed in the twelve-months' labor on that plaster head!

Is he much interrupted in his work? Yes, very much. Probably no artist living has as many friends to make demands upon his time—whose interruptions are so difficult to dispose of. For his callers are not bankers, with whom minutes are as jewels, but orators, poets, and literary men, who visit him that they may hear him talk of this or that—the prominent topic of the day; or better still, to listen to his reminiscences of European life,—the men he met, the scenes he visited,—for of treasures of the past he is as inexhaustible as the sea. And he visits his fellow-artists of the building a good deal—that is to say, he rests himself

in this way. Scarcely more than this, for he seldom remains over a few minutes in a studio before he glides back, on slippered sole, to mount his studio stairs again.

And so goes on his life from day to day, during the working week. His Sundays he spends with his family on Staten Island.

Whatever the differences of opinion among his fellow-artists as to the value of Page's method, or as to the success of his results as a colorist, there are no two opinions as to the worth of his advice. No man's opinion goes further among his fellow-workers than does his. There is comfort in it often, profit always, for it is sincere, and born of the knowledge of fifty years among pictures and among men. If you would know a man, seek the knowledge of him among his fellow-laborers.

ALBERT BIERSTADT, N.A.

THERE are few landscape painters living whose reputations have reached so far as that of Albert Bierstadt. His paintings are as well known and at least as highly appreciated in Europe as they are here. Whilst this is due in a great measure, no doubt, to the artistic merit of his works, it is still more due to the fact that he is a leader among those who first essayed to give expression on canvas to the great and grand in Nature, of which the scenery of the West is so prolific. Whatever may be the differences of opinion upon the merit of his *technique*, there are none as to his genuine love of art, or of his devotion to it, so often proved by "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field."

Nor do those qualities, to which this artist's success is due, cease when the toilsome journey is ended, or when the skillfully manipulated painting—for the material of which he may have traveled four thousand miles—has dried upon the canvas. Possessing, in a remarkable degree, those qualities which in a man add daily to his list of friends; gentle in manners; open-hearted; active, without show of it, in all matters tending to the help of a fellow-worker; generous, but not obtrusive in his charities, and being gifted with consummate business tact, it is not surprising that his name should have a double value, or his works receive an amount of recognition and appreciation not always conceded to those of others of possibly equal merit, who are known only by the evidences of their talent.

Albert Bierstadt was born on the 7th of January, 1830, at Solingen, near Düsseldorf, where, it might be assumed by the speculative philosopher, he drew inspiration from the very atmosphere of the place. But since he was permitted to remain only a couple of years in the neighborhood of the great German School, we are unwilling to concede any credit to it for influencing his future, even in this subtle way. Albert's father left Germany for the United States in 1832, and settled in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Here Albert was educated. Unlike other youths, afterwards famous as artists, he was not a prodigy in the art way; didn't sleep with a color-box under his pillow, or transfigure the fences of the neighborhood with elaborate designs in chalk. But he was noticeable, at a very early age, for his love of adventure, and his first appeal for popularity was a composition which he wrote at school, when twelve years old, entitled "The Rocky Mountains." This might be supposed, judging from his after labors, to contain a description of the scenery since so attractive to him. But such is not the fact, for the paper, still preserved by his family, is devoted to the details of a bear-hunt, the chief end of which was to supply food for the hunters.

It was not until some years after the date of this production that the future landscape painter began to show that his leaning was towards art. But even at this time, his efforts did not give promise of future power; for then as now, we presume, he felt more than he expressed, and had a quiet way of making up his mind, not easily disturbed. His mother, a cousin of the celebrated painter, Hasenclever, knew something of the vicissitudes of an artist's life, and tried to persuade Albert to devote himself to some other calling, but ultimately yielded to the persistent wickedness of the boy, who had determined to run all risk, satisfied that the goal was well worth striving for, and anxious, besides, to begin the world by depending upon his own resources.

This he did when still young by teaching crayon drawing, to the practice of which he had devoted himself for two or three years.

He was twenty-one years old when he made his first attempt at painting in oils, but in two years he had made such satisfactory progress, and had received such recognition of it, that he was in a position to realize a long-cherished dream of visiting Düsseldorf.

So, in 1853, he reached the German school where he had proposed to pursue his studies with the advice of his mother's relative, then in the zenith of his fame. Unhappily, the first news he heard on his arrival was the death of Hasenclever. Here, however, he



ALBERT BIERSTADT.

soon made the friendship of Andreas Achenbach, Lessing, and Leutze, and profited by it—especially by the example and counsel of the former. His progress was rapid. In a short time his pictures began to find their way to this city, where they were exhibited and subjected to much criticism. Doubts as to their originality were freely ventilated by some, for the work already suggested a skillful handling not often attained until after very many years of patient labor.

During a four years' stay in Europe, from 1853 to 1857, Bierstadt continued to work with enthusiasm and industry at his easel, yet managed to find opportunity withal to gratify to a limited extent his love of adventure. He made a journey, on foot, through Westphalia, visited Hesse-Cassel and Switzerland, sketched among the Apennines, and crowned his wanderings by a visit to the Eternal City. In these tours he enriched his portfolio with sketches, which he afterwards used to unmistakable advantage. It was from Hesse-Cassel he brought the study from which he afterwards painted his picture of "Sunlight and Shadow," one of the most successful of his works, and that, perhaps, which first determined his rank as a painter.

He returned to New Bedford in 1857, where he took a studio and began to work, painting chiefly from the sketches and studies he had made in Europe.

In the spring of the following year he made his first artistic tour across the Plains, with the Pacific Wagon-Road Expedition under General Lander. During this trip the party encountered much danger and exposure, and it might be assumed that the artist's love of adventure had somewhat cooled by the time they had reached the base of the Rocky Mountains. And so it had, in a measure. Yet he decided to make the journey back under even less favorable auspices, and came East with two companions only.

This return trip was fraught with much greater risk to life and limb than the outward one, for it lay through forests and over mountains inhabited only by the Indian. For a great portion of the time, we are told, the party had to depend on game for food, and were often without water for days together. They all reached home safe, however, and Bierstadt, at least, profited materially by the journey. "The Rocky Mountains" and "Laramie Peak," two pictures, the painting of which established his position firmly, were the immediate results of this adventure.

Ordinary appetites would have been quite satisfied, doubtless, with this one experience of the Rocky Mountains. But not so that of Bierstadt, for again, in 1863, he set out on a journey which gave promise of fivefold perils and privations. This time he visited Salt Lake City, crossed the Humboldt mountains to Virginia City, and the Sierra Nevadas to San Francisco; thence, after a short stay, he passed on to the Yosemite, where he spent seven weeks, devoted, in the main, to making studies and sketches of its wonders of valley and mountain.

With a full portfolio he returned to Sacramento, whence he proceeded to Tehama by steamboat. Here he and his companions landed and took horse for Shasta Peak—that wonderful extinct volcano, as picturesque as it is wonderful. Remaining here but a short time, the party set out for Oregon. On their way there, unfortunately, one of them fell ill, and they were compelled to seek shelter and rest for him in the cabin of a backwoodsman, where the party remained long enough to enable the sick man to regain strength. Here Bierstadt's kindliness of heart was manifested in his patient waiting by the side of his suffering companion, who afterwards wrote home of the solicitude of the artist in the most grateful terms.

This experience over, Bierstadt went to Portland, thence to Willamette, up the Columbia, and over Fort Vancouver to Dallas, where he sketched Mount Hood, and made studies in color of details of the country round about. Then back to Portland again, which he soon left for San Francisco, whence he returned home after a brief stay.

The experiences of this sketching tour could not be told, had I every page of this number at my service; but remembering how much more difficult it was eight years ago than it now is—whilst it is still no trifling matter—to make long journeys through the Western wildernesses, and considering how many thousands of miles were conquered in pioneer fashion, a quick imagination will supply its owner with some idea of the dangers and fatigues encountered and overcome by this heroic hungerer after knowledge, this seeker of the sublime in nature in her most secret places—on mountains, the virgin snow of whose cloud o'er-topping summits had never, since creation's dawn, been pressed by foot of man before; in valleys still close-clad in the primeval raiment, and echoing, for the first time, the white man's voice and footstep.

The fruits of this journey were manifold, for it not only provided the artist with material for many years of work, but it quickened the general interest in him and in his labors.

After his return from the West this time, Bierstadt painted industriously and profitably in New York for three years, his larger works bringing very high prices. In 1866 he moved to Irvington, on the Hudson, where he had built himself a home with a studio attached to it. Here he continued his work uninterruptedly until June of the following year, when he left for Europe to make studies for two paintings, commissioned by the Government, and to be placed in the Capitol at Washington. The subject suggested for one of these was the discovery of the Hudson River by Hendrick Hudson.

During this absence he spent most of his time in London, but found leisure to make a flying visit to Italy, where he made sketches for and painted his large picture of "Vesuvius in Eruption," exhibited after his return at the gallery of G. P. Putnam.

In 1868, Bierstadt's sight began to fail him somewhat, and it became imperative that he should have rest. This he took for a short time, during which his eyes recovered their strength, and his health generally improved.

During these years, since his return from the West in 1863 until the present date, the records show that he has painted the following important and well-known pictures: "Sunset in California," now in the possession of Miss E. Bierstadt; "Storm in the Rocky Moun-

tains," twelve feet by seven, owned by J. W. Kennard, Esq.; "Mount Hood, Oregon," also a large canvas; "Laramie Peak," in possession of the Academy of Fine Arts, Buffalo, and which the writer esteems as one of the artist's best pictures; "Crossing the Plains," owned by A. Stone, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio; "The Overland Mail;" "The Cathedral Rocks, Yosemite," in the possession of Wm. Moller, Esq., of this city; "The Golden Gate," painted for General J. C. Fremont; "North Fork of the Platte," owned by Judge Hilton; "The Domes of the Yosemite," possessed by Le Grand B. Lockwood, Norwalk, Conn.; "View Down the Yosemite," owned by Mr. Crosby, of Chicago; "Burning Whalers by Moonlight," in the possession of A. Belmont, Esq.; "A View on the Sierra Nevadas," exhibited at Berlin in 1869 (where it received a gold medal), owned by Alvin Adams, Esq., of Boston; "Vesuvius," purchased by James McHenry, Esq., of London; "Puget Sound," owned by A. A. Low, Esq., of Brooklyn; and the "Emerald Pool," now at the Exhibition Room of the Tenth Street Studio Building, with several other works of still later date.

Bierstadt was made a member of the National Academy in 1860, even before he had painted any of the pictures by which he is best known. This early recognition of his talent is to the credit of his fellow-artists with whom the conferring of the honor lay. When at home he has been fairly active in Academy affairs, and deeply interested in the progress of its schools and the success of its exhibitions, to which he contributes his best pictures always; for, unlike others we might name, he considers this his duty to the Academy, even if he thus denies himself the glorification which attends the parlor exhibition of large paintings, where the effect of the picture, and possibly the sale of it, is largely contributed to by a judicious arrangement of drapery and gas-jets.

Last summer Bierstadt made another trip West, but this time he was carried to and fro at forty miles an hour. For since his previous visit the irresistible engine had eaten its way into the wilderness and laid the forest low before it. This time he made studies for another large painting for which he had received a commission from C. P. Huntington, Esq., President of the Central Pacific Railroad.

The scene is on the route of the road, and the point of view is near the place where, some fifteen years ago, a party of emigrants perished within a short distance of the civilization they were seeking, but of the proximity of which they did not know. The rocky summit from which the view is taken is high, and thus a vast extent of mountain, lake, and valley is embraced. The line of the railroad is beheld, a mere thread, where it enters the scene some thirty miles off, and the eye follows it, coming nearer still, along the perilous path cut for it in the trap and granite sides of the great hills which tower above it. In the middle distance is Donner Lake, the central point of interest, and beyond it range after range of hills until the horizon meets them. The foreground is to suggest the unbroken wildness of the place, with its great stretches of jagged pine, the outcropping rocks, their bald foreheads to the sky, and the marvelous detail of vegetable life characteristic of the region. To this end the artist has made many studies of the lesser forms which will admit of realization.

The painting will be entitled "Sunrise on the Sierras," the sun being seen just above the distant horizon, his glories of gold and crimson repeated in the waters of Lake Donner. To make his studies in color for this picture, Bierstadt rose morning after morning at four o'clock, until he had secured the desired effect of light and shade and color.

With all this work accomplished, reputation secured, and his portfolio laden with sketches and studies enough to supply material for a hundred pictures; with a beautiful home to play the prince in now and then, as he does—a home on one of the loveliest spots of earth, commanding a view than which the Rhine has none more picturesque; with a wife young and fair, a lady of rare culture and much beloved; with hosts of friends at Irvington, in the city, wherever his name is known; with all these, indeed, he might be pardoned if he rested from his labors for a decade or so,

> "To sleep, with soft content about his head,
> And never wake but to a joyful morning."

But not so; he is even now off upon another adventurous journey, during which he is to explore the Pacific Coast, and invade, once more, the dread defiles of Puget's Sound.

The thirst for adventure is yet unsated, and we sometimes fancy that were it not that his imagination has its play, even as he sits before his easel, in the suggestions of the titanic forms and the wild grandeurs in light and shade and color—his memories of the West; were it not that his pleasure is renewed in these, and that through his art he can bring *us* nearer to the wonders he portrays, we verily believe the man would gather to himself his household gods, take to the mountains and the mist, and live and die there!

THAT GRAND JURY.

WHAT is the difference between a Grand Jury and a Petit Jury? To many persons, and probably to most, this question would be an insoluble riddle. Everybody who knows anything worth mentioning is aware that a Petit Jury, in a criminal court, consists of twelve men, who are sworn to well and truly judge of the guilt or innocence of the accused tried before them. They are to weigh the evidence given in open court in presence of the accused, and when they agree upon a verdict and are ready to return it, they stand and look upon the prisoner, who is instructed to stand and look upon them. To find a verdict, the twelve must be agreed; and thus it often happens that an obstinate man can "hang the jury," and prevent the rendition of a verdict. Obstinacy may arise from various causes and motives, generally honest, but not always so. Sometimes the jury is equally divided in opinion—six men being of one mind, and six of another; sometimes a verdict is the result of a compromise, which includes a recommendation to mercy, or a verdict for a lower degree of criminality than charged in the indictment. In civil suits, where a question of damages or compensation arises, the result is often obtained by taking the figures proposed by each man, adding them together, and dividing the amount by twelve. But in criminal cases no such system of average can be employed; very often the persistence of a single juror will save an offender from immediate punishment, and allow him a new trial—which frequently means no new trial, but a discharge on his own recognizance. And sometimes the obstinate juror attributes to his comrades the inability to find a verdict. The story of a Western juror is frequently used to point a moral or adorn a tale. "I was all right," he says, "and we might have settled the thing straight off, if the other eleven hadn't been the most pig-headed fellows you ever saw."

One requirement of the practice in our courts is, that in a criminal case no member of a Petit Jury shall have formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. In cases that have not acquired notoriety, this does not materially interfere with the selection of a jury; but in a case that has attracted general attention, like that of Foster or the assassins of President Lincoln, several days may be spent in finding twelve men without opinions. The rule was adopted long ago, when there was no general diffusion of knowledge, and when there was no daily chronicle of events accessible to everybody. On a matter of great importance and general newspaper discussion, it is next to impossible in these days that an intelligent man should have no knowledge or opinion; to demand an opinionless jury in such a case is practically to demand a jury of blockheads. It may well be doubted whether, in this country of electric telegraphs and lightning presses, the old practice is the best. The object of trials by jury is to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. I think I utter the sentiment of most thinking men, in saying that for my part I would rather, if wrongfully accused of a crime, be tried before twelve honest, intelligent men, who believed me guilty, but whose opinion could be changed by evidence, than before twelve ignorant men who had formed no opinion about me. But if I were guilty, and desired, as most criminals desire, to escape justice, I should clamor for a jury of such of my fellowmen as could not entertain an idea without having it thrust into their heads with an auger. Many a scoundrel has evaded his just deserts by means of a jury of "twelve good men and true," whose intellects were hardly equal to those of an educated horse.

But a Grand Jury encounters none of the difficulties that beset a Petit Jury. The law requires that it shall be composed of "intelligent citizens of good character," who shall be qualified to serve as, and not exempt as, petit jurors. Their names are selected by lot, the same as employed for the selection of petit jurors, and each man selected is notified by the Sheriff of the county. A Grand Jury is composed of sixteen as the minimum, and twenty-three as the maximum number. Twelve must concur to find a bill or to dismiss a complaint. No vote can be taken unless there are sixteen grand jurors present; whether there are sixteen or twenty-three present, or any number between the minimum and maximum, there must be, as before stated, twelve to concur in determining the ordering or rejection of an indictment. Other votes, such as for adjournment and the like, are taken by majorities, in the same way as in other deliberative bodies. The accused never appears before the Grand Jury, and only one witness can be called into the room at the same time. The District Attorney may be present during an examination, and at the request of the foreman may con-

duct it, but he cannot be present when a vote is being taken.

The Grand Jury is of Saxon origin, and its existence may be traced as far back as the tenth century. Its object is one of inquiry rather than of trial, and for this reason it is frequently called a Grand Inquest. Under the old practice the Grand Jury originated inquiry without the intervention of any public officer, and any citizen was at liberty to appear before it, state his own wrongs or the offenses of others, or make complaints against public evils of any kind. It partook of the nature of a Legislature or Common Council, to which any citizen may submit a petition. Any member of the Grand Jury who happened to know or learn of an infraction of the law could lay the matter before his associates for their action. I am informed by good legal authority that this is still the practice in England and in parts of the United States. But the practice of New York, so far as the city is concerned, has of late been for the Grand Jury to consider nothing that was not submitted to it by the District Attorney, and for that official to submit nothing that had not reached him from a committing magistrate. There is both good and evil in this practice, and on the whole much more evil than good. A great many offenders have gone unwhipt of justice in consequence of this system. Men who have just cause of complaint against other men high in power have sought in vain to bring their cases before a committing magistrate, for the reason that the latter was the friend or dependent of the accused, and would use his official position to protect him. Several cases of this kind were brought to my notice while sitting on the late and somewhat memorable Grand Jury of the Court of General Sessions. For example, a man one day came to me with a request that I would bring to the notice of the Grand Jury a certain case which he explained. I asked him why he did not go before a committing magistrate with it. "Why," he replied, "because the committing magistrates are all friends of this man, and would do anything he wants. He can get any kind of 'justice' he desires, and nobody can do anything against him." I am satisfied that his opinion of police magistrates in New York city was not altogether baseless, and, if I am not mistaken, other testimony could be found to the same effect. With the reputation or lack of it that belongs to our local judiciary, it is eminently necessary that all Grand Juries should be clothed with the power that makes them grand inquests, and enables them to investigate any charge of wrong-doing without waiting for its submission by a police magistrate. I am satisfied that there are many scoundrels whose career of wickedness would be materially curtailed if they knew there was full opportunity for their accusers to go before a Grand Jury and furnish the proper information for a criminal indictment.

The testimony before a Grand Jury is of an *ex parte* character. Blackstone says: "They are only to hear evidence on behalf of the prosecution. For the finding of an indictment is only in the nature of an inquiry or accusation, which is afterwards to be tried and determined; and the Grand Jury are only to inquire upon their oaths whether there be sufficient cause to call upon the party to answer it. A Grand Jury, however, ought to be thoroughly persuaded of the truth of an indictment, so far as their evidence goes, and not to rest satisfied with remote probabilities, a doctrine that might be applied to very oppressive purposes." The Petit Jury gives the accused the opportunity to sift the *ex parte* evidence on which he has been indicted, and of explaining or contradicting it. The general rule for the guidance of a Grand Jury is that they must be as well satisfied of the guilt of the accused, in order to find an indictment, as they would be to convict as petit jurors in case none of the evidence before them were explained or contradicted. It often happens that complaints are presented of an avaricious or malicious nature, or with some other motive than the proper enforcement of the law. Such cases require careful inquiry and cautious action.

Early in the session of the Grand Jury which I may call ours, for the reason that I was an integral part of it, a complaint was made against a baggage agent of a steamboat company, for taking money for extra baggage and neglecting to pay it over to the authorized agent of the company. At its commencement the case appeared reasonably clear, but a suspicion arose that the complaint was malicious, and more evidence was called for. Each additional witness confirmed the suspicion, and it finally came out that the principal accuser had long desired the situation of the accused, and had been appointed to it after the removal of the latter. Here was a motive in which malice and avarice were evidently the principal elements, and when the matter was put to a vote the jury promptly dismissed the bill. The evidence of the complainant was not fully sustained by that of the other witnesses; and even had

there been no display of malice, the evidence was not sufficient to secure conviction before a Petit Jury.

I wish to remark, *en passant*, that where I mention cases that were before us, without giving names and localities, I shall purposely in most instances change the story in such a way that the outside public cannot trace it, even with a careful research into the records of the police or other courts. My brother jurors will recognize each case described, but the veil of secrecy thrown around the Grand Jury room will not permit me to be rigidly precise. Great injustice might be done in many instances by a complete revelation, and therefore the reader must be left in the dark to a certain extent. He may look upon the cases I give him as exact parallels and nothing more. When I say a man was charged with stealing a horse, you may know that he was charged with stealing something, but whether horse, cow, or cooking-stove, it is not necessary to explain in describing the work of the jury. And with this apology for harmless but very necessary fiction, I proceed.

It is not at all times proper to dismiss a complaint when caused by malice. One day a man came before us, who swore that another man had swindled a large establishment out of considerable money; he did not make the complaint on behalf of the parties defrauded, but in the interests of justice. His malice was evident; he made no attempt at concealing it; but he sustained his testimony with documentary evidence and the sworn statements of other witnesses. The jury doubted about the propriety of ordering an indictment under the circumstances; some of them argued, that had no quarrel occurred between the parties the case would have slumbered, and therefore the complaint should be dismissed. There was such a divergence of opinion that the District Attorney was called to tell us what to do. We explained, through our foreman, the nature of the case. The District Attorney, who is at all times the legal adviser and instructor of the Grand Jury, listened, and then said substantially:—

"Where you find that a complainant is acting through malicious motives, and there are no other witnesses, or, if any, that they do not substantiate the complaint, you had better dismiss it. But where the complaint, however maliciously made, is shown by other evidence than that of the complainant to be true, you must order an indictment."

And consequently we ordered an indictment against the alleged swindler.

Not many days after we were convened, a case that touched the heart of every man in the room was brought before us. A young girl had been accused of theft; a few dollars in money had been stolen; it was found in her possession, and she had made partial confession. The complainant was a woman, and the accused had been in her employ. When the case was called the woman entered the jury-room and was sworn by the foreman. She took the chair assigned to witnesses, and the foreman questioned her.

"Did you lose some money?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you lose it?"

"On the first day of December."

"Who took it?"

"The girl named in the complaint."

"How do you know she took it?"

"I found it in her possession, and she confessed taking it."

"That will do; you can go."

But the woman kept her seat, and moved her hands uneasily. "You can go," said the foreman again, but she did not start. A juror sitting near the door rose to show her out, and as he did so the woman said:—

"I do not wish to press the complaint. I want to withdraw it, and have the girl released."

"Why so?" asked the foreman.

"Because," and her voice began to choke, "because the girl is young, and I do not wish to ruin her. Somebody else urged her to steal the money, and I think she will do better in future. If I send her to prison she may become a professional thief, but if I give her a chance she will be a good girl. She is an orphan and has no friends, and I want to be her friend. I know she is guilty, but I want to be merciful, and I beg you to be merciful, gentlemen."

Half her utterance was drowned with tears, which flowed rapidly down her face. The foreman told her to step outside and he would call her again in a few moments, and inform her of the result of her eloquent appeal. "Be merciful, gentlemen," were her last words as she closed the door.

It was voted to dismiss the complaint, and when the foreman called her to the room, told her of the result of the vote, and commended her for her kindness of heart, her tears flowed afresh, and she thanked us through broken sobs. I know that in that room more eyes than hers were wet—eyes not accustomed to tears.

But soon a discussion arose as to the propriety of our action. When the Grand Jury

was impaneled, the following oath was administered to the foreman:—

"You, Lucius S. Comstock, as Foreman of this Grand Inquest, shall diligently inquire and true presentment make, of all such matters and things as shall be given you in charge; the counsel for the People of this State, your fellows and your own, you shall keep secret; you shall present no one from envy, hatred, or malice; nor shall you leave any one unpresented through fear, favor, affection, or hope of reward; but you shall present all things truly as they come to your knowledge, according to your understanding: So help you God!"

And to the other members the following oath was administered:—*

"The same oath which your Foreman has taken on his part, you, and each of you, shall well and truly observe and keep on your part: So help you God!"

Some of the jurors thought we had no right, under our oath, to show favor, no matter how strong might be the appeal to our sympathies. Every man in the room wished to be lenient, but at the same time, above all other things, wished to do his duty. The discussion resulted in our sending for the District Attorney and asking his advice.

After hearing the case, he said there was a difference of opinion as to the power of a Grand Jury. "You can undoubtedly," he continued, "exercise your discretion in certain cases, and act as you think is for the best interests of society. It is both right and proper that the Grand Jury, and also the District Attorney, should be clothed with a discretionary power, as it frequently happens that they can do more good by exercising it than by following the strict letter of the law. I will give you an illustration: Some years ago, the case of a young man charged with embezzlement was placed in my hands to prosecute. His employer was determined to push the case; he was rather ugly about it, and there seemed no other course than to prosecute. The young man was out on bail, and came to me to beg to be let off. He said he was guilty, and should so plead; that he had an invalid sister, and with the utmost economy on his small salary he was unable to support himself. He knew that this was no excuse for his theft, but he took the money under great temptation, and did not realize the enormity of his offense until after he had committed it. 'You can send me to the penitentiary,' he said, 'and nobody can blame you; but you will ruin me for life, and bring disgrace upon my parents and sister, who do not know that I am charged with crime. If I can be released and the matter hushed up, I will faithfully promise to do better in future, and I think this will be a life-long lesson to me.' He pleaded so earnestly that I promised to do what I could for him. I sent for his accuser, and urged him to withdraw the charge. At first he refused, but I laid the case before him in such a light that he at last consented. And I then urged him to take the young man back and give him a new trial, and after much talk I succeeded. The complaint was withdrawn, the young man was restored to his position; in a little time his salary was increased; by and by the firm dissolved in consequence of the death of one of its members; the young man went to another house, proved himself worthy of confidence, and to-day he is a member of that house, and as honorable and upright as any business man in New York. He has never forgotten, and never will forget, that lesson. If he had gone to the penitentiary his worst fears would have been realized. When an offender is young, the offense is a first one, and the offender appears penitent, it is entirely proper for you to exercise leniency by dismissing the complaint; and in the case now before you, gentlemen, you have been entirely right in your action."

As the District Attorney ended his remarks there was a round of applause, in which I am very certain every member of the jury participated. Those who had been most doubtful of the propriety of our action were heartily glad that their doubts were not well founded.

During our session there were several cases in which the accusers wished to withdraw the complaints. Where the reason for the withdrawal was the youth and penitence of the accused, the request was generally granted. In one case a family quarrel had gone before a magistrate while the temper of all parties concerned was at fever-heat; passion had subsided in the time required to bring the case to the Grand Jury, and the complainant was anxious to make terms of peace with his antagonist. There was another pleasant little affair, in which a nose had been bitten off in a discussion that evidently had whisky in it. The biter was the cousin of the bitten,

* The following are the names of the members of that Grand Jury:—Lucius S. Comstock (Foreman), John H. Draper (Secretary), Andrew C. Armstrong, Oscar A. Nathusius, James Reeve, William B. Dinsmore, William Schaus, Lewis Fatman, William J. Ives, Thomas W. Knox, Samuel M. Beckley, Washington McKenzie, Amos D. Ashmead, Roland S. Doty, John B. Ayers, Wilson Small, Ernst Steiger, Joseph Bloom, Thomas Dunlap, C. W. McAuliffe, and De Grasse Livingston.

and on account of the relationship the latter wished to be mild. His cousin was not a professional biter, and should he go to prison it would not restore the central ornament of the complainant's face. The offender had promised not to do so again, and besides, he had not bitten off much of the nose, any way. The appeal was heard, and the complaint against the mordacious relative was dismissed. As he had been a month in prison, it is to be hoped that he took solemn warning, and will hereafter confine his dental exercise to the ordinary articles of diet.

In some instances the complainant wished to withdraw the charge, for the reason that he had already lost time in making the prosecution and did not wish to lose more. Sometimes, in cases of robbery, the friends of the accused had offered to restore the stolen property on condition that there should be no prosecution, and very naturally the complainant was willing to make such a compromise. But it was out of his power to do so after having once made his complaint before the magistrate, and his appeal to the Grand Jury was generally of no avail. The well-being of society, in cases of professional thieves and the like, was held to be paramount to the desires of complainants, and if the testimony was clear there was no delay in ordering indictments. In one instance a man who had been robbed, in a house whose character was not at all doubtful, asked to withdraw the complaint because he had already lost too much time in following it. He did not think the accused was either young or penitent, but he could not afford the time he was devoting to the case. He had evidently been instructed what to do, as his testimony before the Grand Jury was quite different from that in his complaint sworn to before the magistrate. In his complaint he said he knew that the prisoner took the money, but when in our presence he was uncertain on the subject. He didn't know, couldn't tell, didn't remember, was excited at the time, and so on, until we found that he was determined to say and know nothing. As there were no other witnesses we were forced to dismiss the charge, though morally convinced of the guilt of the accused. The complainant had determined to have the case abandoned, and as the prejudices of the nineteenth century are opposed to the use of the rack and thumb-screws in the Grand Jury room, we had no means of compelling the witness to adhere to his original story. Mind you, he had not varied it so as to make him liable to the charge of perjury, in one case or the other; he had only substituted uncertainty for certainty.

Another instance of the withdrawal of a complaint through motives of kindness, was in the case of a woman who had lost a few articles from her room while her door was left open. The thieves were some young boys, whose parents were respectable, and as soon as the theft was traced to the culprits, the property was at once returned. "I don't want to make felons of them," said the woman; "I think they took the things out of a spirit of mischief, and that they will be good boys in future. The mother of one of them has talked to me about it, and I have promised to withdraw the charge." Her appeal was earnest, and before it ended it was eloquent. When she left the room it was voted to dismiss the case. The foreman then sent for her, told her that she had displayed much kindness of heart; that the jury appreciated her motives, and had complied with her request. Her thanks, like those of the woman mentioned heretofore, were given through tears, and she rushed outside to congratulate the anxious mother of the boy whom she had released.

Many phases of human nature can be studied in the Grand Jury room. The hatred which the natives of Green Erin bear toward our citizens of African descent is frequently seen where the accused is of negro blood, and the witness is of the race that boasts the Blarney Stone and grows indignant at mention of Boyne Water. Given such a case, and the chances are more than even that the witness will tell a story in which indictment is the primary and truth the secondary consideration. If you have two or more witnesses of the loquacious nationality, and take the pains to question them closely, you will be likely to find a conspicuous inharmony in their testimony. They seem to consider themselves called to "swear agin' the nagur," and they generally do it. And it is possible that, with the case reversed,—an accused Celt and a testifying Ethiopian,—the evidence might be equally energetic. But, for some reason, we did not have a fair opportunity to settle this momentous question, and I must therefore leave it for the consideration of some Grand Jury of the future.

The detective officer shines brilliantly before the Grand Jury. There was now and then a man of this profession who was quiet and unpretending, but he formed an exception to the rule. The detective had generally done wonderful things in the discovery of crimes already committed, or in the preven-

tion of crimes contemplated or progressing. Some detectives told their stories with admirable directness, while others were evidently desirous of giving condensed histories of their professional careers. "Did you arrest John Jones?" asks the foreman when a detective is called in. "Yes, sir," is the reply. "Why did you arrest him?"—"Because I heard he had robbed Brown's store."—"Did you find anything in his possession?"—"Yes, sir." "What did you find?"—"The articles named in the complaint."—"That will do, officer; you can go;" and the officer bows and departs.

This is all that the jury wants to know from the officer in regard to the performance of John Jones, who is charged, on complaint of Brown, with burglary in the first degree. But the probabilities are two to one that when the foreman asks: "Did you arrest John Jones?" the officer will say: "I was walking along Broadway and saw Brown, who looked as if he had been robbed; I went to his store, and saw the mark of a chisel near the lock, and asked Brown if he had lost anything; Brown told me he had, but did not know who had robbed him; I looked at the chisel-mark, and thought it was Jones's work; then I went down Canal street, and saw Jones standing talking with two men, one of whom I remembered seeing seven years ago at the California State Prison, when I took the great stage-robber Smith up there for robbing the Petaluma mail, and frightening a lady passenger so that she died next week, and left two girls, three boys, and one husband; Jones looked so innocent that I knew he was guilty, and so I followed him all the afternoon, and arrested him when I saw him go into a house on the Bowery; I searched the house, and found Brown's goods concealed where it was not likely anybody could find them; and there was a lot of other goods that I recognized as coming from a store on Broadway that was robbed six weeks before." And so he goes on, in a way calculated to impress his hearers with the belief that he is a man of genius and perfectly at home among thieves. He knows all the movements of the gentry that one does not like to be intimate with, and when he finishes his narrative, you contemplate him (to use the language of a certain celebrated orator about another) as the East Indian contemplates his favorite idol: you know that he is ugly, but you feel that he is great. The story of a detective will frequently convey the idea that the movements and actions of professional thieves can be studied, like those of the robin or the beaver, and I have sometimes thought that the burglar and pickpocket should occupy places in natural history along with the birds, beasts, and reptiles that inhabit the earth and make things lively.

One officer, who was a witness in several cases, was a favorite with the jury, for the reason that he always gave his testimony in the clearest and most direct manner. I doubt if he used a dozen superfluous words in any instance, and I could almost say that he did not use a dozen of them altogether. His statements were short, sharp, and decisive, and it is my impression that he is far more efficient in the service than some of his professional brethren who would occupy fifteen minutes to tell a story that he could tell in sixty seconds, and have time to spare.

It is amusing to note the difference in the manner of witnesses. There are some who cannot tell a direct story, no matter how strongly they are urged to do so; and there are others who could not be otherwise than brief. Some of this difference is due to nationality: German and Irish were generally more loquacious than American and English. But it was not all a matter of nationality, as there were instances of extreme discursiveness on the part of the last-mentioned, while some of the former were brief almost to taciturnity. And in regard to sex, I must aver that the more talkative of our witnesses belonged to the gentler half of humanity. A lady of Baxter street was one day testifying about a debate between herself and a neighbor; a brick and a broomstick had been used in the fray, and the head of the witness had been slightly scarified by the corner of the brick. It was a simple affair,—words and blows, and only two or three blows, at that,—but the unhappy victim could not be induced to tell her story without narrating the whole history of the bellicose Bridget whose hand had hurled the missile. Frequently the foreman stopped her narrative and told her to cut it short; she would take breath in the pause, and then, with a preliminary "I'll tell all about it, yer honor," she would start again with the rapidity of a carrier-pigeon. We soon found it was of no use to attempt to restrain her, and so we listened as patiently as possible to the conclusion of her story. There was a sigh of relief around the jury-room when she retired, and I could not help thinking that the blow which she averred made her "sinseless and spacheless" for two hours was to a great extent justifiable.

Another garrulous witness was a German who had suffered robbery. He persisted in addressing the foreman as "Shudge" and the

rest of the assemblage as "Gentlemens on the jury." Twice, when interrupted and told to be brief, he complied by beginning his statement anew, with more minuteness of detail, and at last the foreman found his patience exhausted, and told the witness: "The jury has no time to listen to your stories."—"Oh, Shudge," said the man, in a tone that evinced the most deeply wounded honor, "I don't not come here to tells you stories; I tells you only the truth." The polite foreman apologized for the unintentional affront, and compromised the matter by inducing the victim to answer a few questions, and leave his story to be told in court. His evidence was conclusive, and an indictment was promptly ordered against the party named in the complaint.

Frequently there were cases that attested the worthlessness and depravity of certain members of the human race, and their despicable treatment of relatives and friends. It is an unpleasant spectacle to see wives giving evidence to send their husbands to prison, brothers testifying against their brothers, and sometimes (though none were called before us) fathers testifying against their sons. There was one instance wherein a man testified to a forgery of his signature, committed by a member of his family; he stated that it was a struggle between duty and a respect for the family name for him to come before the jury, "and I only determined to come here," said he, "when I found all attempts to reform this man had failed. I have paid his debts repeatedly, have twice started him in business, and have several times paid checks on which he forged my signature, rather than expose him. I have tried to reason with him, and hoped he would do better; he shows no sign of repentance, and has told others that, out of regard to the family, I shall not dare to prosecute him. I feel that I should do wrong if I allowed him to run longer, and, painful as it is, I must do my duty."

Here was a man of sensibility compelled by the conduct of a near relative to appear in court as a prosecutor. It is to be hoped that the culprit will learn a wholesome lesson from his imprisonment; but if his nature is as depraved as represented, the probabilities are that when he comes out from his term of involuntary labor, he will not be greatly improved.

One day a woman came to testify against her husband for striking her on the head with a piece of iron, which she produced from her pocket. The iron, a stove-hook, had been broken by the force of the blow, and yet the woman was there, with no evidence of having suffered more than a temporary stunning and bleeding. She began her story in a tone of firmness and determination, but gradually melted until her voice was choking and her eyes were tearful. "Do you want to press this complaint against your husband?" the foreman asked. "Yes, sir, I must," she answered, after a pause. "We have been married ten years, and they have been ten years of quarrels. He beats me often, he drives me out at night, he starves me, and is all the time cruel. He takes the money I earn and spends it, and I cannot live with him any longer. I have had him before the magistrate several times, and he promises to do better; but when he is let off he is as bad as ever. He will not leave me or let me leave him, and we shall have no peace till he is in prison or one of us is dead."

One of the most artistic frauds that ever came to my knowledge was developed before the jury. A man had loaned some money, and taken the mortgage of a tract of land as security on the note. Before loaning it he submitted the title to his lawyer, who informed him that it was correct, and consequently the bargain was closed. The note fell due and went to protest; the lawyer had in the mean time moved from the city, and the other parties were not to be found. The land which was mortgaged lay in New Jersey, and the holder of the note took the necessary steps to foreclose. A professional searcher of titles went to the township mentioned in the papers, and found that there was no such land in existence.

The whole document was purely a myth. The boundaries described could not be found, and had no existence any more than if they had been located in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The grantor named in the original deed had been dead ten years at the time when the document was dated, and the whole business was a conspiracy, in which the lawyer had betrayed his client. One of the conspirators had turned State's evidence, and came before us. His position was not particularly comfortable, and he grew restive under the questions showered upon him. Little by little the truth was drawn from him, and he practically admitted to having been the originator of the fraud, ten years ago. The papers were evidently prepared with care, and had an appearance of genuineness enough to deceive any man who was not suspicious of wrong, and had relied upon his lawyer to protect his rights.

A case that was at the same time amusing and saddening was that of a woman, the widow of a laborer, whose horse and cart had been stolen. She was the complainant and principal witness against the thief, who was promptly indicted. She stated that she had recovered the cart, but had not been able to find the horse. The morning after the indictment had been ordered, we were surprised to see her waiting outside the Grand Jury room. A juror asked her what she wanted, and she replied that she came for her horse.

She was sent to the court-room, where, I believe, the thief was speedily tried and convicted. But day after day she came to the Grand Jury room and patiently waited outside for the return of her horse. Each morning some one would explain to her that we could do nothing, and she would then go away. But the next morning she would be there as usual, and for nearly a month she continued her patient but hopeless watching. Sometimes she would come twice in the same day, and when accosted her answer was always the same: "I want my horse." At first her visits were subjects of merriment, but it was very soon discovered that her mind could not be altogether clear, and our merriment was changed to pity, and our jests to words of sympathy for her loss.

The charge which Judge Bedford addressed to us when we were first convened related to none but ordinary matters; after we had been several days at work, and had disposed of many cases of robbery, assault, and the like, we were called into court and charged to investigate the stupendous frauds upon the treasury of the city and county of New York during 1870 and '71. Here was business in earnest. Our first step was to send for the District Attorney, and then for Charles O'Conor and Samuel J. Tilden, the legal champions, or the principal legal champions, of the people in the reform movement. District Attorney Garvin said that he knew nothing officially of the frauds, and that he had no papers concerning them in his hands. O'Conor evidently feared the Grand Jury at his first visit, as he was disinclined to talk, and when he took his seat he remained speechless two or three minutes, as if meditating what to say. When he raised his head and looked around the room, he began a very slow and measured utterance, as if weighing every word. His personal appearance gave little indication of the legal and forensic ability for which he is widely and justly famed. His form did not appear commanding, and he seemed to shrink from observation. His dress had an air of shabbiness, his hat was unbrushed, and I am quite certain was not the fashion of 1871, and altogether he reminded me of a member of a Father Matthew Association dressed for a parade. He did not afford us much information or encouragement, as he said he was not at liberty to tell all he knew. He suggested a line of inquiry that we might follow, partly for the purpose of throwing new light upon the frauds by which the city had been plundered, and partly to accustom ourselves to our work. "You will have enough to do, gentlemen," said Mr. O'Conor, "and I think the investigation I have suggested will be an excellent one to begin with." He bade us good morning, and bowed himself out of the jury-room.

We held a consultation and determined to act upon his advice. Witnesses were summoned, and their testimony soon convinced us that the heart of office-holding men in the city of New York is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. As our investigations proceeded day by day, we found abundant evidence for prosecuting certain of our fellow-citizens, and making an earnest effort to send them to the State Prison. The course of justice, like that of true love, does not run smooth, and at the time when I am writing this article there have been so many hindrances to the course of justice that it would be neither proper nor prudent to indicate in detail the nature of the testimony before us.

We had to grope our way slowly. Many witnesses that came before us, and were supposed to know a great deal, proved, on examination, to be as ignorant as oysters so far as their own knowledge went. Much time was lost in the examination of these incapables, most of whom were brought before us against their wills. But it sometimes happened that involuntary visitors told a great deal more than they intended to tell. In one instance, a man who had been in the employ of an official, and was suspected of an intimate knowledge of the evil deeds of the latter, was served with a summons. He came not, and an officer was sent to urge his attendance. As the officers of a court have an emphatic way of urging, the mission of our envoy proved successful, and the delinquent came before us. He entered the room with the swagger of Robert Macaire and the *noli me tangere* self-possession of an electrical eel. He protested that he knew nothing, but he was promptly sworn and requested to take a seat. The foreman began to question

him, but could get no direct answer; over and over again he demanded direct responses to his interrogatories, and each time the witness prevaricated, and "beat about the bush" in a way that would have exhausted the patience of a dray-horse. Finally the foreman suggested the application of a wholesome corrective in the shape of a few days' detention in the Tombs, for contemptuous conduct. Thereupon the witness dropped his bravado air and assumed the cheerfully-gloomy appearance of an extinct volcano. He answered with the briefest monosyllables, and in a tone as emotionless as that of a bagpipe. When the foreman had finished the inquisition he complimented the witness on the excellence of the latter part of his testimony, and asked how he happened to conduct himself as he did at first. The witness acknowledged that his chief had dictated his style of testimony, telling him to be defiant and know nothing.

It was not deemed expedient that the witnesses should always know for what they were wanted. The subpœna for a witness to attend before the Grand Jury is printed in blank as follows:—

The People of the State of New York,

To

of No. Street,

GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, That, all business and excuses ceasing, you *appear* in your proper person, at the Grand-Jury Room, on the first floor of the Sessions Building, in the Park, in the City of New York, on the day of December instant, at the hour of eleven in the forenoon of the same day, to testify the truth and give evidence before the GRAND JURY, touching a certain complaint then and there pending against

And this you are not to omit, under the penalty of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

SAMUEL B. GARVIN, *District Attorney.*

The blank after the words "pending against" was usually filled with the words "John Brown and others." Very often a witness would inform the officer who served the papers that there must be some mistake, as he (the witness called) did not know anything about John Brown or his case. Some were ready to swear that they did not know John Brown; but they were told that it might not be the well-known John, but the "others" mentioned in the summons. Sometimes, after reaching the jury-room, the witnesses would innocently ask to be excused on account of their ignorance of J. B. and his personal affairs and quarrels. The foreman politely told them he would put them under oath and speedily ascertain what they knew. When the questioning began they generally found that the cases of "others" were of much more consequence than the complaint against John Brown. In two or three instances there were witnesses who afterward averred that had they known the object of calling them, they would have declined to appear, and by so doing would have avoided compromising their friends. They went unwittingly to the witness-stand, and, before fully aware of the situation, had told more truth than they intended to let out.

Sometimes the witnesses that we wanted could not be found, and sometimes we hit upon the parties we did not want. There was one witness in particular who was never discovered, but who seemed to have a host of namesakes. I will suppose he was John Muldoon, a blacksmith, though he was nothing of the sort, neither Muldoon nor John, nor addicted to forging in metals. We sent out our summons, and the next morning John Muldoon was announced among the waiting witnesses. The foreman rang his bell and called for John.

"John Muldoon," shouted the officer at the door. The owner of the name entered.

"I think there is some mistake," he said to the foreman, but the latter replied that he would find out after administering the oath. When this ceremony was ended, the foreman said:—

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a tailor," was the reply.

"Where is your place of business?"

"245 Alexis street."

"Do you know anything about the alleged frauds on the city treasury?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Did you have a check for twenty-three thousand dollars on the first of last April?"

"No, sir; never had that or any other check for more than five hundred dollars."

"Excuse us, sir," said the foreman; "you are not the man we want. We are sorry to have troubled you."

The man excused us for the annoyance, and went out. Next day we summoned another John Muldoon, but he proved to be a butcher, and we begged his pardon. In the same way we successively summoned the Muldoons, until we had seen them as bakers, lawyers, clergymen, gamblers, and so on through various trades and professions, but we never found the one we wanted, and finally we were led to doubt whether such a man ever existed.

Charles O'Conor paid us occasional visits, and was of material advantage to our proceedings. Another prominent lawyer who greatly assisted us was Samuel J. Tilden, whose energies were specially devoted to the accounts which various accused parties had kept in different banks of the city. Before our session began he had conducted the bank investigations for the Committee of Seventy, and had furnished the figures which made the foundations for the civil suits against William M. Tweed and Richard B. Connolly for the recovery of the money wrongfully abstracted from the city treasury. As an accountant he is, I think, without a superior in the legal profession, and our admiration was frequently called out by his remarkable knowledge of the bank accounts of the members of the Ring, and the processes by which he traced the payments from one to another. His head seemed to be an ant-hill of units and tens, and the most complicated system of book-keeping became simple when brought under his analyzing eye. At first he appeared to distrust us, but I am confident his distrust did not last long. He announced himself ready to come whenever wanted, and some of his visits, like those of Mr. O'Conor, were made at considerable personal inconvenience.

After we were well under way, the greater part of our work was originated by ourselves, without the assistance of either of the gentlemen named in the preceding paragraph, or of the District Attorney. The members of the jury took an active interest in the investigation, and most of them were busy when off duty in finding information that could be useful in tracing the frauds to the guilty parties. Almost every day, when we were called to order, or just before our adjournment, a member would rise and announce the names of witnesses who could give us important information. The list of subpœnas would be made out and given to the proper officer, and at the next session we would generally have the persons desired. In this way testimony was obtained against various individuals entirely through the efforts of members of the jury. I doubt if any Grand Jury in the State of New York, since the day Hendrick Hudson entered the Narrows with the *Half Moon*, has ever performed as much work as the body of which I am now writing. A great deal of that work was voluntary, and performed at much sacrifice of the personal interests of the jurors. There were several members each of whom suffered a loss of thousands of dollars in his business affairs rather than abandon the investigation that had been undertaken. "It is now the harvest-time of my business," said a member one day as we adjourned; "I do more in this month than in any other six months, and my affairs suffer greatly by my absence. I want to be excused to-morrow; I will not be here in the morning; but send for me if you need me, and I will come at once." "I lost three hundred dollars by staying here yesterday," said another member one morning. "I knew I should lose it, but I felt it my duty to stay." There were rumors in the early part of the investigation that our labors would be of no avail, as a suitable and sufficient number of jurors had been made the recipients of pecuniary compliments, and would remember their friends. But I think that the parties who sought to purchase the kind of justice they desired were satisfied before New Year's that the Grand Jury of the Court of General Sessions was not a marketable commodity.

The public is well aware that the first indictment of the parties charged with robbing the city was directed against William M. Tweed. That the jury could keep a secret is shown in the fact that an order was made for the preparation of an indictment against him nine days before the time of his arrest. Unusual care was necessary in the preparation of the papers, and so plenty of time was taken. And in all these days nobody proved false to his oath of secrecy, though many of the jurors were constantly questioned by inquisitive friends and still more inquisitive reporters. One juror, when questioned as to

the work performed by the jury, was in the habit of replying, "Do you know what Lord Dundreary says about the riddle of his brother Sam's maternity?" If the questioner was familiar with Dundreary, he had nothing more to say; if he confessed ignorance, the juror explained, "It is one of those things which no feller can find out."

The labors of the Grand Jury are not completed as this paper goes to the printer, and therefore some things that might otherwise be mentioned must be left untouched. In regard to some of the accused parties (*some* in this usage may be taken in the singular or plural, according to the wishes of the reader) the testimony was so clear that the culprits themselves, had they been sitting on the jury, could hardly hesitate to vote for an indictment. There were others (likewise singular or plural, *comme vous voulez*) whose guilt was not so clear; and there were others whose cases stood in such a way, that, while there was a moral certainty of their guilt, there was no legal proof of it. There are other offenders who will escape stone-hammering justice for the reason that the law does not specify any offense which they have committed. The framers of our laws never contemplated rascalities of this sort, and thus it is impossible to punish some of the rascals who richly deserve the State Prison. And in several instances the cunning of the robbers has been such that legal proof of their villainies cannot be obtained, and if brought to trial they will be about as safe from conviction as the most honest of their fellows would be if accused of the same crime. Our laws need a thorough overhauling, to meet all the crimes that have been committed in robbing the city treasury. Unless this is done we may again lose millions of dollars, and the thieves can defy us to punish them.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

EASY LESSONS FROM HARD LIVES.

No man ever died a more natural death than James Fisk, Jr., excepting, perhaps, Judas Iscariot. When the devil entered into the swine, and they ran violently down a steep place into the sea, it was only the going down that was violent. The death that came was natural enough. When a man pushes his personality so far to the front of aggressive and impertinent schemes of iniquity as Fisk did, it is the most natural thing in the world for him to run against something that will hurt him, for dangers stand thick as malice and revenge can plant them in the path of godlessness and brutality. The captain of a piratical ship who undertakes, in addition to the duties of his office, to serve as the figure-head of his own vessel, will receive, naturally, the first blow when she drives upon the rocks. Yet we join in the general sorrow that Mr. Fisk is dead, for it is possible that the lesson of his life may fail to be impressed upon Young America as it ought to be, in consequence of the sympathy awakened by the manner of his taking off. It is not to be denied that a pretty universal execration of this man's memory has been saved to him through the bloody mercy of a murder. Yes, people talk of his fund of humor, his geniality, his generosity, etc., etc. If this kind of talk is a source of satisfaction to anybody, of course he will indulge in it; but Fisk certainly is none the better for having been killed. He was a bad man—bold and shameless and vulgar in his badness—with whom no gentleman could come in contact on terms of familiar intercourse without a sense of degradation. As for his geniality, that was as natural as his death. A cow that has spent the night in a neighbor's cornfield, and stands whisking her tail and ruminating in the morning sun, is one of the blandest and most genial creatures living. More than this, she does not care particularly who drinks the milk she has won; and so we suppose that the cow, too, is generous as well as genial!

Ah! we forgot about Mr. Tweed. It was Mr. Tweed who was a great man a year ago, was it not? Mr. Tweed had power in his hands and patronage at his disposal, and had thousands to come at his beck and go at his bidding. His name was a tower of strength on a great many Boards of Directors. The legislature elected by the State managed the State, and he managed the legislature. He had confederates in iniquity; but he was "The Boss," and his will was imperative and imperial. Intrenched behind laws that were the product of corruption, ballots that could be increased or diminished at will, and wealth that came to him in dark and mysterious ways, he dictated the administration of the government of the first city of the new world, and shaped the policy of the proudest State of the Union. His path was strewn with luxuries for himself and largess for his friends. He lived a right royal life, and the power-worshiping multitude and the vulgar seekers for place hung around him with abject and obsequious fawning. Where and what is Mr. Tweed now? Where and what are his *confrères?* All, from the Boss down to the meanest menial of the Ring, are writhing and shriveling under the heat of a great popular indignation. Their deeds of darkness are uncovered, their shameless betrayals of trust are exposed, their power is passed and is passing from their hands, and a great city, which once felt helpless in their grasp, has risen in its might and determined

that there shall be no end but that of their utter overthrow. Every man who was a participator in the power and plunder of the Ring, shakes in his shoes wherever he walks, or stands, or skulks, and shows what it is to have a fearful looking for of judgment. Good men everywhere breathe freer for this revolution, and the republic and the world have won new hope.

The overthrow of these men—sudden, awful, complete—brings home to young men a much-needed lesson. One year ago there were thousands of young men regarding with an eager, curious gaze the careers which have terminated and are terminating so tragically. It was a question in many minds, alas! whether honesty was the best policy—whether virtue paid—whether, after all that the preachers and the teachers might say, the rascality which received such magnificent rewards at the hands of the people was not the best investment for a young man cherishing a desire for wealth and power. Who can begin to measure the effects of these poisonous examples on American blood? Let every man who wields a pen or has audience with the public do what he can to counteract them, by calling popular attention to the fact that these men have simply met the natural and inevitable fate of eminent rascality. Honesty *is* the best policy. Virtue *does* pay. Purity *is* profitable. Truthfulness and trustworthiness *are* infinitely better than basely won gold. A good conscience *is* a choicer possession than power. When a man sacrifices personal probity and honor, he loses everything that makes any earthly possession sweet. When these men were dazzling the multitude with their shows and splendors, they knew that the world they lived in was unsubstantial; and we have no question that they expected and constantly dreaded the day of discovery and retribution. We do not believe that rascality ever paid them for a day, even when it seemed to be most triumphantly successful.

The storm which has wrecked these men has cleared the sky. The air is purer, and has tone and inspiration in it. Honesty is at a premium again, and honest men may stand before rogues unabashed. The lesson of the day is one which teaches young men that lying and stealing and committing adultery are unprofitable sins, against which Nature as well as Revelation protests. It has not come too soon. We hope that it may not be learned too late.

SOMETHING THAT WEALTH CAN DO FOR LABOR.

HOWEVER much of perplexity may surround the questions arising from the relations of wealth to labor, there are some aspects of these questions about which we are sure there ought not to be a very great difference of opinion. A man has a right to get rich. There is not a laborer in the country who is not personally interested in the universal recognition of this right. The desire for wealth is a legitimate spur to endeavor, a good motive to the exercise of wholesome economy, and a worthy incentive to honest and honorable work. It is not the highest motive of life, but there is nothing wrong or unworthy in it, so long as it is held in subordination to personal integrity and neighborly good-will. There always will be rich men and there always ought to be rich men. There must be accumulations and combinations of capital, else there will be no fields of labor and enterprise into which, for the winning of livelihood and wealth, the new generations may enter. We may go further and say that there always will be, and always ought to be, laborers. Men are born into the world who are better adapted to labor with the hands than with the head,—better adapted to production than trade; better adapted to execution than invention. Nobody is to blame for this. It is the order of nature, and, being the order of nature, it is wise. The world could not move were the facts different. By the capital and the business capacity of one man, whole neighborhoods and towns made up of laborers thrive and rear their families; and the relations between the head and the hands of such towns and neighborhoods seem, and doubtless are, perfectly natural and perfectly healthful.

It is not with the fact that a man is rich that the representatives of labor quarrel, for the representatives of labor would all like to become rich themselves. What they particularly desire is to become richer than they are. What they supremely desire is to share in the wealth which they see others accumulating. This, of course, can never be done, except by a natural business process. Practical co-operation and the assumption of the same business risks to which capitalists expose themselves, and the exercise of the same business capacity, can alone give to labor all the wealth which it produces. All the friends of labor—and there are multitudes of them among the rich—will rejoice in any success which co-operation and a combination of small savings will give to it. There is no other mode of procedure that is healthy or even legitimate. Strikes and Trades Unions and all organized efforts for forcing up wages are just as unnatural and outrageous and tyrannical as combinations of capital are for the reduction of wages or—what is practically and morally the same—for raising the cost of the means of living. Capital has something to complain of as well as labor in the matter of service and wages. It is undoubtedly and undeniably as difficult to get a day's work done by skillful and conscientious hands as it is to get a fair reward for such work; and so long as this shall remain true it becomes labor to be modest and somewhat careful in its demands.

After the Chicago fire, three friends met, two of whom had been burned out of house and home and the immense accumulations of successful lives. One of the unfortunates said to the other two: "Well, thank God, there was some of my money placed where it couldn't burn!"—saying which he turned upon his heel cheerfully, and went to work at his new life. His brother in misfortune turned to his companion and said: "That man gave away last year nearly a million of dollars, and if I had not been a fool I should have done the same thing." This brings us to what we wish to say in this article, viz.: that it is not wealth

that is objectionable,—all the wealth that a man can use for his own benefit and the benefit of his family and heirs—but the superfluous wealth, that is both a care and a curse—superfluous wealth that goes on piling up by thousands and millions while great public charities go begging, while institutions of learning languish, while thousands are living from hand to mouth, while the sittings of churches are so costly that the poor cannot take them, while halls and libraries and reading-rooms are not established in communities in which they are needed to keep whole generations of young men from going to perdition, and while a thousand good things are not done which only that superfluous wealth can possibly do.

What, in fact, does the laborer want? He would like wealth, but will be entirely content (if demagogues will let him alone), if he can have some of those civilizing and elevating privileges which only wealth can purchase. If the laborer, at the close of his day or week of toil, can walk into a nice reading-room and library, in which he has the fullest right and privilege; if, on Sunday, he can enter a church which superfluous wealth has made his own; if he can send his ambitious and talented boy to college, and so give to him the same chance to rise in the world as that enjoyed by the son of his employer; if he can feel that if great disaster should come upon him there are funds which wealth has provided to save him from want—funds which he knows were dug by labor out of the earth, and are thus returned to labor by those who have accumulated more than they need, he will be content and happy, and he ought to be. Now let us go still further, and declare that, as a rule, he ought to have all these possessions and privileges. It is reasonable for him to ask for and expect them. For this country to go on as it is going now, is to bring upon it even a worse state of things than at present exists in England, if such a consummation be possible. There are, literally, millions of men in England who labor in utter hopelessness. Every one of them knows that he must work for bread while he can get work, and while he can stand, and that then there is nothing before him but death or the work-house. Think of an alternative like this standing in the near or distant future before millions of workers! It is enough to make a mountain shudder. Yet there are thousands of men in England who keep lands for game, and can only spend their incomes by squandering them on vice and fashionable ostentation. In this country the process is begun. Gigantic fortunes are growing up on every hand. There are already many men who are worth many millions of dollars. The Astors, the Stewarts, the Vanderbilts, and the Drews of New York, and the men of superfluous wealth in other parts of the country, have it in their power to settle some of the most important questions that are now up, and are likely to arise, between capital and labor. They also have it in their power to make their names immortal as benefactors of their country, and of that great interest out of whose productive energy every dollar they hold has been drawn.

The superfluous wealth held in this country would found ten thousand scholarships in the various colleges of the United States for the poor, furnish every town with a respectable library and reading-room, give sittings in churches to ten millions of people who have none, and found hospitals and funds of relief for labor to meet all emergencies. Nay, what is more, and in some respects better, it could lend in many instances to labor the capital necessary to secure the profits upon its own expenditures. Superfluous wealth can certainly do all this. Is there any man who holds it, and who, placing his hand upon his heart and lifting his face, dares to say that he has no duties that lie in these directions?

Let us take a very simple case for the illustration of our point. In a certain Western State there is a firm engaged in the manufacture and sale of lumber. They own immense tracts of pine lands, employ twelve hundred laborers, turn out seventy-five million feet of lumber annually, and make half a million of dollars every year, more or less. Now, one hundred thousand dollars will pay them royally for their time, an equal sum will give a large percentage on their capital invested, and yet not one-half of their income is exhausted. Here are three hundred thousand dollars left which go to the accumulations of superfluous wealth. Now, for these employers to imagine that their duties to these twelve hundred laborers are all done when they have paid them their wages, is shamefully to fail to find the divine significance of opportunities. To educate, to christianize, to develop, to make happy and self-respectful, to found homes for and protect and prosper these people, is the office of the superfluous wealth won from the profits of their work. We venture to say that in no community in which the superfluous wealth is used in this way will there ever be any questions between wealth and labor that are hard to settle. The holders of such wealth, wherever they may be, bear mainly in their hands the responsibility of whatever difficulties may hereafter arise between wealth and labor in the United States. Let them look to it and be wise.

FEWER SERMONS AND MORE SERVICE.

THERE is, without any question, a good deal of "foolishness of preaching," and a good deal of preaching which is "foolishness" by its quantity alone. Preachers are aware of it, pretty generally, and the people are slowly learning it. Indeed, a reform is begun, and is making headway—a reform which all the intelligent friends of Christian progress will help by ready word and hand. There is no man living, engaged in literary work, who does not know that a minister who writes, or in any way thoroughly prepares, two sermons a week, can have no time for any other work whatsoever. Pastoral duty is out of the question with any man who performs this task month after month. A man who faithfully executes this amount of literary labor, and then, on Sunday, preaches his two sermons and performs the other services which are connected

with public worship, does all that the strongest constitution can endure. When it is undertaken to add to this work universal pastoral visitation, attendance at funerals, weddings, and all sorts of meetings during the week, and the care of personal and family affairs, a case of cruelty is established a great many times worse than any that engages the sympathies and demands the interference of the humane Mr. Bergh. To do all this work without a fatal break-down before middle age, requires an amount of vitality and a strength of constitution which few men in any calling possess, and which a youth devoted to study is pretty certain to damage or destroy. The country is full of ministerial wrecks, three-fourths of which were stranded early upon the sands of exhaustion. There are many towns in America in which there are now living more preachers out of business—and hopelessly out—than the number engaged in active life and employment. We think that a census of New York city would give us some startling facts connected with this matter, though it is into country towns, where the cost of living is small, that the exhausted preachers drift at last. We know a little New England town in which there are now residing more than twenty ex-clergymen,—a number four times as large as that of the active pulpits and churches in the town. The early studies of these men, and the excessive service demanded of them, have reduced the majority of them to the comparatively useless persons they are.

In speaking of the exhausting nature of the task of writing two sermons a week, we have made no distinctions. We have presumed that every man is as strong and as highly vitalized as Mr. Beecher. Indeed, we have simply spoken of what it is possible for Mr. Beecher to do. He is just able to preach his two sermons a week, and do his other work, without engaging at all in pastoral visitation. He could not do even what he does without his long vacation, his healthy nerves, and his power to sleep. When we come to speak of the average preacher, we are obliged to consider another sort of person. The average preacher needs as much time for, and expends as much hard work on, the preparation of a single sermon as Mr. Beecher does on two. To demand two sermons of this man—the average man—that shall be even tolerably well prepared, is to demand what it is not in him to give. He works in constant distress—conscious all the time that under the pressure that is upon him he can never do his best, and fearful always that his power over his flock is passing with the weekly drivel of common-place which he is obliged to breathe or bellow into their drowsy ears. Yet the average preacher manages in some way to preach two sermons a week, to attend any number of meetings, to visit every family of his charge twice a year, to officiate at weddings and funerals, to rear his children, and to do this until he breaks down or is dismissed, and with his old stock of sermons on hand, as capital, begins a new life in another parish, from which in due time he will pass to another.

Now if such work as this were necessary, or even extraordinarily useful, there would be some apology for it, and some justification of it; but it is neither. If it is impossible for the average minister to prepare competently two sermons a week, it is just as impossible for the average parishioner to receive and remember and appropriate two sermons in a day. No man of ordinary observation and experience—no man who has carefully observed his own mental processes in the reception and appropriation of truth—has failed to notice that the digestive powers of the mind are limited. The man who hears and appropriates a good sermon in the morning has no room in him for another sermon in the afternoon or evening. To hear three sermons in a day is always to confuse and often to destroy the impression left by each. Every discourse that a man hears after his first strong impression and his first hungry reception is a disturbing, distracting, and depressing force. The second sermon on a single Sabbath makes every man poorer who heard and was interested in the first, and not richer; while both sermons were damaged in their quality by the simple fact that the time devoted to both should have been bestowed upon one alone. We know of no walk of life in which there is such a profligacy of resources as in this—none in which such unreasonable demands are made upon public servants with such a damaging reaction upon those who make them. The preachers are killed outright, or permanently damaged in their power, by a process that results in the impoverishment of the very men who demand its following.

The truth is, that half of this fondness for preaching that we see in many parishes arises from hunger for some sort of intellectual entertainment, and even for some sort of amusement. The hearers go away from their Sunday sermons and talk about them as coolly as if they had only been to a show. They gorge themselves—many of them preferring three sermons to two. Then they go into their weekly work, and do not look into a book from Monday morning until Saturday night. The Sunday sermons are all the amusement and intellectual food and stimulus they get. They fancy they are very religious, and that their delight in endless preaching is an evidence of their piety, when in truth it is an evidence mainly of social and intellectual starvation, and of a most inconsiderate or cruel demand upon the vitality of the poor man who does their preaching.

Well, the world has been preached to pretty thoroughly for the last hundred years. The advocates of many sermons have had it all their own way, and we should like to ask them whether the results of preaching—pure and simple—satisfy them? What preacher is there who has not been a thousand times discouraged by the result of his labors in the pulpit? How small are the encroachments made upon the world by it! With all our preaching in America—and we have had more of it, and better, than has been enjoyed in any other country—we should, but for the prevalence and power of Sunday-schools, have drifted half way

back to barbarism by this time. Preaching to a great population of lazy adults, who do nothing for themselves or the children, and nothing for the Church but grumblingly to pay their pew-rent, and nothing for the world around them, is about as thriftless a business as any man can engage in. Let us saw wood and eat pork and beans, for to-morrow we die.

And now let us state our conclusions, for this article, which we intended should be brief, is opening into a long discourse.

1st. There is no way to improve the character and quality of our preaching except by reducing the quantity. The advancing intellectual activity and capacity of the people demand a better sermon than the fathers were in the habit of preaching—such a sermon as our preachers cannot possibly produce with the present demand for two sermons on a Sunday.

2d. For all practical purposes and results, one sermon on a Sunday is better than two. It is all that the average preacher can produce, doing his best, and all that the average hearer can receive and "inwardly digest."

3d. One sermon each Sunday gives the whole church half a day in which to engage in Sunday-school and missionary work, and a Sunday evening at home—an evening of rest and family communion.

Of course we shall be met by the stereotyped questions: "Will not our people go somewhere else to hear preaching if they cannot get the two sermons at our church?" "Will not young people go to worse places on Sunday night if the churches should be shut?" The answer to the first question is, that no one will leave "our church" who is worth anything in and to it; and to the second, that whether the young will go to worse places will depend something upon the attractiveness of Christian homes, which are now rather lonely and cheerless places on a Sunday, we confess. Still, if places of worship must be open for them, it is easy to have union services, dividing the work among the pastors. There are a thousand ways to meet special exigencies like this, for which we shall find our means amply sufficient when the broad reform moves through the land, for the reform must come, and the sooner the better.

THE OLD CABINET.

All men think all men affected but themselves. I went to church yesterday morning (not *our* church), and listened to an indignant protest against affectation from the most affected preacher I ever heard. That was the eloquent part of his sermon. It was the only place in which he seemed to forget himself totally.

I suspect that people who are entirely destitute of affectation are apt to be rather tiresome people. I count affectation, in certain of its forms, among the amenities of life. That is to say, with those who fight against every appreciable tendency towards it in themselves it is an almost unconscious and a not ungracious possession. Pour every drop from the cup, and the jewel will gleam at the bottom.

To change the figure—it is the window-pane over the heart. Sometimes, to be sure, it distorts—like the old-fashioned square green glass that twists neighbor Cook's farm-house, over the way, into a Gothic cathedral. We think our own windows are ground glass, while other people's are transparent enough.

There is the pitiful, grieved look. A young colored woman on the ferry-boat this morning had it. (The ferry-boat is one of the good places in which to observe character.) A gentle declination at the corner of the mouth—a slight lifting of the eyebrows; if you will try it before a mirror you will find that it is not at all difficult. What with the false crimps showing under the edge of the jaunty round hat, and that pitiful expression, I think the poor black face felt white. It is very hard sometimes to recognize the humanity under a dark epidermis; but that look, which I knew so well, was the touch that made us kin. I had a fellow-feeling for the African. Her petty affectation was a mute appeal for sympathy. The unity of the race asserted itself.

But if you suppose that affectation in precisely the Websterian sense is the kind of affectation I am talking about, you will be misled. That authority defines it as "an attempt to assume or exhibit what is not natural or real." The word has another and a subtler meaning, which I am not sure that I can exactly indicate. But there is such a thing as honest affectation—a timid, half-conscious outward showing of what is deepest and most vital in a man's nature.

Now, be frank—don't you remember any of your own honest little affectations: a look, a sigh, a start, that was not altogether spontaneous, but which told more than words could ever tell, of something that lay nearest your heart? There is your wife. Have you never marked any of these shy unfoldings in her—do you not know them well—do you not love her all the more for what you have learned of her through them?

I think I can generally tell a sincere affectation from a hollow one. But I think I am more charitable than —Theodosia, for instance, with even a hollow one. Because, though it may have no relation to a man's real nature, it may have a certain truth, and therefore a certain value in showing, at least, the light in which he would like to be regarded.

Which leads me to the youthful pious affectation. It is as good as a play to me, watching young Brummel in church. The play and the church don't go together, you say, and I had better be attending to the service. Well, but there is profit as well as amuse-

ment in the study of humanity, and my Brummel is very human. Ah, the devoted expression, the austere attitudes, the stately-trailing and highly-declamatory responses—how impressive as to the extremely young ladies in the next pew; how ridiculous as to Theodosia. For myself, I have always known Brummel for a flippant, scape-grace youth; I have hopes of him now that I find he wants to seem decorous and sincere in the eyes of the very young ladies in the next pew. He half deceives himself by his air of devotion.

. . . . . .

Of course Theodosia thinks it is too bad. She knows I perfectly detest affectation, and she don't see the utility of splitting hairs. These apologies open the floodgates! Honest affectation—what a contradiction of terms!

My dear girl, you are right and you are wrong—as usual. I do holily hate downright affectation and conceit and all other things justly hated of gods and men. But is it not a recompense for gray hairs, if one has been taught by long study of its weaknesses, to think better of our common human nature,—to find lurking under some of its unpleasantest aspects that which is not to be utterly despised?

We were talking about it, very solemnly, the other night, the minister and I, and this is the little sermon he preached:—

The trouble lies back of all theories, all talk of reform and liberty and law and what not. The advocacy of easy divorce, or whatever form this horror of the day assumes, is only possible when one's apprehension of life is false from the beginning. They talk about one's life being blasted by an uncongenial union; of failing thus to accomplish the purposes of one's life; of an empty existence:—as if a life teeming with duty could be, by any means, called vacant,—as if a career could be blasted by infelicity, or an existence fail of its true purposes because of the burden laid upon it! Who shall limit the purposes of his existence! Who shall flee, a coward, from the cross laid upon him, and declare that he does well! Surely not he who believes that giving is gaining; that only he finds his life who loses it.

The modern world is coming back to the first principles in the means of attack, the art of defense, in the building of ships,—bolts, earthworks, fish-shaped hulls,—and in many other things;—the newest is the oldest. So in religion, the "reformers" are preaching the ancient worship of that goddess of self and sense; and the unselfish Christ, as of old, puts these false prophets to shame.

The Poet dropped in this evening.

He believes in the balloon age. He boasts of boyish experiments in aëronautics, before his earliest experiments in rhyme, and he thinks the world will forsake its rhymes when it takes to ballooning.

The Poet is something besides a poet. He is a man of the world. He is familiar with the construction of society, the mysteries of science, and of the stock-market; he knows the developments and tendencies of manufacture and invention. He is quick in comprehension, and prophetic in vision and statement. Yea, more, he is eloquent. While the Poet was here, I half assented to his theory, and since he has gone, I have been glooming over his prediction.

Is it true? In the years to come will the singers sing us no songs,—or if their voices do, perforce, go up, will they be lost in the clatter of machinery, or whirled spaceward by aërial propellers?

. . . . . .

I stole alone to my attic one winter night, just before the stroke of twelve, to watch Christmas fall from the stars. Instead of stars,—a fog, whereupon even the moon made little impression, and which hid everything from sight, save a dreary semicircle of prosy small frame-houses. The only sound was a dull drip, drip, from the gutter-pipe. The quaint old carols that had been ringing in my memory all day had no part in such a drizzly, commonplace scene as this. The angels could not have appeared to the shepherds in the rain, I said to myself, or if they had, the shepherds would have taken no interest. A strange leaden sense crept over me, of the unreality of all this Christmas sentiment; I did not say it even to myself, but I half felt it, that commonplaceness was the true order of things, and could never have been disturbed by angel or Messiah.

Suddenly the bells of Trinity boomed far off,—and Christmas came through the fog!

I remember many Christmas Eves of starry splendor, but this one stands glorified above them all.

No,—I don't believe the poet's theory. Did not Stedman find Pan in Wall street? What music in nature will compare with that played by the winds upon our telegraph wires?—and the hum of the factory, if not as old, may be as musical as the rote of the sea. And there is the sea, still,—and there are the children!

The Poet's shy, wistful-eyed boy may out-sing his father yet—in the balloon-age coming.

I don't deny that it is a sign of grace when the esteem for a man increases in inverse ratio to the narrowing of the circles of acquaintanceship which encompass him; I am inclined to think that a man is not a hero unless he is a hero to his *valet de chambre;* but I am very sure that a man's own family often have the shallowest knowledge of him. (I am not speaking now of the relation of husband and wife.) They form an ideal on the assumption of perfect appreciation; he finds that if he manifests his true character, these his intimates hold him guilty of affectation; so often it comes to pass that a man unconsciously lives before his family in accommodation to the ideal they have accepted, and only shows himself as he really is to his neighbor. And this diffidence and that misapprehension are consistent with mutual love and tenderness.

Moreover—

But I have a vision of Theodosia, with her feet on the fender and Maga and the bronze paper-cutter in her hand.

JUST as Macdonald's story of *Wilfrid Cumbermede* "trails its shining robes" from these pages—leaving a void that we fear may never be filled—a letter comes to the Old Cabinet from over the ocean, turning sorrow into gladness. It is from the master himself, and gives hope that we shall yet see him "face to face." Thousands of hearts will beat quicker at this news, and lean out to meet him—as toward no other living man—with loving sympathy and reverence.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

IN BEHALF OF AN EXILE.

"THOSE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year," when from houses and homes a friend, almost the best we have, is summarily turned into the street, and the door closed upon him. He knocks at the door; importunately rattles the sash; he climbs the roof, and extends a long arm down the chimney in hope of admission. Alas, there is a fire-board closing the chimney, or a mural tablet of soap-stone with grinning register in midst; the windows are fast barred, he cannot get in: we refuse to hear his voice raised high in lament, and the exiled friend pleads in vain. Need we be more explicit; need we set down in black and white his name and title? Ah, no; you must have guessed already that we refer to that blessed though discarded inmate—Fresh Air.

In summer he will not be kept out. Into the most guarded home he penetrates, flying through each grudgingly-opened crevice with healing on his wings. The ghosts of old dinners, haunting back passages and basement dining-rooms, know his voice and cower. Last week's roast mutton and the *eidolon* of week-before-last's boiled cabbage, pack up and make haste to flee. Catch them staying to abide the scourges of his airy whip! Fell shapes of incipient disease beat retreat to their lurking-place behind ill-fitted drain-pipes, or musty walls deeply layered with ancient paper-hangings. There they hide and shrink, biding their time, which is not until the beneficent healer is again shut out and prohibited.

Men experience a lifting and a clearing. Not that they recognize the reason; they "are always better in summer," they say, but the good friend whom they neither acknowledge nor requite little recks of their ingratitude, and still pursues them with his favors. Elevating, freshening, cheering; following to office and counter, blowing mists from the brain, laying cool hands on weary brows; sitting beside them on evening door-steps, and striving with kind, untired hands to unlock the trivial, troublous problems with which human minds are ever grappling; he is each day and all day at work, through the long summer and in spring-time and in autumn, losing no opportunity and seizing every chance, as if seeking a favor rather than conferring one. Dear friendly spirit! Two places only baffle his good-will—two regions to which, with all his zeal, he rarely penetrates—our churches and our bed-rooms. For have we not received from our ancestors a dogma enjoining that the Gospel, if taken at all, must be taken with an accompaniment of asphyxia? And does not the domestic creed of the day open with this formula:—

"I (do not) believe in *night air?*"

But in Heaven's name what air, as Miss Nightingale says, *can* we breathe at night except night air? The choice lies between pure night air from without and foul night air from within; most people prefer the latter, it is true, but it is night air all the same, though they may not be aware of the fact.

Did you ever test these two kinds of night air by going early in the morning into the room of a person brought up to sleep with closed windows, and immediately afterward into one where the sash has been lowered six inches from the top, and raised six from the bottom? Well, what did you find? In one, however pretty and well arranged, however healthy, neat, and well-bred its occupant, a smell of bed-clothes, of damp towels, of dust, of carpet—all slight, but all indicative of that used-up condition of the atmosphere which is so fatal to a sleeper. In the other, no better situated or furnished, an elastic feel, a perfume of freshness which made breathing pleasant. Was it not so?

Or did you ever compare your own sensations after sleeping in fresh air with those produced after sleeping in foul? How many of the failures, the mischances of life, the morning dullness which hindered this or that, the refusal of the brain to work at a critical moment, the apathy, the blindness of perception, date back to that unaired bed-room which sent us forth unrefreshed to our work, and ushered in a depressing and discouraged day.

But it is useless to contend with so deeply-rooted a prejudice. Let us go back to our exiled friend, who certainly has a day-time claim, though he be denied a nightly one, to our sufferance.

How few of us recognize, as the long winter creeps away, and, shrinking from the outward chill, we cower into fire-side corners and warm wraps, how day by day we are insensibly contenting ourselves with the same breathed-over air which, scarcely renovated since, supplied our lungs yesterday and the day before. "Open the windows, indeed," we cry; "why, it's all we can do to exist with them tightly shut!"

Yes, but, paradox as it seems, there is warmth in the very cold which an open window would admit.

That is, the oxygen of the purer air, quickening the circulation and bringing the temperature of head, hands, and feet into proper balance, will of itself induce a glow which helps the fire to rewarm the room after its airing. And with the equipoise of circulation good-humor comes, and cheerfulness, and the capacity to be amused. How we lose these things—how dull we grow stewing over registers, or before anthracite-burning stoves. The winter seems to get into us—our wits stiffen and freeze; we don't laugh or enjoy, we simply endure life, and with desperate longing sit waiting for the spring.

It cannot be denied that Winter, as we know him in our cold North, is a foe to be encountered with dread. But there is zest in the very conflict he forces upon us, and whatever his demerits, one thing he brings in perfection, and that is *air*, pure with frost and instinct with renovation. His stormy besoms sweep clean the chambers of the sky, and the very wine of life pours from them. Intense life, dazzling, delicious,—too keen for delicate lungs and tender bodies except in sips, but it is these very sips for which we plead. A little airing is not so dangerous a thing as a little learning is said to be. Don't let us hide ourselves and suck our paws like sulky bears till the keen wind passes by, but open one little crack for health and another for cheerfulness, and both will enter and bless.

And when next our dear exile, rattling the window, utters his brisk appeal of "Let me in!" may we have it in our power to answer: "You *are* in, kindly friend, sitting here with us warm and comfortable beside our fire; and every day more and more of you shall come, until in the bright by and by, growing confident in summer sunshine, door and window standing always open, you shall enter freely as ourselves."

ILLUMINATING.

THE shop-windows are so crowded nowadays with gaudy texts and mottoes in chromo-lithograph, that we are grown tired of seeing them, and are less disposed to take the time and trouble necessary to produce the really beautiful effects of the same sort, which are possible to people who design their own patterns and work by hand. But, Mr. Prang to the contrary notwithstanding, few of the minor accomplishments result so gracefully, or give so much pleasure to other people as this art of illuminating in color. And we fancy there are bright girls all the country over who would like nothing better than to try their hands at it, if only they knew just how to set to work. So, for the benefit of such, we will give a few simple, primary directions, which may assist in stimulating some youthful artist toward this pretty field of art work.

In the first place, materials. These need not be expensive. There must be a few water-color paints, hard and half-moist; four or five brushes, large and small; a gold shell, a silver shell,—and a sheet or two of Bristol-board, white or tinted, the latter preferable on account of the soft effect it produces when blended with colors. Pure light-gray or pale-cream are the best tints. For the paints, we might say, to begin with, ultramarine, cobalt, white (half-moist), black (half-moist), vermilion, emerald-green, carmine, sepia, burnt-umber, and chrome-yellow. More can be added from time to time, if required, and after a while a successful illuminator will find it well to buy a supply of "Bessemer's gold," a preparation which comes in two bottles, one of dry gold-dust, the other of liquefying fluid, and which costs one dollar. But, at the start, a couple of twenty-cent shells are all that will be needed. It is never worth while to spend much on apparatus until we have tested our powers.

Some colors are known as "body," others as "transparent" colors. Carmine, cobalt, crimson-lake are of this latter class; and for solid work, like letters and capitals, must be mixed with white. Two colors blended make a third—as, blue and yellow, green; blue and crimson, purple; yellow and red, orange; scarlet and black, dark-green; black and white, gray.

Perfect neatness is the first essential to success. The paper must be carefully measured and blocked out with lead-pencil, so that the position of each word and letter is ascertained before any paint is used. Pretty letters can often be got from newspaper headings, magazine-covers, etc.; or, there is a nice *Book of Alphabets* by Prang, which is a useful thing to have. Divide the paper with pencil-lines into thirds or quarters, according as the length of your motto requires more or less space, and lightly rule other lines above and below these, to define the exact height of the letters. Then sketch the letters in carefully, making sure that the perpendiculars are true and that there is plenty of room. When this is done, and a dab of each color is rubbed on your plate, the troublesome part of the job is over and the pleasant part begins.

The effect is usually more harmonious if the small letters are mostly of one tint, and the variety and brightness given by the capitals, arabesques, and other ornaments. If this tint is to be gray, a little black is mixed with a good deal of white, and a touch of blue and crimson is added to warm it up. If light-blue, a large flake of white is taken, and ultra-marine and cobalt are rubbed in till the shade you wish is arrived at. Paint each letter carefully, keeping the outlines clear and clean, and not forgetting to dot the i's and insert the commas and periods. When the paint is dried, shade each letter with black lines to make a raised, distinct effect, and add such little devices of ornament as your fancy suggests. Then color and shade the capitals, and lastly, put in the gold and silver and the flowers and other designs, which may be of every possible kind and color.

For these it is not easy to offer any specific directions. They must vary with the taste of the illuminator and the differing subject. Perhaps a large letter of scarlet, blue, or vivid green will appear in the middle of a square, arabesqued in gold, with clusters of white daisies thrown gracefully over the tint. Or it

may be some "woodsy" little verselet which is under process of decoration, and a bird's nest or tuft of brown lichen, with clinging coral berries, may grow into the border. Or perhaps the line is from Shakespeare, and a dainty flying Puck or Ariel garlanded with roses or woodbine heads the page. The world is full of pretty suggestions, if once we learn to look about us after them. Nature is the best and safest teacher. A leafy spray, or nodding stalk of golden wheat, a tiny wild flower, a tendril of clasping vine, or long bough of blossoming may or pink-lipped azalia, will creep through an artist's eye into her fingers, and produce an effect far more unique and perfect than any stereotyped book of patterns could teach. Nature never repeats, never wearies of fresh invention and combinations, and a loving study of her moods and ways cannot fail to result in that inexhaustible and ever graceful variety which is a part of her inalienable dower.

BEEF-TEA.

"Won't you please tell me how you make beef-tea?—the doctor has ordered it, and not one of us has the least idea how it is prepared."

A dozen—two dozen—nay, fifty times, perhaps, has this question been asked in our hearing. And it set us to thinking how it happens that this article of food, so perfect of its kind, so essential in sick-rooms, possessed, as we are told, of a reparative power which science has never been able to define, but which she does not attempt to deny; admirable as a tonic for exhausted bodies and nerves of people calling themselves well, should be so little comprehended or practiced in the average family.

Ask half the housekeepers in the land for their ideas on the subject, and what do they amount to? Scarcely more than that celebrated army receipt mentioned in one of the most charming hospital records of the late war: "Just put a bit of meat into a pot and kind of stir it round." And from this general ignorance result the horrid cupfuls—thin, savorless, greasy—which we have seen forced upon loathing invalids, who, declaring between every mouthful their abhorrence of the hated nourishment, were still compelled to gape and swallow by the reiterated *dictum*, "You must; it's good for you."

But it was not—and they knew it, and we knew it. Nothing can be good which is so very nasty to taste and sight. But properly made beef-tea is not nasty—it is a very palatable thing.

Leaving out Liebig's and the other ready-made preparations, which some people like and other people dislike, there are three forms of beef-tea, suited to different stages of illness, any one of which will usually be taken without dislike by any average patient. The first is uncooked beef juice, and is often given in cases of extreme weakness, when no other food can be retained. It is made thus:—

Cut into small pieces a pound of perfectly lean beef. Add five or six drops of muriatic acid—and stir for a moment. The acid, disengaging all the nutritive part of the meat from the fibre, leaves a clear red juice which is strained off, heated very hot, and seasoned with salt, and, if the patient likes it, pepper. This beef-tea has frequently prolonged and saved life in desperate cases.

2d. Beef-tea made in a bottle:—

One pound of perfectly lean beef is cut into small dice, placed in a strong quart bottle, corked, and set to boil in a pot of water. The heat disengaging the juice of the beef, gives after three hours' cooking a strong and very nourishing liquid into which the essential principle of the meat is condensed. Let it grow thoroughly cold before using, so as to remove every floating particle of fat—then re-heat, season, and serve. A teaspoonful of arrowroot stirred in while the beef-tea is heating makes an excellent addition.

3d. Beef-tea for cases of lighter illness, where it is to supplement rather than replace other food:—

Take a pound of lean beef-steak and broil it for an instant on both sides. Chop fine as for mince meat, then add a quart of water, and boil slowly for an hour and a half. Strain it, let it get thoroughly cold, skim off the fat, and season with salt, pepper, and, if the doctor permits, a *soupçon* of tomato catsup. A little rice boiled with the tea makes it nice—or a sprig of celery dropped in to lend a flavor. This soup is admirable food, and almost all sick persons will be found to like it.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE GOTHIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

The halo of romance which the novels and poems of Scott threw around mediæval life fell also upon the architecture which formed the background to so many of their scenes and incidents—a style of building which at that time all, save a few antiquaries and antiquarian architects, had come to regard as a gloomy product of a barbarous age. The result was a popular awakening to the glories of mediæval architecture, which has gone on increasing until the Pointed Gothic has once more become a national style. Through all the years since the heads of Elizabethan builders had been turned by the meteoric splendor of the Renaissance, there had been a few who cherished a pious admiration for the art of their ancestors. The repugnance of Oxford to innovation of any sort kept for a time the line of Gothic succession unbroken, though not in its purity. Walpole's mediæval predilections gave him a vague admiration for Gothic architecture, which he played at, and perhaps helped to keep alive

a taste for the style, which the perverted championship of Batty Langley could not kill, nor the impertinent "restorations" of Wyatt blot out. Carter had begun his furious and eminently serviceable exposures of the shameful neglect which was allowing the choicest remains of English art to fall into decay, and the not less shameful destruction of them by ill-advised "improvements." Other lovers of Pointed Gothic were beginning to study its structure and proportions, and to make careful drawings of its details; but all this was confined to the few until Scott created a hearty, though by no means intelligent, admiration for the style among all the cultivated classes. The influence of his enthusiasm and example soon became manifest in the country-houses of the nobility and gentry. But it was long before the proverbially slow-thinking parish officials learned that there could be any style of church architecture so appropriate as that of the Greek temple or the pseudo-classic type of the Renaissance. Under the teachings of Dr. Milner, and the earnest labors of Rickman, supplemented by those of Dr. Whewell, however, a marked improvement in popular taste and professional skill in ecclesiastical architecture began to appear. In 1832, Rickman, in company with his friend Whewell, visited the cathedral towns of the north of France, for the purpose of exploring their magnificent relics of ancient architecture, and brought home many contributions to add to the current knowledge of mediæval art which Milner had done so much to extend. Thus, as remarked by Eastlake in his critical *History of the Gothic Revival* (Scribner, Welford & Co.), one aim in art enlisted the contemporary services of a Roman Catholic bishop, a professional Quaker, and a Cambridge don, who, without acting in concert, and, indeed, without agreeing in point of detail, managed between them to lay the foundation for a methodical study of mediæval buildings. Of the battle of styles which was going on about this time,—Greek against Gothic, the Gothic split up into hostile camps, none of which knew precisely what Gothic meant,—it is foreign to our purpose to speak, save to notice one good thing that resulted, namely a carefuller study of the purest remains of the Pointed style. The younger Pugin's efforts in this direction, not less than the fertility of his artistic genius, enabled him to exert a powerful influence on the Revival.

No better evidence of the development of national taste for ancient English architecture is needed than the fact that the government, in calling for plans for the new Houses of Parliament to take the place of those destroyed by the fire of 1834, stipulated that the designs must be either Gothic or Elizabethan. The competition that ensued, and the attendant discussion of the merits of rival styles, could not but bring the claims of Gothic architecture still more prominently before the people, and give a great impetus to its employment for secular purposes.

The efforts of the Cambridge Camden Society gave a like impetus to the application of the Pointed style to ecclesiastical purposes. A systematic study of the condition and structural details of existing monuments of the style was begun, and a lively interest was awakened for their preservation and, when absolutely necessary, their restoration. The Oxford Society for promoting the study of Gothic architecture began its labors about the same time; and both societies did an immense service in cultivating a taste for Gothic among men of refinement and education. The public mind was now becoming imbued with a degree of mediæval sentiment, but it was easily satisfied. The forms of Pointed architecture were known and admired; but architects had not yet learned to be more than servile copyists.

"Before the last half of this century was reached," says Eastlake, "a number of new churches had been erected in London, which in their design and execution far surpassed the productions of previous years, and at last seemed as if a standard of excellence had been reached beyond which it would be difficult to proceed. For up to this time the care of the modern Gothic architect had been to imitate, with more or less precision, not only the plan and arrangement, but the proportions and decorative details of old work. If he succeeded in doing this satisfactorily, even in a literal copy, the critics found no fault with him;" but woe to him if he gave any evidence of originality. Generally the castigation received by such presumptuous designers was well merited. Art had not yet reached a stage when the artist could swerve from ancient precedent without exhibiting crudeness and clumsiness. It was only in later years, and by creative builders who had studied ancient examples until they had caught their spirit, that original designs could be executed which were not mean and commonplace.

The divergence in favor of Italian Gothic, brought about at this time by the enthusiasm and eloquence of Ruskin, had a marked influence on the Revival; and though it alarmed the servile school of Revivalists—whose sole aim was to reproduce the old exactly—it really made Gothic architecture more than ever popular, and its practice freer and more intelligent. Unfortunately Ruskin's teachings were frequently misinterpreted. Young artists felt themselves suddenly emancipated from the restrictions that had hampered them, and the result was reckless extravagance. "Freedom from precedent, freedom from national traditions, freedom from structural and decorative conventionality—these," says the historian, "were the watchwords of our youngest and most enthusiastic reformers. They had their liberty, and like all liberty thus suddenly and lawlessly attained, it was wofully abused." From this violent rebellion against the canons of the copyist school, however, there has been a healthful reaction; and also from the influence of French Gothic, which for a time threatened to predominate. Both schools find able representatives among English architects; and it is not improbable that both will be maintained side by side with mutual advantage.

Altogether the prospects of the Revival were never so encouraging as now. The number of Gothic architects is rapidly increasing, and their work shows a steady improvement in artistic taste. During the ten years between 1860 and 1870 double the number of buildings of a mediæval character were erected than during the preceding *decennium;* and half the old cathedrals are now being stripped of the patch-work of less critical periods, and restored as nearly as possible to their original condition.

It is perhaps a consequence of the distortion of the mirror we hold up to nature, that we—*i. e.*, writers, so rarely give anything like a perfect, or tolerably perfect, image of child-life, the only pure and unaffected thing we have. Scores of people write things of children which are clever and like enough without at the same time being more than little old folks. To make children talk of the things we think of, as they must talk if they would at all, is one thing; but to know what the child most cares to talk about is quite another. In that charming story by one of the subtlest and most *spirituelle* of English story-tellers, Miss Thackeray, *The Village on the Cliff*, there is some rendering of such heart and brain as little people have, not in a Kindergarten way, a sort of living marionette show, but as they twine in and mingle with the lives of others wiser and more sad. There is a picture of children on the sea-shore, amongst waves and sand, which lives in our memory like a real canvas.

"Four or five little boys come running up one by one, handkerchief flying, umbrella-bearer ahead, to the martial sound of a penny trumpet.

"The little captain pursues them breathless and exhausted, brandishing his sword in an agony of command. 'Soldats!' he says, addressing his refractory troops—'Soldats! souvenez-vous qu'il ne faut jamais courir? Soldats, ne courez pas, je vous en pr-r-rie—une, deux, trois,' and away they march to the relief of a sand fort which is being attacked by the sea. And so the day goes on, and the children play."

But of books for children the most charming of recent ones is the *Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book*, by Christina G. Rossetti. To write straight to the tongues of children is never an easy task, and since the cullings of the baby wisdom of past ages in *Mother Goose*, there is no book that has added to the words which the little ones make their own so well as this. There is in it much of the intense spirituality which is Miss Rossetti's characteristic, and sometimes, under words for babies' singing, the ripe human heart throbs and aches. This, for instance, is not too wise or grave for three years old—yet carries in it the first tragedy of human life:—

"My baby has a father and a mother—
Rich little baby!
Fatherless, motherless, I know another
Forlorn as may be—
Poor little baby."

Another without pathos, but with perhaps a bit of satire under it, and a wise word on woman's wrongs, etc., is on the surface as good child's nonsense as Jack and Gill:—

"If I were a queen,
What would I do?
I'd make you king,
And I'd wait on you.

If I were a king,
What would I do?
I'd make you queen,
For I'd marry you."

There are a few poems amongst these sing-songs which Miss Rossetti might have put with her profoundly serious work, and many which will haunt pensive children of maturer years than those whom they were nominally written for. One such we will quote, and leave the book with a confident hope that every bright and song-loving child who reads English will have it in its collection. We know one who doesn't know her letters yet, and already knows half of it by heart:—

"If hope grew on a bush
And joy grew on a tree,
What a nosegay for the plucking
There would be!

But oh! in windy autumn,
When frail flowers wither,
What should we do for hope and joy
Fading together."

The Duke d'Aumale is responsible for the great literary sensation of the month in Paris. His election to a seat in the Academy among the forty "Immortals" has doubtless its political significance, but owes its actual consummation, which has taken all France by surprise, to his unquestioned literary talent. He has spent the best years of his life in the production of a history of the princely line of which he has become the sole heir, inheriting vast estates which make him the wealthiest man of France. This History of the famous Princes of Condé was some years ago placed in the hands of his publishers in Paris,—he being in exile in England,—but the Emperor saw fit to order the seizure of the first sheets that left the press, and put his ban on the issue of the work. The Duke, deeply hurt at this treatment, on the part of his enemy, of a purely literary work, was unwilling to publish his history outside of France, and abided his time in patience. The Fates removed the seal in 1870, and he immediately put his completed work to press. The first volume has already appeared, and has stamped its author as something more than a prince, and given a promise of future volumes which will greatly enrich the field of French historical literature. The remembrance of the petty persecution practiced towards him, and the real merit of his labors, have granted him admittance to portals which it was well known that the Emperor himself in vain desired to enter. The general impression now is that the Academy will be a stepping-stone to the throne for this scion of the House of Orleans, who, like his brothers, seems endowed with a talent and sound judgment rarely found among princes.

THE WAR LITERATURE of Germany has passed through nearly every phase, from the hastily illustrated works for the moment, and the innumerable romances of the war, to the weightier historical annals for posterity. Some of these are now appearing from the pens of long and well-tried historians, whose fame is already the glory of the nation. In this field we may but allude to the *Political History of the Present*, by the celebrated Prof. Wilhelm Müller of Tübingen. The fourth volume of this work has just appeared, giving a clear and compact history of the year 1870 in Europe, in a style inimitable for its purity and elegance. The well-known Wolfgang Menzel has also bent his pen to the *Annus Mirabilis*, and depicted it with more than his usual energy, warmth, and perspicuity. The Jewish savans are also more than usually active in their own respective historical spheres, spurred on by that revival of historical interest in the marvelous revolutions of the age which bid fair to open to them a far more generous career in national influence than they have hitherto enjoyed. Of these the best known is Dr. Abraham Geiger, who has just published a supplement to his comprehensive work on the *History of the Jews*, the object of which is to bring out with striking outline the relations of the Jews to the liberalism of the day, and the prominent part which they took in the famous war, in which now every interest desires to claim a share and a reward.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, the greatest living lyric poet of Germany, who is frequently compared to our Longfellow, of whom he is a great admirer, has gained some of the greenest laurels that have been awarded to the lyrics and odes springing from the war. His complete works in six volumes are just now appearing, with an enthusiastic dedication to the rejuvenated nation. This issue is crowned with his most recent successes, which have already a wide-spread fame in Germany. Among these we would quote those gems of battle-lyric,—the poems "Hurrah Germania," "Thus will it Happen," "To Wolfgang in the Field," and the "Trumpeter of Vionville." A large portion of his collection consists of translations from other poets, in which labor Freiligrath displays a skill that amounts to genius in the delicate comprehension of English and French lyrical poetry. He can transfer the fullness of color and lyric pomp of Victor Hugo, the massive significance of Tennyson, the sensitive poesy of Felicia Hemans, and the elegiac tone of Longfellow's Hiawatha with equal mastery. And he has also the good fortune to have a gifted daughter, now living in England, whose intimate acquaintance with the English language and rare poetic skill enables her to give to the English public her father's poems in an Anglo-Saxon idiom so natural and effective that they bear every mark of being native to the language.

THE WAR AGAINST THE JESUITS is proceeding with unexampled vigor, and the efforts of the "Reform Catholics" to induce the government to take measures of defense against them are being crowned with success. The passage of an act of the German Parliament making their interference with political matters a punishable misdemeanor opens the strife on a field where these "Black Demagogues," as they are popularly called, can be reached in the most effective way. They have thrown off their masks, and are now working so openly in nearly all the rural districts of the Catholic provinces to interfere with the government educational institutions, that it has simply become a question of relative strength as to whether they or the government teachers shall rule in these establishments. They raise the banner of "liberty of instruction," which practically means liberty to them to do as they see fit without regard to rule or law. The revulsion of feeling towards them in Bavaria borders on the marvelous. But a year or two ago they were all powerful, and could carry in Church and State almost any measure that they desired. Now they are at swords' points with the government officers, from king to clerk, and matters are ripening so rapidly that all Germany will soon demand their expulsion. The cry is already being raised in certain provinces of Prussia, and the movement seems likely to increase, so that the early expulsion of the Jesuits from all Germany is not at all improbable.

ROHLFS, the famous German explorer of Africa, has lately been entertaining and instructing his countrymen in Berlin by a series of popular lectures on his explorations of Northern Africa, which, he thinks, with proper treatment, might again be turned into the paradise that some portions of it were under the Carthaginians and Romans. He has found on the Gulf of Sidra, west of Tripoli, the site of the garden of the Hesperides and the river of Lethe, and he has a strong desire to see his countrymen eating the golden apples so famous in ancient story. He declares that Central Africa is as rich as India, and that a grand highway to the Kingdom of Soudan might easily be constructed across the desert from a port to be established on the site of ancient Carthage. He would encourage German emigration thither, and thus found an independent colony that might in time be a nucleus for operations which would turn all Central Africa into a German India. To this end the Germans have already a strong foothold in the friendship now existing between the Emperor William and his sable majesty of Soudan, to whom the German ruler recently sent some magnificent presents, which were received with all the pomp and circumstance that the African monarch could command. Bismarck and all his countrymen are said to be listening most seriously to these stories and suggestions, and are beginning to feel that their mission is to regenerate Africa and open it to the civilized world. This would be a great task, but the Germans understand Africa thoroughly, for their scholars and geographers have been quietly exploring it for twenty years, and are now no strangers to its hidden recesses and its secluded treasures.

THE WAR OF THE MADONNAS at Dresden, regard-

ing the famous rival pictures of Holbein, seems to have been brought to a close by the verdict of the celebrated art-critic, Schnaase, in favor of that of Darmstadt. His opinion is evidently based on a most careful study of the style, drawing, perspective, and coloring of Holbein. He declares the Dresden picture to be not even a repetition from Holbein's own hand, but the later work of a skillful artist who thoroughly understood Holbein's inner nature, and was able to imitate his most successful efforts. But he also declares that the Darmstadt Madonna, though genuine, has suffered greatly by being retouched by some other hand, and that it would be dangerous to endeavor to restore it. And though denying the genuineness of the Dresden picture, he accords to it a surpassing beauty which it owes to the original inspiration of Holbein himself. Thus ends a strife which has for some time separated the artist world of Germany into two hostile camps.

THE "WORLD EXPOSITION" of Vienna, to be held in 1873, bids fair to be in some respects even more attractive than that of Paris. Already thousands of workmen are busy in the magnificent pleasure park of the Austrian capital known as the "*Prater*," and the most generous arrangements are being made for every branch of art and industry. The center of the grand edifice will be occupied by Austria and the German Empire, around which all other nations will be grouped in geographical relation, from the extreme east of Japan to the extreme west of California, so that every nation will have a section of the hall, two pavilions, and two garden-plots. Besides the international prizes, there will be established a series of lectures on the whole range of human knowledge and activity represented in the building; and these will be sustained or supplemented during the Exposition by International Congresses of scholars, scientists, artists, physicians, engineers, agriculturalists, miners, and even bankers and insurance officers. Special attention will be given to all subjects having a bearing on the welfare and improvement of the laboring classes; such as the cheapening of articles of food, the care and instruction of children, the establishment of hospitals for the masses, and institutions for the practical instruction of women in industries which will afford them a field of labor and a means of support. Thus the whole enterprise is to tend to utility, and have for its highest aim the good of the race.

THE TYROL has long been as famous for its ultramontane orthodoxy as its mountains for their beauty. And it is said that the Pope has seriously considered the suggestion of making it his retreat should he leave Rome. But as an encouraging sign of the progress of liberal Catholicism, we perceive that the spirit of protest against the hated dogma is making its way into the rural churches of that country. In several villages on the Bavarian border the poorer priests have protested against the orders of the bishop to declare and teach the infallibility of the Pope, and have appealed to their congregations for support against the threatened decree of excommunication. In one instance a village priest, who had been deposed from his charge for this reason, thus addressed his former congregation: "The deposition from my parochial duties, that is, the intention to annihilate my earthly existence by starvation, I accept with the greatest composure of mind and conscience, but desire to say, that if I had lived in that period of obscure barbarism when earthly potentates became the slaves of spiritual lords, I would have rather starved than remained a member of that fraternity which teaches the horrid heresy that the Pope is infallible." These country curates have an immense power over their flocks, and if a goodly number of them can muster such enthusiastic energy as is here shown, their courage will become fruitful germs of a genuine reform movement among the masses.

MANZONI'S "PROMESSI SPOSI" is now known to nearly every civilized tongue in translation, and notwithstanding so much has been said about this famous romance, a new and exhaustive criticism regarding it has just appeared. Although Manzoni himself has been so long before the Italian public, they never seem to tire of him, and he has done a mighty work in moulding the literature of his country in the nineteenth century. He is certainly the representative lyric poet of Italy, and Milan is about as proud of its son as it is of its famous cathedral. As romancer and lyric poet he is without an equal in his musical tongue, but there is considerable discussion just at present as to his merits as dramatist. The truth is that Italy has now few great dramatists to show, and Manzoni cannot be classed among them. His laurels in his own peculiar sphere, however, have been rich enough to satisfy the ambition of any reasonable man.

HUNGARIAN JOURNALISM presents us some features that are evidently unique. Within the territory of the Magyars appear journals, for the natives of the land, in no less than six different languages, showing a polyglot condition that smacks strongly of Babel. In the Hungarian there are printed 16 political daily sheets, 106 weeklies, and 53 monthlies, with about 150,000 subscribers in all. In the German we notice 15 dailies, 60 weeklies, and 8 monthlies, with about 100,000 subscribers. In the Slavonic tongues there are 2 dailies, 31 weeklies, and 15 monthlies, with 30,000 subscribers! Then the Roumanian language presents us with eleven sheets in all, which are published for 8,000 subscribers, while the Italian journals of Dalmatia amount to 3, with but little more than 2,000 subscribers. And finally, there is published in Latin an ecclesiastical review, which, according to accounts, has almost no subscribers at all, a fact that might, we think, be well said of very many of them. The sum and substance of the matter seems to be that a great deal of money is spent, and ink and paper

wasted, in the foolish war of words that makes a sort of bear-garden of all Hungary. Every little undeveloped province wants to have its own language and autonomy, and is more inclined to spend its strength in quarreling with its neighbors than in endeavoring to further and develop the interests of the whole. The result is that these journalistic statistics, that one would suppose to indicate a high state of intellectual activity simply give us some idea of the stupendous wrangle on the banks of the Danube.

"THE POPULAR SONGS OF TUSCANY" is the title of a recent Italian publication of Florence, which shows how much vivacity the national Italian unity has conferred on the respective peoples within the borders of this land of sun, and song, and love. The Tuscan dialect is the purest of Italy, and in these songs for the people the author has endeavored to stir up in the hearts of the nation a love for the songs in the dialect that is most worthy of cultivation and preservation. It is quite remarkable that the songs of the language have been kept so pure in the secluded mountains and vales of the Apennines. The words and the peculiar terms and shadings of this poesy of the masses often correspond exactly to the most beautiful images of the first poets of the thirteenth century. They prove that Dante, and Petrarch, and other great poets of the day were then no strangers to the people, and have ever been cherished by them in these popular strains; and it is certainly a most interesting fact, that the language and poetry of that distant date are still found in their original freshness in the mouths of the peasants of Tuscany.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

EDWIN BOOTH.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH reappeared early in the present season at his own theater, in the *rôle* of "Hamlet." It is a performance which always elicits the most thoughtful if not the most concurrent criticisms, and is the most celebrated, though by no means the most powerful of his tragic delineations. The "Hamlet" nights at Booth's are nearly always prosperous nights, and they are rendered additionally pleasant to the intelligent play-goer by the assurance that he will be in the best company. The truth is, the play has been so splendidly illuminated by scenic art that it would continue to attract the public if its histrionism were only tolerable. Few tragedies in our time have so successfully aspired to the popularity of spectacle. None that we remember has been produced with more historical and archæological accuracy. This, however, is to the true critic a weakness rather than a triumph, for he can never lose sight of the fact that the real beauty and true greatness of "Hamlet" lie not in its historical truth, but in its fidelity to human nature. Perfection and severity of realistic detail may improve and heighten the spectacle. They cannot assist the poem.

Mr. Booth's impersonation is a brilliant example of the same pre-Raphaelism. It is a construction of the understanding, not a creation of the imagination. It is built with the most pains-taking and exquisite art out of antecedent art, and, with all its shapeliness of form and grace of diction, it lacks the hot glow of the character that is evolved by the mysterious but divine processes of genius. But Mr. Booth is an artist. If he fails to invest the part with the fierce personality of his father, so also he avoids the eccentricities, the license, the perversions of the text which marked his father's assumption of the *rôle*. If there is less magnetism in his reading, there is more knowledge in it. We may never quite forget the actor in the acted part, but we follow him as we would a skilled narrator or a trained orator. He has woven his conception of the character, so to speak, of the most magnificent traditions. An eclecticism of this kind, however liberal, cannot sway the popular heart as will the strong individuality of a less cultivated but creative actor, and we are not surprised therefore that while this "Hamlet" is accorded every literary honor, and is without doubt a fine achievement of declamatory art, it almost invariably disappoints the average man, who carries his feelings rather than his erudition to the theater.

The scholarly beauties of "Hamlet" paled some time since before the theatric splendors of "Julius Cæsar." This magnificent historical play had never been so appropriately set in this country, and became the town talk. It would be interesting to know how many of the thousands of people who went nightly to the theater were drawn solely by the rich artistic trappings and broad scenic illuminations, knowing and caring little about the more beautiful text and declamation of the tragedy. Haply it is not the province, and it is entirely beyond the power, of the critic to estimate these motives. He can only know that the thousands have been fascinated, and it is the magnanimity of his art to believe or to assume that they were fascinated by what was noblest and best in the play. That it is full to overflowing of the noblest oratory, the richest poetry, and the most heroic deeds, we need hardly say. But that it does not, in its antique spirit and grave bearing, appeal to the popular taste, must be acknowledged. Consider a moment what are the essentials of success in popular plays—novelty of incident, great personal attractions in the actresses, and flippant satirical sentiment in the dialogue. Why, it is without any of them. It scarcely provides at all for that absolute necessity of every theater and every modern play—the fine-looking leading woman, with a change of attire in every scene. It scarcely deals with manners and emotions at all, but is woven grandly of universal passions,—woven like some of those marvelous tapes-

tries, every figure distinct, but the whole grouping mellow and soft, as if ready to melt together by reason of homogeneity.

Still the populace flocked to see it, for it was worth seeing, both on account of the excellence of the declaimed parts and the beauty of the pictorial setting. A promising young actor in the person of Mr. Lawrence Barrett had been obtained to impersonate *Cassius;* and Mr. Bangs, one of the few stock actors left to the local stage whose elocution reminds us of the better days of tragedy, was added to the company and played *Marc Antony;* Mr. Booth in the somewhat disproportionate *rôle* of *Brutus*, and Mr. Waller as the *Julius Cæsar*, made up an unusually effective quartette. It was all the more effective, perhaps, because no one of these players overshadowed his fellows. The merit of execution was very evenly distributed among them, and the unity and *ensemble* were better than is usual even at this theater. The stage pictures, like most of those Mr. Booth had given us in his previous Shakespearean revivals, were rare exhibitions of scenic accuracy and splendor. One or two of them, indeed, surpassed in completeness of pictorial effect anything that had been done before;—these were representations of the Roman Street Scene and of the Senate Chamber. The latter was an exact reproduction of Gerome's celebrated work.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Booth is doing good work for the community, both morally and æsthetically, in the costly production of these worthy plays; and that thought should perhaps temper the criticisms upon him, which too often are content with trivial errors or omissions while they overlook the advantages which the drama is reaping from the manager and actor, who is working at least conscientiously in its behalf.

THE CONCERTS.

SINGERS have been as plentiful this winter as the birds in Summer. They lit everywhere, and made the season jocund with minstrelsy.

On the chilly threshold of Spring one may look back with reminiscent comfort, and think of the warblers who robbed even winter of its poignancy, and lit the fires of enthusiasm all through those bitter nights. Bitter—indeed, the word sounds like satire when linked with music. Can we recall the ardor of those Academy nights without a glow? Will there not always be an echo in our memories of Parepa's luxurious trumpeting; can we ever quite shake off the Offenbach spell of Duval, or break away from the sad sweet sovereignty of the Swedish Queen,—tendril voices, clinging round us through the bleak silence of the waning winter, but promising to flower again with the early roses? Then there was Kellogg, who came as a Christmas gift, and sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The memory of that is greener now than the holly and pine we hung up the same night. And Edith Wynne, that little Cambrian skylark, and Patey, and Moulton, and Doria, and Van Zandt, and Sterling. Forget them! Why, the waves of sound that travel on through space forever ripple none the less imperishably in men's souls.

Miss Sterling came last, probably because she was not least, and, after all the others, won us freshly with her voice and her art. It seems almost rude to speak of voice and art as distinct where the singer has made them so nearly identical. After all, there were few concerts during the season more satisfactory than the one provided by this favorite contralto, and few indeed that told so honest a tale of self-exertion and individual success. Everybody who knows anything of art in New York knows all about the beauty and capacity of Miss Antoinette Sterling's voice. It is not so safe to say that everybody before this concert knew how surely that voice was being disciplined and matured to the performance of the best work that a professional life exacts. Had she sung for us every night during the winter her better growth must have been unperceived. But coming after a long—though to her not a voiceless—silence, we scarcely knew her. The artist had greater stature. She sang several English songs and three German Lieder by Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, and the performance of them was made singularly enjoyable by the sympathy of the singer with the sentiment, and by her chaste vocalism. How keen her sense of Schubert; how unaffectedly rich her affluent voice in Rossini's "Italiana in Algeri;" how she swept us all away in a moment out of that sensuous Southern atmosphere, by the quaint "Caller Herrin!" But versatility of power, after all, is of less importance than sincerity of purpose. Miss Sterling is one of the few artists who have risen out of the narrow sphere of dilettanteism by virtue of high determination. Music with them is not an empty exhibition of technical dexterity. It is the pinion upon which they may reach the region of the true and beautiful, and by such training as comes alone of self-sacrifice does it ever acquire strength to bear thousands upward with it in its flight.

Theodore Thomas, who has probably done more than any other musician to popularize classic symphonic music in this country, returned to New York early in January and gave five symphony concerts here. The entertainments were remarkable both for the variety and freshness of the works presented, and for the superior finish of their performance. The troupe, made up of sixty picked instrumentalists, have been playing together daily for several years, and have acquired a precision not to be expected even in the more pretentious and larger symphonic organizations which meet at irregular times and go through hurried rehearsals. There can be no doubt that these concerts were the best of their kind ever offered to the American public. The selections were made from the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Rubenstein, Wagner, Gounod, Liszt, Schumann, Bach, Weber, Chopin, Haydn, Goldmark, and Strauss, thus presenting in five entertainments specimens of the best of the old and the modern schools, and giving with the impartiality of

true art whatever was excellent in the romantic or classical *répertoire*.

It must be a matter of regret to the genuine patrons of music in the metropolis that so unique an organization as this should be compelled to follow an itinerant life. Theodore Thomas has already accomplished enough to entitle him to a permanent concert hall in New York, where through all the seasons his efforts might be properly appreciated, and supported as they deserve, unattended by any of the vicissitudes of a provincial hunt.

"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE." *

Now that George Macdonald's *Wilfrid Cumbermede* is complete, we may say that it has fallen not a whit behind his greatest works. It is worthy to stand with *David Elginbrod*, *Alec Forbes*, and *Robert Falconer*. Higher commendation it could hardly have; and we are more than gratified to have been the channel through which this great novel was first given to the American public. We do not wish to over-estimate *Wilfrid Cumbermede*. Is it Ste. Beuve who says that no man can escape the defects that pertain to his excellences? Mr. Macdonald has not escaped the "*défauts de ses qualités*." He looks at life wholly from within, and no writer ever saw the inner life with a clearer vision. He is the master of the school of seers. In this we must put him in a higher category than the school of Dickens, who see life only without. To Dickens the outer form of life is everything—he has no other symbols for psychological facts, when he perceives them at all, than their expression in manner and appearance. We must put Dickens first in his class, and Macdonald first in his class. Above them both, of course, must be placed the few writers of the first class, like Shakespeare, who see life like prophets and portray it like painters; who grasp the inner and the outer view of life, and are thus able to express men and types of men in their completeness. In *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, as in his other stories, Mr. Macdonald impatiently strips off the husk of life; it is with the soul that he deals. Hence the supreme excellence, hence also the defect of his novels. His characters have too little body. They are walking, moving, talking, feeling souls, with only a thin body to be shaken off at a moment's notice;—this life is but a probation and death is as nothing. "Death never comes near us; it lies behind the back of God," is one of those eloquent and aphoristic sayings in the last chapter of *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, sayings into which the great author has put his own being, the key to his work, the explanation of his genius. "When it comes, death will be as natural as birth," is another expression of that which is at once the strength and the limitation of our author's genius. For life is not all within, as Macdonald paints it, any more than it is all without, as Dickens will have it.

Judged simply as a work of art, despite its characteristic defects, *Wilfrid Cumbermede* must rank among the greatest novels. In some of the author's earlier stories there is the stereotyped ending with a wedding, the "coming out well," as every story should come out that aims to amuse. But this is not the highest and truest art. Life is not all comedy. Things are not settled up in this world. Shakespeare learned this. Had he written nothing but comedies, even such comedies as "The Tempest" and "The Merchant of Venice," he would have fallen short of the highest mark. The latest and best critics believe his tragedies to have been the ripe fruit of his genius. So in *Falconer* and in *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, Mr. Macdonald disdains to make life seem a play that always ends in a marriage and a comfortable settlement. He aspires to paint life as he sees it. He idealizes it, but he will not falsify it. And so the mere novel-reader may complain that the book does not end satisfactorily. But no novel ever closed so grandly. For having rejected the common ending, Mr. Macdonald sets all his great genius to work on his favorite problem. "Not woman," he says in *Falconer*, "but God, is the center of the universe." He will have *Wilfrid Cumbermede* to miss of the lower happiness, but to reach the highest. Can any denouement that brings a hero, after fire and flood, to marriage, equal that which Macdonald has set down in a strain of eloquence worthy of St. John the Divine in these last pages? This passage is poetry and prophecy together:—

"I crept into the bosom of God, and along a great cloudy peace, which I could not understand, for it did not yet enter into me. At length I came to the heart of God, and through that my journey lay. The moment I entered it, the great peace appeared to enter mine, and I began to understand it. Something melted in my heart, and I thought for a moment I was dying, but I found I was being born again. My heart was empty of its old selfishness, and I loved Mary tenfold—no longer in the least for my own sake, but all for her loveliness. The same moment I knew that the heart of God was a bridge along which I was crossing the unspeakable eternal gulf that divided Mary and me."

In one regard the art of Macdonald transcends even that of the great master of English drama. In Shakespeare's tragedies there is only the defeat which one sees in ordinary life. In Macdonald the external, visible defeat is glorified by the triumph of faith in God's fatherhood.

And this brings us to the great point of objection. It could not be that a work of so much originality and genius as *Cumbermede*, a work that treats religion from a stand-point of something like inspiration, could pass without criticism in a time of so much lingering narrowness and dogmatism. No sooner had the chapters that touch upon the death of Charley been printed, than the cry of Universalism was raised. If Mr. Macdonald had taught great errors in regard to the future life, they would be small blemishes on a work conveying

* *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, by George Macdonald. Illustrated. Charles Scribner & Co.

so much truth in so grand a way about the present life, which is, after all, the practical concern. And if following with sympathy and with hope the soul of such an one as Charley Osborne, who has been cheated out of all his chances and cheated out of life—if the following of such an one with hope is to be branded as heresy and Universalism, then we may as well confess our unqualified agreement with Macdonald in this wicked confidence in the justice and fatherly kindness of God toward such, and meekly accept our chastisement at once.

ANOTHER VOLUME FROM DR. HODGE.

THE second volume of Dr. Hodge's great work, larger by a hundred pages than the first, and containing the whole of his Anthropology and part of his Soteriology, has just appeared. (*Systematic Theology*. By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. Vol. II. C. Scribner & Co.) In the November number of SCRIBNER'S we gave a somewhat full examination of the first volume, and called attention to the leading characteristics of Dr. Hodge's theology, as being, in the most exact and rigorously literal sense of the word, a Biblical theology. The same characteristic is abundantly conspicuous in the present volume. In his treatment, for example, of the origin of man, he will make no compromise whatever with the men of natural science whose theories would require, to say the least, a new fashion of interpreting the Book of Genesis; nor, on the other hand, with the school of poetic and pictorial interpreters, who find in the first few pages of the Scriptures an allegorical or mythical, or figurative presentation of truth. The garden of Eden was a real garden,—one begins to feel almost as if it were an occidental garden,—the tree of life, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, real trees, the fruit of which, by divine ordinance, did actually possess some power of giving life and knowledge,—the serpent a genuine snake, who unquestionably said what he is represented as saying. If there are any free-thinkers who have fancied that the literalness of this story is pretty much surrendered even by the most orthodox of scholars, we commend them to this volume for a fearless and able avowal of what they would persuade themselves is obsolete. And if they should proceed to the examination of it as of something readily to be set aside with a contemptuous disregard, they will be surprised to find themselves in the presence of an antagonist who is learned in the latest lore of modern science, and who is an accomplished master of philosophic argument, and who is able to make a good stand even against such names as those of Darwin and Huxley.

It is in the present volume that the peculiarities, by which the Princeton theology is supposed to differ from the theology of other Christian schools in America, become especially conspicuous. The great questions of inherited sin and of human ability, over which the war of words has been fierce and furious, are here discussed. And there is the utmost frankness and courage in the acceptance of terms which controversy has tried to make obnoxious, and positions from which the heart of the natural man recoils with something of aversion. It does certainly require some boldness, and a pretty strong conviction of truth and duty, to assert with unflinching and relentless rigor the Augustinian anthropology in this independent and somewhat irreverent age, and before this free and easy generation. But whatsoever is literally Biblical, and whatsoever is orthodox, that Dr. Hodge does fearlessly maintain, in spite of whatsoever impatience and disfavor has been expressed by science or by ungodliness. The absolute inability of the human soul, the absolute sovereignty of God in regeneration, the miraculous character of the work of the Spirit in the renewal of the soul (finding its analogies in the miracles of Christ by which the dead are raised to life, for instance), these positions he boldly avows, and, evidently, firmly and religiously believes. And if any will gainsay them, they will find in him a foeman ready to contend and to give reasons for the opinions that are in him.

It is pleasant to discover, however, notwithstanding the relentless severity of his dogmatic position, a vein of tenderness and Christian charity towards those who differ from him. No one will suspect Dr. Hodge of close sympathy, for example, with the philosophy or the theology of Schleiermacher. But it is pleasant to find him, "when in Berlin, often attending Schleiermacher's church," and evidently holding in affectionate and brotherly remembrance his name and spirit. And there will be some students of these volumes to whom the little foot-note on page 441 will be worth more than whole pages of the more formal doctrinal argument.

On the whole, the publication of these lectures is doing much to enhance the reputation of Dr. Hodge. They are able, learned, and commonly candid. And there are in them few traces of that animosity towards opponents by which the writings of earnest theologians are sometimes disfigured.

MR. OWEN'S NEW BOOK.

The Debatable Land, by Robert Dale Owen, is dedicated to the Protestant clergy, and is written with the undisguised object of showing that the supernatural facts of the gospel narrative are matched by the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and that the miracles of Jesus were due to His "mediumistic" powers. Christianity is thus exposed to attack from opposite quarters—materialists affirming that miracles are impossible, and rejecting, therefore, the religion which is based on them; spiritualists denying that the claims of Christianity are paramount, on the ground that miracles are matters of common occurrence. If Materialism is true it disposes of Spiritualism, and, we must add, of Christianity as well; but, conceding that spiritualistic phenomena are what they are alleged to be, the only argumentative use which can be made of

them, so far as we can see, is to employ them as weapons against the materialists.

There are so many authenticated instances of *apparition* that there seems to be nothing to justify skepticism on the part of any one who is not a materialist. But that it is possible to establish communication with departed spirits through the agency of a "medium" is another matter. Avoiding dogmatism, we are free to say that the advocates of Spiritualism have not yet made out a clear case, although we must add that we have read nothing which furnishes an explanation of the phenomena to which spiritualists appeal. That mysterious noises are heard; that tables are violently moved; that coherent answers are given to questions by raps which have not been traced to human agency, and that information has been communicated concerning matters which, in the nature of the case, were unknown to other than one of the parties present, are facts which, if testimony is worth anything, seem to be established. Those who maintain that these phenomena are due to hallucination or fraud, advocate their hypotheses very lamely. Dr. Hammond's book is far from being satisfactory, and the article in the last *London Quarterly*, though written with more ability, is not convincing. The writer in the *Quarterly* is satisfied that Faraday's theory of unconscious muscular pressure will account for "table-moving;" but so was Mr. Edmund W. Cox, until, in his own words, "the same motions and sounds were found to continue *when all contact was withdrawn*, and this under conditions of place, of person, of light, of position, and of observation that made contact physically impossible, and after repeated trials in my own house and elsewhere, precluding the possibility of prearranged contrivances." (*Report on Spiritualism*, London: p. 100.) The writer in *The London Quarterly* feels called upon to impeach the scientific reputation of Mr. Huggins and Mr. Crookes in order to damage their testimony on this subject. It seems to us, notwithstanding, that men whose scientific merits have been recognized by fellowships in the Royal Society ought to be regarded as competent witnesses in matters where their own eyes and ears are concerned.

Admitting, however, that the phenomena do occur, and that trickery is not concerned in the production of them, we are not shut up to the conclusion that they are due to the presence of spirits. And it is the deliberate judgment of Mr. Sergeant Cox, who was one of the committee appointed by the London Dialectical Society to investigate the phenomena, that "all the conditions under which the phenomena presented themselves were entirely consistent with the exhibitions of a force emanating from some person or persons present, and were wholly inconsistent with any reasonable hypothesis of action by those who have passed into another state of existence."

But granting even that the phenomena appealed to are actually produced by superhuman agency,—by the agency of spirits, let us suppose,—in what way can they be urged in disproof of what the author calls "orthodox Christianity?" The ground taken must be, as it seems to us, either that the spirits contradict the teachings of Christ and His apostles, or that the wonders performed by spiritual agency lessen the evidential value of the Christian miracles.

To the first position we should reply that, having incontestable evidence from so many sources as to the truth of the Christian religion, we should not relinquish our faith at the bidding even of departed shades, and that if spirits degenerate morally as they seem to do intellectually, we should have no hesitation in saying that they lie, and that in contradicting Christ they blaspheme.

And with reference to the next point let it suffice to say, that spiritualists seem to forget that Christianity does not rest on the miracles alone as its evidential basis, and that no one ever denied that superhuman agency can do what mere human power cannot. And yet, conceding the truth of the wonders reported, we affirm that the case of a miracle parallel to the miracles of Christ is yet to be furnished. Let spiritualists raise the dead before they have the audacity to make a professional medium the peer of Jesus.

MÜLLER'S "SCIENCE OF RELIGION."

THOSE who read Mr. Max Müller's Lectures on the Science of Religion, which were published a year ago in some of the English and American periodicals, will be glad to know that they have appeared in a collected and authorized edition, uniform with the *Lectures on the Science of Language*. (*Lectures on the Science of Religion*. C. Scribner & Co.) Of course there will be some people to whom the very title of the volume will be startling, and even offensive. And there will be many more who will be slow to admit that the learned author has made out a valid claim for his new science, even as "the youngest branch on the tree of human knowledge." Indeed, there are some obvious reasons why it might be better to speak of this as the science of "comparative theology," rather than as the science of religion. It is too late, however, to protest against the term, even if the protest were desirable. It has won so popular an audience and received so wide a recognition that it must be used, even by those who use it only to refute or to repudiate it.

When we come to consider what Professor Müller means by the phrase, and the cautious and reverent spirit in which he addresses himself to the defense and exposition of it, the prejudice to which we have referred can hardly fail to be disarmed. Whatever else he may intend, he surely intends no aid or comfort to that school of thinkers who would discover the true religion by a simple straining or sifting process, removing from each religion what is peculiar to it, and accepting the residuum as real and permanent and sufficient. No one sees more clearly than Müller that such a residuum is a barren and lifeless abstraction, a helpless skeleton, so far from being divine that it is even less than human. Not only so, but he gives not

the slightest evidence of an intention to level downwards, and of a more or less exultant conviction that the religion of Christ has been discovered to be only one of many, and has come to be like unto the religions of the heathen. On the contrary, Professor Müller writes like a Christian scholar, too profoundly confident of the worth of his own religious inheritance to fear that it has anything to lose,—to suppose that it has not everything to gain by the comparison which he proposes. It is only Christianity, as he is careful to point out, that could encourage such a comparison, or that could even make it really possible. And it is to Christian missionaries, as he is glad to acknowledge, that he is indebted for a very large part of the material which is available for the scientific study which he has undertaken.

There is not space for us to indicate the argument, which is at best only preliminary, and to which these four lectures are devoted. The close connection which exists between the study of religion and the study of language has been made abundantly evident in the former works of the same author. And the material with which he labors in the development of this new science is very largely the same with which he has been occupied these many years in his study of comparative philology. He groups the religions of the world according to the same classification which has been applied to language, and which, in that application, has been generally accepted. And the evidence which he brings to maintain this classification is in a high degree ingenious, interesting, and to our own thinking, we must confess, plausible.

Not inappropriately there is added to these lectures a fifth, written originally in German, but translated by the author, and devoted to an examination of Buddhist Nihilism. It is interesting as an example of the kind of special study which will be necessary in that great field, the extent and importance of which is indicated in the first part of the volume. A translation of one of the books of the Buddhistic Scriptures—the *Dhammapada, or Path of Virtue*—is also added. Altogether, the volume is one which religious students and thinkers of every sort will find in a high degree attractive and useful.

MR. CHANNING'S "WANDERER."

"PERHAPS we may thank the poet," says Mr. Emerson in his preface to the present volume, "who in his verse does not regard the public." It is at least clear, in this case, that the public does not regard the poet. Thirty years ago Mr. Emerson first announced Mr. Channing as a new poet; and now the same kindly critic finds it necessary to tell us once more that his poems "point to new art."

If, however, we may oppose to this judgment our own, Mr. Channing's verses are essentially old art, the latest product of a school that is in its decline. The mere treatment of Nature is not now thought to be quite sufficient for the setting forth of a poet. Mr. Channing, in close imitation of Wordsworth,—or, let us rather say, of Thoreau, for Wordsworth never exiled himself, like Thoreau, from human sympathies,—has deliberately chosen the savage Nature of the hills and coasts of Massachusetts for his theme and his inspiration. Turning aside from the larger nature of human life, he has taken to the woods, to find his shrine in the pine-tree and his oracle in the birds and squirrels.

Now we fully admit that many kinds of men are required to make up the world, and even the world of poetry. A lifetime is required to perfect the least detail of knowledge or of art. Even the professional chess-player has, let us hope, a considerable value, for he shows us new ways to hours of innocent recreation. But Mr. Channing tells us nothing essentially new. He has labored faithfully at his work; but the subjects, the sentiments, the tone of observation and of culture of these verses are a twice-told tale to those who are familiar with Thoreau's descriptions of forest life, or with Mr. Emerson's own earlier essays. These subjects are already worn in the handling; nor are they essentially of the first importance. Woodcraft and country life in New England are not, it seems to us, subjects large enough to furnish out more than one or two poets of the same school. No one in England, though its country life is fuller and more complex than ours, has been able to follow Wordsworth in his individual line of poetry, and the "Revelations of Nature" appear in these verses, more evidently than ever, to be an insufficient material for the mantle of a poet.

Have we not, in a word, had a little too much of this sort of verse? Is a tree, or a pond, or a mullein-stalk, after all, so high a theme that a poet or a painter shall be justified in disregarding those larger, graver, sweeter themes, the interests of men and women? Man is himself the highest Nature. It appears to us that we have had a little too much of the dispensation of the woodchuck. We can understand, for we have felt it, that sentiment of disgust which prompts one to solitude, and deepens our enjoyment in natural phenomena, in the restful beauty of the woods and the incarnadine sunsets of spring-time. But to make of these simple pleasures the sufficient occupation of a whole life, the exclusive subject of poetry, can no longer be done unless by wholly new methods and by a new school of poetry; and these Mr. Channing's talent does not represent. He brings to his task a felicity of phrase, a patient devotion to his simple themes, and an undoubtedly keen eye to the behavior of the woodchuck. But there is small suggestion in these verses of the nobler poetic themes. He has here given us many epigrammatic and even polished single verses, and many that are extremely, not to say inexcusably, rough and unrhythmical; for his sense of melody, exquisite at times, is at others apparently absent. But we find in *The Wanderer* few broad or new views of that Nature which Mr. Channing has left all things else to follow. We cannot think that even Mr. Emerson will be able to convince the best readers

that the appearance of this volume "points to new art." In spite of its beauties, it seems to us to be based upon a mistaken conception of the use of life and of the value of art.

"WILD MEN AND WILD BEASTS."

THE second volume in Bayard Taylor's "Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure" (Charles Scribner & Co.) has just appeared. *Wild Men and Wild Beasts* is a strikingly illustrated account, by Lt.-Col. Gordon Cumming, of stirring scenes in East Indian camp and jungle. This Cumming is certainly not a flowery writer, but he tells his story in a way which cannot fail to interest those inclined to such savage pastimes,—indeed, with very much the same cheerful directness employed by the Colonel in chasing the wild boar and following the panther.

A NEW VOLUME OF LANGE.

NOT only clergymen and professional students, but thoughtful and devout readers of every sort, have long felt the need of a commentary on those most interesting books of the Old Testament which immediately succeed the Pentateuch. For although the book of Joshua and, especially, the book of Judges are full of interest, they are also full of difficulties of various kinds. The military history of the Hebrew people, like the military history of every other people, abounds in scenes of passionate excitement and in scenes of license and disorder. The story of the battle and victory at Gibeon, for example, could not possibly be told in the calm and unimpassioned language of prosaic narration; but is vivid, poetic, highly-wrought, and needs interpretation in a broad and free spirit. The story of Micah the priest, and his selfish and subservient willingness to accept whatever chaplaincy was most remunerative, needs to be read in the light of a historic interpretation which shall consider the wild and lawless age in which he lived, and the political and religious chaos out of which the God of Israel was to evoke order and stability. There is scarcely any part of the Old Testament in regard to which a candid and liberal spirit is so essential to a satisfactory exegesis. That fraudulent alteration, for example, by which the degenerate Levite was made to be the descendant of Manasseh instead of the descendant of Moses, the man of God, needs to be honestly exposed. And the treatment of the history of that rude, anarchic time must be intelligent, careful, and free.

The commentary on these books, and on the book of Ruth, which has just appeared in the series of Lange's laborious volumes, seems to fulfill the required conditions. (*Lange's Commentary: Vol. IV. of the Old Testament, containing Joshua, Judges, and Ruth.* Charles Scribner & Co.) It will be welcome not only to those who receive it as another step toward the completion of the series, but also to others, who will find in it a help, elsewhere unattainable, to this most difficult part of the Scriptures. We have been especially interested in the Commentary on Judges and Ruth, by Professor Cassel of Berlin, whose position as formerly a Jewish Rabbi, vouched for by Dr. Schaff as one of the best Talmudic scholars in Germany, is a sufficient warrant for the ability which he brings to his work; and whose Christian simplicity and sincerity are evident on every page of his comment. It would be so easy for a German scholar to mar the exquisite beauty of the book of Ruth by words too full of learned wisdom, that it is high praise to say of Professor Cassel that he has made that beauty more distinct and delicate by the loving sympathy which he has brought to its interpretation.

"THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER."

THE Rev. Edward Eggleston is well and favorably known as a writer of versatile ability, to whom SCRIBNER'S, among other periodicals, has been indebted for some of its pleasantest and strongest tales and sketches. He has recently been writing for *Hearth and Home*, of which he is editor, a brief serial story, the chapters of which (together, we are sorry to say, with its more or less hideous wood-engravings) have been collected and published in book-form. (*The Hoosier Schoolmaster.* Orange Judd & Co., New York.) It is charmingly free and vigorous in style, and impresses one as being a faithful study of that half-savage life amid which the scene of the story is laid, and which in some of its worst and most exaggerated phases has been made more or less unpleasantly familiar to us in the "Pike" literature of the last two or three years. It is a kind of life which certainly exists, and which it is instructive, and for various reasons necessary, to study and depict. That the road to learning, in such a community as that of the Flat Creek district, is not always strewn with roses, may be readily imagined; and it is easy to conjecture what various trials and perils beset the young schoolmaster whose experiences are recorded in this volume. He comes through them all, however, safely enough, and takes his proper place in the tableau of marriage, and subsequent domestic happiness, with a hint of which the final chapter closes. There are occasional marks of hasty and careless writing. Moreover, the author is not yet perfectly sure of his strength for this kind of work, and gives evidence of an inexperience which will of course disappear as his work grows more abundant, as we hope it will. But in spite of these defects, the story is a good one, full of interest, and of not unwholesome excitement, and with a strong and wise moral purpose, not offensively obtruded, but unmistakably evident. The book will be widely popular, no doubt; indeed, it has already become so, the publishers assure us. And, on the whole, it well deserves its popularity. It is something, nowadays, to be able to say of a book that it is so good that it deserves to be better, and that it should be followed by others. And this we may honestly say of Mr. Eggleston's.

GEN. MARCY'S "BORDER REMINISCENCES."

OLD army men, who have beguiled the tedious hours of life on frontier posts by stories, often repeated, of the odd and eccentric people whom they have known

as comrades or otherwise, will be glad to see many of these stories put in print. And the younger men, whose military career is just beginning, will find much to enjoy in the recital of the practical jokes, the scrapes and larks of their elders who once were young. General Randolph B. Marcy, who is one of the oldest and most distinguished of the officers in our regular army, and who has seen hard service in very various fields, has written out and published, with illustrations by Reinhardt and others, some of his own reminiscences of men with whom, and sometimes good-naturedly at whom, he has laughed. (*Border Reminiscences*. By R. B. Marcy, U. S. A. New York: Harper & Brothers.) He has evidently made the best of the hardships to which the duties of his profession called him, and finds a natural delight in recalling adventures which had some grotesque or ludicrous phases. Some of the stories which he tells have a graver interest, as, for example, the story of the woman on the Texas border, whose capture by the Comanches, her escape and recapture, and second escape, seem almost incredible if they were not so well vouched for. The concluding chapters of the volume contain some valuable information concerning our Northwestern territory, the settlement of which is now being so rapidly pushed forward. And the comparison of the routes of the various transcontinental railroads is especially timely and interesting, as coming from a most competent and skillful observer, who has crossed the Rocky Mountains at no less than five different points between the thirty-second and forty-third parallels of latitude.

YALE.

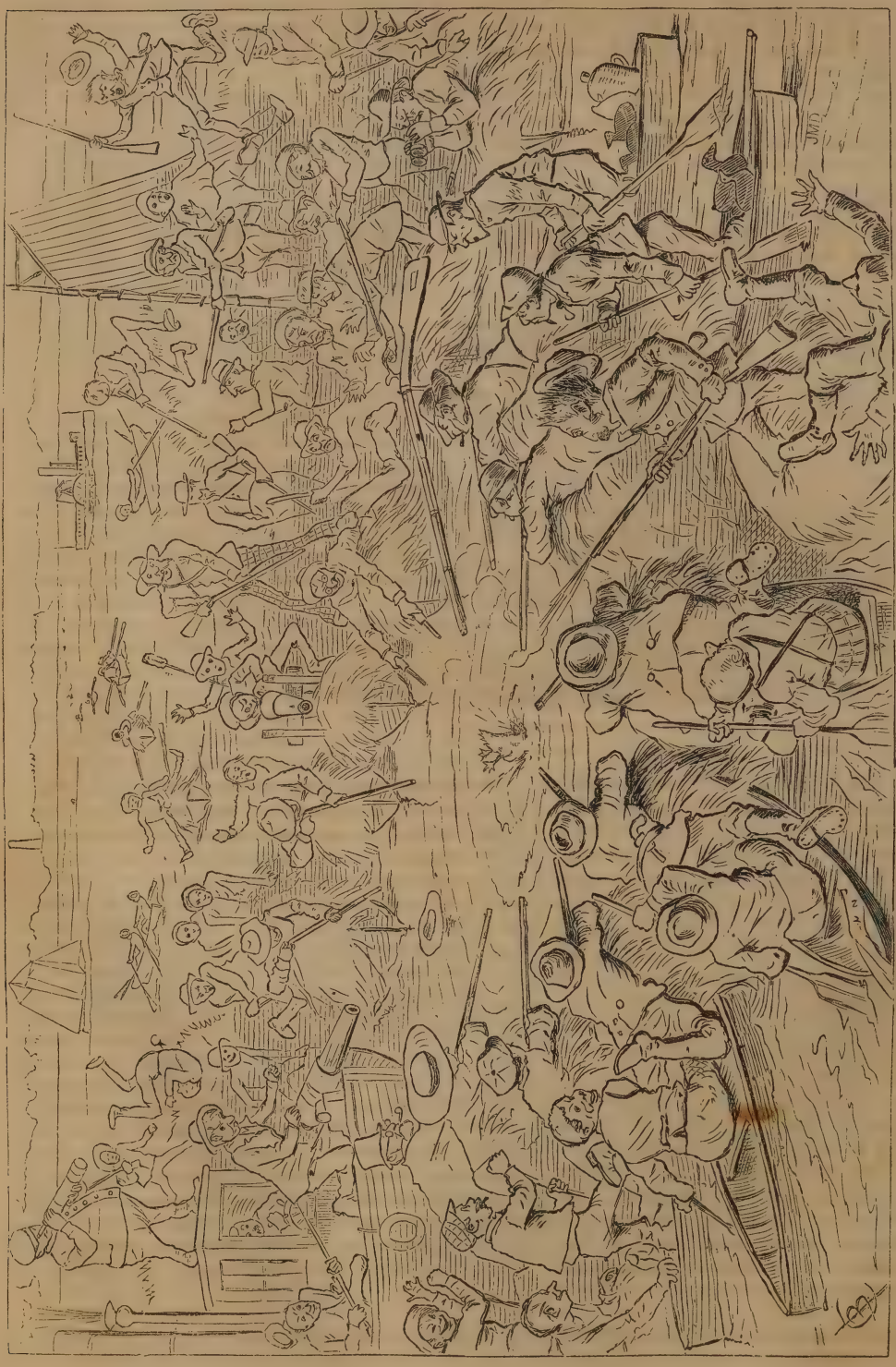
THE graduates of Yale College, to whom the withdrawal of Dr. Woolsey from his twenty-five years of service as the President of that institution, and the appointment of Dr. Porter as his successor, are events of the greatest interest, will be glad to know that the proceedings on inauguration day have been published in permanent form (*Addresses at the Inauguration of Professor Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., as President of Yale College*. Charles Scribner & Co.). President Woolsey's address is admirably characteristic,—breathing from first to last a spirit of genuine Christian scholarship, and evincing the tenderness of his attachment to the college which he has so ably served and so widely honored. And President Porter's survey of the present and future of the institution, and his discussion of what the higher education ought to be, is a comprehensive programme full of promise and of hope. A brief sketch of the exercises of the inauguration day, with the addition of Professor Thatcher's address in Latin, and the brief salutation in English by a member of the Senior Class, give to the little volume all necessary completeness.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

PROMINENT among the things we do not yet make very well for ourselves are our children's story-books. Perhaps we need not be ashamed of sending across the water for their best stories, any more than for their best stockings: but we are. We confess to a sense of humiliation as, Christmas after Christmas, we find ourselves turning more and more to the reprints of English books as the only ones which are satisfactory, either to ourselves or to the babies. We have spoken before of some of Macmillan's books for this season; but we must add to the list three more delightful little volumes which have just come to hand: *A Book of Golden Deeds of all Times and all Lands*, gathered and related by the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, and illustrated by L. Frölich; *Nine Years Old*, by the author of *St. Olaves*, also illustrated by Frölich; and *A Christmas Cake in Four Quarters*, by Lady Barker. The *Book of Golden Deeds* is sufficiently explained by its title. It is really a marvelous treasury of arguments against the total depravity theory. It goes back to remote ages—almost into the age of mythological romance; and it comes down to Jeanne Parelle and Grace Darling. It shows that every age is really a golden age, and that every man and every woman may be heroic. The reading of such narratives cannot fail to be a great stimulus to young hearts, to arouse in them the very noblest of all earthly ambitions.

Nine Years Old is one of the simplest and sweetest little books of the season. It has the same quiet grace and clear tone which made *St. Olaves* so enjoyable. It is only a series of every-day reminiscences of childhood, told by a "Cousin Alice" to her "dear little friends Nellie, Elma, and Baby." But the charm is in the telling. As for Frölich's pictures, one is tempted never to stop saying how nice they are; and what a wonder it is, too, that they should be so nice in spite of a great deal of bad drawing. But his most impossible babies look as alive as a baby can; and the dainty skip and grace, the pathetic droop and sorrow, in some of his bunchy little figureless figures are inexplicable. We think, however, that some of the illustrations in the *Book of Golden Deeds* cannot be his. If they are, they are far inferior to his average work.

The *Christmas Cake in Four Quarters* is a story of four Christmas days spent in four different quarters of the globe: in England, in Jamaica, in India, and in New Zealand. Very funny is the picture of Alphonse, the fat Jamaican cook, bringing in his attempt at English plum pudding, in shape of four tiny balls of an unknown substance, as heavy as lead, and as tough as India rubber. "Dere, my good Missus, dere your puddin's: Alphonse make dem fuss class. James say dem too small. Cho! Him know notin 'bout puddin. Top one little minit, Alphonse break him sarcy head!"



DUCK-SHOOTING—OPENING OF THE SEASON.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. III. APRIL, 1872. 6.

THE MARE ISLAND NAVY-YARD.



"NOAH'S ARK"—THE OLD INDEPENDENCE.

THE waters of the Pacific Ocean, entering California by the Golden Gate, wind among the hills and fashion themselves into a chain of three broad bays, resembling the three links of Odd-Fellowship. The largest ships plow this crooked arm of the sea throughout its whole extent.

Near its elbow and jutting across the upper end of the middle bay,—San Pablo by name,—lies a long and narrow strip of land, which, approached from the bay, cannot be distinguished from the main, until, in rounding its bold southern extremity, it is found to inclose a spacious harbor and to take the form of an island.

This island, not more than three miles in length—excluding the low *tule*, or marshy lands at the northern end—by a half-mile in width, and diversified in surface, is the subject of the present article.

Twenty years ago it lay an uninhabited waste, visited only by the Indian, in his *dug-out*, searching for mussels, or by the few white men then in the country for a shot at the game with which it abounded.

Let not the classic reader suppose that because *mare* happens to be the Latin for *sea*, ours is a "sea-girt shore." It lies, as we have described it, within the coast-line of



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MARE ISLAND.

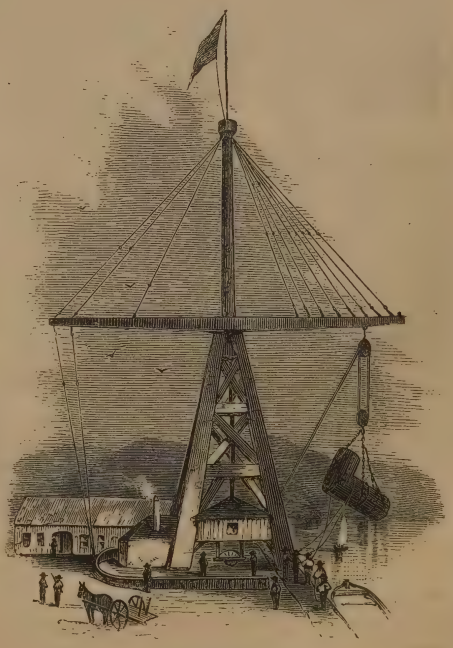
California, twenty-eight miles above the city of San Francisco; and as for its name, why, if it really must be confessed, it has no very romantic or recondite derivation. A gray mare was once cast ashore here from a foundering boat, and here she was afterwards recovered by her happy owner, the island being dubbed by him, in gratitude for the fortunate circumstance, "*Isla de la Yegua.*"

Very different, however, is its present aspect from that which it presented when the Indian roamed over it, or sat cracking his mussel-shells by its shores, or even long after the wrecked mare found here a temporary resting-place for her weary foot, and claimed it in her master's name for a possession of the Mexican Republic. Purchased by the United States Government of private parties for a comfortable consideration, about the year 1854, Mare Island became the site of its first and only navy-yard on the Pacific Coast. By means of repeated appropriations by Congress, it has continued to improve, until it is now one of the most important in the Union.

Let us first take a general view of the yard. Supposing the reader to have come by steamer from the metropolis of the State, which stands guard on her lofty sand-hills at the mouth of the succession of bays we have mentioned, he has seen for many miles back to the eastward a long line of tall red buildings and smoke-stacks, mingled in undistinguishable confusion with the white houses and churches of a little city on the hills beyond. The city is Vallejo, where he has just arrived; and now for the first time the character and importance of the series of structures opposite begin to be apparent, as a narrow belt of water separates them from the mainland. Looking across the strait, he can take in at one glance the whole length of Mare Island.

To his right, at the northern extremity and near the water's edge, stands a confused mass of many-windowed, slate-roofed structures, usually of two stories, and all of red brick, with a towering brick chimney rising from their midst, and many vessels of war lying at the wharf, or a little way out in the stream in front. A Bishop's derrick,* standing upon its tripod of large masts, swings its long surpliced arms from a great height over the water.

Confronting him, near the opposite shore, is a sectional dry-dock of many compartments, standing out of the water like so many square wooden cabins of a village street,



THE DERRICK.

raised high into the air and supported by a net of framework, like a railroad bridge, rest-

* Named after the inventor, and not at all ecclesiastical in its origin.



THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

ing upon huge black floats, with three or four iron smoke-stacks rising above the whole. Suddenly a ship approaches the entrance of this elevated street of stilted houses. There is a commotion on board the singular craft,—boys running on the roofs and shouting like mad; smoke pouring from the chimneys; steam issuing from the crevices; and, over all, the sounds of a mighty engine at work with full speed. What is going to happen? The two parallel blocks of houses begin to move! Forward, backward, or aside? No, downward,—*sink* into the deep. The black street itself goes down with them. Now every float is out of sight beneath the stream, and the vessel moves forward, steering right into the waiting avenue, until, taken into its encircling walls, like a mother's arms, it is raised quite out of its bath, and lies on its keel on the elevated floats, a helpless, naked thing.

The process, of course, is: first, pumping the floats full of water, and thus sinking them; then pumping them empty again, their buoyancy gradually raising them with the superincumbent ship, until the vessel's entire hull is exposed. Connected with this sectional dock is a granite basin and hydraulic railway, with an engine-house,—intended to relieve the dock of its burden in case it were required for a second ship needing repairs.

Upon the dock, lining the water-front, stretches a succession of massive two-storied buildings, constructed of red brick,—most of which extend to a great length toward the backbone of the island, their gables pointing to the stream.

At some distance in the rear of them are situated the officers' quarters,—a number of gable-roofed brick dwellings, three stories in height, and uniformly ugly. These are arranged, mostly in blocks of two, upon a single street, and are spread out longitudinally, like the wings of a bird, on either side of a square hipped-roof double-house, adorned with a cupola.

A little way to the left of the officers' quarters, among many lesser buildings, stands a long two-storied, galleried structure, with a triangular pediment breaking its line of roof in the center; a square building at either end; an arched passage-way beneath; and a flagstaff in front, flying the ever-beautiful stars and stripes;—this is the marine barracks of the yard. The Marine Commandant's house, a fine country residence, stands near. Still further to the left, on the side of the approaching hills, rises the Naval Hospital of Mare Island,—a noble edifice of palatial proportions, consisting of a main building, with two towers and a pillared portal; and two L-shaped galleried wings: the whole surmounted by a handsome Mansard roof. Beyond, at the southern rounding of the island, amid a crowd of frame structures perched around, or creeping, as if in dread, slowly up to them, are two massive stone houses, with slate roofs, burrowing into the hills which here approach the water's edge;—these are the magazines where powder and loaded shell are stored. And just above, on the hill-side, peeps out from a ravine filled with trees (almost the only ones to be seen in the whole landscape) a little inclosed cemetery.

But we are keeping the visitor on the other side of the straits, still in his traveling duster,—nobody travels in summer without a duster in California,—and merely looking at all this from a distance, standing on the deck of a boat. The time, however, has not been misspent, if, in addition to this hurried survey of the island as a whole, he has beheld a scene which can only be witnessed twice a day, namely, the embarkation of the workmen. None of these spend the night on the island.



IN FRONT OF THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

launch it may be, or cutter manned by jolly Jack-tars,—and take a nearer view of the many objects of interest on the island. The reader will not, of course, expect a description of everything in it, much less an explanation of the manifold machinery here employed. The mysteries of ship-building are innumerable. No one brain contains them all, as no one intellect, nor a hundred intellects, conceived them all; while it requires many wise heads as well as many skillful hands to put them into practical execution. Suffice it if, in the hour or two we propose to devote to this purpose, we can put him in possession of a general idea of the internal arrangement and management of a United States navy-yard, and particularly of the working capacities and striking features of the one—beautiful for situation—we are about to visit.

There they are,—look at them,—each in his own little boat or in the larger steam ferry,—an army of them, a thousand or two, rowing with a will, and all converging to one point, or crowding to the guards of the steamer for the first jump as she touches shore. They are anxious to be in at roll-call and answer to their names for the day's work. There may be loitering in the shops, but there can be none at roll-call without a deduction from the day's wages. In this multitude are artificers in brass, wood, iron,—every imaginable trade almost is represented, from engineer, machinist, or ship-carpenter down to the common laborer, or helper, as he is called, whose strong arm is his only recommendation. Each is paid according to the skill he possesses, or the kind of work on which he is employed. There are even farmers amongst them, for Mare Island is a farm as well as a navy-yard, and all the grain and hay used by the Government animals are grown upon it, while a goodly portion, we believe, is sold.

Let us now step into our boat,—a steam-

Well, we are at length safely over. A rough sheet of water this strait sometimes is,—narrow though it be,—as the gray mare found it once to her discomfiture; and often, in a small boat, one is very fortunate if he escapes a wetting.

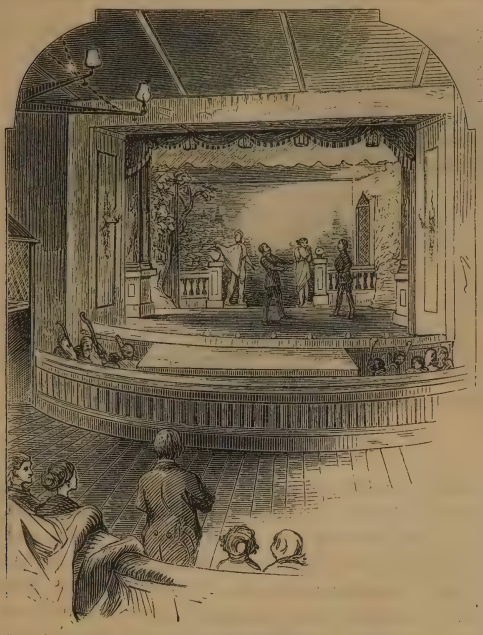
"Pull steady, then, boys! In bow! Way enough!" Another hearty pull, and we are ashore.

A little chapel-like structure, with belfry and bell-rope, a gracefully-curving ogee roof, and an arched passage beneath confronts the "Landing for Government boats only." Saluting the sentinel on guard here, and passing through this quaint little house, which serves for both gate-way and lodge (though we can easily go around it, as there is no wall), we find ourselves on a broad brick pavement fringing a cobble-stone street leading directly up into the yard.



THE NAVAL HOSPITAL.

"And why that sentinel back there?" you ask. He is the guardian of public property. No stranger can enter the yard who has not a pass or is not attended by an officer. We shall find such gayly-dressed fellows, with an ugly-looking bayonet in their hands, at intervals elsewhere in the yard, and particularly in the neighborhood of the Pay-Director's office and in front of the Commandant's house, doing orderly duty. They are marines, or "*sea-soldiers*," as they



THE THEATER.

are sometimes facetiously called. Every reliance is placed upon them, and at night the yard is wholly in their keeping. No one locks his door. Indeed, it is often widely open, while the family rests as quietly and unconcernedly within as if it lived in a world of Arcadian innocence. We should not advise you to stir out much at night, however,—particularly down about the wharves,—without the countersign, lest you might find a comfortless bed in yonder guard-house, near the gate-way, until morning. Even an officer coming thus unprovided will be at once arrested and confined.

It is proper for us first to pay our respects to the Commandant, whose office stands directly in the rear of this maze of huge brick buildings, timbers and cast-off gear of ships, boats drawn up on ways, etc., in which we find ourselves well-nigh bewildered on entering the yard. Having done so, and obtained his *carte-blanche* for a stroll about the premises, let us stop a moment to observe his office building, so out of all character, compared with the solid structures surrounding it. We doubt, however, if the new and more imposing edifice soon to take its place, will, with all its grandeur, ever rival this in interest. A story-and-a-half wooden cottage, with outside chimneys, in true old-fashioned style, at either end, and a low veranda in front, it was the first house put up on the island, and was occupied for several years as a residence by its first Commandant,—no less a personage than the lamented Farragut.

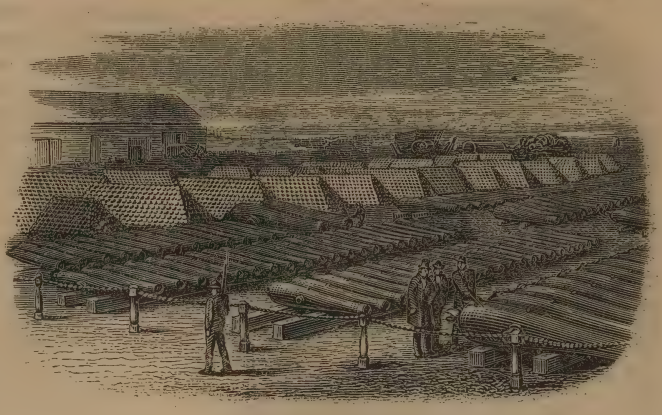
The little wooden building of much the same style of architecture, with the exception of a long and low extension in the rear, next the Commandant's office, is the Club-House where the younger officers live. In this there is also a bowling-alley and billiard-room, with other means of amusement, supported by a monthly contribution from the members of the club residing on the island.

On the top of the hill beyond, its gable roof bisected, in a north and south direction, by a transverse and sashed opening down to the eaves, stands the little observatory, containing a single transit instrument for the regulation of chronometers. Upon an indication from this, exactly at the instant of the sun's passing over the meridian, there falls a great black ball from the truck of the derrick down to its socket on the masthead, when "the noon-bell" clangs out its welcome notes, and all work in the yard is suspended.

Passing now over Observatory Knoll down to the water-front, at the northern end of the island, where our general survey began, we are in a raking position toward the mammoth work-shops lining the stream.

The first one inviting our entrance is a massive brick structure—a main building two stories high, with two wings of one story each at right angles to it, inclosing three sides of a hollow square, in the midst of which there rises an enormous square brick chimney, more than 130 feet in height, and tapering to the top, with an iron railing around its cornice, which may be reached by an iron ladder winding up between the outer wall and flue;—a difficult ascent, however, which only a woman, we believe, besides the workmen, has ever attempted. The main building, 360 feet long and of proportional width, is the machine-shop, with a pattern-hall in the second story. The wings, each 400 feet in length, and crowned by long latticed ventilators, contain the brass and iron foundries, smith and boiler shops, their ends opening toward the stream with wide doorways for the delivery of the massive iron and brazen work herein moulded or constructed. A shaft, with many whirling wheels and bands, runs down the whole length of the machine-shop, driving a large number of planers, slotters, drills, lathes, punches, and shaping-machines, whereon the material—brass, hard iron, or steel—is wrought to any shaped or sized body, from a pin to a steam cylinder or bladed screw many tons in weight,—whittled, or planed, or ground as easily as the boy does his pine stick, and

with as much precision and exactness as if the tiny wheels of a watch, and not the mighty engine of a war-ship, were being made. Coming out of this building, we find ourselves in an Ordnance Park—a thousand guns or more lying, without their carriages, side by side in long rows, like so many redwood logs, with their round shot and shell heaped in pyramidal piles close at hand. Among these, two black fifteen-inch guns, weighing each more than twenty tons, startle the attention, like elephants in a crowd of Shetland ponies. Look at their muzzles! A man can easily crawl into them. Stand by the breech. We can scarcely shake hands over it. Can anything resist its 480 pound solid shot? This is the question of the naval science of our day, and we shall see presently something of the provision made to meet the exigency.



ORDNANCE PARK.

Down in the stream near by, close in shore, are two hospital-like buildings made of rough deals, with shingle roofs, the top of a wide-mouthed iron chimney or two just peeping above their combs, and a black streak running along the water's surface beneath, serving as their foundation. Not very terrible looking monsters these in their present temporary housing, yet they are the famous monitors of the late war.



THE CHAPEL.

Let us step on board of them and, without diving into the mazes of their intricate and powerful machinery, only notice what would appear to the eye on deck, were those uncouth wooden superstructures removed. One is the *Camanche*, a single-turreted monitor, put together here from plates transported from the east. The other is the famous *Monadnock*, double-turreted, which steamed all the way from New York, and was pronounced as safe a sea-going vessel as ever sailed. The sides of this latter vessel, not more than three feet out of the water in any place, are covered with iron plating to the thickness of five inches; her broad, flat deck to the depth of two and a quarter inches; while her turrets, revolved by machinery below and containing each a pair of the twenty-ton shooters we have just been wondering at, are round towers of iron with a wall eleven inches thick, and an internal diameter and height sufficient for the easy maneuvering of the mammoth guns inclosed.

Verily it will be "give and take" when improved ordnance and armored vessels such as this meet to try the unsolved problem of the championship. Look over her side. There is a dent, one of many she has received from ordinary balls, but a pistol shot could not have been less effective on the hide of a rhinoceros: 'tis only a bruise; not a wound. And what a sharp bow!—a great piece of wrought iron planed to an edge!

Heaven help the unlucky wooden walls which come in its way!

A number of wooden vessels are tied up to the shore near here, or lie in the stream beyond. Let us observe them, for they are by no means superseded by the iron-clad, but for ocean cruising, as sailing-ships with steam power in abeyance, still continue to be

generally used. The splendid side-wheel steamer at anchor in the harbor, of so beautiful a model and so large size, housed-in partly, and, moreover, of very rusty exterior, is the *Vanderbilt*, which was presented to the government during the late war by her wealthy namesake, but which has ever since, owing to the enormous expense of running her, been as useless as so much lumber in the forest. She is fast rotting where she is moored. The little hulk near her, with only a single smoke-stack appearing above her bulwarks, nothing more, is the famous little *Kearsarge* of *Alabama* memory.

Passing over a number of old hulks left to rot in their obscurity, or under repair, let us not omit to notice the old *Independence*—"Noah's Ark," as she is familiarly styled by her acquaintances—tied up close to the shore, and with a fixed gangway leading into one of her port-holes, very much in the manner in which, according to the pictures, that first and ever-memorable craft seems to have been entered. Housed-in, now, completely over her hurricane deck, with a gable roof (still like her ancient namesake), but at the same time also bearing aloft her three masts, and flying the stars and stripes of a later date, she performs the unworthy duty of a stationary receiving-ship, on which new recruits to the naval service are entertained with bed and board. Shades of Bainbridge and Stewart! to what a use has your noble flag-ship come at last! Built first in 1814, as a line-of-battle seventy-four, and afterwards razeed to a fifty-four-gun frigate, she was a fast sailer, "logged," according to an old report, "her ten knots on a wind and thirteen knots free." She is at present but a relic of the past.

A short walk now down this water-front brings us between two immense fire-proof buildings, in the shorter of which are a sail-loft and equipment stores; in the other,



THE KEARSARGE, "IN ORDINARY."

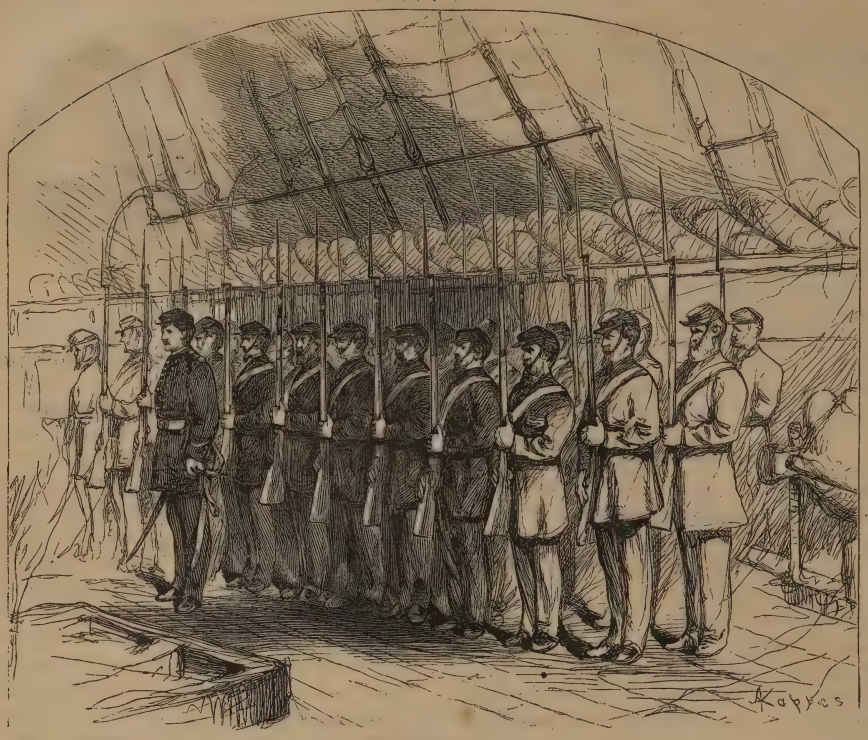


THE VANDERBILT.

400 feet long, engineers' stores, and provisions and clothing.

Three similar buildings stand next, side by side, and run on to the water: the first devoted to a timber shed, with house-joiners' shop above, and a little temporary theater-room at the farther end, where amateur performances are given occasionally; the other two, to the construction of the wood-work of vessels of war, where, with the necessary machinery, everything essential to the building of a full-rigged ship in commission, from a mast or spar to an oar or copper tack, is either kept in store or manufactured from the rough material. Hand and steam fire-engines are also quartered in a convenient corner, which, considering that Uncle Sam never insures any of his houses, are a very necessary protection to his immense property on the island.

Two other buildings, of almost equal size and exactly similar appearance,—namely, two stories high, with a plain slate roof and shadow cornice,—now show their gables, retreating a little distance to the rear of the line of wharf, to make room for the débris which we encountered on first entering the yard. One of these is an additional store-house for equipment material, such as cables, sail-cloth, and the like; the other is the ordnance and navigation building, which, with the exception of a room set apart for a chapel, and another for medical stores, is filled with small arms, gun-tackle, boarding pikes, magazine furniture, charts, binnacles, lanterns, chronometers,—everything necessary to sailing or fighting. Between these two buildings stands one of the most prominent objects on the island,—a smithery of mammoth proportions. Built in much the same style as the machine-shop,—a chimney nearly as high rising from a court surrounded, on three sides, by a brick structure one story in height, with half a dozen ventilators crowning the comb of its hipped roof,—it contains more than fifty forges, which, with as



MARINES.

many anvils and several steam and trip hammers constantly busy forging the manifold wrought-iron work of ships, keep up a ringing at the sound of which another song of the anvil might well be composed. A steam-blower performs the work of bellows, sending a blast of air, by means of a revolving fan, through an underground tube, which supplies every forge; the smoke is carried away in the same manner to the common flue in the chimney: so that a lady might walk in this smith-shop without having her whitest dress soiled. In the court of this building are a finishing-shop and the gas-works which supply the yard; while a short distance from it, is the little octagonal pitch-house, where is boiled the mixture of pitch and rosin with which the seams of ships are filled after calking.

Still beyond the great buildings just mentioned, on the water-front, is the saw-mill, a brick structure of the regulation plainness, but of enormous size, in which indeed some of the largest timbers even of California, which abounds in "big trees," may be sawed.

But we are again in the street leading up from the gateway, and it is time we visit the interior of the island.

Beyond the smithery and approaching its very walls is a large and beautiful grove of young trees, in the edge of which, on this street, stands the flagstaff of the yard, guarded by two brass howitzers on wheels, which crouch at its rose-enshrouded feet.

At right angles with this road runs a longitudinal one, on the farther side of which are arranged the officers' quarters we have before observed. The houses, as we have seen, are all ugly, with the exception, perhaps, of the Commandant's in the middle; but the gardens in front of and between them are delightful. We have no time to revel in this profusion of roses, geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, arranged in beds of every imaginable figure, with dew-plant borders and graveled walks. Flowers bloom here all the year round, while the birds come in flocks to sip their fragrance, and are, moreover, so tame beneath the genial eye of Uncle Samuel, who will not allow a single one to be killed, that they will almost come and eat food from your hand. A bevy of quail roosts in our veranda and will not be driven away. A little linnet built her nest right in our doorway last spring and hatched out her young undisturbed. The audacious blackbird will attack you while she is brooding.

The question is apt to arise, as we

walk in the shadow of the trees in front of these quarters: who occupy them? And how is this extensive naval establishment managed?

There is first the Commandant, usually a Commodore in the line, who superintends and controls the whole under orders from the Secretary of the Navy and the various bureaus established in his department at Washington. Next comes the executive officer, his aid, and his substitute in his absence, whose duty it is to carry out the Commandant's orders and to look after the general police and conduct of the yard. Following him, according to lineal rank, as the case may be, are the ordnance, navigation, and equipment officers, each of whom has his office and special stores and *matériel* of war in charge in one of the great buildings we have just described, or otherwise disposed of, and accounts for them as they are received, or are delivered upon requisition in due form by parties authorized to draw them.

There are, besides these, officers of the staff of various relative rank under that of the Commandant, some of whom may have assistants; namely, a Chief Engineer, who has special stores and the machine-shop in charge, building and placing in our ships their powerful engines; a Naval Constructor, who designs and builds the ships themselves; a Civil Engineer, the designer, constructor, and repairer of buildings and other fixtures in the yard; a Pay Director, who disburses the public money provided for all these purposes, and keeps in store the provisions furnished as rations, and the clothing sold to enlisted men as required. A Surgeon and Chaplain complete the list, so far as commissioned officers and the occupants of these houses are concerned. There are, in addition, what are called warrant officers, such as Boatswains, Gunners, Carpenters, and Sailmakers, whose titles sufficiently indicate the duties they perform; these are quartered elsewhere on the island. The receiving-ship and marine barracks have their own special officers, while the hospital has also its own surgeons residing in the building.

The general work of the yard is committed to skilled foremen, who, with their several gangs of men, execute the designs of their superiors, and who, when their day's work is done, like their employés, leave the island.



THE MARINE BARRACKS.

We have thus completed our inspection of the navy-yard proper. There still remains the southern portion of the island to be visited. To do this we must ride, and our description must be rapid. A fine carriage-way, commencing in front of the officers' quarters, leads first by the marine barracks, a building 500 feet long and accommodating some 400 or 500 men, where they await draft to sea-going vessels, and meantime form the guard of the yard. The square projections at the ends contain: the first, a cook-room, laundry, and bakery; the other, offices and rooms for the younger officers of the guard. There is a fine prison in the rear. The Commandant's house, on one side of the parade-ground, with its bay windows and pleasant verandas, is the prettiest private residence on the island. This is one of the best commands in the marine corps.

Following the road between two rows of young trees, we are brought in front of the Hospital, where a grove of trees, just planted, covers the entire knoll—whether to live or die is a question, as with many a poor fellow within the building, and to be determined, perhaps, by the same conditions. There are four wards, and accommodations for about two hundred patients. Every modern convenience has been introduced, the building having been just completed. An elevator transports the very sick or wounded to the upper floors, and is equally tender in lowering the dead. A steam-engine in the basement pumps water into tanks in the attic, from which the whole building is supplied, and every ward has conveniences for bathing. The surroundings of this Hospital are very delightful—rural, marine, and even city scenes picturing themselves in its cheerful windows.

The road now leads directly by the little cemetery. Many a poor sailor from far-off lands sleeps here, and the officer still retains his rank in death as in life, at the top of the hill overlooking the common graves. But

there is no real distinction now. The last command has been given, the last obedience rendered, and there is no discipline in the grave-yard.

There, too, down near the water to the left, with a pier in front, are the magazines, with a half-million pounds of powder behind their jail-like walls, and a sentinel ever pacing before the door; while on the point beyond, at the entrance of the harbor, appears a dismantled redoubt thrown up during the war for the protection of the island.

But we are already ascending, by a zigzag road to the right, the bold southern hills. The island falls off at this extremity to the beach in precipices, broken by ravines up which the scrub oak creeps in drooping clumps, seeking refuge from the winds. There, we are up at last; and what a magnificent view now presents itself: an amphitheater of hills spreading out in every direction, separated by the arena of water surrounding us,—hill piled on hill up to the steep mountains beyond!

Thirty miles to the eastward, and as clearly defined as though it was no more than a dozen, rises the noble summit of Diablo, highest of the coast range, whose white cap, worn only for a day or two in winter, is the only snow ever seen here. To the west, across San Pablo bay, picturesque Tamalpais overtops the nearer domes, and hangs like a crest upon the landscape; while, looking to the northward, every object we have been attempting to describe on this island may be distinctly pointed out; and far beyond them, and the diminished houses of Vallejo, may be seen the wide-stretching *tule* and the silver stream of Napa winding down through its rich valley to brighten the blue waters of the straits in which our ships lie anchored. There is only one thing wanting in the picture: there is no foliage. Not a tree, not a shrub even, relieves the bare hills; and when, during the long drought in summer, they are parched to a dingy brown color, the eye tires of the scene.

Returning by the western or bay shore of the island, we observe the inroads which the waves are fast making upon the indurated sand-cliffs, rendering a long sea-wall necessary in one place. To the artistic visitor, these, however, are abundantly compensated for by the innumerable fantastic figures into which the soft rock has been fashioned. Not even the pretentious Indian seems more natural, and if ever this island is to become the abode of genii or any supernatural beings, here is the place, amid these caves and temples not made with hands, where their home will be found.

Trusting that the reader has not failed of enjoyment in his visit to a United States Navy-Yard, so unlike all others in the Union, at least in the beauty of its situation, though similar in its general characteristics and management, we must now take our leave of him, hoping, however, to see him again, some day, at Mare Island.

CHRISTUS PACIFICATOR.

As on Gennesaret's storm-swept Lake,
O'erhung by dark'ning skies,
While crested waves in madness break,
And wilder tempests rise,—
The voice of Jesus, calm and clear,
Cleaves swift the tumult through,
And heaven's serene and starlit sphere
Lies mirrored in its blue:

So in the soul by gloom o'ercast,
While blinding passions strive,
And sorrow smites with bitter blast,
And gales of terror drive,—
The voice which hushed the stormy sea
Bids passions' turmoil cease,
And in its deep tranquillity
Lies Heaven's eternal peace.

CURIOSITIES OF PLANT LIFE.*



THE OAK OF ALLOUVILLE.

Do plants have sense? Some at least have sensibility; not to light and heat merely, but to other agents that affect the higher orders of life. Narcotics paralyze and poisons kill them. Electricity stimulates or stuns them, as the shock is light or heavy. De Candolle placed lightly a drop of water on a leaflet of a sensitive plant. No motion followed. He touched it with a drop of acid, and on the instant the leaflets shrunk and drooped. Several plants show sensibility in a marked degree, but none can rival the delicacy of the chaste mimosa, "weak with nice sense," as the elder Darwin sings. Every one is familiar with the character of this interesting plant; how at a touch its slender leaves shrink back upon their supports, these upon the common stalk, and the stalk upon the main stem. If the extremity of one of the little leaflets be cut, the others close round it as if in sympathy. Even a simple cloud passing over the face of the sun is sufficient to change the position of the leaflets, which draw nigh each other as light and heat diminish. So, too, when the plant is shaken by the wind, the leaflets close and the leaf-stalks droop. They approach each other in the same way at nightfall; but though closed and seemingly asleep, they shrink still more closely together when touched.

This semblance of sleep is not confined to sensitive plants. It is an ordinary manifestation of sensibility among vegetable growths. The common chickweed furnishes a beautiful instance. Every night its leaves come together in pairs so as to inclose between their upper surfaces the tender germs of the young shoots. The position assumed by leaves in this nightly "sleep," as Linnæus called it, is governed by their shape and character. With compound leaves the closing is most distinctly marked. In the oxalis the leaflets bend toward the common stalk, resting their under surface against it, after the manner of the mimosa. Sweet peas and common beans fold up their leaves till one supports the other. Some plants roll their leaves together in the form of a trumpet; others close them so as to form tiny boats. In the mallows the simple round leaves are convex or concave, according to the time of day.

Linnæus was the first to study the cause of this phenomenon, which was at first attributed to change of temperature. He carried certain of his garden plants into his greenhouse, where the temperature was uniform, but it made no difference. They yielded to the drowsy god as submissively as their com-

* *The Wonders of Vegetation.* By Fulgence Marion. "Library of Wonders." Charles Scribner & Co.

panions in the open air. Absence of light, not lack of heat, seemed to produce the change. Young and tender leaves were more affected than the old and tough, which fact led him to believe that the design of nature in establishing such sensibility to darkness was to provide for the protection of those plants most sensitive to cold.

But there is something besides absence of light that has to do with these periodic motions. De Candolle experimented with sleeping plants by means of brilliant artificial light. "When I exposed these plants to light by night, and placed them in obscurity by day," he says, "they opened and closed their leaves at first without any fixed rule; but after a few days they adapted themselves to the new condition of things, and accepted night for day and day for night; opening their leaves with regularity at night, which now brought them light, and closing them during the daytime. When I exposed them to continuous light, day and night, they had, as in the ordinary state of things, alternate seasons of sleeping and waking; but these seasons were somewhat shorter than in nature. When I exposed them to continual darkness, they also slept and remained awake alternately, but the intervals were very irregular."

Other experiments show that sensitive plants can become more or less indifferent to other excitants than light. Desfontaine observed this on carrying one in a cart. At the first movement it closed its leaflets, and all its leaves shrunk. But by degrees, as the cart rolled on, the plant seemed to accustom itself to its new condition; its leaves rose once more, and its leaflets unfolded. If, after stopping awhile, the cart started again, the delicate plant felt the influence as at first, but after some time it seemed to recover once more from its fright, and showed again all its beauty to the day. It is probable that the fibers of the plant lose their contractile power, as muscular fibers do, on protracted excitation, the susceptibility reappearing after a season of rest.

The periodic sleep of plants,—it cannot be called nightly sleep, since many love darkness and unfold their petals only at night,—the *diurnal* sleep of plants we might call it, has its counterpart in an annual rest. In temperate latitudes this occurs in winter. At this season all perennial plants, except the evergreens, stand apparently lifeless. Returning spring reawakens their sleeping forces, and clothes the world once more with living green. Then the sun pours down his vivifying rays, verdure springs up, and all nature seems to celebrate the new birth with joy and brightness.

The habit of seeing each year repeat the same marvel—the same resurrection from death to life—keeps us from appreciating its grandeur, and from recognizing in it the prodigious forces at work. But if we contrast for an instant the aspects of winter and spring, we cannot fail to be surprised at our indifference to these marvelous changes.

In tropical regions the period of life-in-death is the season of extreme heat. For a time all things are parched and dead. Vegetation withers on the arid plains, and even in moister regions droops under the burning rays of the unclouded sun. When the rainy season returns a sudden transformation occurs, and plant-life flourishes with a luxuriance that amazes the visitor from temperate climes.

Upon the banks of tropical lakes and rivers, says Denis, "the heat of the sun, calling into activity the beneficent moisture of these vast reservoirs, produces gigantic forms of vegetation. Trees which elsewhere grow with difficulty, rise here majestically and embellish the banks at the same time that they attest their fertility. The Amazon, the Ganges, the Niger roll their waters through vast forests which, being replaced from age to age by new growth, have always resisted the efforts of man. It seems indeed that Nature chooses the banks of these immense rivers to display here a magnificence unknown in other places. I have noticed in South America, that the trees, rising to an immense height near the rivers, give a peculiar aspect to the forests. Not that in such places Nature presents an appearance of absolute disorder; on the contrary, it seems as if its strength and its grandeur have specially enabled it here to display a certain majestic reg-



BREAD TREE OF TAHITI.

ularity in vegetation. The trees, towering up to a height that wearies the eyes, do not permit feeble shrubs to grow underneath. But the vault of the forests is raised higher; the enormous trunks of the trees which support it form immense porticos and spread out their branches with majesty. They are covered at the top with a multitude of parasitical plants, which seem to claim the air as their domain, and which proudly mingle their flowers with the very top branches. Here often upon the immense fig-tree, which is itself unpretending in appearance, a flexible liane will twist spirally around it, covering it with garlands, and uniting it to all the great plants that grow around, till at the utmost top it seems to defy the dazzling splendor of the noon-tide before it once more descends to embellish the mysterious recesses from which it first sprang."

In the vast forests of South America there exists a harmony perfectly in accord with the phenomena presented to the view: all is grand, imposing, and majestic. The songs of the birds and the cries of the different animals have something savage and melancholy in their utterance. The brilliant and sustained cadences, cheerful chirpings, lively and gay modulations heard in temperate zones are here less frequent. They are replaced by songs more grave and measured. Strange sounds fill the listener with profound astonishment. Now a voice seems to imitate the far-sounding blow of the hammer upon the anvil; then there falls upon the ear a sound which resembles the sudden snap of the strings of a violin. Often at sunset, when the birds have ceased their cries, there comes from the highest tree-tops a doleful sound that fills the unfamiliar hearer with awe. Mournful tones like those of the human voice solemnly announce that the guaritas (*Simia Beelzebub*, in the expressive terms of science) are beginning their assemblies to celebrate the return of night. Their prolonged, lugubrious howls have gained them the reputation of doing diabolical homage to Satan. At times the jaguar or the black tiger joins in the concert, filling the forest with a sound more majestic than pleasing; and when in addition the wind blows violently, bowing the lofty summits of the trees, making the palms sigh as they bend low and mingle their moans with the rustling of the lianes, the chorus becomes inexpressibly awful.



GUTTA-PERCHA TREE.

But it is in its aspect of usefulness that tropical vegetation is most interesting to us. For multiform and manifold service to man two families of trees stand foremost, the Bread-fruit family and the family of Palms. More than fifty species of trees, all tropical, are in-



SPATHE OF PALM TREE.

said it was like mashed potatoes and milk. It is generally about the size of a melon, a little fibrous toward the center, but everywhere else quite smooth and puddingy, something in consistence between yeast-dumpling and batter-pudding. We sometimes made a curry or stew of it, or fried it in slices; but it is no way so good as simply baked. It may be eaten sweet or savory. With meat and gravy it is a vegetable superior to any I know, either in temperate or tropical countries. With sugar, milk, butter, or treacle, it is a delicious pudding, having a very slight but characteristic flavor, which, like that of good bread, one never gets tired of."

cluded in the first, and nearly two hundred more in the closely allied Fig-family. The most valuable of the Bread-fruit trees was discovered by Captain Cook, on the Island of Otaheite, whence it was disseminated through Oceanica, and among all the colonies of England in the tropics, by the hand of the unfortunate Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*. The tree grows to the height of thirty feet, its branches forming a large round top. The leaves are large and lobed, the wood yellowish, soft, and light. The fruit (so-called) consists of an oblong spongy seed-receptacle, the size and shape of a large melon. The thick green rind incloses a pulp which is white, farinaceous, and slightly fibrous during the month that precedes maturity, but changes in color and consistency and becomes yellow and succulent when ripe. Under cultivation the nut-like seeds disappear, leaving a solid mass of excellent bread. The tree ripens its fruit during eight consecutive months of the year. During the four months when the trees are not bearing, the natives make use of a pasty preparation of the pulp, which keeps well.

Wallace, the explorer of the Malay Archipelago, describes as a real luxury the bread furnished by this remarkable tree. He found it first at Amboyna, where many trees had been planted. The fruit is baked entire, he says, in hot embers, and the inside scooped out with a spoon. "I compared it to Yorkshire pudding; Charles Allen (my assistant)

Closely akin to the bread-fruit tree is the Palo de Vaca, or cow-tree of Venezuela, which provides a liquid nourishment as useful as bread. As all the milky juices of plants known to Humboldt were acrid, bitter, and more or less poisonous, he received with incredulity the first reports of this peculiar tree. He found on investigation, however, that its virtues had not been overrated.

"When incisions are made in the trunk of the tree, it gives forth a glutinous milk, rather thick, free from all acidity, and exhaling a very agreeable odor. We were offered some of it in calabashes, and drank considerable draughts of it both that night before retiring to rest, and early in the morning, without experiencing any unpleasant effects. The viscous quality of the milk was the only thing unpleasant about it. The negroes and free men who work on the plantations drink it, soaking in it corn cakes and cassava. The manager of the farm assured us that the slaves became sensibly fatter during the season when the cow-tree furnishes them the largest supply of milk."

Under chemical analysis the tree milk shows close affinity to animal milk; butter is represented by a beautiful and abundant wax, caseine by a substance not unlike the

fibrine of blood, and the serum by a watery liquid containing a little sugar and a small percentage of the salt of magnesia. Placed over the fire, vegetable milk undergoes the same modification as animal milk. A cream forms on the surface and cannot easily be taken off; the milk boils up and shows a tendency to run over from the vessel which contains it. If the cream is removed as it forms, and a steady heat is kept up, the milk gradually assumes the consistency of paste; then appear upon the surface oily rings, like those which come to the surface of cream that has been upon the fire for some time. Finally, this fat part envelops the whole of the posset, which then diffuses an odor similar to that of roast beef.

Some forty years ago, a speculative Englishman, impressed by Humboldt's description of this vegetable mother, thought to confer a great blessing upon his countrymen and turn an honest penny for himself by naturalizing the tree in England. He imported, as he thought, a thousand, but they did not take. English tree-cultivators were well aware of a fact that did not occur to the speculator, which was that tropical trees could be grown in England only as hot-house curiosities; and then, to add still more to his discomfiture, a cruel botanist proved that his dear-bought trees were not cow-trees at all!

Of the same family as these life-sustaining trees is the beautiful but treacherous upas-tree of Java, Borneo, Sumatra, and the Celebes. In the low valleys of these islands, surrounded by the most brilliant and majestic forests in the world, this splendid tree flourishes, the trunk free of branches to a height of perhaps eighty feet, and bearing aloft a superb crown of foliage. But woe to the traveler that touches the milky juice which the bark is ever ready to spurt forth. It is one of the most acrid of vegetable poisons. The deadly *habitat* of this tree has greatly helped to increase its evil reputation. In many places where the trees abound, the deep valleys (ancient volcanic craters) are filled with a dense, life-destroying atmosphere of carbonic acid gas, which rises from the soil, and which the natives attribute to exhalations from the trees themselves, telling fearful stories of their far-reaching virulence. Closely allied to this family, as has been noticed before, is the genus *Ficus*, the fig-trees. Of these the *Ficus Elastica*, the milky sap of which produces india-rubber, is, next to the unallied gutta-percha tree, the most useful of milky plants. Belonging to the same family are the Mediterranean fig-tree, the sycamore-fig of Palestine, the wide-spreading Banyan-tree, our own hedge plant, the Osage orange, and the several varieties of the mulberry-tree.

The "dynasty of Palms," to use the words of Linnæus, reigns over the tropics, and occupies the highest rank among plants. For richness of foliage, elegant form, and varied serviceableness, they are unsurpassed. Whole nations are fed and clothed and housed sometimes by a single species. In their form, appearance, and structure, these trees differ essentially from those of temperate regions.

The date-palm—the prince of palms—rises, a single stem, straight and slender, to a height of from fifty to seventy-five feet, perfectly



NUTMEG STEM.

bare, and unbroken by a single branch or leaf. At the top an immense plume of feathery leaves, growing in a bunch, forms the capital of the vegetable column. This tuft may be ten or twelve feet high, and at the roots of the long leaves the fruit appears. This is pre-eminently the tree of the desert. It grows in nearly every oasis, and by its refreshing shade, its fruits, its milk, and its general usefulness, it has won the affection of the natives and the admiring sympathy of all travelers. This single tree has peopled the desert. Its fruits are in demand throughout the whole world, and sufficiently abundant to make the Arab not only independent but affluent.

An oasis of palms is a veritable paradise in the burning waste. The eminent botanist, Martins, describes one that he discovered accidentally during his passage over the Eastern Sahara.

"The boundless desert," he says, "was stretching out before me. The sun, high above the round horizon,—round as we see it on the ocean when out of sight of land,—seemed the only living thing in the midst of death. All at once I perceived the summits of palms, the trunks of which were not yet visible. I thought it an illusion—a mirage. We drew nearer—the tufts became more distinct, but the trunks could not yet be seen. The caravan halts near a well. I hasten toward the palms and find they are planted at the bottom of a trough nearly 24 feet in depth. The sand had been raised on all sides; a feeble palisade of palm-leaves helped to keep it up on one side, on the other sides crystals of sulphate of lime of all sizes and shapes, arranged as we see them in collections of minerals, helped to fix the shifting sand. At the bottom of the trough the dates were planted irregularly; but this was not the slender, elegant palm of the painter. These were trees with short, thick trunks of cylindrical form, looking for all the world like the short, massive columns of an Egyptian temple, or of a Moorish mosque. Surface roots, joining the lower part of the trunk to the soil, formed a pedestal for these columns, and the lofty tufts on high resembled exactly the vast colonnades of ancient temples. In the evening, when penetrating under the somber vaults of these palms, I could not resist a feeling of awe; for these palms, majestic and immovable at the bottom of their crater of sand, were a fit emblem of African civilization, unchanging amid the ever-changing outside world."

What the date-palm is to the Arab, the cocoa-nut palm is to the natives of the coasts of tropical Africa, India, and the East Indies. In illustration of its marvelous usefulness a pretty story is told of an exhausted traveler, who, seeking refreshment at an Indian's hut, was astonished by his kindly reception, and still more by the rich variety of food and



THE WEEPING TREE.

drink set before him. He asked in amazement how, in the midst of such a desert, the hospitable host had come by all those articles of use and luxury.

"I get them from my cocoa-nut trees," answered the Indian. "The water which I gave you on your arrival was drawn from the fruit before it had become ripe, and sometimes the nut contains three or four pounds of it. This palatable nut is the fruit at its maturity; this milk, which you find so pleasant, is drawn from the same ripe fruit; this delicate cabbage is made from the top leaves of the tree; but we do not often indulge in this, as the tree, when its top is thus cut off, dies soon after. This wine, which pleases you so much, is also got from the cocoa. We make an incision in the tender flower-stalks and a white liquor flows forth, which we gather into vessels and which is known as palm wine. Exposed to the sun it becomes sour and turns into vinegar. When we distill it we obtain this excellent brandy, which you have tasted. The same juice has also furnished me with the sugar which I needed for preserving the nut. Finally, all these dishes and utensils which we are using on the table are made from the shells of the cocoa-nuts. This is not all—my house even I owe to these invaluable trees: their wood has enabled me to build my cabin; their leaves, dried and interwoven, make the roof; and these same leaves made into a parasol protect me from the sun when I walk out. These clothes which I wear are woven with the fibre-threads got from the leaves. Those sieves were ready-made in the parts of the tree from which the leaves spring, and these mats come from the same source. These same leaves, woven into a tissue, make sails for our ships. The coarse hair which covers the nut is used for calking ships, as it lasts forever and swells when exposed to water. Cables, ropes, and twine are all made of the same material. Finally, the delicate oil with which many of these dishes were seasoned, and which burns in my lamp, is obtained by pressing the freshly gathered fruit."

As the traveler was about to leave the cabin his host said to him:—



NEPENTHE.

"I wish to write to a friend in town; be good enough to carry my letter for me, I pray."

"Most certainly; and is the cocoa to furnish you also your writing materials?"

"Certainly," answered the Indian; "from the sawdust of the branches I have made this ink, and from the leaves this parchment, which formerly was exclusively used for public documents and records of important events."

Among the precious trees that flourish in tropical West Africa is one that the natives call their *friend*. It is the magnificent Elaïs-Palm, from the fruit of which the palm-oil of commerce is obtained. It is probable that the poor negroes will find it a friend worthier of their esteem than they have yet imagined, since it bids fair to prove a powerful agent in changing the political and social



VICTORIA REGIA.

condition of the negro race, the kings and chiefs finding it more advantageous to employ their subjects in preparing the oil than to sell them as slaves.

The sago-palm of the East Indies ranks, if it does not outrank the date-palm as a food-producer. It is truly an extraordinary sight, says Wallace, after describing the process of making sago-bread, to see a whole tree-trunk, perhaps twenty feet long and four or five in circumference, converted into food with so little labor and preparation. A good-sized tree will produce thirty bundles of thirty pounds each, and each bundle will make sixty cakes of three to the pound. Five of these cakes are a day's allowance. A single tree will thus supply a man with food a whole year. The labor to produce this is very moderate. Two men will finish a tree in five days, and two women will bake the whole into cakes in five days more; but the raw sago will keep very well, and can be baked as wanted, so that, as he estimates, a man in ten days may produce food for the whole year. If he has to buy his tree and pay for the labor at the usual rate, the total cost of his year's food will be about twelve shillings.

At Amboyna, where Wallace got his first taste of the delicious bread-fruit, the sago-palms spread over hundreds of acres, furnishing food almost for the asking—a very paradise for the lazy. Here too is the classic land of spices, the home of the nutmeg, the clove, and the pepper-plants. Near by lies the Island of Banda, the largest nutmeg-garden in the world. Almost the whole surface is planted with nutmegs, grown under the shade of the lofty Kanary trees. "Few cultivated plants," says Wallace, "are more beautiful than the nutmeg-trees. They are handsomely shaped and glossy-leaved, growing to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and bearing small yellowish flowers. The fruit is the size and color of a peach, but rather oval. It is of a tough, fleshy consistency, but when ripe splits open and shows the dark brown nut within, covered with the crimson mace, and is then a most beautiful object. Within the hard shell of the nut is the seed, which is the nutmeg of commerce."

Less useful, though not less beautiful, is the Bourbon-palm, a native of Southern China, but now common throughout India. The spathe inclosing the fruit of the regal palm of the Amazon is hard and woody, and shaped like a boat, sometimes five feet long by two wide. The natives use these spathes for a variety of purposes—for water-vessels, baskets, and cradles. The spathes of the elegant Raffia-palms of Madagascar and the Mauritius are put to similar uses, as shown in the accompanying illustration. This tree is chiefly remarkable for its large, pendulous bunches of fruit, twelve to fifteen feet long, and weighing from two hundred to three hundred pounds.

On the same Island of Madagascar is the singular palm which travelers in grateful admiration have called the Traveler's Tree. The expanded foot-stalks of its large white leaves clasp round the trunk, forming a cavity, usually filled with a limpid and refreshing supply of water, which gushes out in a jet when the leaf-stalk is pierced with a spear. Another native of this little-known island has always a cup of cool water to refresh the thirsty traveler. It is one of the glorious family of Nepenthes, which has its representatives also in India, China, and Australia.

These husband the precious liquid: not so the lavish weeping-tree (*Cæsalpima pluviosa*), from whose tufted foliage, if travelers speak truth, distilled water falls like copious rain.

Humboldt represents the banana as everywhere found in company with the palm. More productive than the date, its fruit more easily prepared for eating than that of the bread-tree, it feeds the lazy races of the tropics at the least possible cost of labor. Its luscious fruit is well known in our markets. Weight for weight it is inferior to wheat as nutritive food, but its productiveness is to that of wheat as 133 to 1. A single acre planted with bananas will furnish food enough to support fifty people. The plant grows yearly from its perennial root to the height of twelve feet, bears its one bunch of fruit, and then dies. These clusters frequently contain one hundred and fifty separate bananas, weighing in all upwards of sixty pounds. In Java the bananas have a more vigorous growth. M. de Molins describes a visit to a forest of these wonderful trees:—

"After a journey of an hour and a half through the open country, we found ourselves in the jungle. It was a confused mass of vegetation, in which, however, the wild banana, with its leaves a pale green on one side, and on the other spotted with red and brown, seemed to be the most prevalent tree. We steered our way through this sea of plants of all kinds, and admired in it above all the tree-ferns, with their arborescent stems and graceful and regular leaves—those marvelous ferns which vie equally with the flowers by their exquisite form, with the birds by their beautiful color, and with the trees by their imposing height."

Suddenly the native guide, who was aware of the object of the expedition, stopped and called out, "Look here!"

"Where?" asked M. de Molins.

"There," said he, "is the first of the giant-trees; the one you saw from town, sir?"

He pointed to a kind of tower adorned at the summit with branches and flowers, a structure that no foreigner would ever have taken for a tree.

"This is only a small one," he said, "but in going higher up you will find trees of larger and larger growth."

In fact, although the specimen before his eyes seemed to be almost supernatural in its size, M. de Molins saw, as he proceeded, that the words of the guide were true. "I am not able," he says, "to express the sense of awe excited in me by the sight of these *colossi*,—veritable patriarchs of the forest,—many of which no doubt had witnessed the earliest creations of nature, and belonged to epochs when the earth was still in her first vigorous youth;—now they surrounded me with their gigantic trunks, and shaded me with the foliage of their enormous branches."

More monstrous and ancient, however, than these trees of Java are some of the Baobabs of Senegal. Humboldt called one of them the "oldest organic monument of our planet." Its girth is nearly a hundred feet, and its age, as calculated from its rings of annual growth, not less than 5,000 years. The immense trunks of these trees are crowned with a vast number of horizontal branches, each of which would be a monstrous tree elsewhere. As the lower branches droop nearly to the ground, they give the whole tree the appearance of a perfect hemisphere, 100 feet in height and 400 feet in circumference.

In the country of the Senegal these mammoth growths are venerated as sacred monuments. Their hollow trunks are used by certain tribes as camping-places, as public assembly halls for tribal discussions, and sometimes as stables. The space that some of them inclose is said to be sufficient to accommodate more than two hundred men. By certain tribes these living vaults are used as places of sepulchre for poets and musicians,—not in honor, but through superstitious fear. They believe that these gifted brethren of theirs hold communion with spirits, and they have such a horror of their remains that they will not bury them in the earth that brings forth food, nor in the channels of rivers.



RAFFLESIA ARNOLDI.

The use of hollow trees for halls of council and worship is not confined to negro tribes. At

Allouville, not far from Paris, there stands, in the center of a graveyard, an ancient oak thirty feet in circumference at the ground. The interior of its decayed trunk was fitted up as a chapel as early as the seventeenth century. Above the chapel, as it were in the second story, a rustic hermit lives, while still higher in the tree is a belfry surmounted by a cross. At Montravail is a still more ancient oak. The trunk, nearly thirty feet in diameter, is merely a shell. The interior forms a hall from nine to twelve feet in diameter, and nine feet high. A circular bench has been cut out of the live wood for the accommodation of visitors, and around the table in the center a dozen people can sit comfortably.

Ancient as these trees are, they are but children compared with the Baobabs above described, or the gigantic red-woods of our Pacific Coast. The only trees that approach the latter in age and height are the marsh-gum trees of Australia and Van Diemen's Land. The tallest of these trees thus far described stands 300 feet high,—200 feet from the ground to the first branch. Its diameter at base is 28 feet. Unlike the timber of the red-wood, that of the gum-trees (Eucalypti) is heavy and intensely hard.

Of curious flowers we have no room to speak; yet we cannot pass unnoticed the two giants of the floral world,—the Victoria Lily and Arnold's Rafflesia,—the one a broad-leaved water-plant, the other a leafless parasite. The Victoria lily, a native of Guiana, is a magnified edition of our familiar white water-lily. The leaf-blades are circular and turned up at the margin two or three inches. They rest on the surface of the water like shallow trays, from six to twelve feet in diameter, and are capable of supporting two or three hundred pounds. The flower, often more than a foot across, has its outer petals white and turned downward, the inner rose-colored and erect. The petals are more than a hundred in number, and as the flower floats on the water it appears like a beautiful rose-colored crown resting on a circular range of snowy and gracefully-curved petals. It emits a powerful and pleasant fragrance.

The Rafflesia is its opposite in every respect save size, and is at once the most gigantic and most disgusting flower yet discovered. It is the chief of a family of fleshy, fungus-like, leafless, stemless parasites, growing on roots, trailing stems, and branches of trees. It belongs to the Island of Sumatra. When young it resembles a firm red cabbage. When expanded it measures a yard across, and consists of five fleshy lobes, of a spotted or mottled red color, with a central cup-like dish capable of holding ten or twelve pints of water. Its weight is fifteen pounds. Its odor, like that of putrid flesh, will probably prevent its ever becoming a popular subject of cultivation.

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PARIS SIEGE.

I.

"GARÇON!—You—*you*,
Snared along with this cursed crew?
(Only a child, and yet so bold,
—Scarcely as much as ten years old)
—Do you hear? Do you know
Why the *gendarmes* put you there, in the row,—
You,—with those Commune wretches tall,
With face to the wall?"

II.

"'Know?'—To be sure I know! Why not?
We're here to be shot;
And there by the pillar's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell.
—Ah, well!
That's just the way I would choose to fall,
With my *back* to the wall!"

III.

"(*Sacré!*—Fair, open fight, I say,
Is right magnificent in its way,
And fine for warming the blood; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do?
Bah! 'Tis a butcher's business).—*How?*
(The boy is beckoning to me now:
I knew his poor child's heart would fail;
—Yet his cheek's not pale).
—Quick! Say your say: for don't you see,
When the church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,
You're all to be shot?
—*What?*
'*Excuse you one moment?*' O ho, ho!
D' ye think to fool a *National* so?"

IV.

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day,
—My father's friend, just over the way,—
Lent me; and if you'll let me free
(It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*),
I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight back into line, when my errand's done."

V.

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
—(Now, good Saint Martin! speed him on!
The work will be easier since *he's* saved;
For I hardly think I could have braved
The ardor of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard
Me give the word,
Dooming him like a dog to die.")

VI.

"*In time!*—Well, thanks that my desire
Was granted; and now I'm ready. Fire!
—One word; that's all:
You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?"

VII.

"*Parbleu!*—Come out of the line, I say!
Come out!—(Who said that his name was *Ney!*
Ha! France will hear of him yet one day!")

HIDDEN TREASURES.



TIN MINE AT CAPE LAND'S-END, CORNWALL, ENGLAND—EXCAVATED UNDER THE SEA.

MEN carrying the remains of their departed brethren to the dark grave are apt to imagine that life can thrive only in the bright light of day, and that beneath the smiling surface all is silence, corruption, and horror. But every green sod we turn, every well we dig, every mine we open, teaches us the contrary. The farther we penetrate into the interior of our globe, the greater are the marvels we there behold, and the more strikingly we are taught that not death, but life, lies beneath our feet, and that the dark night below but serves as a sheltering cover for the very source of all vitality and the mysterious power of regeneration. The golden grain does not awaken to new life till it has been hidden in the dark bosom of the earth; and man hopes to rise again when his body has been laid in the grave. What are earthquakes and volcanic eruptions but signs of the unceasing activity in the world below, where secret powers are ever restlessly at work, changing the shape of continents and islands, and moving in obedience to laws as yet beyond our knowledge? Heat is ever rising from the dark world beneath to the surface; deep in the earth precious stones and useful metals grow in unfathomed secrecy; merry rivulets play through cleft and crevice, forming vast lakes and sending up cooling wells and health-bringing springs; far down magic caverns of vast dimensions exist, filled with fantastic forms; and under every mountain and every valley lie rich records of past ages, written by the hand of Nature on layer after layer, to teach man how short is the existence of his race upon earth, and how vast are the stores of knowledge yet hid from his restless research.

For centuries these treasures were unsuspected; and when chance revealed them to the lucky finder, imagination at once ran riot and peopled the lower world with wild and weird creations. The pantheism of the ancients, which saw in every tree a dryad, in every fountain a naiad, and gave a divine existence to all the powers of Nature, had nothing as fanciful as the gnomes and *nixen* of the German race. Hideous dwarfs were thought to be the jealous guardians of subterranean treasures; hunchbacked gnomes worked the metals in secret caves; and misshapen goblins were busy covering rocks and earth with awe-inspiring designs,—the images of long-forgotten plants and beasts.

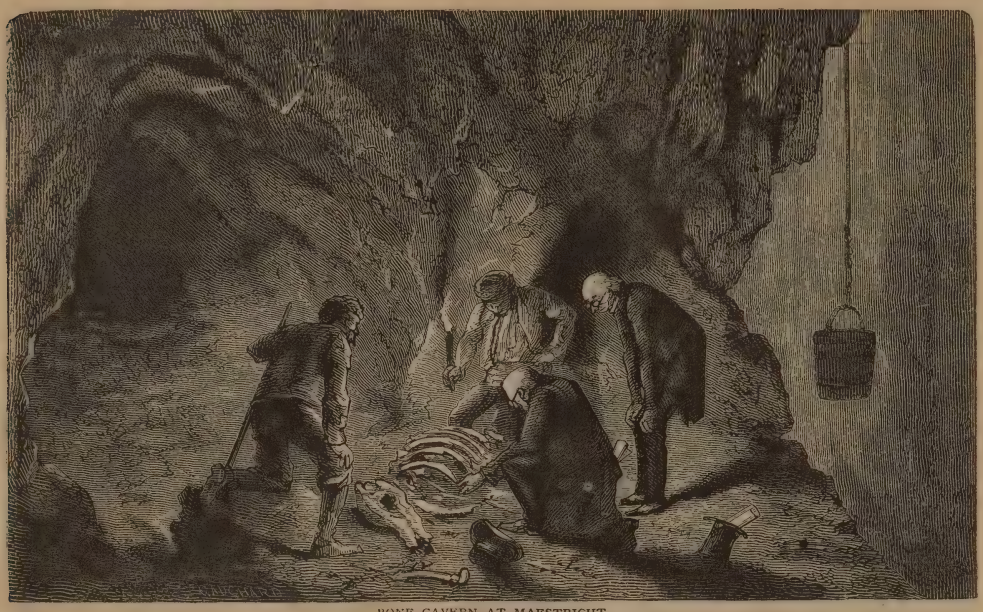
After a while truth came out of error. As the faith in stars, which were believed to rule the destinies of men from their lordly houses in the heavens, was the mother of modern Astronomy; as the magician who dealt in elixirs of life and philosophers' stones was the ancestor of the Chemist of our day: so superstition led here also to a new science, and Geology came to teach us the true nature of our great Mother Earth. Great savans ac-

companied the vast military expeditions sent to all parts of the world by the nation which once held undisputed military sway in Europe; they followed the armies to distant Egypt, and while the brave soldiers fought in the plain, they explored with corresponding courage the mysteries of the Pyramids and the secrets of the City of the Dead. They went to distant continents, and ever made war the hand-maid of science, as no other nation had done up to their day. Thus they unearthed the first fossil skeletons,—those marvelous medals of geology, as they were happily named by Simonin, the brilliant author of a work on the lower worlds, to which we are indebted for the accompanying illustrations. There was near the old town of Maestricht, in Holland, a famous cave, connected with ancient quarries, which had long been known to contain strange bones and huge skeletons of unknown beings. When the French Republic in 1794 sent a great general to besiege the renowned fortress, she also deputed an eminent savant, Faujas de Saint Fond, to examine these caves and report on their mysterious contents. After many difficulties, and at the peril of his life, the zealous man of science had himself lowered into what then seemed to be the very depths of the earth, and there, by the light of feeble torches and in the presence of a few devoted followers, he discovered what he fondly believed to be the Primitive Man. The event created a greater sensation in Europe than the fall of the fortified place, and countless theories were suggested to build up, not the primitive ancestor of our race only, but his whole history and manner of life. When, however, George Cuvier, touched the fabric with the magic wand of his thorough knowledge, the illusion vanished in an instant; he immediately recognized in the bones the remains of a gigantic reptile, and bestowed upon it, in compliment to the river Meuse, on the banks of which Maestricht is built, the name of Mososaurus, or Saurian of the Meuse.



GENII OF THE UNDERGROUND WORLD, (GERMAN).

The fossil man had not yet been found, but enough was discovered to stimulate search everywhere, and for years the most active efforts were made, in nearly every portion of the Old and the New World, to trace the history of living races back to their gigantic ancestry. In Northern lands, frozen to an immense depth, huge elephants were disinterred, which had been buried there for thousands of years, and yet were so well preserved that their flesh furnished food and their hair could be manufactured into articles of usefulness and ornament. Subterranean caves were explored, mounds were leveled, and mountains tunneled to reach the marvelous deposits of primeval bones. In Alabama a German naturalist, named Koch, discovered the bones of an unknown animal, which he "reconstructed" into a colossal sea-serpent: this was received here with wondering surprise, and in Europe with cautious skepticism. But upon investigation the claws proved



BONE CAVERN AT MAESTRICHT.

to be small nautilites; the bows between cheek and temple wooden structures; and the ribs were found to have been placed at haphazard wherever they had united most easily with the back-bone. When the discoverer was asked why he had not at once given the creature a length of 210 feet instead of 110, he replied naïvely, that he had found no more "bones." So far is science even in our day from being secure against willful or ignorant deception, and so imperfect is as yet the general knowledge of this class of subterranean treasures.

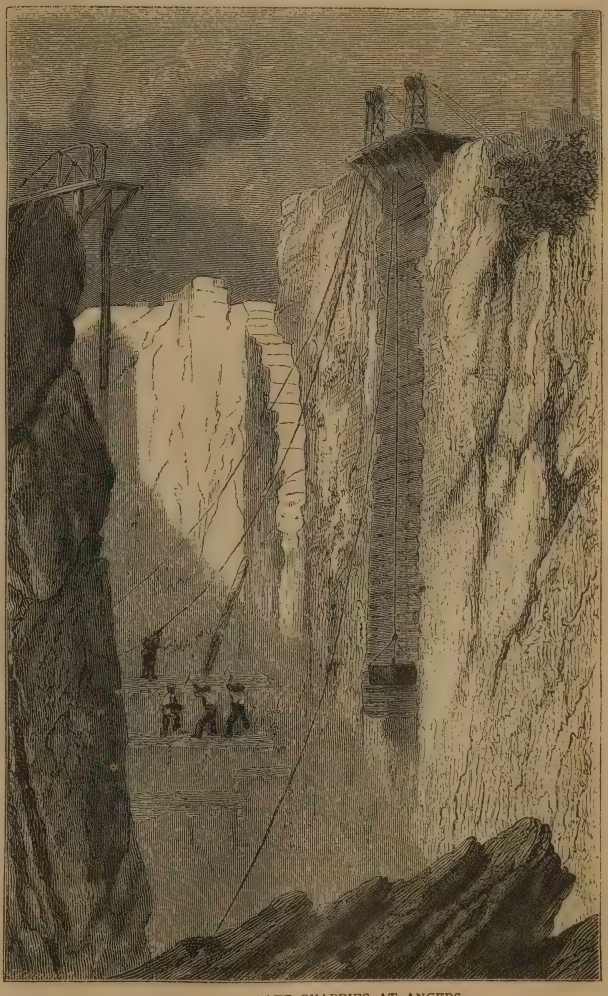
Fortunately, the world below makes ample amends for the countless enigmas with which it puzzles the minds of the most learned among us: it furnishes mankind with treasures of far greater worth than rarest jewels. For practical experience has taught us that the black and homely coal is of more value to our race than the costliest brilliant, and the commonest of metals, iron, a more efficient aid to civilization than all the gold of the earth. Even the unsightly slate that covers our houses and aids the child in his first lessons at school, is comparatively more useful to man than the snowy marble of Carrara and the beautiful malachite of the Ural. And yet—such is the perseverance of man in pursuit of wealth—even this common material, so little esteemed, so cheaply sold, is sought for at terrible risk and with amazing labor. Although slate is found in almost every part of the world, and yields most readily to the efforts of the miner to detach it in natural tablets, the quality varies so much in different localities, that in some places it is quarried in truly enormous quantities and exported to the most distant countries. Wales long provided this country with the required supplies, vessels on their return from Liverpool, after discharging their cargo of cotton, often stopping at Bangor for a load of slate from the quarries in its vicinity. Recently, however, the useful rock has been discovered in a long line of valuable quarries extending from Vermont through New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia as far south as Georgia. And yet a quarry in France, near the town of Angers, holds a kind of supremacy over all rivals. It has been worked for centuries, and still the supply is apparently endless; it surpasses others, even Col. Pennant's famous quarries in Caernarvonshire, with their 2,500 miners, by the number of persons employed, the superior quality of its produce, and the amount it exports to foreign lands. The quarry represents a huge cavity in the earth, the walls of which rise perpendicularly to an immense height. Workmen, who spend their lives in the lower parts of the huge gaping abyss, detach the valuable material, by the aid of ingenious instruments, in beautiful large, smooth plates, which are hoisted by steam machinery to the surface, and there prepared by another set of skillful workmen for their future usefulness.

More interesting still are the rich mines of

iron and copper, the two most useful metals which we possess; the latter, under the name of bronze, representing by its paramount influence on civilization one of the so-called ages in the history of our race, and iron, for the same reason, serving to designate another age.

By providential provision the most useful of metals, iron, is the most universal of the hidden treasures of the earth, so that no part of our globe is entirely without it, and a full supply is within reach of the poorest. It is not so with copper, which, though far less useful by itself for the practical purposes of life, becomes eminently serviceable in its willing union with other metals, and appears now as brass or bronze, and now as alloy with nearly all the gold and silver we employ in daily life. The two most remarkable copper mines of the world are our own on Lake Superior, where Nature's liberality is shown most strikingly by her lavish gifts of magnificent masses of almost pure copper, and those of Falun, in Sweden, where the valuable metal is extracted mainly from pockets, with incredible labor, and at an enormous expense of capital. In the very center of the town a huge gulf yawns heavenwards, measuring more than a thousand feet in width and length, and over two hundred feet deep, so that the miners work for the most part in the open daylight. Where this is impracticable, ladders, apparently endless, are fastened to the rocky walls, and the poor miners have to descend slowly and painfully, by the light of feeble torches, constantly threatened with a horrible death if their feet should for an instant waver and slip from the ever-damp rungs on which they step alternately.

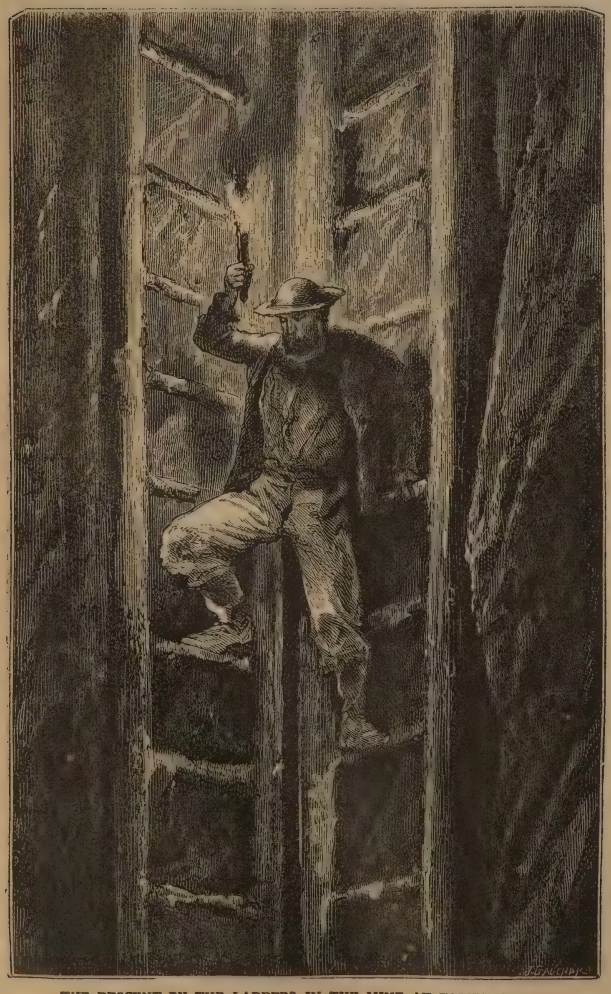
By far the most valuable of all the gifts hidden by Nature beneath our feet, and yet always most generously offered to us whenever they have been needed most urgently, are the vast supplies of fixed heat and light stored up below for thousands of years. Perhaps long before man himself existed, in days of which no other records remain but the silent testimony of the rocks, forests of luxuriant growth covered every lowly valley, crowned every inland lake, and fringed the low shores of the great oceans. They sprang up, they grew and flourished, and no hand gathered their fruit, no axe threatened their mighty trunks; but storms came and tempests, volcanic eruptions and violent upheavings, and they were laid low in an instant, and covered with ashes and sand and *débris*. Then new generations rose upon them and ran their race; others followed, and thus the work of incessant destruction and as persevering regeneration went on through countless ages. Hence, in some places 150 successive forests, each separated from the lower by a few feet of sand and clay, have been found to have grown and fallen in turn, one lying above the other. They did not vanish; they did not even decay: but, beneath them the red glowing heat of our globe, above them a burning



VIEW OF THE SLATE QUARRIES AT ANGERS.

atmosphere and a thick canopy of clouds pouring endless rains upon the surface, they changed gradually into vast deposits of coal. And when fuel became scarce upon the surface, and men cast anxious glances around them for new means to create the heat without which existence was impossible on one-half of the globe, and to procure the light indispensable to the enjoyment and the usefulness of life, these immense treasures, stored up since time immemorial, were revealed to them, and ample supplies of both heat and light guaranteed for ages.

But as Nature in her wisdom attaches to all of her most precious gifts the condition of honest work and healthful labor, coal also can be obtained only by dint of persistent efforts and unceasing ingenuity. The life of the poor worker in coal mines is too well known not to engage all our sympathies; and yet how few of us think, as we sit enjoying the genial warmth and the cheery light of a coal fire, of the cruel labor, the bitter privations, and the terrible daily danger that fall to the lot of those of our brethren to whom we are indebted for these blessings. These poor miners, who, giving the great comforts of life to millions above, themselves live below in poverty and darkness, working incessantly, suffering silently, and dying unknown, are not all men, stout of limb and strong of heart; for in many European countries—not with us, thank God!—even women are thus buried alive in the mines, and shock the visitor from abroad as he comes suddenly upon them, and after careful scrutiny discerns in their anomalous costume, their wan features and resigned expression, faint traces of their sex.



THE DESCENT BY THE LADDERS IN THE MINE AT FALUN, SWEDEN.

But, if hard work was the only burden they had to bear through life! Is it not appointed unto all of us to earn our bread in the sweat of our faces, and to find the curse turned into a blessing by the sweetness of cheerful labor and the peace and happiness it never fails to bring home to our hearts? Among all the coveted treasures hid under the smiling face of Nature, there is none, however, that is guarded more jealously and surrounded by more terrible dangers than coal. It is not enough that the poor workman, condemned to darkness made "visible" by a feeble light encased in closest wire, must often assume the most painful positions to wield his tool—has even quite frequently to lie flat on his back on the damp, chilly ground, to detach the pieces above him; he is surrounded on all sides by dangers threatening him from every one of the three elements with which he has to contend on the wretched scene of his labors. The air he breathes turns foul, and, in spite of the most complicated machinery, calling for ample means and all of man's ingenuity, refuses to leave its dismal hiding-places below till it has seized its victims and punished them with a slow and painful death by asphyxia; or, as he thinks of the hour when he may once more behold the sweet light of day and hear the cheerful voice

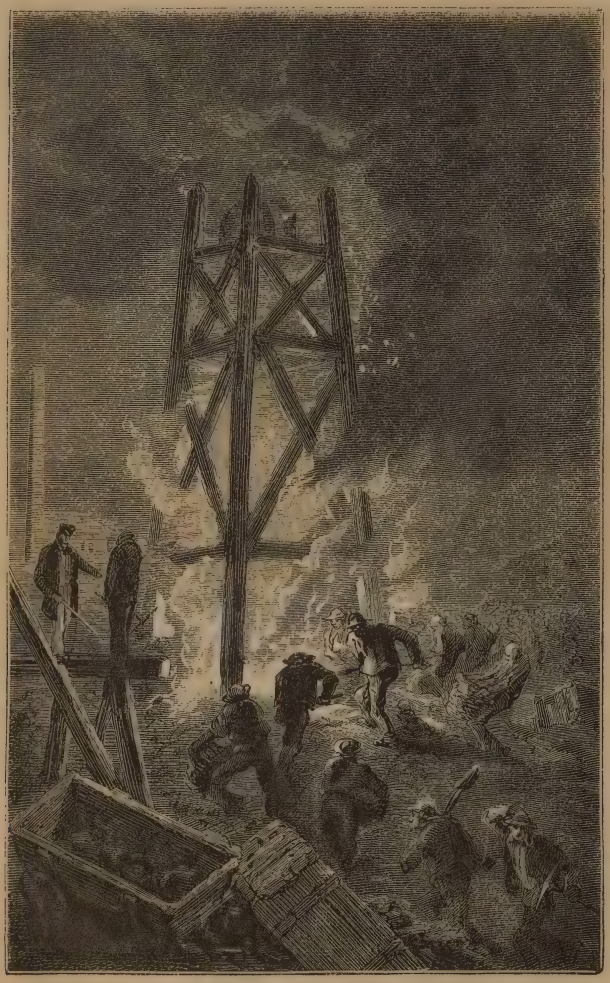
of wife and child in the bright world above, he is suddenly warned by a faint gurgling noise that fills his heart with sad forebodings, and ere the long-looked-for evening of his return has come he is floating, a lifeless body, on the black surging waters that have treacherously broken forth from some subterranean lake, and filled the mine from end to end.

But worst of all is the very element in whose dangerous service he is spending his life—fire, suddenly flashing upon him and licking up with hungry tongue the tram-roads, the trestle-work, and the bucket that connect him with the outer world, making him in an instant a prisoner for life—if life it can be called to prolong an agony of ineffable suffering for a few days. Ah, who can imagine the anguish felt by the responsible officials when they suddenly see the bright flame rushing in a fiery current from the mouth of the mine, and know that the bodies of hundreds intrusted to their care are lying below, never more to rise before their eyes, till they shall have to meet them on the Day of Judgment! Who can comprehend the speechless, tearless woe that fills the hearts of wives and children—widows and orphans they know themselves to be in a moment—as the pillar of fire, rising to the dark clouds above, tells them in mute but eloquent language that those they loved and revered are doomed to a terrible death! In vain are engines brought to pour torrents of water into the burning mine; in vain are miners and neighbors called in to fill up the shaft with earth, and thus to extinguish the flame; in vain is everything done that skill, ingenuity, and experience can devise: the fearful element, so faithful as a servant, so cruel as a master, cannot be subdued, and the mine will burn for days, for months, perhaps for generations to come.



PENNSYLVANIA OIL WELLS.

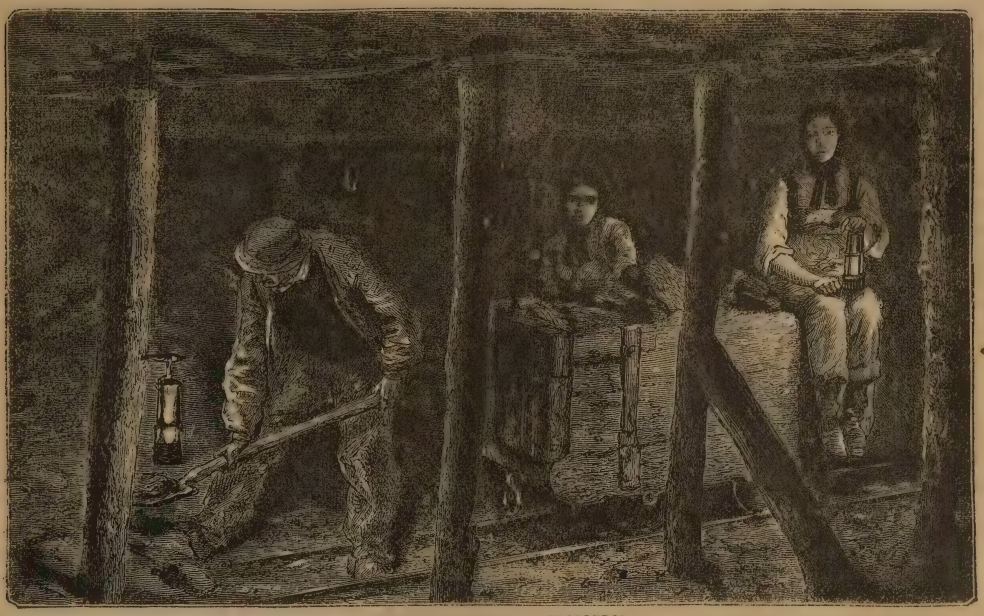
There is something almost grand in the persevering energy with which these hidden treasures are sought for by man in spite of the painful labor, the terrible dangers, and the scanty rewards connected with such pursuits. And yet there is never a lack of men willing to engage in the perilous occupation of coal-mining: the very dangers seem to allure them with a mysterious glamour. There is never a difficulty in procuring the necessary capital for working such mines, since the enterprise partakes largely of the nature of a lottery, and brilliant prizes, though rarely won, make the eager competitors forgetful of the numerous disappointments. In this restless, reckless search after the riches of the world beneath no danger is too appalling, no outlay too great, no natural obstacle too serious to deter bold spirits and covetous hearts. Millions are not unfrequently spent in mere preparation, as in the famous Sutro Tunnel of California, designed to give access to probable deposits in the very heart of a mountain; and hundreds of lives have been lost in certain mines in the Ural before the precious metals and rare minerals sought for furnished even an ordinary return for the money invested.



BURNING OF THE COLLIERY AT ASTLEY, NEAR MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Sometimes a whole city is built up under ground, as in the far-famed salt mines of Wieliczka, where men and horses are born, and live, and die, without ever having ascended to the surface of the earth. Shafts frequently have to be sunk to a depth equaling the height of lofty mountains, and as much time is spent upon the descent and ascent as can be safely passed below in working the mine. Or, again, the metal seems to seek a refuge from the insatiable greed and relentless pursuit of man under the waves of the sea, and stretches in long, slender threads far out under the bottom of the ocean. All in vain, however, for man follows it undismayed, and after having sunk enormous shafts into the heart of lofty cliffs that stud the iron-bound shore, he follows the alluring treasure out beneath the sea, till the weary workman in the dark mine hears above his head the breakers dashing themselves to pieces against the rocks on the shore, and the huge waves rolling over the ceiling of his dismal working-place with a low, half-drowned thunder.

Greater still than all these rich gifts hidden in the dark bosom of the earth is the bright light itself, which lies carefully stowed away in many a dark cave, and far down below huge mountains of rock and ponderous earth. For thousands of years here also our great Mother Nature had been in silence with wondrous forethought laying up vast stores of light, distilled by her mysterious, ceaseless working from millions of decaying forests, till it assumed now the shape of an oil, oozing apparently from the rocks themselves (and hence called Rock Oil—Petroleum), and now the form of invisible gas held captive in vast reservoirs at an enormous depth beneath our feet. Generation after generation passed away, and men were unconscious of the precious treasure thus laid up in reserve for them, till at last the days grew too short for the feverish, restless strivings of our age, and all over the earth a cry arose for more light! And no sooner was the need deeply felt, and the promise of rich reward had stimulated the ingenuity of men of science and the skill of the practical engineer, than Nature answered to the appeal of her children, and suddenly from mountain and valley, from the frozen North and from Southern climes, the news came that a light-giving oil had been found here and there oozing from the ground, or flowing out with the water-springs. Then men called to mind the bitumen of the ancients; the springs mentioned by Herodotus, that have been flowing now for more than 2,000 years; the Seneca Oil, as the Indians called the petroleum they found in Western New York and sold as medicine; and the famous scene described by Day, when the Indians of Venango Co., Penn., assembled by night on the banks of a creek, now known as Oil Creek, and in the midst of their ceremonies suddenly fired the oil that had collected upon the surface of the water, so that the huge flames bursting forth in tall columns of fire illuminated the dark valley, while the hills



IN THE COAL MINES AT CHARLEROI.

around reëchoed with the shouts of the triumphant Red-skins. Thus attention was drawn to the oil regions of Pennsylvania in 1854, when companies were formed to search for oil methodically and to purify it for use. In 1859 oil was "struck," as the saying is, and soon the valleys of the Alleghany and its tributary creeks were dotted with wells, around which thriving villages grew up with amazing rapidity. Tall derricks were scattered among the gardens and house-lots, steam engines were seen at work in all directions, and colossal tanks stood about everywhere to collect the precious fluid.

Since then, other regions have become as famous as those first worked in Pennsylvania: New York, Ohio, and Virginia are rich in oil-wells, and colossal fortunes have been made in an incredibly short time by the lucky discoverers of favored localities. In other places, again, the pure gas has been found to spring forth in powerful jets from borings made apparently at hap-hazard, and a material is thus furnished at little expense which will supply large communities with the two great necessities of light and heat. Truly wonderful are the hidden treasures kept in store for us by our benevolent Mother Nature; and yet, while marveling at the vast wealth buried beneath us, and gratefully enjoying the rich gifts of useful rocks and indispensable metals, of precious jewels and marvelous fossils, of inexhaustible supplies of heat and light, we feel in our hearts that the half is not yet told of God's goodness and "mercy, that endureth forever."

AWAKENED JAPAN.

THE awakening of a great people, like that of Japan, is one of the marvels of the time. But a little while ago, to speak of Japan was to speak of something as remote from human knowledge and interest as though the empire were shut up in another planet. Zipangu, Cyampagu, Nippon, Niphon, Japan—these titles, variously applied to the sea Empire, or Land of the Rising Sun, were as suggestive only as the names of Utopia, Wonderland, Sybaris, or Arcadia. How changed is all this! Old Japan has awoke from a sleep of ages, and, throwing aside the cumbrous garments in which she has been wrapped, seems to be stripping for the race of mental and material improvement in which other and younger nations are striving. Social and political institutions as old as time are forsaken, and, emerging from an ancient unbroken seclusion, Japan is exchanging

greetings with a people unborn when Marco Polo, at the court of Kublai Khan, was collecting curious bits of information concerning the riches and antiquities of the Empire of the Sea.

Exactly how much of this marvelous change may be credited to the persistent knocking at the gates of Japan by American curiosity and restlessness, we may not say; but we are sure that it is due to the pressure of foreign elements, in which the American largely preponderated and led. Western thrift, western civilization, and western enterprise, crossing the American continent in successive waves, have swept at last into the sea-girt empire which peacefully slumbered by the gates of the Orient. The youngest nation of the earth has rudely disturbed the secluded repose of one of the oldest. Japan sleeps no more.

The walls of the ancient empire were laid in the dim dawn of an antiquity so far forgotten that we have no record of its greatest events. When the scattered tribes of man first peopled the island kingdom, and whence came the original elements of its now homogeneous population, none can tell. The characteristics of the present race indicate both Malaysian and Mongolian origin. The earliest fixed date in their chronology is 667 B.C. Prior to this we have nothing but vague traditions and myths, out of which the patient seeker after truth now vainly endeavors to construct any symmetrical and probable theory of the birthplace and development of the first colonists of the islands. We only know that gradually, from the inchoate elements of an Oriental civilization, was built up a dual empire, having as its sovereign heads a Mikado or Tenno, whose sway was spiritual and divine, and a Shiogoon or Tycoon, or temporal emperor. Of these, however, the original sole ruler was the Mikado, and from 663 B.C., when Jimnu founded the throne of the Mikados, until the end of the twelfth century of the Christian era, the spiritual emperor reigned supreme. Eventually, the entanglements of the central power with that of the native feudal princes caused the creation of the office and rank of military chieftain, or generalissimo; and this office, in time, became endowed with all the civil and military domination of the empire. Little by little, the secular power was taken from the Mikado, and in 1585, Taikosama, one of the great military heroes of Japanese history, founded the Tycoonate, and the separation of lay and spiritual power was complete.

But if the Mikado was thus withdrawn from all participation in affairs of State, his ecclesiastical position was more exalted, and his divine attributes more pronounced and awful. According to the Sintoo faith, now the established religion of Japan, the Mikado is of divine origin. To be sure, there are five primeval deities, the chief of which is the Goddess of the Sun; but there is an innumerable company of born gods and deified mortals, most of whom are inferior to the Mikado, and in certain regular seasons they must wait upon him; during those occasions the temples are deserted and godless, only empty effigies remaining. The person of the Mikado, up to a few months ago, was so sacred that he must dwell in utter seclusion, not touching the ground, or permitting his hair or nails to be trimmed, lest his body be desecrated. The vessels used in his service were immediately thereafter destroyed, lest they be touched by ordinary mortals. When he passed up into the heavens (*i.e.*, died), a small and highly select company of the noblest of the land were permitted to commit *hari-kari*, thus happily despatching themselves in the train of the Vicar of Heaven on his way to his highest glory.

Japan is divided into sixty-eight provinces, in which the Shiogoon had the right of imperial domain. But these are, or were, again subdivided into Hans, or Daimiates, the governors of which were feudal chiefs, called Daimios, about 250 in number. Under the Daimios, who held their possessions in fief, were the Samurai, or gentry; they were military and literary men, and from them to the lowest pariahs the castes were graded downward in an almost endless succession of fine shadings.

Office-holders were as numerous as locusts, and in all the ramifications of the vast feudal system of Japan, abundant care was taken to insure the permanency of a great, wealthy, and privileged class. Besides the open ports, the Shiogoon held the temporal capital, Yedo, while the Mikado remained in his irksome, solitary grandeur at Miako. To insure the fidelity of the Daimios, or feudal princes, they were compelled to keep up large domestic establishments at Yedo, live there six months in the year, and keep a portion of their families and retainers at the capital when they themselves were absent on their estates. The whole system seemed likely to be as enduring as it was complete.

But the time came at last when the peaceful isolation of the country should be destroyed forever. In 1854, Commodore Perry's famous expedition secured for the United

States the right for American ships to trade at the ports of Hakodadi and Simoda. This advantage was soon after conceded to England and Russia. Hon. Townsend Harris concluded other and more liberal treaties in 1856 and 1857; and in 1859 and the years succeeding, other ports were opened and commercial rights surrendered to the United States and several other western powers, the Japanese government contesting every step of advance, and finally yielding in sheer weariness and exhaustion.

The Japanese were not altogether strangers to the world. Early in the sixteenth century the adventurous Portuguese had carried on some traffic with the country; and when, in 1587, Taikosama found it necessary to banish the foreigners, on account of the impudence and intolerance of the Roman Catholic missionaries, the thrifty Dutch crept in, and enjoyed a monopoly of trade. These were undisturbed until 1640, when a religious persecution again arose, and the Dutch, the only Europeans in the country, were thenceforth rigorously confined in the port of Decima. For more than two centuries, Japanese seclusion seemed as secure as was its own system of domestic political economy.

It was the glowing account of the wealth of the Japanese Islands, brought to Europe in 1292 by Marco Polo, which eventually sent Columbus forth on his voyage of discovery, two centuries later. Attempting to reach the fabled Zipangu and the unknown Indies, which he thought stretched around the globe, Columbus discovered that continent from which, in the nineteenth century, were to spread a people whose eager hands should knock anxiously on the bronze gates of old Japan. It was America which opened those grim portals and let in the flood of light which has made new Japan what it is. The introduction of foreign trade and foreign civilization, through the pervasive influence of Anglo-Saxon intercourse, unsettled the ancient order of things, brought conflicts between Mikado and Shiogoon, Shiogoon and Daimios, and Daimios and foreigners. By steps not now necessary to rehearse, the revolution of 1867–8 was precipitated: the Shiogoon was driven from power and into retirement; the duality of the government was destroyed, and the Mikado, now a young man of twenty years, assumed sole sovereignty. Nor did the revolution stop here. The feudalities of the Daimios were broken up; the clanships, or Hans, were destroyed; the Samurai were relegated to industrial pursuits, and immense revenues were diverted from the maintenance of a sword-bearing gentry to the development of the country. The Daimios became prominent nobles, representatives in the new parliament; their former petty provinces were merged in the Empire, and every trace of the ancient feudal system was effaced.

Surely it will long be counted as one of the wonders of history that a mighty consolidated empire of thirty-five million souls should rise silently, and without confusion, from the dusty antiquity and feudal despotism in which we found Japan twenty years ago.

We shall miss the old picturesqueness; possibly Japan may seem to be less happy in the new order of things. It is not soothing to the æsthetic observer to see the statesmen, politicians, and scholars of the ancient empire coming out of their seclusion in the hideous frock-coat and trousers of Paris, London, and New York. And when we reflect that this garb is only relatively "civilized," we shall see how great is the revolution which permits, even compels, this forsaking of habits consecrated by centuries of usage, for those which belong to our new style of life. But this is only one of the thousand novelties which Japan has adopted. She has her shipyards, where European and American mechanics are constructing vessels on the most approved modern models. Railroad building is going on, and the electric telegraph is already in working order. Many of the simpler kinds of manufacturing machinery, steam-engines, agricultural implements, and American manufactures and products have already been introduced. At this moment an important embassy, headed by Iwakura, Prime Minister of the Empire, is visiting the United States to observe the working of our political institutions, examine all leading branches of industry, and ascertain just what political, social, and material machinery is best adapted to the new order of things in Japan. There are Japanese students, male and female, in innumerable schools and colleges in the United States, England, France, Russia, and Germany. The Continental Bank Note Co., of New York, is preparing a paper currency (called kinsats) to replace the rude issue which the government was forced to adopt during the late revolution; and Japan is ready to adopt a decimal currency, formed on our own, using our coins as substitutes for the clumsy oblong currency which is now being retired.

The Mikado has laid aside his phantom scepter, and, like his nation, has forsaken his

ancient seclusion. It is difficult for foreigners to say how much of his centuries-old divinity he has surrendered; but he bears the sword of a temporal emperor, shows himself to his people, gives audiences to foreign embassies, rides abroad unattended in an American coach and has, by imperial edict, forbidden that those who meet him in the way shall prostrate themselves, as has been the manner of the people heretofore whenever an emblem of the Mikado's authority was borne along. The Mikado can afford to dispense with divine honors: he is no longer a useless deity; he is the active ruler of thirty-five millions of people.

The language, literature, religion, manners, customs, merchandise, and products of the western nations must be gradually assimilated by the people of Japan. We cannot tell what problems will yet arise for solution in this process of rehabilitation. We do not know how much real loss nor how much secret sorrow will attend this pathetic spectacle of the rude awaking of a great nation. We know that the Japanese are shrewd, bright, and quick-witted—the Yankees of the Orient; and we know that as they stretch forth their hands, half helplessly, they have counted the cost when they give up the civilization which has stood them in good stead for many centuries. And we know, whatever may be the destiny in store for Japan, that its admission into the great brotherhood of nations must ultimately advance the great interests of our common humanity.

WITH THE FALSE PROPHET.

A MORMON WIFE'S STORY.

THE two women looked weary and travel-worn. The younger, who led a little boy two or three years old by the hand, seemed thoroughly exhausted. A second glance showed more than weariness on her face,—death itself was there. The pale golden hair rippled back in damp masses over a forehead of marble pallor; the large blue eyes glittered with feverish brilliancy, and on either cheek the scarlet hectic burned like a flame. It was evident she had come to us only to die. The elder woman, whom I fancied to be her mother, was far stronger, and her black eyes flashed with the energy of a brave heart; but she wore a look of patient sadness that appealed to my sympathies almost as much as did the evident illness of the other.

I felt an instinctive wish to know their history; but as they came to us with the best recommendations, there was no excuse for asking any questions concerning their past. Rest, evidently, was their first need, and the look of relief and thankfulness on the face of the elder woman when they were shown into a large room containing two beds, and a crib for the little boy, went straight to my heart. Tired as she must have been herself, she seemed to have no thought except for Ella, as she called the younger woman, and the little Freddie. Her first care was to bathe them, dress them in fresh clothing, and get them comfortably settled in bed.

After they had been several hours in their room I made an excuse to go there, for I confess my curiosity was strong to know something more of them. There by the fire, her hands tightly clasped, the elder woman still sat, so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not notice my entrance. I went up to her and laid my hand upon her arm before she seemed conscious of my presence. With a shiver and a start, she came back to her actual surroundings and condition.

"You are very tired," I said, "and must go to bed and rest. If I am not mistaken, your daughter there will need all your strength. You must save it for her."

With a simple, quiet "Thank you; yes, I ought to have remembered it before," she rose, and stood as if waiting for me to go.

"What shall I call you?" I asked as I was leaving the room.

"Mrs. Williams," she answered, with almost a shudder.

I was employed as matron in a Home for the Friendless, and these people had come to claim the shelter of our roof. Most thankful did they seem for it, yet for several weeks I made very little progress in my acquaintance with them. Ella never left her bed from the first day she came to us. She seemed to have no particular disease, but there was a gradual sinking of the vital powers. She lay quietly, uncomplainingly, day after day, her blue eyes growing larger and more lustrous, while the look of unutterable sadness about her mouth, and the weary hopelessness marked on every feature, moved me almost to tears every time

I entered the room. She was so young, so beautiful, and seemed made to be so happy,—what could be the burden that was crushing out her life?

Both women had an air of dignity and refinement that I was not accustomed to see in persons who had been forced to accept public charity. The little boy soon became the pet of the whole house, and his curly head went bobbing around from room to room, carrying sunshine everywhere. But I knew no more of them than I learned the first day, till they had been inmates of the Home for several weeks. One night Ella was much worse, and I insisted upon staying with Mrs. Williams and sharing with her the care of the poor sufferer. She had never permitted me to do this before, but Ella was evidently sinking so fast, and it seemed so probable she might die before morning, that Mrs. Williams appeared grateful for my company. About midnight we were much relieved to see the more distressing symptoms pass away, and then Ella sank into a quiet sleep.

The little boy lay in his crib, his golden curls thrown off his forehead, his cheeks glowing with health and beauty.

"Poor child," I said, as I stooped to kiss him, "he will soon be motherless."

"Yes; but while I live I shall do all I can to fill her place." Then, with a look as of a resolution suddenly taken, she said: "You have never asked me of my history. Your kindness to us makes it due to you that you know why we are here. Shall I tell you to-night?"

I assured her that I wished very much to know all she felt at liberty to tell me, but I had no wish that she should speak of anything she preferred to conceal. We seated ourselves by the open fire in the grate,—it was early in December,—and she began:—

I was born in Wales, and was the only child of my parents. My father died before my birth, leaving his wife a pleasant home and some shares in a mine. I know now that there was enough for her to have lived upon in comfort; but his death was such a shock to her that when I was born, a few weeks after, she never rallied, and I was left an orphan the first day of my life. A brother of my father claimed me, however, and I was carried to his home. He was the only relative I ever knew, and my earliest recollections are of my life in his house. There were no other children when he took me home, nor for several years after, and I can remember how I longed for some one to play with, instead of having to sit still and sew hour after hour, just as soon as I had learned to hold a needle. My uncle and aunt were very serious, sober people, and never seemed to care much for me, though they were always kind in their way. I do not know that either of them ever kissed me. When I was about ten years old a child of their own was born to them, and I was almost wild with joy. Then, in less than two years, came another, that I was just as pleased to see; and the third and fourth,—all found a place in my heart. I was a perfect slave to those children, but I loved them so much that I never thought of the trouble and hard work they made me. I had no one else to love.

When I was about seventeen years old I became acquainted with a widow who had just moved near us. She was sick with consumption, and I often went to sit with her, as she was all alone through the day, while Hugh, her only child, a young man of twenty, was away at work. He was a carpenter by trade, and they had moved into our neighborhood because work was plenty there. Sometimes Hugh came home and found me there, and he was so good and kind to his mother that I could not help liking him. It was not long before I found out that he liked me, too, and I cannot tell you how happy I was then. It seemed to me I did not know what life was till Hugh Williams told me he loved me. That was a pleasant year. I did not mind the hard work at home. I was patient with the children. I took all the care of my aunt, who had never been well since the last baby came. I remember the baby was not well, either, and often I wrapped it up and carried it over to Mrs. Williams's cottage, and walked up and down the room with it in my arms, while she talked to me about Hugh. Then Hugh himself came home, and I put baby on the bed with Mrs. Williams, and she amused it while Hugh and I got supper. When the table was ready we put Mrs. Williams into her arm-chair and drew it up; then I poured the tea, took the baby in my lap, and sat down to supper with them. Afterwards, when the dishes were washed and the room put to rights, Hugh and I started across the pleasant fields for my uncle's—Hugh generally carrying the baby, who had learned to love him. I believe everybody who knew Hugh Williams then loved him. Even the dog and cat met him at the gate, and showed as well as the poor dumb creatures could that they were glad to see him, while he always had a kind word for them. It seems to me now that every little thing that happened that summer comes back to my mind again.

One morning, very early, Hugh came to our house. I was in the kitchen, and when he came up to the door I saw he was crying. I knew what the trouble was well enough before he said, "Rachel, mother is dead; can you come over?" I did not wait to say anything to my aunt, but put on my bonnet and started with him. On the way he told me, as well as he could for the tears and sobs, all about it—how she called him up in the middle of the night, and said she was going home at last. She was glad to go, she told him, for her life had been long and hard, and her best friends had all gone before her except Hugh, and Jesus was waiting to take her across the river. She said Hugh must marry me as soon as he could, and bring me to live there, for it would be too lonesome for him alone in the cottage. After that, she asked him to bring her Welsh Bible—which she always said she enjoyed better than the English Bible—and read her the twenty-third Psalm, and when he could not read because the tears choked him so, she said it herself, clear and strong, every word of it. Then she kissed Hugh, said good-bye, went to sleep—and never waked again.

Some of the neighbors were there, and they had dressed her in a white dress she herself had made to be buried in, and there she lay on the white bed, looking so happy that I could not cry for her at all. Only when Hugh came in and stood by me and burst into tears, I could not help crying for pity. Afterwards I went out into the little yard and picked all the flowers I could find, and took them in and put them around her. It was all I could do. Then I went home, thinking the whole way that Hugh and I had only each other to love now.

My aunt talked to me very hard for going off with Hugh as I did that morning, and said it did not look well, and that as I had nothing but my character I must be careful of that. I had never told her that we were going to be married, but I told her then. Neither she nor my uncle made any objections, but said they had taken care of me all my life, and now they were glad if somebody else was willing to do it. I smiled a little to myself, for I thought Hugh's care would be more tender than theirs ever had been, but I did not say so.

Three months afterward we were married, and I went home with Hugh to the cottage where his mother died. I cannot tell you how happy we were. Hugh was so good and kind, and so pleased with everything I did. I tried to keep things just as his mother used to do, and he sometimes said it seemed as if she must be about the house somewhere, and I told him perhaps God did let her come down and see how happy we were, and I thought it would make her happier even in Heaven if she could come and see us, and know how much we loved each other.

Very often I went over to my uncle's for the baby, who was a fine big fellow by that time, and carried him home and kept him all day. In the evening Hugh and I would take him back across the fields to his home, just as we did before we were married, and Hugh always kissed me when we came to my uncle's gate, "for old times," he said. I used to call him a foolish fellow for doing so, but he said he never wanted to forget the old times. Neither could I forget them—and I never, never can.

So we went on for ten years, always just as happy as when we were first married, and loving each other more and more all the time, because there was still no one else for us to love. Hugh had plenty of work, and we were both prudent and saving, and had laid up nearly two hundred pounds in bank. Then there came dark days, when Hugh did not have work more than half the time, but we still got along pretty well, and I never fretted about it, because I knew we had something laid by that we could use if we needed it. I did not know then, neither did Hugh, that my uncle had several hundred pounds in his hands that belonged to me. We did not find it out till years after, when my uncle was dead and his property all spent. Perhaps, if we could have known it, and could have got what belonged to us, the rest of my life might have been very different. God only knows.

About this time there was quite a stir made in our neighborhood by two preachers from America. Hugh sometimes went to hear them, and he used to come home and tell me of the great stories they told about this country, and how it was the place for the poor man, with work enough for all who would work, and better wages than they could get in Wales. They told, too, how some of the richest men had once been poor. Then Hugh asked me how I would like to go there with the company that was going back with the preachers. I told him I did not think I could ever like another home as well as the one where his mother died, and where we had lived ever since we were married. Hugh said himself that it would take a long time to get such a home in America, and besides he did not like to leave his mother's grave.

But the times kept getting harder, and at last Hugh had no work at all. So, only a

few days before the company was to start, we concluded to join them. We sold the most of our things, only keeping enough to fill two large chests, and then we went to London for a few days, as Hugh had a cousin there whom he wanted to visit. At last the time came for us to go to Liverpool, as the ship was to sail the next day. There were a great many going in our company, but I did not know any of them, and when I went on the ship and saw them—coarse, rough women and drunken men—I was so homesick I cried. We did not have to go down in the steerage with them, for we could afford to go in the cabin; so after I had looked around the deck a little while Hugh took me there. Two men were sitting in it whom I had never seen, but I hated them as soon as I looked at them. They spoke to Hugh in a civil way, but he did not say much to them. After they went out he told me they were the two preachers—or "elders" he said they were called—who had been preaching at our old village, and they were taking charge of the company we were with. I told him I did not like them, if they *were* preachers, and I hoped he would not have much to do with them.

That was a hard voyage. It was a sailing vessel, and the wind blew strong all the time. We were forty-two days coming over. I was so sick for several weeks that I wished a great many times I could die and be out of my misery, but Hugh was so patient and tender that I tried to bear it as well as I could. But it was not half as bad for me as for the poor women down in the steerage, and sometimes when I thought of them I forgot my own sickness.

At last the long, long voyage was over, and we landed in New York. How glad I was! I hoped we should stay there, and get rid of our company. But the elders had told Hugh such fine stories of the new city they were building away across the States, almost under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, besides promising him all the work he could do, that he had made up his mind to go on with them. I felt discouraged when Hugh told me of the long journey before us, for I was tired, and wanted to settle down and have a home again. I would not let Hugh see how I felt, but I started with a heavy heart. We went on the cars as far as we could, then on a boat a long way, and then in great ox-wagons hundreds and hundreds of miles across the hot, dusty plains. It was hard enough for me, but not half as hard as for the poor women who had children—sometimes as many as six or seven—to look after, and whose husbands were careless, or cross, or drunk. Hugh was always the same, just as kind and good as he had ever been, and I think that was all that kept me alive through that dreadful journey.

We reached Salt Lake City at last. All I cared for now was to rest, and to have a home of our own once more. I was tired of being all the time with those rough people, and tired of the hateful elders, and I wanted to have Hugh all to myself again. In a few days he bought a lot with an adobe house already on it, and we moved into it. The little mud house did not seem much like our old home, but I did not mind that. I was contented and happy, and Hugh found so much work to do, and got such good pay, that I thought after all we had done well in going there.

You will hardly believe that in all this time I had never heard the dreadful doctrine those people believed—that every man might have as many wives as he could get. But I think Hugh found it out long before I did. It was a woman who lived near us that first told me. She asked me if I was the only wife my husband had, and said her husband had just been sealed to two women, and she was so unhappy she would be glad to die, only she was afraid of what would come after death. I did not know what the woman meant, and thought she must be crazy; but when Hugh came home, and I asked him about it, he said she had told me the truth. He said the elders proved it was all right from their Bible, and that all the good men in old times had more than one wife.

I felt as if I had been struck when he told me this. I seemed to look forward a few years, and see Hugh, my own dear Hugh,—who had promised long ago, away back in Wales, to love me only,—calling other women his wives. The idea made me wild with fear and dread. I clasped my arms about his neck, and called him my own, own husband. I begged him to tell me if he could ever love another woman while I lived. I pressed my cheek to his, and my tears ran down over my face like rain at the thought of such a dreadful trouble coming to me. Hugh clasped me close to his heart, kissed away my tears, laughed at my foolishness, and told me to forget all about it and be just as happy as I ever had been.

And I was as happy. I think I felt proud that Hugh loved me so much better than other women were loved, and I often laughed at myself for my silly fears.

Then Hugh began to build a new house, and I was as pleased as a child to watch

it day by day till it was finished. I was all the time planning some new comfort or convenience, and it was not very long till it was as pleasant as the little home in Wales had been. I had the flowers I liked best growing in my windows, and the vines and roses were beginning to climb up over the little porch.

So five years went by almost before I knew it, and in all those years I never once went to hear the elders preach. I spent the Sabbaths at home, reading the Bible that once belonged to my own mother, and I learned to love it. I would not go even to hear Brigham Young, though Hugh said he was a smart man, and he often went to hear him. It always made my heart come up in my throat when I knew he was going, for I did not know after all but he might be led to believe as the rest did.

About this time an Englishman, with one daughter about sixteen years old, came to live near us. We soon became acquainted with them; and my heart ached for the poor girl, who had been left without a mother, and would soon be without a father, alone in a strange land. Her father had come from England for his health, but he was getting worse, and knew he could not live long. I spent all the time I could with them, and tried to make the man as comfortable as if he had been back in England among his friends. The girl seemed to cling to me from the first, and I think if she had been my own child I could not have loved her more than I soon did. I often thought God had sent her to us in place of a child of our own, and she filled the lonely place in my heart, and I was sure Hugh loved her too. So, when her father lay on his dying bed, I told him she should have a home as long as I had one, and he said God would bless me, and died happy.

After the funeral I told Hugh of my promise, and asked him when we should bring the poor child home. For the first time in his life he did not seem to like what I had done. I was surprised, for I thought he had loved her as I did; and he had often asked me what I thought she would do after her father was gone. He got up, put on his hat, went to the door and stood a minute, then he turned around and said to me, "Rachel, she can never be our child," and went away.

If I had not been a poor blind fool I should have understood it. I began to think over the past few weeks, and it came to my mind that Hugh had been away from home a great deal, but I had been so much at our dying neighbor's that I had not thought of it before. All at once, as if a bullet had gone through my heart, came the thought that he must have been at the meetings of the "Saints." A cold sweat stood all over me. "What if he is getting to believe as they do!" I asked myself, and then I cursed, yes, *cursed* those men who were trying to steal my husband from me.

When Hugh came home—later in the evening it was than he had ever left me before, since we were married—I asked him if he had been to the meeting of the Saints. He looked surprised at the question, but told me he had. I was vexed and angry, and told him I thought he had more sense than to fall in with such foolish and wicked notions. He said perhaps they were right, after all, and began to tell me what Brigham Young said that very evening. I told him I did not want to hear anything about it; that Brigham Young was an old hypocrite, and that he never could make me believe any such doctrines if he talked forever. I said I took the Bible, the very Bible his own mother held in her dying hands, for my guide, and it was a thousand times better than their lying Mormon book that they pretended was a Bible. I said I felt away down in my heart that I was right and they were wrong,—and then I told him bitterly, that if he loved me half as well as I loved him, he would never go near them again.

"But listen, Rachel," he said, "I——"

"No; I don't want to listen; it is not right to open your ears to such doctrines,"—and I left him, for the first time in all my life, angry.

Perhaps, if I had been more gentle and loving then, it might all have turned out differently. God only knows. My brain seemed to be on fire, and my heart was like a rock in my bosom. I thought of all the cruel things I had ever said about the Mormon women, and how I had looked down upon them, and had always spoken of them as "No. 1," or "No. 2," or "No. 3." Now it was my turn to see another wife,—no, I would not call her wife,—it was my turn to see another woman brought into our house, and there would be a Mrs. Williams No. 2.

I can never forget that night. If God had not been my help then, I should have sunk in despair. I saw plainly enough what was soon to come upon me, and I tell you, if Hugh Williams had died that night, he would not have seemed to go away half as far from me as he seemed when he was sitting right there in my room. No, if he had died that night, and I could have known he was prepared to die, I could have stood by his side, held his hand in mine, heard his last dying words, and

closed his dead eyes with far less agony than I felt while he still lived, when I knew he no longer lived for me. I think I could have laid him in his grave, and have gone back to my lonely home happy, knowing that while he lived he had been all mine, and that he would wait for me up there till by and by I should join him.

Only one thing was clear and settled in my mind: if Hugh brought home another woman, I could never, never live with him any more. I told him so the next morning while we were at our breakfast. It was the only word that was said about what had happened the night before. I saw his face turn white, but he made no answer, and in a few minutes he went away, and did not come home till dark. So it went on for several days, and neither of us spoke again of what filled both our minds day and night.

I went over to see my dear child, as I called her in my heart, the very day after I told Hugh of my promise to her father. It seemed as if I had no one else to turn to in my trouble. But she seemed strange and cold, and when I called her my darling child, and would have kissed her, she drew away from me and covered her face with her hands. I saw the tears drop off her cheeks, and I thought she was weeping for her father, and I tried to comfort her, but in a few minutes she got up and left the room. I waited some time, but she did not come back, and then I went home, feeling that my last friend had turned against me. How I lived through the next few weeks I do not know,—only my time had not come to die.

One evening Hugh did not go out right after supper, as usual, and my heart was lighter than it had been since that terrible night. After my work was done, I sat down by the open window and began to pick the dead leaves off a rose-bush that stood in it. It was a rose I had brought all the way from Wales, and I thought so much of it. I was counting the buds that would soon open, and all the time thinking of the dear old home and wishing we had never left it. Hugh came and stood by me, and he seemed so much more like himself, and spoke so gently, that I just laid my head down on his shoulder and began to cry. He smoothed back my hair with his hand, just as he used to do long ago, when we were first married, and then I put my arms around his neck and kissed him, and said, "Oh, Hugh, let us leave this dreadful place and go back to Wales and be happy once more."

"But, Rachel," he said, "you know I never could get rich there, and I never could be a great man. Now, if we stay here, and I join the Saints, I can get to be one of the leaders among them."

"I don't want you to be a leader," I said; "all I want is to get away from them, and be happy, as we used to be."

He said nothing for several minutes, but we both still stood by the window watching the sun set. At last he turned his face away so I could not see it, and said: "Rachel, Elder Ayers wants to be sealed to your daughter, as you call her."

I started as if an adder had stung me, for Elder Ayers was one of the elders who came over from Wales with us, and Hugh knew how I hated him. He had five or six "spiritual wives" already, and now he wanted to ruin another poor innocent girl.

"He shall never do it, Hugh; she shall come and live with me, whether you like it or not, and I will see if I cannot keep her away from that villain."

"Rachel," said Hugh, slowly turning his face towards me, and I saw it was pale as ashes, "she may come and live here, and Elder Ayers cannot have her, for I am going to be sealed to her myself, this evening." Then he took up his hat and left the house.

I do not know what I did,—I only wonder at the mercy of God, which alone kept me from killing myself. I could think of nothing only that Hugh, my own dear husband, whom I had loved ever since I had known him, and still loved with all my heart, and Ella, my darling child, who was as dear to me as she had been to her own mother,—they two, the only people in the whole world that I really loved,—could wrong me so!

It was well for me that at last I had sense enough to feel that I must get away before they came to the house. They should not find me there. You know I told you of the adobe house we moved into when we first went there. It still stood back in the garden, and we had used it for a store-room. There was a fireplace in it that could be used to warm it, and it was really as comfortable as when we lived in it. I could go and stay there for a while,—I had no money to go anywhere else with,—I had no one to go to. That seemed the only place on earth for me. I carried over a little cot-bed, a chair, a few articles of clothing, and I hardly know what else. Then I went back for my Bible. I would not stay to look around the house where Hugh and I had been so happy,—I did not dare to look, for my brain was on fire already,—but took my Bible, caught up a

pitcher of cold water, and hurried to the little cabin as fast as I could for the trembling in my limbs. Then I threw myself on my bed, and I know now that it was weeks before I left it. I did not know anything, thank God, all those weeks; for had I known it was Hugh and Ella who took care of me so patiently all that time, it would only have added fuel to the fire that burned in my brain.

I remember one morning I opened my eyes, faint and weak as a baby, and looked around the room. I did not know who I was or where I was at first, and was too weak to think much about it. After a while I knew the old house, and began to think why I was there. It must have been some time before it all came to me, and it was not until Ella drew near the bed that I remembered what had happened. I shut my eyes and prayed God to let me die. A strange feeling came over me. I thought God was going to answer my prayer, and I felt glad that the end had come. But it was only the fever coming back again; and when I came to myself once more, Ella had gone, and in her place was a woman I had never seen before.

It was many weeks before I was able to sit up. I lay like one in a dream, thinking nothing and saying nothing, only feeling heart-broken. Sometimes a voice at the door, that I knew was Hugh's, asked how I was, and sometimes I heard Ella whisper a few words to the woman who was taking care of me. They were all the time bringing something nice for me to eat, but I never touched anything they brought. I could not; it seemed as if it would choke me. I did not want them to think of me at all,—it seemed to me they had no right to think of me after what they had done.

One day, while lying on my bed, I felt all at once as if I must look out at the house, just across the garden which I had helped plan, and where I had been so happy. So my nurse helped me into a chair by the window, and I sat and looked at the yard, in which I could see the flowers I had planted all in blossom. I saw my rose-bush that I had brought from Wales standing in the open window, just as it stood that night. I saw Ella come to the window once or twice. After a while Hugh came and stood by her, with his arm around her. I shut my eyes with a bitter cry, for I could not bear to look any more.

Afterward, when I was stronger, and my nurse had gone, I used to spend hours in that same window, watching for a glimpse of Hugh. I could see Ella moving about the house,—*my* house, I used to say over and over to myself,—and I would think how she sat in my old place at the table, how she used the things Hugh had bought for me, and enjoyed the conveniences I had planned for myself. In the evening I could see them sit down together on the little porch, and sometimes they walked around the yard together, just as Hugh and I had done long ago.

Every few days Hugh brought a basket to the door, filled with the things he thought I needed, and left it there. Once I opened the door just as he was putting down the basket, and we stood face to face. I looked at him long enough to see that he was pale and thin, and his face seemed to have grown so much older that I could not help pitying him. I felt such a longing to put my arms about his neck and kiss him once more as I used to do, and call him my own dear husband again. All the love I ever had for him was in my heart as strong as ever, and it came over me with such force that when he said "Rachel," and would have taken my hand, I fell fainting at his feet. He lifted me up, carried me into the house, and put me on the bed, and was bathing my face with water, while tears streamed down his cheeks, when I came to myself.

"My poor, poor Rachel," he said, so tenderly, so lovingly, that it seemed to me I must just go with him, as I knew he wanted me to do, even to a life of sin. But, thank God, He gave me strength to resist the temptation. For Hugh's sake as well as mine, I could not do it. I turned my face away from him and pointed to the door, but all my heart went with him.

One day Ella came alone and knocked timidly at the door. I opened it, and she said "Mother," so sweetly, looking so sorry all the time, I felt as if I wanted to fold her to my breast. She had been crying, poor child,—I could see that,—and at first I pitied her. But then I thought it was only right that she should suffer as well as I, and my heart grew like stone when I remembered how Hugh had left me for her,—and I shut the door in her face.

So it went on for a whole long year,—such a dreadful, dreadful year. If I had not learned to go to God for help, I never could have endured my trouble. After a while, too, I began to pray for Hugh and Ella, and I used to pray every day that they might see their sin and find a way out of it.

One night, about midnight, some one rapped at my door. I got up at once, but before I could open it Hugh called out: "Oh,

Rachel, come quick, Ella is dying!"—then he went away. I dressed myself, but I did not hurry at all, and in my heart I kept saying: "I am glad of it; let her die." I knew Satan had me in his clutches then. I opened the door and looked out after I was dressed. It was a beautiful night, and the full moon shone just as bright as day. Some way, when I saw the moonlight, my heart began to soften, but I did not start to go to Ella. In a few minutes Hugh came again, running as fast as he could, and as soon as he saw me at the door, he said: "Come, Rachel, for God's sake, come; Ella is dying!" All at once I remembered my promise to her father on his death-bed, and I thought I could not tell him when I met him in Heaven that I had kept it if I would not go to Ella even when she was dying.

I went over, then. I was with her all night. She did not die, but she went down close to the river. By morning the danger was over, and I went to Hugh in the next room and laid in his arms a little puny crying child—his first-born—his and Ella's! Such a look as came over his face then! I knew for the first time how much he had longed for a child. I stood by him while he passed his hand tenderly over the little head, so much like his own, looked into the eyes that were not half open, felt of the little hands, and then pressed the baby close to his heart. But when he looked at me and said, "O Rachel, if this had only been yours"—I could bear no more.

I never went into the house again, but I think the sight of that baby face and the touch of those little soft hands had done me good. I used to pray for that child, every hour of the day, that he might grow up and be a comfort to Hugh. I sometimes stood at my door and looked over to the house in the evening, when I could see the shadow of the three, Hugh and Ella and the baby, on the curtains, till my heart was full of grief and pity and love—I did not know which was strongest. Only it seemed so hard that I must be shut out from all happiness.

Well, the time went on, and the baby—Freddie they called him—was learning to walk, and I had never spoken to Hugh or Ella since he was born. But one day Ella came over with Freddie in her arms, and she looked so white and scared I knew something had happened. I led her into the house and made her sit down. She sat a long time without speaking, and her eyes seemed to be looking far away, but she clung to Freddie with both hands. All at once I knew what the trouble was, even before she told me, and I felt sorry for her and for Hugh, for I knew neither of them could be happy again.

She told me at last that Hugh was going to be sealed to two women whose husband had died not long before, and then he was going to be an Elder, and he had gone to bring the women home, and she could not stay there any longer.

I knew how to pity her, and in my heart I made over again the solemn promise I made to her dying father. You see I have kept it.

I do not think Hugh had expected she would leave him, and I know when he brought those two women to his home, and found that Ella and Freddie were gone, it must have cut him to the soul: for he had loved Freddie so well.

Ella had never been very well after Freddie was born, and now she failed so fast that I knew she would soon die if I could not get her away. She never spoke of Hugh. I think the memory of what I had suffered when he brought her there kept her from saying anything about him. But I knew she thought of him day and night—we each did that, though he had wronged us both so much. I made up my mind what to do. We must get away from Salt Lake City, and perhaps in another climate Ella would get well again. I could work and take care of her and Freddie—at any rate I could try.

A little girl who had been Freddie's nurse came in to see him one day, and I sent her for Hugh. He came, but when I saw how wretched he looked I could not say to him all I had thought I should. I told him, only, that Ella was failing very fast, and I wanted to take her away, and I had sent to him for money to carry us to the States, somewhere—I did not know or care where.

"And Freddie?" he asked, with white lips, and his voice trembled so I could hardly understand him.

"Freddie will go too," I said. "When can we have the money?"

"O my God," he groaned, and the great drops of sweat stood on his face, "must you go?"

"Yes, as soon as possible," I answered, and I felt that God helped me to say it.

"I will bring you money to-morrow;" and he went away.

One of the chests that we brought from Wales had always stood in the little cottage, and I packed it with our clothes. Ella was too weak to do anything, but she sat with Freddie on her lap, looking so sad and heart-broken.

The next morning Hugh came over with all the money he could raise. He said he had hired a wagon to take us to the cars at noon. When he came in, Ella was sitting on the door-step with Freddie, but the little fellow got away from her and ran in to Hugh, and climbed up in his arms. Hugh covered his face all over with kisses and tears, till Freddie began to cry too. Then he put him down and came up to me.

"Rachel, you will give me one last kiss, and say you forgive me?"

I kissed him, just as I would have done if he had been in his coffin, for now he was going to be forever buried out of my sight; and I told him I forgave him, as I hoped God in Christ had forgiven me. But just then came up before me such a vision of dear old Wales, and our happy life there, that it almost killed me. He wrung my hand, kissed me again, and turned to the door where Ella was still sitting. Freddie had crept back into her lap, and Hugh clasped them both together in his arms. I heard him say to Ella, "My poor child, how I have wronged you!" then he kissed her, and I heard him sob as he went away. It was a little comfort to me that he had called Ella "my child," for I knew then I had always the first place in his love. We both stood at the door and looked after him till he was gone out of our sight. He did not go into his house for comfort.

We started that same day for St. Louis, hardly knowing or caring where we went. On the way we fell in with a doctor from this city, who noticed how weak and sick Ella was, and he advised us to come here, as the climate might help her. I did not feel that she would ever be any better in this world, for the hurt was too deep; but I thought it was best to follow his advice. I told him our money would be nearly gone when we got here, and that we had no friends. It was his recommendation we brought to you, and you know now why we are here. I think God opened this house for us in answer to my prayers.

Her story was told—hers and that of the poor patient sufferer on the bed. Before I heard it I had been praying that Ella's life might be spared, but I could no longer pray for it. Better, far better for the gentle soul to go away from earth forever than to live tortured with such memories.

She lived a week longer, but said very little. One day she gave Freddie to her "Mother," as she always called her, and expressed a wish to go to her home in heaven, but spoke very humbly of her hope for the future, as if it were almost too much for one so sinful to anticipate the joy of heaven. The night she died the little boy lay sleeping by her, one hand held in hers. Mrs. Williams sat by the other side of the bed, and I stood at the foot, praying for an easy release for the parting soul. Suddenly the large blue eyes opened widely, the lips parted, and with a happy smile she whispered, "Hugh Williams," and all was over.

Poor Mrs. Williams! It was hard that here, in the very presence of eternity, another should claim him whose love by right belonged only to her. Thus those two lives that should have been so beautiful, were marred forever by the teachings of the false prophet.

Mrs. Williams and Freddie are still with us at the Home, and she has become invaluable to us. To-night, in answer to my question she said, "Yes, I do, I always shall love Hugh Williams, in spite of all his sins. I know how he is blinded, and I pray God every hour that He will show him his error and lead him to repent of it. Sometimes I think that he will even yet be led to see what he has thrown away, and that he will come to me again. But if not, I am sure God will not take him from this world till he has repented of his sin, and I am just as sure that in heaven he will be mine, all mine.

A RUSSIAN EASTER.

THE ceremonies of Passion-week at Moscow are no less interesting in their way than those at Rome or Jerusalem, showing as they do glimpses of the national spirit of the Slavonic race; and Easter itself is not only the great religious event of the Eastern Church, but is also a peculiarly Russian national festival.

Lent in Russia, or, as it is simply called, The Great Fast, lasts seven weeks instead of six, and begins on Monday instead of Wednesday. The common people strictly observe this fast, and conform to the precepts by which no animal food is to be eaten at all, and fish only during the first four weeks. Among the upper classes, except with the old ladies, the first and last weeks only are usually observed, in one of which they make their devotions, as they say, or take the communion. During those weeks many persons are so strict that they will take no sugar in their tea, because it is clarified with blood, but use instead almonds or honey, forgetting that honey has undergone some sort of an animal process which makes it as bad as the sugar. As Provence oil is an excellent substitute for butter in cooking, and as there is an abundance of fine fish in Russia, which, from the coldness of the climate, seem even more palatable there than elsewhere, one can still fare very well during the fast. Even a dinner wholly of mushrooms and vegetables can be made very good. Of course, as soon as the rush and fury of the carnival is over, and Lent is really begun, the gayer amusements are totally stopped. No one dances, and balls are replaced by family evenings or routs, where the young people can play games and even kiss each other, for that is not forbidden, and the old people can talk gossip over their cards. The theaters are strictly closed, although every year there is a delusive rumor that *this* year tragedies will be allowed twice a week. The place of the drama is filled by *tableaux vivants*, quite as unedifying as the most profane ballet, and by concerts, two or three of which are given every night during the whole period. Those musicians who are last are to be pitied, for every one is wearied and bored to death with the concerts, and when it comes to the fifth and sixth weeks the audiences are far too select to be remunerative. I am told that some years ago, as a mark of special consideration, foreigners were allowed to have public balls on the Monday and Tuesday of the first week, as their Lent began on Wednesday. Russians were prohibited from attending under penalty of a heavy fine. I have always thought this a fable; at all events, we are now put on the same level as the natives, and have no special dancing privileges.

There is no *mi-carême* in Russia, and Palm Sunday, or Willow-Day, as they call it there, is the nearest approach to a holiday that is permitted in Lent. Easter last year was unusually late, on the 2d of May of our style, and the weather at Moscow had begun to be warm and pleasant, the snow having entirely disappeared, so that the Willow-Eve (Saturday) was one of the pleasantest holidays that I recollect for a long time in any country. In the great square in front of the church of St. Basil, called the Red Place, on the side next the Kremlin wall, there had been erected a triple row of booths, large and small, at which almost everything of a portable nature was for sale: old books, crockery, jewelry, shoes, neck-ties, but principally small toys and children's playthings,—this fair being designed to give an opportunity for buying the Easter presents. Besides the booths, and the old women with their stockings and tippets who always stand there, all the peddlers in town had turned out with their trays of poppy-seed cakes and sunflower seeds, and all the delicacies known to Moscow children of the lower class, with dolls, angels, Easter-eggs, toy-balloons, and quantities of branches of willow, the catkins of which were just out. To buy a sprig of willow was of course the first duty of everybody. About these booths and all around the square was an immense crowd of peasants and *bourgeois*, who had come to buy and to look. The inside of the square was occupied with a double line of carriages and barouches which slowly drove about, marshaled by mounted policemen, stared at by the crowd, and accompanied by friends of the pretty girls inside standing on the steps. Usually few but the children and their nurses make this promenade, but this year every one was tempted by the fine weather, and the line of carriages between two and five o'clock was so long as to go through the gate and down the street as far as the Riding School. Not only were the merchants' wives and daughters there, but, what is unusual in Moscow, nearly all the aristocracy, including the prettiest girls of the place. Their cavaliers could not help becoming enthusiastic, and loading the carriages with all

sorts of ridiculous and nonsensical toys, and one rich young hussar made himself conspicuous by buying all the little red india-rubber balloons at a ruble apiece and letting them up in the air,—to the great delight of all the children.

At six o'clock there was a grand vesper service, at which every one held a lighted candle and a sprig of willow, which is blessed and distributed by the priest in lieu of palm-branches, to typify the entrance of the Saviour into Jerusalem. In the Russian Church the vespers are a preparatory service, and it is for this reason that there are always vespers on Saturday and none on Sunday evening, unless the Monday is a feast-day. The vespers are often invested with a significance that does not belong to the morning service; but in this case on Palm Sunday the ritual was exactly as usual, with neither candles nor willow branches.

During the Passion-week Moscow presents a curious appearance. There are constant services in the churches, and the bells are ringing from morning till night. There are no amusements at all, and the clubs are closed. The organs cease playing in the restaurants and hand-organs are forbidden in the streets. There are no promenaders on the boulevards, for during the time people are not in church they are busy shopping. In the city there is very little business done, and the wholesale houses are usually closed after Wednesday, but on the Smith's Bridge, the Petroffka, and the Tverskaya, and wherever there are shops for jewelry, confectionery, or fancy goods, there is an immense throng of carriages and people. Presents are always given in Russia at Easter instead of Christmas, and hence this eager run upon all the shops. It seems, too, to be considered an absolute necessity that every one shall go to church on Easter Day in new clothes and with new bonnets and hats. All through the week boys and girls from hatters, milliners, and dressmakers can be seen in every part of the town, carrying bundles and bandboxes, but on Saturday the rush is fearful. As you stand at your window and look at the passers-by, you may very safely wager that nine out of every ten will have a bandbox or a large paper parcel. During the first three days of Easter-week, on the other hand, every shop is shut, and even newspapers do not appear. They are general holidays. Within the houses the turmoil during Passion-week is as great as it is outside. Everything must be clean for the feast. The house is completely overturned with washing and dusting and scrubbing. The double windows are removed and washed; the curtains are shaken out or clean ones hung up, and the beds and rugs aired. In one room the whiteners are busy with the ceiling; and in the next loosely-clothed men, with long flying hair, are waxing and polishing the floor with brushes fastened to their bare feet, and from their violent and complicated motions, and the singing with which they accompany them, seem performing some outlandish dance. But the rage for cleaning is not confined to the houses. It is a practical religious precept in Russia that no one should go to church unless he is clean, and for that reason the peasants take a bath every Saturday. During passion-week the baths are full, whole families going together in order to be properly prepared to receive the communion.

Every two or three years there is prepared at Moscow the *myro* (from the Greek *μύρον*), or holy chrism, which is used in the Russian Church for anointing children at baptism, for the consecration of churches, and in the coronation of the Emperor and Empress. In all other cases of anointing men consecrated oil is used. The *myro* is made only at Moscow and Kief, and its preparation is an occasion of great solemnity. The Metropolitan in person, early on Monday morning of Passion-week, lights the fire, pours in the first gallon of oil, and begins to read the gospel; after this the mixture boils for three days and nights, constantly stirred by deacons or monks, while the gospel is read by priests. The composition of this chrism has varied at different times, but, as at present made, the *myro* contains 720 pounds of pure olive oil, 40 gallons of white Lisbon wine, and more than thirty fragrant gums and oils, including rose, musk, orange-flower, and sandal oils, Peruvian balsam, frankincense, and ginger, in quantities varying from an ounce to 75 pounds. I went on Tuesday to the Sacristy of the Patriarchs to see the ceremonies. The Cross-room is a large square hall, the walls of which are decorated with a fine collection of antique crosses and holy pictures, painted, carved, and embroidered. At the north side of the room, under a canopy of gilded wood, was a porcelain stove, on which were placed two large silver caldrons lined with gold, weighing two hundred pounds each; six deacons in black robes trimmed with silver were stirring the holy oil in these with long silver ladles. In the center of the room was an immense silver vase, presented by the Empress Catherine II., richly ornamented with gold, weighing more than 400 pounds, in which the oil is poured in order to be blessed.

On the left stood a venerable priest, reading the gospel in a low, weary voice. On the right was a pyramidal stand covered with silver vases, in which the *myro* is sent to the different eparchies, with the jars and bottles containing the various ingredients. There was a large number of people looking on, and pressing to get bits of cotton wool that had been dipped in the oil. The whole room was filled with a delightful but heavy perfume, and the poor priests looked hot and tired, and almost ill with the odor. On Thursday there was a procession of all the Church dignitaries in order to carry the vessels containing the oil from the Sacristy of the Patriarchs to the Cathedral of the Assumption. There, in presence of an immense crowd, the Mass was celebrated by the Metropolitan and several archbishops; then, after various prayers, the Metropolitan took in his hands the alabaster, poured a few drops into the vessel of oil, and blessed it, when it was carried back in procession to the Sacristy, to be divided up and sent off. This alabaster (called so in memorial of the alabaster box of ointment broken by Mary on the Saviour) is a small, narrow-necked bottle of copper covered with mother-of-pearl, and filled with oil brought from Constantinople when Christianity was first introduced into Russia. But a few drops of the oil which it contains are used each time the *myro* is consecrated, and then the bottle is refilled, so that there still remains in reality a minute portion of the original oil.

The washing of the feet of the poor takes place only in those years when the *myro* is not consecrated. On Thursday evening at six o'clock, and in other churches at six on Friday morning, there is a service called the "Twelve Gospels," at which twelve passages of the gospel are read by the priest, while everybody holds in his hand a lighted candle. After each gospel there are suitable prayers and responses. During the day on Friday the tomb of Christ is brought from the holy place and placed in the center of the church. It consists of a simple wooden box, covered with a silk or gold cloth. At two o'clock in the afternoon there are the usual vespers, after which the body of Christ is placed in the tomb. This is an oblong piece of silk like an altar-cloth, having on it a painted or embroidered representation of the dead Christ. When the vespers are nearly over every one lights his candle, and the procession, headed by two large candles and by banners, consisting of the choir-boys, the priests, and the deacons, who carry on their heads this embroidered cloth, advances from the altar to the tomb. The cloth is laid on the top of the tomb, and the priest delivers a sermon on the death of the Saviour. Good Friday is one of the few days on which a sermon is obligatory. All sermons, if they are original, must be read over by the bishop before they are pronounced—a practice it might be well to introduce into America; it would at least insure shorter sermons. With the exception of the Easter services, by far the most interesting service is this burial of Christ on Friday night, or rather on Saturday morning.

After I had taken a hearty supper, much to the envy of a fasting friend who confined himself to dry bread and radishes, we went to the Kremlin about midnight. It was perfectly dark, for the moon now rose late. At one o'clock one of the great bells called Gudelof, which is only used on Good Friday and on the death of the Emperor or Metropolitan, began to toll with a heavy, lugubrious sound and we entered the Cathedral, which was already full of people. We however succeeded in getting a place in front, just at the right of the royal doors of the iconostasis and in face of the altar. I always feel a thrill when I enter the Kremlin,—a sacred spot for so many hundred years, a place where nearly all that is holy in Russia is gathered together, where the stone pavement has so often run with blood, and the gilded domes of the antique buildings have seen so many tyrants and such extraordinary scenes. But the Kremlin and the Cathedral of the Assumption are never grander or more solemn than on this night. The church looks larger and higher than usual in the darkness, for it is lighted only by four or five large wax candles hanging before the sacred pictures, each with its circle of smaller votive candles, which dimly show the kneeling or prostrate worshipers. The jewels and gold decorations of the pictures glitter on the walls, and gleams are seen of the gilded background of the frescoes which cover the arches and the roof. A deacon stands in front of the Royal Gates, reading psalms and prayers in a rich, low voice, to which the choirs respond, sometimes in a faint, hardly uttered treble, sometimes in a full, deep bass, *Gospodi pomilui*—Lord have mercy on us! There in the nave is the platform on which all the Czars and Emperors, from Ivan the Terrible down, have been crowned; at the four corners of the Cathedral are the tombs of Russia's most holy and famous metropolitans; in front of me is the silver shrine which covers the body of St. Philip, murdered by Ivan the Terrible; behind me is another shrine with most sacred

relics; on the altar lie the most important State papers of Russia under the golden Sinai. At my side rises the iconostasis, covered even to the ceiling with plates of solid gold and silver, and sparkling with jewels. On it hang the most sacred pictures in Russia: one sent from Constantinople by the Emperor Manuel; another painted by the Metropolitan Peter; and this nearest to me, of the Virgin and Child, painted by St. Luke himself. It was brought by Vladimir, the first Christian Russian sovereign, from Korsun, about 990, and, with the exception of the faces and hands, which are glazed with mica to preserve them from the kisses, it is literally covered with precious stones, to the value of $250,000. The emerald alone which is in the diamond star at the top of the shrine is worth $50,000 in gold.

The royal doors are opened, every one lights his candle, and the Archbishop of Mozhaisk, a feeble, saintly-looking old man, in his jeweled golden miter and his purple robe striped with red and white, advances down the aisle, followed by a procession of ecclesiastics in black robes edged with silver. He moves to his place on the platform in the center of the nave, and, after incense has been waved in all directions, takes in his hands the three and two branched candlesticks, and makes with them the sign of the cross to the four points of the compass. The real service then begins. The prayers for the Emperor and the Litany are recited with the usual responses, and after the gospel, a priest reads in a clear voice three passages from the life of the Virgin, called "The Tears of the Virgin," during which two deacons wave silver sacramental fans or *ripidas* over the tomb of Christ, and the bell tolls mournfully. These fans represent Cherubim covered with a glory, and image forth the angels who watched over the sepulcher. There is less music than usual, but it is very solemn, sweet, and affecting. In general, Russian church music is of a peculiarly solemn and emotional character, being entirely vocal, and sung by men and boys only, but embracing every quality of voice. The music in the cathedrals at Moscow is very good, but that at the Cathedral of St. Isaac and the Imperial Chapel at St. Petersburg is not surpassed at Rome. As the service draws to its close the choirs and clergy form in procession with lighted candles and banners, and bear the representation of the body of Christ once around the cathedral, and then place it again on the tomb. The holy doors are closed, the candles are all extinguished, and again there are low prayers, soft responses and prostrations, and the multitude kiss the tomb and depart. When the service in the cathedral was over, at three o'clock, it was already quite light, and, with the inconstancy of a Russian spring, it was snowing. We bought some blessed unleavened bread* just fresh from the oven at the window of the Tchudof Monastery, ate it to support us after the fatigue of standing so long, and went into the Ascension Convent, where the service of the nuns was just beginning. A priest officiated, but the nuns read the hours and many of the prayers. They were dressed in black, with a tall conical cap inclosing the whole head but the face, without veils, and with dresses rather shorter than usual. The abbess and one or two superiors had black lace veils hanging down behind, and long robes. The singing of the nuns was not very pleasing, and we were soon glad to go home and get a little sleep.

On Easter Eve Moscow becomes quiet very early. By nine o'clock the streets are empty, and there is hardly an *isvostchik* to be had at double the usual price. The night is perfectly dark, and few lights are seen in the windows, as we start out about half-past eleven for the Kremlin. In the great square between the cathedrals we find a mass of people silently waiting. Inside the churches, which are also full, a prayer or two is said, and then all is still. We ascend the tower of Ivan Veliki to get a better view of the scene, groping our way up the winding staircase. A few minutes more and the clock strikes twelve. A violent trembling of the tower tells us that the great bell is struck, though we hear no sound. Instantly every bell of the four hundred churches of Moscow begins to ring joyfully and rapidly; a hundred cannon boom out from the Tainitzky tower. As if by magic every spire and dome is illuminated, a circle of lights is seen about every church, and the lines of light along every street make Moscow in a blaze. At the same moment a procession of clergy and torch-bearers in their most brilliant gold and silver robes, with choirs, incense, and banners, make the circuit of every church, walking over branches of evergreen that have been strewn in the way, and singing the Easter hymn:—

"Christ is arisen, is arisen from the dead."

* The Russians use a cake of unleavened bread, somewhat in the shape of an hour-glass, called a *prosvirka*, which is blessed by the priest, who writes on it the name of the person for whom it is destined, and gives it to friends who are either ill or setting out on a journey. Though of mere flour and water it is very palatable.

The square of the Kremlin is now as light as day, and we see the Metropolitan,—a hearty, hale old man, long time a missionary bishop in Siberia and Alaska,—in his magnificent robes, with his train-bearers, his cross of crystal, and incense and candles, as he goes about the Cathedral of the Assumption. At the nearest churches we can also distinctly see the processions, but in the distance they seem merely a train of glimmering sparks. We descend again to the square, and every one rushes into the church to light his candle, and kisses his neighbor three times, saying *Christos voskres*—Christ is arisen; to which the reply is returned, *Vo istiné voskres*—He is arisen indeed. In the Cathedral there is now no service but matins, the Grand Mass being at seven in the morning, so we hasten through the illuminated streets to some other church where Mass will follow the matins immediately. Small earthen dishes containing a lighted wick floating in melted tallow are placed on each of the low posts which are the detestable substitutes for curb-stones in the Moscow streets, so that the shadows are all cast upwards, producing a singular but beautiful effect. The smoke and smell are disagreeable. The churches are full, and all around them are servants with dishes of eggs and other eatables peculiar to Easter, waiting to have them blessed. The bells are everywhere ringing violently and joyfully, and the farther we get from the Kremlin, the louder are the tones of the "Assumption" or great bell. It was curious that when we stood in the Kremlin square and saw the bell struck, we did not hear separate divided strokes. There was a low, deep, united sound, not at all disagreeable, which seemed to serve as a background for all the other bells. This bell weighs sixty-four tons, and is the largest in the world.

The most fashionable churches on great occasions are the University, the private chapels, and those belonging to the Palace and to the public institutions. We go to the Widows' Home, which is just now the rendezvous of the most select aristocracy. The matins have already begun, and the saloons—for the chapel is small, and few are there beside the widows—are full of ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, all holding candles, while the priest and deacon make a tour of all the rooms, exclaiming *Christos voskresen*, to which the congregation reply. Every time they come from the sanctuary they have on new robes of a different color, and the choir-boys sing continually the Easter Hymn. When the matins are over the candles are blown out, and handed to the boy who comes to receive them on a silver salver, and every one kisses and congratulates his family and friends. There is but a brief intermission and the mass commences, though the crowds in the saloons continue laughing and talking as if they were at a rout. We stay here till we have congratulated all our acquaintances, and then go to the private chapel of one of the richer nobles.

On the Povarskaya there are still two or three of the vast houses of the olden time. One of these is large and rambling, two stories high, of white stucco, and stands on the other side of a vast court, the gate-posts of which are surmounted with the caricatured plaster lions so peculiar to Moscow. On either side are the wings, separate houses for the servants, kitchen, etc. We are shown upstairs by half a dozen liveried servants, and after traversing several saloons, one hung in crimson damask, another in white, and one in which the tapestry and the furniture are entirely Chinese, we arrive at the small, elegant chapel. It is in its way a perfect gem. The Baron is a man of taste, as his rich collections of all kinds of *bric-à-brac* show, and has spared no expense in the fitting up of the chapel. The floor is of mosaic; the carpet on which the priest stands is of embroidery; the altar-screen is hung with the purest specimens of modern Byzantine art, and the banners and the candlesticks are arranged with an eye to artistic effect. The altar-cloth is of the richest material; instead of the usual seven-branched candlestick, there are seven pendent lamps. The priest and deacon were old, venerable men, in vestments of gold and purple tissue, and uttered every word of the service slowly and distinctly. The singers were carefully selected, and the music was exquisite. There was nothing in the service to offend the taste of the most fastidious, yet the religious effect, though powerful, was not so strong as in the dimly-lighted Cathedral the night before. I do not wish to say that there was anything theatrical, for I have never yet seen a theatrical gesture in a Russian church, as I so often have in Catholic churches. Even in the greatest displays there is great devoutness, as though the display were made for itself, and not for its effect upon the crowd. When the Mass was finished, small bits of blessed bread were handed to all present, and the silver cross was held out to them to kiss, and the priest, repeating the Easter formula, kissed each three times. The young Baroness, as she passed out, kissed her nurses and maids (the other servants had to wait till afterwards), and then mutual con-

gratulations were exchanged by everybody in the grand saloon, and we passed into the dining-hall to *break the fast.* Before we took our seats, a blessing was sung by the priest and choir. We had, of course, the usual Easter viands, though a plentiful supper was not forgotten. The Russians eat always at Easter a sort of flummery of sour cream stuck with raisins, called *paskha;* a sweetish bread-cake, full of almonds and raisins, called *kulitch,* of which one gets heartily tired, as no fresh bread is to be had for three days; and cold hard-boiled colored eggs. Here, as in so many other countries, there is the custom of exchanging gifts of colored eggs at Easter, with good wishes; and hence a present made at Easter is called an Easter egg, or more often "a little red egg." If you receive one, you, of course, give in return an egg. For some occult reason, ham is also a standard Easter dish, though I have been unable to find out the significance of this meat, or what it has to do with the Resurrection.

At six o'clock in the morning there is a Grand Mass in the Cathedral, celebrated by the Metropolitan in person, the chief features of which are the gorgeous robes, the exquisite singing, and the gospels read in four tongues —Russian, Slavonic, Greek, and Hebrew. No flowers are used at Easter in the churches, those being reserved for Pentecost. Easter Sunday, after ten o'clock, is very like a New Year's Day at New York. The ladies are at home, and the men do nothing all day long but pay visits, beginning at the Governor-General's,—where there is a general kissing of all the dignitaries and the high functionaries,— and ending with their acquaintances. There is this advantage in the Moscow custom, that calls are not obligatory the first day, but may be paid on any day during the week. The ladies receive not in ball costume, but in an ordinary afternoon dress. Among the lower classes the women are all arrayed in white. In many houses a lunch is spread, but that custom is dying out in the upper society. At the houses where you have been very intimate, and have frequently dined, you will be expected to give the servants a ruble or so; at other places it is not necessary, although twenty kopecs is never amiss in Russia, any more than a shilling in England.

The streets are very lively with the peasants, who all have on their holiday dresses,—velvet and silk if they are rich enough, otherwise Turkey-red shirts and dark blue cloth coats,— and are kissing each other furiously with caps in their hands,—and exchanging eggs. There is a tradition that during this week you have the privilege of kissing every one you meet, but it apparently is merely a theory, for none but acquaintances avail themselves of the right. There is of course a great deal of drunkenness visible, for the Russian people are prone to strong drinks, and drunken men are not arrested during the first three days of the festival; indeed, even a drunken policeman is sometimes seen. But even then there are none of the beastly, disgusting sights that are seen every New Year at Edinburgh.

Public amusements usually begin about Wednesday. There is a monster concert in the Riding School, with about 600 performers, and from 12,000 to 15,000 auditors. This year the Requiem of Berlioz was given, in memory of that musician, who had himself directed the last concert there. In the nobility assembly-rooms there is a grand children's ball, where you may find all the young ladies of the most exclusive circles, selling toys or lottery tickets for the benefit of the infant schools. This is the great week for the lottery-drawings, and every day the public halls, enlivened with music, are full of promenaders, each hoping to get the great prize— usually 5,000 rubles—in the lottery of the particular benevolent society in which he is interested.

The people's promenade is, however, the great feature in the Easter amusements. On the west side of Moscow there is a long wide boulevard, on the place where the Novinsky wall stood,—and therefore called Podnovinsky,—which is the scene of nearly all the popular festivals. Along its whole extent there are erected flimsy wooden theaters and booths of all kinds, gay with flags of every color and design;—I have noticed that very rarely is the national flag ever displayed here on any other festival occasion. In one theater will be given the thrilling and national drama of "Yermak, or The Conqueror of Siberia;" in another "The Enchanted Castle, or The Robber's Den in the Pyrenees," a grand pantomimic ballet; in another will be the bloody panorama of "The Turkish War." There are smaller shows without number, comprising giants, fat women, living skeletons, monstrosities, dioramas, and above all *Petrushka,* the Russian "Punch and Judy." There are stalls and peddlers of all kinds, as there were in the city on Willow Eve, only in greater numbers and greater variety. There are in addition swings, merry-go-rounds, and rocking-horses, and places where chairs, called self-skaters, slide along the floor of themselves, to the music of a brass band, while during the intervals

peasants dance the *kozatchok* and *trepak*, and sing the national songs. The crowd of people is immense, and it is with difficulty that one can force his way through the laughing and good-humored but dirty throng. The street on one side is kept clear by the police, and here slowly roll along the most elegant equipages in Moscow. There are very few of the nobility this time, for ordinarily none but merchants promenade here. But you will see magnificent horses which seem kept only for this display, as they are rarely used except on this and one or two other promenades, and there are vehicles of all descriptions, often with three and four horses abreast. The wives and daughters are in their richest and most gorgeous dresses, and are evidently bent on exhibiting themselves. Indeed it is supposed by many that this promenade is for the purpose of showing off marriageable daughters, and of finding bridegrooms for them. The bright shirts and gaudy kerchiefs of the peasants add to the scene. This promenade lasts three days. After seeing all this gayety one is struck by the fact that popular amusements are very much the same everywhere, and that it is only the variance of surroundings that makes the difference and the interest. The Greek and Roman children played with dolls and balls ; knucklebones, hoops, and tops are as common in Russia as they are in America ; and I have seen in Asia Tartar and Bukharan boys playing marbles and at horse. Human nature in every direction seems the same the world around.

As the Easter holidays began with shopping, so they end. During the last three days of Easter week there is what is called "The Cheap Market." All the shop windows display signs, "At Reduced Rates," "Cheap Prices," etc. The shops are perfectly thronged, and curious scenes in the way of elbowing, pushing, and fighting are often beheld. It is a lucky thing for the shop-keepers, as they get rid of all of their old stock ; but many is the woman who, when she returns home, heartily regrets that she purchased some worthless trash because it was *so* cheap.

THE MULLENVILLE MYSTERY.

Between four and five every afternoon, except Sundays, it was the time-honored custom of the Mullenville population to assemble at the post-office, and there, under cover of waiting for the mail to be made up, relax themselves with friendly, business, or amorous conversation, as the case might be. The sight of the letters and newspapers popping into the various boxes seemed to assist ideas in popping into heads, and words in popping out. Certainly, at no time were the inhabitants of Mullenville more gay, social, talkative, and good-humored than at evening mail-time ; and as for the lovers,—it is awful to think of what their predicament would have been in case the Mullenville post-office had not existed. In fact, if the persons who constructed the plans whereby Mullenville was built had been as wise in regard to human nature as to engineering, they would most undoubtedly have placed the post-office and the church side by side, and perhaps connected them with a covered passage.

On the 6th of August, 1367,—in matters like this it is well to be precise about the dates,—the usual genial assemblage was buzzing within the post-office walls. It is nearly five o'clock ; the mail is well-nigh sorted. Hark!—the delivery-door is thrown open with a click-clack, and up surge the people like a wave, breaking against the door, and thence flowing off in a lengthened stream to the post-office entrance, and so out upon the steps, on which those who emerge first stand to watch the exit of those who come after. Among the former we notice at once the elegant figure of an aristocratic young fellow, with a handsome, enterprising countenance, and easy, confident bearing. Who is he? Why, young Ned Holland, from Cambridge, who has been sent up here to rusticate, having been detected in the execution of some tremendous practical joke upon the faculty. He is a talented, audacious sort of chap, popular among both men and women,—for there is a large amount of pure romance mingled with his composition, and an impetuosity and fertility of thought and action such as girls always like, and men too, unless they happen to be jealous. By the way, Sam Gumple, the town beau, hates Ned Holland with a deadly hatred, which logically proves him jealous ; and, even as we speak, behold the cause !

Sweet, pretty, delicious little Nellie Swansdown is coming rosily out of the post-office door, and Sam Gumple, in an immature frock-coat and red-and-white check neck-tie, is

stalking beside her, paying her compliments fragrant with the perfume of corned-beef, cabbage, and pomade. As they step out into the open air, Sam crooks his elbow and remarks, with a touch of that humor which he has made his own :—

"Now, then! hook on to my handle, Nell!"

It would be hard to say just how it was done. Nothing could have been neater, quicker, more complete. There was a graceful, rapid movement, a stern, decided "Stand aside, sir!" a gentle, caressing "Allow me, Miss Swansdown!"—and there stood Sam, alone, his face contorted with fury, mortification, conscious defeat; and moving away, arm-in-arm, a perfect picture of confiding affection on one side and loving protection on the other, the well-matched figures of Ned Holland and Nellie Swansdown. Nobody could help chuckling and feeling jolly about it: and Sam Gumple got no sympathy at all, either from the girls (for had he not neglected them for Nellie?), or from the boys (for was he not always bragging about the "gals that were sweet on" him?—and all the time it wasn't that they were sweet on him, but that their thrifty fathers and mothers were sweet on his bank account). So everybody looked with complacency on Sam's discomfiture, while the bold and successful young collegian was the favorite of the hour.

It is not necessary to go back and give a reason for all this; it is easy enough to imagine how, during the month of Ned Holland's presence in Mullenville, beauty and valor and prettiness and sweetness had mutually and irresistibly attracted each other, to the abandonment and oblivion of all beside; how, the day before the incident we have witnessed, the loving explanation had taken place, and Sam Gumple's final overthrow been agreed upon. No use going into the particulars of all that; what is to come is matter of even greater moment.

A walk of full three-quarters of a mile lay between the lovers and the vine-covered farm-house in which Nellie lived. It was an ideal road, always winding, with a lush meadow and a brook on one side and an undulating hill on the other; and the path shaded by enormous elm and butternut trees. Even had it been less picturesque, one would suppose that the sunshine in the young people's hearts would have supplied any deficiencies. Alas! for the folly of human beings, their own worst enemies! It was on this lovely, solitary road, gilded by the afternoon sun and shadowed by the trees, that these two fortune-favored, prosperous, romantic young idiots got themselves involved in one of those unpardonable sins called lovers' quarrels, brought on by absolutely nothing whatever, and yet maintained and carried through to a fatal termination. Shade of Sam Gumple, rejoice! This is precisely how it happened :—

NED HOLLAND (*as they turn the corner grocery and strike their homeward road*)—What was poor Sam saying to you when I interfered, Nellie?

NELLIE SWANSDOWN (*gathering up her skirts deftly with one hand, and holding unnecessarily fast on to Ned's arm with the other*)—Oh! I don't know; some of his bosh, I suppose. I'm sure *I* didn't listen to him.

N. H. (*smiling self-complacently*)—You used to a good deal, though, before I came.

N. S. (*turning up her nose the least mite*)—What? hear bosh? Oh, well, as for that, I've heard a good deal since, too.

N. H. (*tragically—the hypocrite!*)—Oh! Nellie: you don't believe all I've said to you this last month is *bosh*, do you?

N. S. (*giving his arm a tiny hug—the dear little thing!*)—Oh! no, Ned; not quite so bad as that! I was only funning.

N. H. (*following up his advantage, the tyrant! and bending over towards her confidentially*)—You *do* care a little for me; don't you, dear?

N. S. (*looking down, and excessively lovely, and then up, blushing*)—Well! I should think you might know by this—Oh!! Ned—oh! right in the street, and everybody looking! aren't you ashamed?

N. H. (*insolently triumphant at having done it*)—Yes, awfully! there wasn't anybody looking, though, you dear little goose!

(*A pretty long silence, during which they walk along with their eyes on the ground, not only arm-in-arm, but hand-in-hand, and their hearts feeling so tender as almost to hurt.*)

N. H. (*slaying the slain again*)—How did you ever happen to like Sam Gumple, Nellie? What was the fascination?

N. S. (*plaintively*)—Why, Ned! you *know* there wasn't any. I always detested the creature; but, you know, he's rich, and father's under obligations to old Mr. Gumple, and so he—well, you know how it was.

N. H. (*confidently*)—But he'll be glad to have you marry me, won't he?

N. S. (*hesitatingly*)—Well—father will, of course; but I'm afraid old Mr. Gumple would be angry, and that would make him hard on father, you know. That's all I'm afraid of.

N. H. (*smiling, with superior assurance*)—Oh, my dear, we'll fix it so that old Gumple

won't know whom you married, or anything about you. You can rely on me to manage all that.

N. S. (*impulsively*)—You know I always rely on you, dear.

(*It wasn't quite so scandalous this time: they were in the shadow of a big tree, and no one was in sight. But she blushed as rosily as she did the first time, and gave him a box on the ear into the bargain.*)

N. H. (*who has digested what he has had, and wants more*)—What is it about me you like most, Nellie?

N. S. (*who thinks she may have given him too much, and desires to set it right*)—Your big nose, I guess! that's what your conceit comes from, isn't it?

N. H. (*whose nose is rather large, and who of course feels sensitive about it*)—I wouldn't make personal remarks, if I were you, dear; it sounds vulgar.

N. S. (*who, being country-bred, is particularly sensitive about vulgarity*)—Much obliged to you for letting me know, I'm sure. I'll try not to shock your taste in future.

N. H. (*with an air of misunderstood virtue*)—It's my feelings, rather than my taste, that you shock, my dear.

N. S. (*with an unreal and satirical laugh*)—Your *feelings!* Indeed! Come, come, Mr. Holland, pray don't waste any of your elegant language on *me*. You must remember that, whatever else I don't know, I know *you!*

N. H. (*as if hearing for the first time an interesting and gratifying piece of news*)—Do you, really! I'm very glad you do know something.

N. S. (*coldly, dropping his arm*)—I'm not proud of the knowledge; it doesn't amount to much, and is a bore learning.

N. H. (*politely—very unhappy*)—It's a pity you should waste so much time away from Mr. Sam Gumple.

N. S. (*smiling—perfectly miserable*)—Poor Sam! he's a human creature, at any rate,—not a machine.

N. H. (*furious at this concession to his rival—his voice trembling*)—Do I understand you to say *I'm* a machine, Miss Swansdown?

N. S. (*bursting into a fit of laughter,—it's a wonder it wasn't crying, poor little thing!*)—Why, it isn't possible you don't know *that*, Mr. Holland? You always reminded me so much of a clock!—stuck up to be looked at; wound up to go, and always doing over the same things,—thinking yourself *so* clever, *so* accomplished, *so* knowing, and everybody else *so* vulgar, *so* stupid, *so* commonplace,—oh! you needn't say anything: one can always tell what a clock is going to say, if one can see its face! But really, now, Mr. Holland, if you only wouldn't pretend to be a man, you might be very interesting—as a machine.

N. H. (*overwhelmed at this unprecedented outburst from his gentle little Nellie Swansdown—the blockhead hasn't sense enough to know that in wounding her pride and self-love he has committed a well-nigh irreparable insult*)—Why! Nellie—what does all this mean? Are you crazy? Nellie, have you forgotten that I'm going away to-morrow?—is *this* going to be the way we part? You're in a passion, now (*a sensible thing to say, that!*)—wait a minute, and think! Oh! Nellie, you know I love you!

N. S. (*who, though yet very angry, is still more oppressed by dread lest she should give in and cry*)—You love me! I'd as lief be loved by a—cider-mill.

N. H. (*losing his temper and, of course, his last chance*)—Very well! for the last time, then, Miss Swansdown,—you won't marry me?

N. S. (*venomously,—catch her marrying any one who calls her Miss Swansdown!*)—I'd rather marry an aw—(*not quite sure of the word*)—awtomotom!

N. H. (*staggering under this last awful thrust, but still game*)—Thank you! Good-bye! I trust your wish may be gratified!!

And so they parted. And there was certainly one thing remarkable about this quarrel,—that the woman did *not* have the last word. Perhaps she expected to have a chance, later; but in that she was mistaken. Ned went tragically home, packed his valise, settled his bills, and took the evening express-train to New York, probably hoping there would be a collision before he arrived. Nellie rushed up to her chamber, fully resolved to die before morning. If it had not been that a lingering doubt as to whether her lover might not return the next morning harassed her mind, perhaps she might. But her unwillingness, in case he were *not* to return, to have her corpse go to the grave unseen and unwept by him, and a reluctance, in case he *should* happen to come back, to be dead and not know it,—these conflicting emotions kept her in a state of indecision till morning, and then, of course, there would have been no use or poetry in it. Ned did not come back, and Nellie survived. It may have been pride, it may have been hope, it may have been indifference that buoyed her up,—but who can read a woman's heart? We must first make a new vocabulary.

Something else remains to be recorded ere we arrive at that portion of our tale which may be designated the historical. We would rather say nothing about it; fain modify it—fain account for it. But, no! it *will* be told,—it will not be modified,—it is unaccountable! It is no use talking about money, and obligations, and immitigable elderly people: all the world knows that the day for those things has gone by,—lovers never pay any attention to them now (when they are really in love). The dark fact remains, that Sam Gumple, having satisfied himself of the actual and permanent disappearance of Mr. Ned Holland, took to ogling the deserted young lady again: he called on her evenings, walked home with her afternoons; and Nellie—oh Frailty, thy name still continues to be woman!—Nellie did not repel his advances with disdain. And now for the history.

No one who has resided within a thousand miles of Mullenville, or is among the numberless subscribers to the *Mullenville Harp*, needs to be reminded of the extraordinary event which took place there on the twenty-first day of September, 1867; an event utterly without parallel or precedent in the annals of the town, or, for that matter, of the whole world. But since there are possibly some few who were in Europe, or unborn, on the day in question, a brief synopsis of events will be given for their especial behoof.

About a week before the above date, the Mullenville population awakened one morning to a sense of placards. Placards were posted everywhere—on barns, on board fences, on the white-washed exterior of the hotel stables, and one fiery red fellow on the very door of the church! Every placard bore the announcement, in letters a foot high and under, that a most remarkable curiosity would be exhibited in the Town Hall on the evening of the 21st of September. This was nothing less than an automaton, made to represent a man, life-size, and constructed with such surpassing ingenuity and cunning that it was next to impossible to detect the deception. Indeed, it was asserted—on the authority of a number of testimonials from distinguished people living out West—that many individuals who professed to be well acquainted with mankind, and deeply versed in the arcana of human nature, had, nevertheless, been completely bamboozled by the marvelous accuracy wherewith the automaton counterfeited humanity. Some had gone so far as to declare that it was not an automaton at all, but the devil! And surely, if half the wonders claimed for it were true, one might well suspect something uncanny in it. Not only could it walk, move its arms, turn and nod its head, roll its eyes, and twiddle its thumbs; but it could talk, sing, whistle, laugh, and, if report were to be trusted, read and write also! There was something awful in the idea of such a thing.

Needless to say the anticipations aroused in the Mullenvillian breast were anxious and great: nothing was talked of day or night, by young or old, but the Automaton. As the appointed day drew near, people gathered together from miles around; the hotel was filled over and over, and half the private residences in town were transformed into boarding-houses. The Selectmen hired a gang of carpenters to increase the accommodations of the Town Hall, and swore in a number of special policemen to keep the crowd in order.

On the 20th of September, the day before the exhibition, Sam Gumple went up to make an evening call on Nellie Swansdown. He was rigged out in a very chaste visiting costume: a wide-awake felt hat shaded his ruddy and oleaginous countenance from the warm starlight; a dress coat, built by the town tailor, covered his broad back, and a pair of trousers of blue army-cloth brought his legs into becoming relief. He wore pumps over his knit yarn socks, and carried in his lemon-colored kid hand a delicate ivory-headed cane.

Of course the first subject introduced was the Automaton. Nellie, to be sure, was very quiet, and hardly opened her mouth once to say anything about it. But Sam was so eloquent in his descriptions and eulogiums that one would have supposed it to have been his brother at least. Unmindful of Nellie's pale face and occasional shudderings, he dilated on its life-like attributes and mysterious deeds with all the richness of fancy and sweetness of voice for which he was noted; and ended by producing two tickets, entitling the holders to the best seats in the house, so close to the stage that, to use Sam's figure, they could see the machine's eyelashes, if it had any. One of these he besought Nellie to accept, with the understanding that he was to call for and escort her to the hall the next night.

For some time Nellie hesitated. She seemed strangely unwilling to put herself within the range, so to speak, of this mysterious Automaton. Her reluctance, indeed, almost amounted to a superstitious dread. There was a sad and distant expression in her eyes, as though the sound of some loved

and lost voice were echoing in her ears. Finally, however, her resistance was overcome, or perhaps she looked at the matter in a new light. At any rate, she consented to go with Sam to the exhibition, and he departed with an exulting heart,—as well he might, with the prospect of having sweet Nellie Swansdown all to himself for a whole evening. As for Nellie, she went to bed and had an awful nightmare, in which it seemed to her that she was married to the Automaton, and that after the ceremony was over it turned into the tall old-fashioned clock which stood in the dining-room ; and while she was standing looking up at it in dismay at the thought of being united to such a thing, and bound to honor, love, and obey it all her life, it fell over on to her and crushed her to pieces ; upon which, of course, she screamed and woke,—but the terror of the dream lasted her all day.

Evening had come. An expectant crowd at the depot had witnessed the arrival of the train containing the wonderful Automaton. It had come in with a long-drawn shriek, as of a soul in despair, and had slipped away again with an infernal cachinnation, as though some devilish joke were in the wind. Meanwhile, under the direction of the manager (a gentleman with black hair falling over his shoulders, and a heavy black beard), a huge box, resembling in form a cross between a coffin and a safe, was carefully lifted down from the baggage car and transported slowly and cautiously to the express cart. In this box, it was whispered, was concealed the marvelous mechanism of the Automaton. The sensation created was profound, and apparently not unmixed with fear. Men gathered in little knots and groups, whispering apprehensively to one another, and casting strange glances ever and anon over their shoulders into dark corners of the depot, unilluminated by the red light of lanterns and gas lamps. But when the rattle of the express cart began to die away in the distance, a fresher air seemed to blow around, the whispers rose and loudened into voices ; some of the bolder spirits went so far as to laugh and crack appalling jokes, almost scaring themselves, as well as the more timid ones, by the exuberance of their own audacity.

It was eight o'clock. Every seat was filled, and all the standing-room was taken up ; the very staircase and the outside flight of steps were packed, and vast multitudes surrounded the building on every side. Countless small boys had climbed the trees which happened to grow within a hundred yards of the windows, and strove manfully to imagine they could see what was going on between the chinks of the closed blinds. Within, a black curtain was stretched across the stage, which was raised some five feet above the floor of the hall. Close in front, by way of orchestra, sat David Clank, the town jailer, who played the violin at all the sociables in Mullenville ; on this evening he was likewise engaged to touch the spring which was to raise the curtain. Directly behind him, the next nearest to the scene of operations, were Sam Gumple and Nellie Swansdown, — the former talkative, smiling, and redolent ; the latter pale, silent, and nervous.

A bell sounded. The gentlemanly manager stepped before the curtain and made his bow to the assembly. He stroked his beard, passed his fingers through his long hair, and said he was proud to meet them ; that this was the first audience before which the Automaton had been exhibited in this part of the country ; that Mullenville, in that respect if not in others, was preferred before either Boston or New York ; that in regard to the exhibition he would only say that the expectations aroused by the bills would, he was sure, be more than satisfied. He said the Automaton was certain to outdo itself in the presence of so much youth and beauty as were assembled in that hall that night ; and as he spoke his eye fell on the upturned and bewildered face of Nellie Swansdown. He smiled, bowed again, stroked his beard, and vanished. An interval elapsed—a few said a minute ; others, five minutes ; some fifteen. However, the bell sounded again at last, David Clank touched the spring, the curtain rolled out of sight as if by magic, and there was revealed, standing in the center of the stage, a large box in shape something between a coffin and a safe. Amidst a deathlike stillness the door of this box flew open, and out stepped, with an air of jaunty assurance, with flaxen hair and whiskers, a nobby suit of clothes, an eye-glass, a cane, and patent leather boots—out stepped, with a bow and a smirk, just as any human being might have done, only with infinitely more grace and ease—out stepped the miraculous, the mysterious, the supernatural, the incomparable Automaton! The entire audience, having held their breath for a half-hour without stopping, now let it out again in a prolonged and mighty "Ah-h-h-h!" The suspense of many long days and sleepless nights was brought to an end, and the greatest

wonder of the world was at length before their eyes.

It was all true—nay, the half had not been said! That Automaton did beat all nature, as Sam Gumple remarked *sotto voce* to Nellie Swansdown. It seemed absolutely to be endowed with human intelligence; indeed, the opinion was expressed that no human intelligence could equal it. Why, it ogled the girls! it cracked jokes with the men!! it danced a hornpipe, and whistled "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle"!!! It put its hands into its pockets, and sang and acted "Walking down Broadway"—the first time the song had ever been produced upon that stage! The audience became excited—then wild—then frantic! Their enthusiasm amounted to madness, yet seemed wholly inadequate to the magnitude of the occasion. The Automaton was not an Automaton at all—it was a demi-god!

And how did the demi-god impress Nellie Swansdown? When it first stepped out of the box and came forward to the foot-lights, she almost started from her seat and could scarcely repress a scream. Then she partly recovered herself with a little laugh, and looking around to see if any one had observed her. Then she turned her eyes once more to the Automaton, and as she looked her gaze grew every moment more and more intense and absorbed, until it seemed as though she were living only in her eyes. An expression of incredulity deepened into wonder, that into amazement, that into mystification, that into apprehension. Her sweet lips were parted, and her breath came only by fits and starts. During the whole time the Automaton was on the stage she did not speak one word. Certainly no one was more impressed with that evening's entertainment than was Nellie Swansdown.

At last the end came. The Automaton, in a few well-chosen words, took leave of the audience, and expressed the hope of meeting them all again—if not all, at least some. They said afterwards that there was a peculiar twinkle in its eye as it made that remark. It retired up the stage, bowing to the right and left. When it reached the door of the box, and just before disappearing through it, it took a nosegay from its button-hole and tossed it towards the audience. A hundred hands were outstretched to grasp it, but it fell right into Nellie Swansdown's bosom, and stayed there. The Automaton nodded and smiled at her, vanished into his box, the curtain fell, and the exhibition was at an end. A sudden stillness and awe came over the audience, now that their crazy excitement was past. Silently they left their seats and hurried to get out of the hall before the gas should be turned off. The multitude outside, who had crowded to the entrance, curious to see the faces of those who had seen the Automaton, shrank back alarmed at their ghastly appearance. Every one hastened homeward as fast as his legs would take him, and in an incredibly short space of time there was not a soul left in the streets.

Among the last to leave the hall were Sam Gumple and Nellie Swansdown. A melancholy interest attaches to this last appearance of theirs together in the world. They were seen to walk off in the direction of home, until, having got beyond the range of the gas-lamp which burned dimly over the iron gate of the City Hall, they were swallowed up in the darkness. It was a warm, cloudy night, and drops of rain fell intermittently, like blood-drops from a fatal wound. Nellie Swansdown, the pretty, the sweet, the lovable, was never seen again. As for Sam Gumple, he was picked up the next day, but in a state of hopeless idiocy. He maundered about a phantom carriage with jet-black horses, which came thundering along the road after he and Nellie had got a hundred yards or so from the Town Hall; said that out of this carriage had sprung a goblin which, from its figure and height, he recognized at once as the Automaton, though the flaxen hair and whiskers were gone; that this goblin had prostrated him by a left-handed blow in the eye, had seized Nellie round the waist,—she, from terror or some other cause, being unable even to scream,—had leaped with her into the phantom coach, and had disappeared into the night with a rumble like an earthquake. This was Sam's story, gathered from time to time out of his mutterings and ravings. The good people of Mullenville knew not whether to believe it or not, but they at once decided that Sam ought to be confined in the town asylum, and the decision was forthwith carried into execution, and Sam occupies rooms there to this day.

There was one peculiar thing about it—nobody ever again saw or heard anything of the Automaton, or of its black-bearded and gentlemanly manager. No trace was left behind save the mysterious box, which remained standing on the stage behind the black curtain. A committee was appointed and organized to sit upon this box; this, not without many misgivings, they did, and decided that it ought to be opened. The bravest man in Mullenville was appointed to perform

this office; he armed himself with a couple of revolvers and a prayer-book, and actually accomplished the feat; when there appeared, to reward the labors of the committee, a long black wig with a beard to match, and a flaxen ditto, with accompanying whiskers. These were locked up in the Court House, and then the committee, having published the result of their researches, adjourned *sine die*.

In process of time, as people's minds began to cool, the fame of the Automaton would seem gradually to have fallen into disrepute. It was declared that the thing wasn't so wonderful after all; that it had not, as a matter of fact, done half the things accredited to it; that its motions had not only been limited in scope, but stiff and mechanical in manner; that a whirring sound, as of a clock running down, accompanied every movement. Its voice, it was maintained, had been nothing but a croak and a squeak; that it hadn't sung or whistled at all, and as for the reading and writing, that was all humbug.

Nevertheless, there have been, and still are, certain pig-headed people who persist in asserting that there was something more in that Automaton than ever was made known to the public at large. They hint that Nellie Swansdown was actually forced to elope with this mechanical goblin, as a judgment upon her for having, in a fit of anger with an admirer of hers, declared she would rather marry an automaton than him. They even pretended to have heard the rattle of carriage wheels on that eventful September night; and in regard to the nosegay, they declare it had a note tied to it, which Nellie read, and which told her more than she would have been inclined to admit; and there is much more nonsense of the kind which might be quoted, were it worth while.

It is pleasant to be able to record the amicable relations existing between the houses of Gumple and Swansdown, even though the marriage between the younger branches was never consummated. Their sorrows, probably, have united them.

BACK-LOG STUDIES.—IV.

I.

I WISH I could fitly celebrate the joyousness of the New England winter. Perhaps I could if I more thoroughly believed in it. But skepticism comes in with the south wind. When that begins to blow, one feels the foundations of his belief breaking up. This is only another way of saying that it is more difficult, if it be not impossible, to freeze out orthodoxy, or any fixed notion, than it is to thaw it out; though it is a mere fancy to suppose that this is the reason why the martyrs, of all creeds, were burned at the stake. There is said to be a great relaxation in New England of the ancient strictness in the direction of toleration of opinion, called by some a lowering of the standard, and by others a raising of the banner of liberality; it might be an interesting inquiry how much this change is due to another change,—the softening of the New England winter and the shifting of the Gulf Stream. It is the fashion nowadays to refer almost everything to physical causes, and this hint is a gratuitous contribution to the science of metaphysical-physics.

The hindrance to entering fully into the joyousness of a New England winter, except far inland among the mountains, is the south wind. It is a grateful wind, and has done more, I suspect, to demoralize society than any other. It is not necessary to remember that it filled the silken sails of Cleopatra's galley. It blows over New England every few days, and is in some portions of it the prevailing wind. That it brings the soft clouds, and sometimes continues long enough to almost deceive the expectant buds of the fruit-trees, and to tempt the robin from the secluded evergreen copses, may be nothing; but it takes the tone out of the mind, and engenders discontent, making one long for the tropics; it feeds the weakened imagination on palm-leaves and the lotus. Before we know it we become demoralized, and shrink from the tonic of the sudden change to sharp weather, as the steamed hydropathic patient does from the plunge. It is the insidious temptation that assails us when we are braced up to profit by the invigorating rigor of winter.

Perhaps the influence of the four great winds on character is only a fancied one; but it is evident on temperament, which is not altogether a matter of temperature, although the good old deacon used to say, in his humble, simple way, that his third wife was a very good woman, but her "temperature was very different from that of the

other two." The north wind is full of courage, and puts the stamina of endurance into a man, and it probably would into a woman too if there were a series of resolutions passed to that effect. The west wind is hopeful; it has promise and adventure in it, and is, except to Atlantic voyagers America-bound, the best wind that ever blew. The east wind is peevishness; it is mental rheumatism and grumbling, and curls one up in the chimney-corner like a cat. And if the chimney ever smokes, it smokes when the wind sits in that quarter. The south wind is full of longing and unrest, of effeminate suggestions, of luxurious ease, and perhaps we might say of modern poetry,—at any rate, modern poetry needs a change of air. I am not sure but the south is the most powerful of the winds, because of its sweet persuasiveness. Nothing so stirs the blood in spring, when it comes up out of the tropical latitude; it makes men "longen to gon on pilgrimages."

I did intend to insert here a little poem (as it is quite proper to do in an essay) on the south wind, composed by The Young Lady Staying with Us, beginning:—

> Out of a drifting southern cloud
> My soul heard the night-bird cry—

but it never got any further than this. The Young Lady said it was exceedingly difficult to write the next two lines, because not only rhyme but meaning had to be procured. And this is true; anybody can write first lines, and that is probably the reason we have so many poems which seem to have been begun in just this way, that is, with a south-wind-longing without any thought in it, and it is very fortunate when there is not wind enough to finish them. This emotional poem, if I may so call it, was begun after Herbert went away. I liked it, and thought it was what is called "suggestive;" although I did not understand it, especially what the night-bird was; and I am afraid I hurt the Young Lady's feelings by asking her if she meant Herbert by the "night-bird,"—a very absurd suggestion about two unsentimental people. She said, "Nonsense;" but she afterwards told The Mistress that there were emotions that one could never put into words without the danger of being ridiculous: a profound truth. And yet I should not like to say that there is not a tender lonesomeness in love that can get comfort out of a night-bird in a cloud, if there be such a thing. Analysis is the death of sentiment.

But to return to the winds. Certain people impress us as the winds do. Mandeville never comes in that I do not feel a north wind vigor and healthfulness in his cordial, sincere, hearty manner, and in his wholesome way of looking at things. The Parson, you would say, was the east wind, and only his intimates know that his peevishness is only a querulous humor. In the fair west wind I know The Mistress herself, full of hope, and always the first one to discover a bit of blue in a cloudy sky. It would not be just to apply what I have said of the south wind to any of our visitors, but it did blow a little while Herbert was here.

II.

In point of pure enjoyment, with an intellectual sparkle in it, I suppose that no luxurious lounging on tropical isles set in tropical seas compares with the positive happiness one may have before a great wood-fire (not two sticks laid crossways in a grate), with a veritable New England winter raging outside. In order to get the highest enjoyment, the faculties must be alert, and not be lulled into a mere recipient dullness. There are those who prefer a warm bath to a brisk walk in the inspiring air, where ten thousand keen influences minister to the sense of beauty and run along the excited nerves. There are, for instance, a sharpness of horizon outline and a delicacy of color on distant hills which are wanting in summer, and which convey to one rightly organized the keenest delight, and a refinement of enjoyment that is scarcely sensuous, not at all sentimental, and almost passing the intellectual line into the spiritual.

I was speaking to Mandeville about this, and he said that I was drawing it altogether too fine; that he experienced sensations of pleasure in being out in almost all weathers; that he rather liked to breast a north wind, and that there was a certain inspiration in sharp outlines and in a landscape in trim winter quarters, with stripped trees, and, as it were, scudding through the season under bare poles; but that he must say that he preferred the weather in which he could sit on the fence by the wood-lot, with the spring sun on his back, and hear the stir of the leaves, and the birds beginning their housekeeping.

A very pretty idea for Mandeville; and I fear he is getting to have private thoughts about the Young Lady. Mandeville naturally likes the robustness and sparkle of winter, and it has been a little suspicious to hear him express the hope that we shall have an early spring.

I wonder how many people there are in New England who know the glory and inspiration of a winter walk just before sunset, and that, too, not only on days of clear sky, when the west is aflame with a rosy color, which has no suggestion of languor or unsatisfied longing in it, but on dull days, when the sullen clouds hang about the horizon, full of threats of storm and the terrors of the gathering night. We are very busy with our own affairs, but there is always something going on out-doors worth looking at; and there is seldom an hour before sunset that has not some special attraction. And, besides, it puts one in the mood for the cheer and comfort of the open fire at home.

Probably if the people of New England could have a plebiscitum on their weather they would vote against it, especially against winter. Almost no one speaks well of winter. And this suggests the idea that most people here were either born in the wrong place, or do not know what is best for them. I doubt if these grumblers would be any better satisfied, or would turn out as well, in the tropics. Everybody knows our virtues,—at least if they believe half we tell them,—and for delicate beauty, that rare plant, I should look among the girls of the New England hills as confidently as anywhere, and I have traveled as far south as New Jersey, and west of the Genesee Valley. Indeed, it would be easy to show that the parents of the pretty girls in the West emigrated from New England. And yet,—such is the mystery of Providence,—no one would expect that one of the sweetest and most delicate flowers that blooms, the trailing arbutus, would blossom in this inhospitable climate, and peep forth from the edge of a snow-bank at that.

It seems unaccountable to a superficial observer that the thousands of people who are dissatisfied with their climate do not seek a more congenial one,—or stop grumbling. The world is so small, and all parts of it are so accessible, it has so many varieties of climate, that one could surely suit himself by searching; and, then, is it worth while to waste our one short life in the midst of unpleasant surroundings and in a constant friction with that which is disagreeable? One would suppose that people set down on this little globe would seek places on it most agreeable to themselves. It must be that they are much more content with the climate and country upon which they happen, by the accident of their birth, than they pretend to be.

III.

Home sympathies and charities are most active in the winter. Coming in from my late walk,—in fact, driven in by a hurrying north wind that would brook no delay,—a wind that brought snow that did not seem to fall out of a bounteous sky, but to be blown from polar fields,—I find The Mistress returned from town, all in a glow of philanthropic excitement.

There has been a meeting of a woman's association for Ameliorating the Condition of somebody—here at home. Any one can belong to it by paying a dollar, and for twenty dollars one can become a life Ameliorator,—a sort of life assurance. The Mistress at the meeting, I believe, "seconded the motion" several times, and is one of the Vice-Presidents; and this family honor makes me feel almost as if I were a president of something myself. These little distinctions are among the sweetest things in life, and to see one's name officially printed stimulates his charity, and is almost as satisfactory as being the chairman of a committee or the mover of a resolution. It is, I think, fortunate, and not at all discreditable, that our little vanity, which is reckoned among our weaknesses, is thus made to contribute to the activity of our nobler powers. Whatever we may say, we all of us like distinction; and probably there is no more subtle flattery than that conveyed in the whisper, "that's he," "that's she."

There used to be a society for ameliorating the condition of the Jews; but they were found to be so much more adept than other people in ameliorating their own condition, that I suppose it was given up. Mandeville says that to his knowledge there are a great many people who get up ameliorating enterprises merely to be conspicuously busy in society, or to earn a little something in a good cause. They seem to think that the world owes them a living because they are philanthropists. In this Mandeville does not speak with his usual charity. It is evident that there are Jews, and some Gentiles, whose condition needs ameliorating, and if very little is really accomplished in the effort for them, it always remains true that the charitable reap a benefit to themselves. It is one of the beautiful compensations of this life that no one can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

Our Next-Door Neighbor. Why is it that almost all philanthropists and reformers are disagreeable?

I ought to explain who our next-door neighbor is. He is the person who comes in without knocking, drops in in the most natural way, as his wife does also, and not seldom in time to take the after-dinner cup of tea before the fire. Formal society begins as soon as you lock your doors, and only admit visitors through the media of bells and servants. It is lucky for us that our next-door neighbor is honest.

THE PARSON. Why do you class reformers and philanthropists together? Those usually called reformers are not philanthropists at all. They are agitators. Finding the world disagreeable to themselves, they wish to make it as unpleasant to others as possible.

MANDEVILLE. That's a noble view of your fellow-men.

OUR NEXT-DOOR. Well, granting the distinction, why are both apt to be unpleasant people to live with?

THE PARSON. As if the unpleasant people who won't mind their own business were confined to the classes you mention! Some of the best people I know are philanthropists,—I mean the genuine ones, and not the uneasy busybodies seeking notoriety as a means of living.

THE FIRE-TENDER. It is not altogether the not minding their own business. Nobody does that. The usual explanation is, that people with one idea are tedious. But that is not all of it. For few persons have more than one idea,—ministers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, manufacturers, merchants,—they all think the world they live in is the central one.

MANDEVILLE. And you might add authors. To them nearly all the life of the world is in letters, and I suppose they would be astonished if they knew how little the thoughts of the majority of people are occupied with books, and with all that vast thought-circulation which is the vital current of the world to book-men. Newspapers have reached their present power by becoming unliterary, and reflecting all the interests of the world.

THE MISTRESS. I have noticed one thing, that the most popular persons in society are those who take the world as it is, find the least fault, and have no hobbies. They are always wanted to dinner.

THE YOUNG LADY. And the other kind always appear to me to want a dinner.

THE FIRE-TENDER. It seems to me that the real reason why reformers and some philanthropists are unpopular is, that they disturb our serenity and make us conscious of our own short-comings. It is only now and then that a whole people get a spasm of reformatory fervor, of investigation and regeneration. At other times they rather hate those who disturb their quiet.

OUR NEXT-DOOR. Professional reformers and philanthropists are insufferably conceited and intolerant.

THE MISTRESS. Everything depends upon the spirit in which a reform or a scheme of philanthropy is conducted.

MANDEVILLE. I attended a protracted convention of reformers of a certain evil once, and had the pleasure of taking dinner with a tableful of them. It was one of those country dinners accompanied with green tea. Every one disagreed with every one else, and you wouldn't wonder at it if you had seen them. They were people with whom good food wouldn't agree. George Thompson was expected at the convention, and I remember that there was almost a cordiality in the talk about him, until one sallow brother casually mentioned that George took snuff,—when a chorus of deprecatory groans went up from the table. One long-faced maiden in spectacles, with purple ribbons in her hair, who drank five cups of tea by my count, declared that she was perfectly disgusted, and didn't want to hear him speak. In the course of the meal the talk ran upon the discipline of children, and how to administer punishment. I was quite taken by the remark of a thin, dyspeptic man, who summed up the matter by growling out in a harsh, deep bass voice, "Punish 'em in love!" It sounded as if he had said, "Shoot 'em on the spot."

THE PARSON. I supposed you would say that he was a minister. There is another thing about those people. I think they are working against the course of nature. Nature is entirely indifferent to any reform. She perpetuates a fault as persistently as a virtue. There's a split in my thumb-nail that has been scrupulously continued for many years, notwithstanding all my efforts to make the nail resume its old regularity. You see the same thing in trees whose bark is cut, and in melons that have had only one summer's intimacy with squashes. The bad traits in character are passed down from generation to generation with as much care as the good ones. Nature, unaided, never reforms anything.

MANDEVILLE. Is that the essence of Calvinism?

THE PARSON. Calvinism hasn't any essence,—it's a fact.

MANDEVILLE. When I was a boy, I always

associated Calvinism and calomel together. I thought that homœopathy—*similia, etc.*—had done away with both of them.

Our Next-Door (*rising*). If you are going into theology, I'm off.

IV.

I fear we are not getting on much with the joyousness of winter. In order to be exhilarating, it must be real winter. I have noticed that the lower the thermometer sinks, the more fiercely the north wind rages, and the deeper the snow is, the higher rise the spirits of the community. The activity of the "elements" has a great effect upon country folk especially; and it is a more wholesome excitement than that caused by a great conflagration. The abatement of a snow-storm that grows to exceptional magnitude is regretted, for there is always the half-hope that this will be, since it has gone so far, the largest fall of snow ever known in the region, burying out of sight the great fall of 1808, the account of which is circumstantially and aggravatingly thrown in our way annually upon the least provocation. We all know how it reads:—"Some said it began at daylight, others that it set in after sunrise; but all agree that by eight o'clock Friday morning it was snowing in heavy masses that darkened the air."

The morning after we settled the five—or is it seven?—points of Calvinism, there began a very hopeful snow-storm,—one of those wide-sweeping, careering storms that may not much affect the city, but which strongly impress the country imagination with a sense of the personal qualities of the weather,—power, persistency, fierceness, and roaring exultation. Out-doors was terrible to those who looked out of windows, and heard the raging wind, and saw the commotion in all the high tree-tops and the writhing of the low evergreens, and could not summon resolution to go forth and breast and conquer the bluster. The sky was dark with snow, which was not permitted to fall peacefully like a blessed mantle, as it sometimes does, but was blown and rent and tossed like the split canvas of a ship in a gale. The world was taken possession of by the demons of the air, who had their will of it. There is a sort of fascination in such a scene, equal to that of a tempest at sea, and without its attendant haunting sense of peril; there is no fear that the house will founder or dash against your neighbor's cottage, which is dimly seen anchored across the field; at every thundering onset there is no fear that the cook's galley will upset, or the screw break loose and smash through the side, and we are not in momently expectation of the tinkling of the little bell to "stop her." The snow rises in drifting waves, and the naked trees bend like strained masts; but so long as the window-blinds remain fast, and the chimney-tops do not go, we preserve an equal mind. Nothing more serious can happen than the failure of the butcher's and the grocer's carts, unless, indeed, the little news-carrier should fail to board us with the world's daily bulletin, or our next-door neighbor should be deterred from coming to sit by the blazing, excited fire, and interchange the trifling, harmless gossip of the day. The feeling of seclusion on such a day is sweet, but the true friend who does brave the storm and come is welcomed with a sort of enthusiasm that his arrival in pleasant weather would never excite. The snow-bound in their Arctic hulk are glad to see even a wandering Esquimau.

On such a day I recall the great snow-storms on the northern New England hills, which lasted for a week with no cessation, with no sunrise or sunset, and no observation at noon; and the sky all the while dark with the driving snow, and the whole world full of the noise of the rioting Boreal forces; until the roads were obliterated, the fences covered, and the snow was piled solidly above the first-story windows of the farm-house on one side, and drifted before the front-door so high that egress could only be had by tunneling the bank.

After such a battle and siege, when the wind fell and the sun struggled out again, the pallid world lay subdued and tranquil, and the scattered dwellings were not unlike wrecks stranded by the tempest and half buried in sand. But when the blue sky again bent over all, the wide expanse of snow sparkled like diamond-fields, and the chimney signal-smokes could be seen, how beautiful was the picture! Then began the stir abroad, and the efforts to open up communication through roads, or fields, or wherever paths could be broken, and the ways to the meeting-house first of all. Then from every house and hamlet the men turned out with shovels, with the patient, lumbering oxen yoked to the sleds, to break the roads, driving into the deepest drifts, shoveling and shouting as if the severe labor were a holiday frolic, the courage and the hilarity rising with the difficulties encountered; and relief parties, meeting at length in the midst of the wide white desolation, hailed each other as chance explorers in new lands, and made the whole

country-side ring with the noise of their congratulations. There was as much excitement and healthy stirring of the blood in it as in the Fourth of July, and perhaps as much patriotism. The boy saw it in dumb show from the distant low farm-house window, and wished he were a man. At night there were great stories of achievement told by the cavernous fire-place; great latitude was permitted in the estimation of the size of particular drifts, but never any agreement was reached as to the "depth on a level." I have observed since that people are quite as apt to agree upon the marvelous and the exceptional as upon simple facts.

V.

By the fire-light and the twilight, The Young Lady is finishing a letter to Herbert,—writing it, literally, on her knees, transforming thus the simple deed into an act of devotion. Mandeville says that it is bad for her eyes, but the sight of it is worse for his eyes. He begins to doubt the wisdom of reliance upon that worn apothegm about absence conquering love. Memory has the singular characteristic of recalling in a friend absent, as in a journey long past, only that which is agreeable. Mandeville begins to wish he were in New South Wales.

I did intend to insert here a letter of Herbert's to The Young Lady,—obtained, I need not say, honorably, as private letters which get into print always are,—not to gratify a vulgar curiosity, but to show how the most unsentimental and cynical people are affected by the master passion. But I cannot bring myself to do it. Even in the interests of science one has no right to make an autopsy of two loving hearts, especially when they are suffering under a late attack of the one agreeable epidemic. All the world loves a lover, but it laughs at him none the less in his extravagances. He loses his accustomed reticence; he has something of the martyr's willingness for publicity; he would even like to show the sincerity of his devotion by some piece of open heroism. Why should he conceal a discovery which has transformed the world to him, a secret which explains all the mysteries of nature and humanity? He is in that ecstasy of mind which prompts those who were never orators before to rise in an experience-meeting and pour out a flood of feeling in the tritest language and the most conventional terms. I am not sure that Herbert, while in this glow, would be ashamed of his letter in print, but this is one of the cases where chancery would step in and protect one from himself by his next friend. This is really a delicate matter, and perhaps it is brutal to allude to it at all.

In truth, the letter would hardly be interesting in print. Love has a marvelous power of vivifying language and charging the simplest words with the most tender meaning, of restoring to them the power they had when first coined. They are words of fire to those two who know their secret, but not to others. It is generally admitted that the best love-letters would not make very good literature. "Dearest," begins Herbert, in a burst of originality, felicitously selecting a word whose exclusiveness shuts out all the world but one, and which is a whole letter, poem, confession, and creed in one breath. What a weight of meaning it has to carry! There may be beauty and wit and grace and naturalness and even the splendor of fortune elsewhere, but there is one woman in the world whose sweet presence would be compensation for the loss of all else. It is not to be reasoned about; he wants that one; it is her plume dancing down the sunny street that sets his heart beating; he knows her form among a thousand, and follows her; he longs to run after her carriage, which the cruel coachman whirls out of his sight. It is marvelous to him that all the world does not want her too, and he is in a panic when he thinks of it. And what exquisite flattery is in that little word addressed to her, and with what sweet and meek triumph she repeats it to herself, with a feeling that is not altogether pity for those who still stand and wait. To be chosen out of all the available world—it is almost as much bliss as it is to choose. "All that long, long stage ride from Blim's to Portage I thought of you every moment, and wondered what you were doing and how you were looking just that moment, and I found the occupation so charming that I was almost sorry when the journey was ended." Not much in that! But I have no doubt The Young Lady read it over and over, and dwelt also upon every moment, and found in it new proof of unshaken constancy, and had in that and the like things in the letter a sense of the sweetest communion. There is nothing in this letter that we need dwell on it, but I am convinced that the mail does not carry any other letters so valuable as this sort.

I suppose that the appearance of Herbert in this new light unconsciously gave tone a little to the evening's talk; not that anybody mentioned him, but Mandeville was evidently generalizing from the qualities that

make one person admired by another to those that win the love of mankind.

MANDEVILLE. There seems to be something in some persons that wins them liking, special or general, independent almost of what they do or say.

THE MISTRESS. Why, everybody is liked by some one.

MANDEVILLE. I'm not sure of that. There are those who are friendless, and would be if they had endless acquaintances. But, to take the case away from ordinary examples, in which habit and a thousand circumstances influence liking, what is it that determines the world upon a personal regard for authors whom it has never seen?

THE FIRE-TENDER. Probably it is the spirit shown in their writings.

THE MISTRESS. More likely it is a sort of tradition; I don't believe that the world has a feeling of personal regard for any author who was not loved by those who knew him most intimately.

THE FIRE-TENDER. Which comes to the same thing. The qualities, the spirit, that got him the love of his acquaintances, he put into his books.

MANDEVILLE. That doesn't seem to me sufficient. Shakespeare has put everything into his plays and poems, swept the whole range of human sympathies and passions, and at times is inspired by the sweetest spirit that ever man had.

THE YOUNG LADY. No one has better interpreted love.

MANDEVILLE. Yet I apprehend that no person living has any personal regard for Shakespeare, or that his personality affects many—except they stand in Stratford church and feel a sort of awe at the thought that the bones of the greatest poet are so near them.

THE PARSON. I don't think the world cares personally for any mere man or woman dead for centuries.

MANDEVILLE. But there is a difference. I think there is still rather a warm feeling for Socrates the man, independent of what he said, which is little known. Homer's works are certainly better known, but no one cares personally for Homer any more than for any other shade.

OUR NEXT-DOOR. Why not go back to Moses? We've got the evening before us for digging up people.

MANDEVILLE. Moses is a very good illustration. No name of antiquity is better known, and yet I fancy he does not awaken the same kind of popular liking that Socrates does.

OUR NEXT-DOOR. Fudge! You just get up in any lecture assembly and propose three cheers for Socrates, and see where you'll be. Mandeville ought to be a missionary, and read Robert Browning to the Fijis.

THE FIRE-TENDER. How do you account for the alleged personal regard for Socrates?

THE PARSON. Because the world called Christian is still more than half heathen.

MANDEVILLE. He was a plain man; his sympathies were with the people; he had what is roughly known as "horse-sense," and he was homely. Franklin and Abraham Lincoln belong to his class. They were all philosophers of the shrewd sort, and they all had humor. It was fortunate for Lincoln that, with his other qualities, he was homely. That was the last, touching recommendation to the popular heart.

THE MISTRESS. Do you remember that ugly, brown-stone statue of St. Antonino by the bridge in Sorrento? He must have been a coarse saint, patron of pigs as he was, but I don't know any one anywhere, or the homely stone image of one, so loved by the people.

OUR NEXT-DOOR. Ugliness being trump, I wonder more people don't win. Mandeville, why don't you get up a "centenary" of Socrates, and put up his statue in the Central Park? It would make that one of Lincoln in Union Square look beautiful.

THE PARSON. Oh, you'll see that some day, when they have a museum there illustrating the "Science of Religion."

THE FIRE-TENDER. Doubtless, to go back to what we were talking of, the world has a fondness for some authors and thinks of them with an affectionate and half-pitying familiarity; and it may be that this grows out of something in their lives quite as much as anything in their writings. There seems to be more disposition of personal liking to Thackeray than to Dickens, now both are dead—a result that would hardly have been predicted when the world was crying over Little Nell, or agreeing to hate Becky Sharpe.

THE YOUNG LADY. What was that you were telling about Charles Lamb, the other day, Mandeville? Is not the popular liking for him somewhat independent of his writings?

MANDEVILLE. He is a striking example of an author who is loved. Very likely the remembrance of his tribulations has still something to do with the tenderness felt for him. He supported no dignity, and permitted a familiarity which indicated no self-appreciа-

tion of his real rank in the world of letters. I have heard that his acquaintances familiarly called him "Charley."

OUR NEXT-DOOR. It's a relief to know that! Do you happen to know what Socrates was called?

MANDEVILLE. I have seen people who knew Lamb very well. One of them told me, as illustrating his want of dignity, that as he was going home late one night through the nearly empty streets, he was met by a roistering party who were making a night of it from tavern to tavern. They fell upon Lamb, attracted by his odd figure and hesitating manner, and hoisting him on their shoulders, carried him off, singing as they went. Lamb enjoyed the lark, and did not tell them who he was. When they were tired of lugging him, they lifted him, with much effort and difficulty, to the top of a high wall, and left him there amid the broken bottles, utterly unable to get down. Lamb remained there philosophically in the enjoyment of his novel adventure, until a passing watchman rescued him from his ridiculous situation.

THE FIRE-TENDER. How did the story get out?

MANDEVILLE. Oh, Lamb told all about it next morning; and when asked afterwards why he did so, he replied that there was no fun in it unless he told it.

SHALL WE SAY "IS BEING BUILT"?

"ALL really well educated in the English tongue lament the many innovations introduced into our language from America; and I doubt if more than one of these novelties deserve acceptation. That one is, substituting a compound participle for an active verb used in a neuter signification: for instance, 'The house is *being built*,' instead of 'The house is *building*.'" Such is the assertion and such is the opinion of some anonymous luminary,* who, for his liberality in welcoming a supposed Americanism, is somewhat in advance of the herd of his countrymen. Almost any popular expression which is considered as a novelty a Briton is pretty certain to assume, off-hand, to have originated on our side of the Atlantic. Of the assertion I have quoted no proof is offered; and there is little probability that its author had any to offer. "Are being," in the phrase "are being thrown up," † is spoken of in *The North American Review*, ‡ as "an outrage upon English idiom, 'to be detested, abhorred, execrated, and given over to six thousand' penny-paper editors;" and the fact is, that phrases of the form here pointed at have hitherto enjoyed very much less favor with us than with the English.

As lately as 1860, Dr. Worcester, referring to *is being built*, &c., while acknowledging that "this new form has been used by some respectable writers," speaks of it as having "been introduced" "within a few years." Mr. Richard Grant White, by a most peculiar process of ratiocination, endeavors to prove that what Dr. Worcester calls "this new form" came into existence just fifty-six years ago. He premises that in Jarvis's translation of *Don Quixote*, published in 1742, there occurs "were carrying," and that this, in the edition of 1818, is sophisticated into "were being carried." "This change," continues our logician, "and the appearance of *is being* with a perfect participle in a very few books published between A.D. 1815 and 1820, indicate the former period as that of the origin of this phraseology, which, although more than half a century old, is still pronounced a novelty as well as a nuisance."

Who, in the next place, devised our modern imperfects passive? The question is not, originally, of my asking; but, as the learned are at open feud on the subject, it should not be passed by in silence. Its deviser is, more than likely, as undiscoverable as the name of the valiant antediluvian who first tasted an oyster. But the deductive character of the miscreant is another thing; and hereon there is a war between the philosophers. Mr. G. P. Marsh, as if he had actually spotted the wretched creature, passionately and categorically denounces him as "some grammatical pretender." "But," replies Mr. White, "that it is the work of any grammarian is more than doubtful. Grammarians, with all their faults, do not deform language with fantastic solecisms, or even seek to enrich it

* L. W. K., CLK., LL.D., EX. SCH., T. C., D. Of this reverend gentleman's personality I know nothing. He does not say exactly what he means; but what he means is, yet, unmistakable. The extract given above is from *Public Opinion*, Jan. 20, 1866.

† The analysis, taken for granted in this quotation, of "are being thrown up" into "are being" and "thrown up" will be dealt with in the sequel, and shown to be untenable.

‡ Vol. 45, p. 504 (1837).

with new and startling verbal combinations. They rather resist novelty, and devote themselves to formulating that which use has already established. It can hardly be that such an incongruous and ridiculous form of speech as *is being done* was contrived by a man who, by any stretching of the name, should be included among grammarians." In the same page with this, Mr. White compliments the great unknown as "some precise and feeble-minded soul," and elsewhere calls him "some pedantic writer of the last generation." To add even one word towards a solution of the knotty point here indicated transcends, I confess, my utmost competence. It is painful to picture to one's self the agonizing emotions with which certain philologists would contemplate an authentic effigy of the Attila of speech who, by his *is being built* or *is being done*, first offered violence to the whole circle of the proprieties.

Dr. Priestley, in the last edition of his *Rudiments of English Grammar*, which came out in 1772, takes no notice of locutions like those in question; and none is taken by the Rev. John Bretland, in his enlarged edition of the aforesaid work, published in 1785. If Priestley had ever heard such locutions, he would, doubtless, have remarked on them. Whether they had arisen or not in 1785, I am unprepared to say; but, as I shall show, they were beginning to have vogue only ten years later.

How early they were recognized by grammarians ought to be ascertainable at the expense of a few hours' questing in such a library as that of the British Museum. So far as I have observed, the first grammar that exhibits them is that of Mr. R. S. Skillern, M.A., the first edition of which was published at Gloucester, in 1802. We there find, in the paradigm of the passive voice, "to be being conquered," "I am being conquered," "I was being conquered," "I shall or will be being conquered," "I can, may, or must be being conquered," etc., etc. Most of these forms must come among those which the author admits that he inserted for the sake of theoretical completeness. He nowhere invites special attention to any of them.

Robert Southey had not, on the 9th of October, 1795, been out of his minority quite two months, when, evidently delivering himself in a way that had already become familiar enough, he wrote of "a fellow whose uttermost upper grinder *is being torn out* by the roots by a mutton-fisted barber." * This is in a letter. But repeated instances of the same kind of expression are seen in Southey's graver writings. Thus, in his *Colloquies*, etc.,* we read of "such [nunneries] as at this time *are being re-established*."

"While my hand *was being drest* by Mr. Young, I spoke for the first time," wrote Coleridge, in March, 1797.

Charles Lamb speaks of realities which "*are being acted* before us," and of "a man who *is being strangled*."

Walter Savage Landor, in an imaginary conversation, represents Pitt as saying: "The man who possesses them may read Swedenborg and Kant while he *is being tossed* in a blanket." Again: "I have seen nobles, men and women, kneeling in the street before these bishops, when no ceremony of the Catholic Church *was being performed*." Also, in a translation from Catullus: "Some criminal *is being tried* for murder."

Nor does Mr. De Quincey scruple at such English as "made and *being made*," "the bride that *was being married* to him," and "the shafts of Heaven *were* even now *being forged*." On one occasion he writes, "not done, not even (according to modern purism) *being done*;" as if "purism" meant exactness, rather than the avoidance of neoterism.

I need, surely, name no more, among the dead, who found *is being built*, or the like, acceptable. "Simple-minded common people and those of culture were alike protected against it by their attachment to the idiom of their mother tongue, with which they felt it to be directly at variance." So Mr. White informs us. But the writers whom I have quoted are formidable exceptions. Even Mr. White will scarcely deny to them the title of "people of culture."

So much for offenders past repentance; and we all know that the sort of phraseology under consideration is daily becoming more and more common. The best-written of the English reviews, magazines, and journals are perpetually marked by it; and some of the choicest of living English writers employ it freely. Among these, it is enough if I specify Bishop Wilberforce and Mr. Charles Reade.†

Extracts from Bishop Jewel downwards being also given, Lord Macaulay, Mr. Dickens,

* *The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey*, Vol. I., p. 249.

* Vol. I., p. 338. "A student who *is being crammed*;" "that verb *is* eternally *being declined*." *The Doctor*, pp. 38 and 40 (monotome ed.).

† In *Put Yourself in his Place*, chapter 10, he writes: "She basked in the present delight, and looked as if she *was being taken* to heaven by an angel."

The Atlantic Monthly, and *The Brooklyn Eagle* are alleged by Mr. White in proof that people still use such phrases as "Chelsea Hospital *was building*," and "the train *was preparing*." "Hence we see," he adds,* "that the form *is being done*, *is being made*, *is being built*, lacks the support of authoritative usage from the period of the earliest classical English to the present day." I fully concur with Mr. White in regarding "neither *The Brooklyn Eagle* nor Mr. Dickens as a very high authority in the use of language;" yet when he has renounced the aid of these contemned straws, what has he to rest his inference on, as to the present day, but the practice of Lord Macaulay and *The Atlantic Monthly*? Those who think fit will bow to the dictatorship here prescribed to them; but there may be those with whom the classic sanction of Southey, Coleridge, and Landor will not be wholly void of weight. Fox, when he resolved to put on paper no word which had not the warrant of Dryden, decided for himself alone. Mr. White out-Foxes Fox.

All scholars are aware that, to convey the sense of the imperfects passive, our ancestors, centuries ago, prefixed, with *is*, etc., *in*, afterwards corrupted into *a*, to a verbal substantive. "The house *is in building*" could be taken to mean nothing but *ædes ædificantur;* and, when the *in* gave place to *a*,† it was still manifest enough, from the context, that *building* was governed by a preposition. The second stage of change, however, namely, when the *a* was omitted, entailed, in many cases, great danger of confusion. In the early part of the last century, when English was undergoing what was then thought to be purification, the polite world substantially resigned *is a-building* to the vulgar. Towards the close of the same century, when, under the influence of free thought, it began to be felt that even ideas had a right to faithful and unequivocal representation, a just resentment of ambiguity was evidenced in the creation of *is being built*. The lament is too late that the instinct of reformation did not restore the old form. It has gone forever; and we are now to make the best of its successors. "'The brass *is forging*,'" in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, is "a vicious expression, probably corrupted from a phrase more pure, but now somewhat obsolete, . . . 'the brass *is a-forging*.'" Yet, with a true Tory's timidity and aversion to change, it is not surprising that he went on preferring what he found established, vicious as it confessedly was, to the end. But was the expression "vicious" solely because it was a corruption? In 1787 William Beckford wrote as follows of the fortune-tellers of Lisbon: "*I saw one dragging into light*, as I passed by the ruins of a palace thrown down by the earthquake. Whether a familiar of the Inquisition was griping her in his clutches, or *whether she was taking to account by some disappointed votary*, I will not pretend to answer." Are the expressions here italicized either perspicuous or graceful? Whatever we are to have in their place, we should be thankful to get quit of them.

Inasmuch as, concurrently with *building* for the active participle, and *being built* for the corresponding passive participle, we possessed the former, with *is* prefixed, as the active present imperfect, it is in rigid accordance with the symmetry of our verb that, to construct the passive present-imperfect, we prefix *is* to the latter, producing the form *is being built*. Such, in its greatest simplicity, is the procedure which, as will be seen, has provoked a very levanter of ire and vilification. But anything that is new will be excepted to by minds of a certain order. Their tremulous and impatient dread of removing ancient landmarks even disqualifies them for thoroughly investigating its character and pretensions. It is not impossible to imagine that the primeval practitioners of articulate speech themselves were frowned on, with severe displeasure, by sturdy conservatives who had determined to be content with the language of pantomime. And theoretical admirers of the prelingual period are, possibly, scattered here and there to this day.

In *has built* and *will build*, we find the active participle perfect and the active infinitive subjoined to auxiliaries; and so, in *has been built* and *will be built*, the passive participle perfect and the passive infinitive are subjoined to auxiliaries. In *is building* and *is being built*, we have, in strict harmony with the constitution of the perfect and future tenses, an auxiliary followed by the active participle present and the passive participle present. *Built* is determined as active or passive by the verbs which qualify it, *have* and *be;* and the grammarians are right in considering it, when embodied in *has built*, as active, since its analogue, embodied in *has been built*, is the exclusively passive *been built*. Besides this, *has been+built* would signify something like *has existed, built*,*

* *Words, etc.*, p. 340.

† Thomas Fuller writes: "At his arrivall, the last stake of the Christians was *on losing*." *The Historie of the Holy Warre*, p. 218 (ed. 1647).

* I express myself in this manner because I distin-

which is plainly neuter. We are debarred, therefore, from such an analysis; and, by parity of reasoning, we may not resolve *is being built* into *is being* + *built*. It must have been an inspiration of analogy, felt or unfelt, that suggested the form I am discussing. *Is being* + *built*, as it can mean, pretty nearly, only *exists*, *built*, would never have been proposed as adequate to convey any but a neuter sense; whereas it was perfectly natural for a person aiming to express a passive sense to prefix *is* to the passive concretion *being built*.*

The analogical justification of *is being built* which I have brought forward is so obvious that, as it occurred to myself more than twenty years ago, so it must have occurred spontaneously to hundreds besides. It is very singular that those who, like Mr. Marsh and Mr. White, have pondered long and painfully over locutions typified by *is being built*, should have missed the real ground of their grammatical defensibleness, and should have warmed themselves, in their opposition to them, into uttering opinions which no calm judgment can accept.

"One who *is being beaten*" is, to Archbishop Whately, "uncouth English." "'The bridge *is being built*,' and other phrases of the like kind, have pained the eye" of Mr. David Booth. Such phrases, according to Mr. M. Harrison, "are not English." To Professor J. W. Gibbs "this mode of expression . . . . appears formal and pedantic;" and "the easy and natural expression is, 'The house *is building*.'" * In all this, little or nothing is discernible beyond sheer prejudice, the prejudice of those who resolve to take their stand against an innovation, regardless of its utility, and who are ready to find an argument against it in any random epithet of disparagement provoked by unreasoning aversion. And the more recent denouncers in the same line have no more reason on their side than their elder brethren.

In Mr. Marsh's estimation, *is being built* illustrates "corruption of language;" it is "clumsy and unidiomatic;" it is "at best but a philological coxcombry;" it "is an awkward neologism, which neither convenience, intelligibility, nor syntactical congruity demands, and the use of which ought, therefore, to be discountenanced, as an attempt at the artificial improvement of the language in a point which needed no amendment." Again: "To reject" *is building* in favor of the modern phrase, "is to violate the laws of language by an arbitrary change; and, in this particular case, the proposed substitute is at war with the genius of the English tongue." Mr. Marsh seems to have fancied that, wherever he points out a beauty in *is building*, he points out, inclusively, a blemish in *is being built*.

The fervor and feeling with which Mr. White advances to the charge are altogether tropical. "The full absurdity of this phrase, the essence of its nonsense, seems not to have been hitherto pointed out." It is not "consistent with reason;" and it is not "conformed to the normal development of the language." It is "a monstrosity, the illogical, confusing, inaccurate, unidiomatic character of which I have at some length, but yet imperfectly, set forth." Finally: "In fact, it means nothing, and is the most incongruous combination of words and ideas that ever attained respectable usage in any civilized language." These be "prave 'ords;" and it seems a pity that so much sterling vituperative ammunition should be expended in vain. And that it is so expended thinks Mr. White himself; for, though passing sentence in the spirit of a Jeffreys, he is not really on the judgment-seat, but on the lowest hassock of despair. As concerns the mode of expression exemplified by *is being*

guish between *be* and *exist*. As well might one deny that they differ as deny a difference between *esse* and *existere*. When we assert that a thing *exists*, we denote, respecting it, a protension, a prominence of presentation, which is wholly absent from the consciousness when we assert that the thing *is*. Pervasiveness may characterize *be;* conspicuousness must characterize *exist*. Again, while *exist* has detachment or insulation as one of its notes, and can only by accommodation be employed as an auxiliary verb, *is* oftentimes almost demands a complement, and, by reflection of its inherent staticalness, transmutes energy into recipiency. Hence its appropriateness as a constituent of the passive voice.

Horne Tooke says he would "rather choose, in the scale of beings, to *exist* a mastiff or a mule than a monkey or a lap-dog." Hereon Mr. White, at p. 358, comments that "no man who has preserved all his senses will doubt for a moment that 'to exist a mastiff or a mule' is absolutely the same as 'to be a mastiff or a mule.'" I, for one, must then have parted with some portion of my senses. But I am comforted by the conviction that I have a goodly fellowship of unacknowledged bedlamites to bear me company.

* Samuel Richardson writes: "Jenny, who attends me here, has more than once hinted to me that Miss Jervis loves to sit up late, either reading or *being read to* by Anne, who, though she reads well, is not fond of the task."—*Sir Charles Grandison*, vol. III., p. 46 (ed. 1754).

The transition is very slight by which we pass from "sits being read to" to "is being read to."

* I am here indebted to the last edition of Dr. Worcester's *Dictionary*, Preface, p. xxxix.

built, he owns that "to check its diffusion would be a hopeless undertaking." If so, why not reserve himself for service against some evil not avowedly beyond remedy?

Again we read: "Some precise and feeble-minded soul, having been taught that there is a passive voice in English, and that, for instance, *building* is an active participle, and *builded* or *built* a passive, felt conscientious scruples at saying 'the house *is building*.' For what could the house build?" As children say at play, Mr. White burns here. If it had occurred to him that the "conscientious scruples" of his hypothetical "precise and feeble-minded soul" were roused by *been built*, not by *built*, I suspect his chapter on *is being built* would have been much shorter than it is at present, and very different. "The fatal absurdity in this phrase" consists, he tells us, "in the combination of *is* with *being;* in the making of the verb *to be* a supplement, or, in grammarians' phrase, an auxiliary to itself,*—an absurdity so palpable, so monstrous, so ridiculous, that it should need only to be pointed out to be scouted.† Lastly: "The question is thus narrowed simply to this: Does *to be being* (*esse ens*) mean anything more or other than *to be?*"

Having convicted Mr. White of a mistaken analysis, I am not concerned with the observations which he founds on his mistake. However, even if his analysis had been correct, some of his arguments would avail him nothing. For instance, *is being built*, on his understanding of it, that is to say, *is being + built*, he represents by *ens ædificatus est*, as "the supposed corresponding Latin phrase."‡ The Latin is illegitimate; and he infers that, therefore, the English is the same. But *ædificans est*, a translation, on the model which he offers, of the active *is building*, is quite as illegitimate as *ens ædificatus est*. By parity of *non-sequitur*, we are, therefore, to surrender the active *is building*. Assume that a phrase in a given language is indefensible, unless it has its counterpart in some other language; from the very conception and definition of an idiom, every idiom is illegitimate.

I now pass to another point. "*To be* and *to exist* are," to Mr. White's apprehension, "perfect synonyms, or more nearly perfect, perhaps, than any two verbs in the language. In some of their meanings there is a shade of difference, but in others there is none whatever; and the latter are those which serve our present purpose. When we say, 'He, *being* forewarned of danger, fled,' we say, 'He, *existing* forewarned of danger, fled.' When we say that a thing *is* done, we say that it *exists* done. . . . . *Is being done* is simply *exists existing done.*" But, since *is* and *exists* are equipollent, and so *being* and *existing*, *is being* is the same as the unimpeachable *is existing*. Q. *non* E. D. *Is existing* ought, of course, to be no less objectionable, to Mr. White, than *is being*. Just as absurd, too, should he reckon the Italian *sono stato*, *era stato*, *sia stato*, *fossi stato*, *saro stato*, *sarei stato*, *essere stato*, and *essendo stato*. For, in Italian, both *essere* and *stare* are required to make up the verb substantive, as, in Latin, both *esse* and the offspring of *fuere* are required;* and *stare*, primarily, 'to stand,' is modified into a true auxiliary.† The alleged "full absurdity of this phrase," to wit, *is being built*, "the essence of its nonsense," vanishes, thus, into thin air. So I was about to comment blunt-

* By what linguistic criterion, I beg to know, is such a "supplement" as Mr. White refers to made out to be an absurdity? No one is better aware than the true philologist of the hazard attending generalizations and positive assertions. In Hindî and Urdû 'becoming' is *hotâ huâ*, literally, 'being been;' the present-imperfect is *main hotâ hûn*, literally, 'I am being;' 'I had been' is *main huâ thâ*, literally, 'I was been;' 'I may have been' is *main huâ hungâ*, literally, 'I shall be been,' etc., etc. So, in Persian, 'I had been' is *shudah bûdam*, literally, 'I was having been;' 'I shall have been' is *bûdah bâsham*, literally, 'I may be having been.'

I shall recur, a little further on, to the point here adverted to. In the mean time I will only add, that I need not have gone to Asia for facts fatal to Mr. White's assumption. Even the neo-Latin languages are, more than one of them, conclusive as against it.

† *Words and their Uses*, p. 353.

‡ "*It is being* is simply equal to *it is*. And, in the supposed corresponding Latin phrases, *ens factus est*, *ens ædificatus est* (the obsoleteness of *ens* as a participle being granted), the monstrosity is not in the use of *ens* with *factus*, but in that of *ens* with *est*. The absurdity is, in Latin, just what it is in English, the use of *is* with *being*, the making of the verb *to be* a complement to itself." *Ibid.*, pp. 354, 355.

Apparently, Mr. White recognizes no more difference between *supplement* and *complement* than he recognizes between *be* and *exist*. See the extract I have made above, from p. 353.

* Agglutinations I purposely pass by, as belonging to the region of speculation. The classical scholar will not need to be reminded that in *fueram*, *fuero*, etc., the verbs *fuere* and *esse* are supposed by some to be welded together.

† As Landor notices, Milton more than once Italianizes his verbs, and imitates *stavano pregando*, when he writes, at the beginning of the Eleventh Book of the *Paradise Lost:*

> "Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant *stood*
> *Praying.*"

Just before Adam and Eve "prostrate fell;" and we have no intimation that they had risen to their feet.

ly, not forgetting to regret that any gentleman's cultivation of logic should fructify in the shape of irrepressible tendencies to suicide. But this would be precipitate. Agreeably to one of Mr. White's judicial placita, which I make no apology for citing twice, "no man who has preserved all his senses will doubt for a moment that 'to exist a mastiff or a mule' is absolutely the same as 'to be a mastiff or a mule.'" Declining to admit their identity, I have not preserved all my senses; and, accordingly,—though it may be, in me, the very superfetation of lunacy,—I would caution the reader to keep a sharp eye on my arguments, hereabouts, particularly. The Cretan who, in declaring all Cretans to be liars, left the question of his veracity doubtful to all eternity, fell into a pit of his own digging. Not unlike the unfortunate Cretan, Mr. White has tumbled headlong into his own snare. It was, for the rest, entirely unavailing that he insisted on the insanity of those who should gainsay his fundamental postulate. Sanity, of a crude sort, may accept it; and sanity may put it to a use other than its propounder's.

Mr. Marsh, after setting forth the all-sufficiency of *is building*, in the passive sense, goes on to say: "The reformers who object to the phrase I am defending must, in consistency, employ the proposed substitute with all passive participles, and in other tenses as well as the present. They must say, therefore: 'The subscription-paper *is being missed*, but I know that a considerable sum *is being wanted* to make up the amount;' 'the great Victoria Bridge *has been being built* more than two years;' 'when I reach London, the ship Leviathan *will be being built*;' 'if my orders had been followed, the coat *would have been being made yesterday*;' 'if the house *had* then *been being built*, the mortar *would have been being mixed*.'" We may reply that, while awkward instances of the old form are most abundant in our literature, there is no fear that the repulsive elaborations which have been worked out in ridicule of the new forms will prove to have been anticipations of future usage. There was a time when, as to their adverbs, people compared them, to a large extent, with *-er* and *-est*, or with *more* and *most*, just as their ear or pleasure dictated. They wrote *plainlier* and *plainliest*, or *more plainly* and *most plainly*; and some adverbs, as *early*, *late*, *often*, *seldom*, and *soon*, we still compare in a way now become anomalous. And as our forefathers treated their adverbs we still treat many adjectives. *Furthermore*, *obligingness*, *preparedness*, and *designedly* seem quite natural; yet we do not feel that they authorize us to talk of 'the *seeingness* of the eye,' 'the *understoodness* of a sentence,' or of 'a statement *acknowledgedly* correct.' 'The now too notorious fact' is tolerable; but 'the never to be sufficiently execrated monster Buonaparte' is intolerable. The sun may be *shorn* of his splendor; but we do not allow cloudy weather to *shear* him of it. How, then, can any one claim that a man who prefers to say *is being built*, should say *has been being built*? Are not awkward instances of the old form, typified by *is building*, as easily to be picked out of extant literature as such instances of the new form, likely ever to be used, are to be invented? And "the reformers" have not forsworn their ears. Mr. Marsh, at p. 135 of his admirable *Lectures*, lays down that "the adjective *reliable*, in the sense of *worthy of confidence*, is altogether unidiomatic;" and yet, at p. 112, he writes "*reliable* evidence." Again, at p. 396 of the same work, he rules that *whose*, in "I passed a house *whose* windows were open," is "by no means yet fully established;" and at p. 145 of his very learned *Man and Nature*, he writes, "a quadrangular pyramid, the perpendicular of *whose* sides," etc. Really, if his own judgments sit so very loose on his practical conscience, we may, without being chargeable with exaction, ask of him to relax a little the rigor of his requirements at the hands of his neighbors.

Beckford's Lisbon fortune-teller, before had into court, was "*dragging* into light," and, perchance, "*was taking* to account." Many moderns would say and write "*being dragged* into light," and "*was being taken* to account." But, if we are to trust the conservative critics, in comparison with expressions of the former pattern, those of the latter are "uncouth," "clumsy," "awkward neologisms," "philological coxcombries," "formal and pedantic," "incongruous and ridiculous forms of speech," "illogical, confusing, inaccurate monstrosities." Moreover, they are neither "consistent with reason" nor "conformed to the normal development of the language;" they are "at war with the genius of the English tongue;" they are "unidiomatic;" they are "not English." In passing, if Mr. Marsh will so define the term *unidiomatic* as to evince that it has any applicability to the case in hand, or if he will arrest and photograph "the genius of the English tongue," so that we may know the original when we meet with it, he will confer a public favor. And now I submit for consideration

whether the sole strength of those who decry *is being built* and its congeners does not consist in their talent for calling hard names. If they have not an uneasy subconsciousness that their cause is weak, they would, at least, do well in eschewing the violence to which, for want of something better, the advocates of weak causes proverbially resort.

I once had a friend who, for some microscopic penumbra of heresy, was charged, in the words of his accuser, with "as near an approach to the sin against the Holy Ghost as is practicable to human infirmity." Similarly, on one view, the feeble potencies of philological turpitude seem to have exhibited their most consummate realization in engendering *is being built*. The supposed enormity perpetrated in its production, provided it had fallen within the sphere of ethics, would, at the least, have ranked, with its denunciators, as a brand-new exemplification of total depravity. But, after all, what incontestable defect in it has any one succeeded in demonstrating? Mr. White, in opposing to the expression objections based on an erroneous analysis, simply lays a phantom of his own evoking; and, so far as I am informed, other impugners of *is being built* have, absolutely, no argument whatever against it over and beyond their repugnance to novelty. Subjected to a little untroubled contemplation, it would, I am confident, have ceased long ago to be matter of controversy; but the dust of prejudice and passion, which so distempers the intellectual vision of theologians and politicians, is seen to make, with ruthless impartiality, no exception of the perspicacity of philologists.

Prior to the evolution of *is being built* and *was being built*, we possessed no discriminate equivalents to *ædificatur* and *ædificabatur; is built* and *was built*, by which they were rendered, corresponding exactly to *ædificatus est* and *ædificatus erat*. *Cum ædificaretur* was, to us, the same as *ædificabatur*. On the wealth of the Greek in expressions of imperfect passive I need not dwell. With rare exceptions, the Romans were satisfied with the present-imperfect and the past-imperfect; and we, on the comparatively few occasions which present themselves for expressing other imperfects, shall be sure to have recourse to the old forms rather than to the new, or else to use periphrases.* The purists may, accordingly, dismiss their apprehensions, especially as the neoterists have, clearly, a keener horror of phraseological ungainliness than themselves. One may have no hesitation about saying 'the house *is being built*,' and may yet recoil from saying that 'it *should have been being built* last Christmas;' and the same person—just as, provided he did not feel a harshness, inadequacy, and ambiguity in the passive 'the house *is building*,' he would use the expression—will, more likely than not, elect *is in preparation* preferentially to *is being prepared*. If there are any who, in their zealotry for the congruous, choose to adhere to the new form in its entire range of exchangeability for the old, let it be hoped that they will find, in Mr. Marsh's speculative approbation of consistency, full amends for the discomfort of encountering smiles or frowns. At the same time, let them be mindful of the career of Mr. White, with his black flag and no quarter. The dead Polonius was, in Hamlet's phrase, at supper, "not where he eats, but where he *is eaten*." Shakespeare, to Mr. White's thinking, in this wise expressed himself at the best, and deserves not only admiration therefor, but to be imitated. "While the ark *was built*," "while the ark *was prepared*," writes Mr. White himself.* Shakespeare is commended for his ambiguous *is eaten*, though *in eating* or *an eating* would have been not only correct in his day, but, where they would have come in his sentence, univocal. With equal reason a man would be entitled to commendation for tearing his mutton-chops with his fingers, when he might cut them up with a knife and fork. "*Is eaten*," says Mr. White, "does not mean *has been eaten*." Very true; but a continuous unfinished passion—Polonius's still undergoing manducation, to speak Johnsonese—was in Shakespeare's mind; and his words describe a passion no longer in generation. The King of Denmark's lord chamberlain had no precedent in Herod, when "he *was eaten* of worms;" the original, γενόμενος σκωληκόβρωτος, yielding, but for its participle, "he became worm-eaten."

Having now done with Mr. White, I am anxious, before taking leave of him, to record, with all emphasis, that it would be the grossest injustice to write of his elegant *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, a book which does credit to American literature, in the tone

* "But those things which, *being not now doing*, or having not yet been done, have a natural aptitude to exist hereafter, may be properly said to appertain to the future." Harris's *Hermes*, Book I., chap. viii. (p. 155, foot-note, ed. 1771). For Harris's *being not now doing*, which is to translate μὴ γινόμενα, the modern school, if they pursued uniformity with more of fidelity than of taste, would have to put *being not now being done*. There is not much to choose between the two.

* *Words and their Uses*, p. 343.

which I have found unavoidable in dealing with his *Words and their Uses*. In appearing as an essayist on the niceties of language, he has wandered from his congenial element, which is æsthetics, not criticism; and the self-confident imperiousness and the impetuous disdain which too often disfigure his pages are all the more provocative of raillery, from being associated at every turn with tokens of haste, caprice, and imperfect information. Of that equanimity, circumspection, patience of research, and equipment of minute scholarship, without which it is given to no man to be a philologist, he has, unhappily, made the most penurious provision.

EASTER.

Do saints keep holy day in heavenly places?
Does the old joy shine new in angel faces?
Are hymns still sung the night when Christ was born,
And anthems on the Resurrection Morn?

Because our little year of earth is run,
Do they make record there beyond the sun?
And in their homes of light so far away
Mark with us the sweet coming of this day?

What is their Easter? For they have no graves.
No shadow there the holy sunrise craves,—
Deep in the heart of noontide marvelous
Whose breaking glory reaches down to us.

How did the Lord keep Easter? With His own!
Back to meet Mary where she grieved alone,
With face and mien all tenderly the same,
Unto the very sepulchre He came.

Ah, the dear message that He gave her then,—
Said for the sake of all bruised hearts of men!
—"Go, tell those friends who have believed on me,
I go before them into Galilee!"

"Into the life so poor and hard and plain,
That for a while they must take up again,
My presence passes! Where their feet toil slow
Mine, shining-swift with love, still foremost go!

"Say, Mary, I will meet them. By the way,
To walk a little with them; where they stay,
To bring my peace. Watch! For ye do not know
The day, the hour, when I may find you so!"—

And I do think, as He came back to her,
The many mansions may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten in the way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter Day.

Parting the veil that hideth them about,
I think they do come, softly wistful, out
From homes of heaven that only *seem* so far,
And walk in gardens where the new tombs are!

THE HAUNTED CLOSET.

My sister wrote me that she had taken a house for the summer, "a queer, old-fashioned house" away down on the lonely Georgian coast, where the children would have the benefit of the sea-breeze and the surf-bathing prescribed for them after a sickly spring season. And she urged me to come at once and join them in their new abode.

Queer and old-fashioned indeed I found it,—a jumble of brick and stone and timber, each room of which had the appearance of having been built separately, by successive owners, with regard only to personal convenience, and in open defiance of all architectural rules. Yet I liked this very irregularity and the odd nooks and corners which were forever unexpectedly "turning up" in the most improbable places. The halls were large and airy, and the rooms abundantly supplied with closets, windows, and doors—the latter, for the most part, opening upon broad piazzas, or queer little porches stuck here and there, like excrescences upon the walls. Very cold and bleak in winter, no doubt; but for a summer residence delightful.

At the back of the main building projected a sort of long and narrow wooden gallery, consisting of a row of three or four small rooms,—last used, it appeared, as store-rooms for grain and vegetables,—all opening upon a covered passage-way connecting with a brick office which had formerly stood separate from the house. These rooms and the office were unused by the family: for the gallery was not in very good repair, and the office-room, as it was called, was quite too remote to be desirable; besides, there was plenty of room in the main building.

Yet the first time I visited this little brick office it at once took my fancy. It was a good-sized, comfortable room, with a fireplace on one side, and a queer little triangular closet, or cupboard, in a corner, bearing the marks of books and ink-stains on its shelves. There was a door opening into the gallery, and another upon a quiet and secluded corner of the garden, out of sight of the house; and the two windows, one looking towards the sea and the other over the large grassy back yard, were shaded from the sun by vines and the long drooping branches of a weeping-willow, which cast green shadows and breathed fresh odors throughout the apartment. The very place, I thought, for a study; a charming nook in which to lie reading some interesting volume by day, or quietly dreaming by night, away from the noise of the children and the screaming of baby: so I at once chose this little room for my own,—bed-room and study in one,—and, after giving it a thorough purification and airing, took possession.

It proved quite as pleasant as I had anticipated. Here, awakening in the morning, I would open the windows and let in the fresh sea-breeze, with the fragrance of the dewy vine-leaves that clustered on the walls without; here, in the sultry noon-tide, I dozed or dreamed away the hours, lying upon the little lounge near the window and glancing from the book in my hand upward into the deep, cool recesses of the willow branches above; and, when evening came, I would sit in my little garden-door, looking upon the neglected wilderness of bowery shrubs and dewy flowers, and rejoice in the quiet and seclusion which I loved so much.

Thus I was sitting, about twilight, a few days after I had moved into my little hermitage, as I called it. The air was very still: scarce a rustle disturbed the branches of the willow, and the surf rippling on the beach made but a low murmur. Suddenly, in the midst of this silence, I became aware of a strange sound near me,—a faint, uncertain sound, like the whispering of voices and rustling of garments. Fancying that my sister or the children had playfully stolen upon me in my abstraction, I looked around; but, to my surprise, there was no one visible.

It must have been a fancy, of course, I thought, and turned once more to my book; but hardly had I done so when again I heard the rustling of drapery, and what sounded like a footfall upon the floor. I was startled, and sat breathless, staring around and listening. Once or twice it was repeated, and then all was still as before.

In order that my story may be fully comprehended and credited, I must inform the reader that I was at this time a woman of four-and-twenty, had never in my life been ill or nervous, was the farthest possible from being superstitiously inclined, and had been accustomed to regard with ridicule all stories concerning ghosts, goblins, and other so-called spiritual manifestations. Such being the case, it is not to be supposed that the circumstance just narrated should have made any deep or lasting impression on me. On the contrary, though regarding it as certainly singular, I set it down as one of those odd

and fleeting fancies which do sometimes puzzle and bewilder even the most rational, and, as such, thought no more of it at the time.

But on the following day, and again on the next, the mysterious sounds which I have described were repeated. It was exactly as though some person or persons were occupying the room with me,—moving with soft footsteps and speaking in low whispers, as if unwilling to be heard. Once it seemed as though some small article were dropped upon the floor, with a metallic sound dulled by a carpet, though there was none in the room; and then I distinctly distinguished a grating noise, as of a key turned in a lock: after which, for the rest of the day, all was quiet.

I said nothing to any one about these noises: though, by this time, I was almost convinced that they were not the effects of my imagination, I yet decided to wait, to watch for their recurrence, and to be thoroughly convinced of their real existence before exposing myself to laughter and ridicule by relating so improbable a story.

It was not long that I was kept in suspense. A day or two after, about four o'clock in the afternoon,—a most unghost-like hour,—I was reclining on my lounge between the door and the window, reading *The Woman in White*, then just out. Suddenly, as I turned a leaf, I heard a faint grating sound, as of a key, just behind me, and then a voice speaking in a low, indistinct murmur, inexpressibly hollow and sepulchral.

I did not stir. I arrested the hand which was about to turn the page, and, holding my breath, listened with deliberate eagerness. I would now be certain that this was no fancy playing me fantastic tricks.

For an instant only came the indistinct murmur, and then a silence. The sunlight was streaming down in slender, golden threads through the gently-swaying branches of the willows; out on the lawn I saw the gardener at work, and on the beach heard the merry voices of the children: I felt courageous. Rising I searched around the room, under the bed and lounge, and in the triangular cupboard in the corner—the only places where a person could be concealed. Not a living thing was to be seen, and I was about closing the closet-door when I heard distinctly a low, faint laugh, close in my ear, and then a moaning sigh or groan, which seemed to die away into infinite distance.

I confess that at this instant my nerves did fail me, and a cold shiver ran curdling through my veins. I hastily closed the closet-door, and, without waiting even to snatch up my book, ran along the gallery to the other part of the house.

Should I tell my sister and brother-in-law? No: I still shrank from the thought of their laughter. Should I return to the room which appeared haunted by some invisible presence, and sleep there again alone? I must confess that I did not like the idea; yet what good reason could I give for so suddenly changing my apartment? Finally—and the reader will credit me with the possession of almost more than feminine courage in so doing—I resolved to keep silence for the present, and spend the night, as usual, in my little office-room.

The first few hours passed away quietly, and I was just falling into a doze, when I was aroused by the door of the corner closet slowly creaking. A faint moonlight illumined the room sufficiently to enable me to perceive that this door stood ajar, though I distinctly recollected having closed it before retiring. It had neither lock nor bolt by which it could be secured.

I sat up in bed, watching the closet and looking half-fearfully around the room; and as I looked, with my eyes fixed upon the half-open door, I heard within a jingle of glasses and phials. It was a sound not to be mistaken, and almost at the same instant a voice said near me, in a hoarse whisper:—

"*Bring a light!*"

I started up, trembling, and, with a cold perspiration breaking out on my forehead, reached for a match and the lamp and tried to strike a light, but in vain. I had but one or two matches left, and as I dropped the last in despair I heard the voice which had before spoken say, slowly and distinctly:—

"*Poison!*"

My first impulse now was to flee from this haunted room; but, as I arose for that purpose, a feeling such as I had never before known—a feeling of superstitious fear and horror—overcame me, and, had my life depended upon it, I could not have passed that closet and sped through that long deserted gallery alone. I sank back upon my pillow and drew the sheets about my head, and remained thus until daybreak.

It was now no longer a question with me as to whether I should or should not inform my relatives of what had occurred. I told them the whole, and, as I expected, was met with laughter and badinage.

"Try it yourself!" was all I could say in answer; and on that night my brother-in-law, Mr. Walton, agreed to occupy the office-room, I remaining with my sister.

"Well, Richard, did you see or hear anything of Louisa's ghost?" inquired my sister, playfully, on our meeting at the breakfast-table in the morning.

"I saw nothing," he answered rather thoughtfully. "But really, Emma, it did appear as though, more than once during the night, I heard some unaccountable sounds,—the turning of a key in a lock; a sort of moaning and sobbing child's voice; and very distinctly the shutting of a small door. And this last sound," he added decidedly, "certainly came from the closet or cupboard in the corner of the room."

Emma opened her eyes and looked frightened.

"Good gracious, Richard! you don't really think that you heard these sounds in that room, with no one there but yourself?"

"It is very unaccountable at present, I admit; but you know that I do not believe in the supernatural. We must examine more fully into this matter."

For some days he kept sole possession of the room, reporting once or twice that he had again heard the mysterious noises, and in especial the grating of a rusty key, as in the lock of the corner cupboard, was very distinctly audible. Three times, he said, he had heard this sound, and yet, as we all knew, there was neither lock nor key to the closet door, only traces of one that had been there. He had examined all the doors and windows, had searched the whole room minutely, but without discovering the slightest clew to the mystery. There was no room adjoining, no cellar below or garret above whence the sounds could have proceeded, and the whole thing was most singular and unaccountable. And once he even hesitatingly suggested, Could it be possible, after all, that there were in reality such things as spiritual manifestations? My own mind echoed the inquiry.

Our nearest neighbor was a farmer who lived about a mile distant, and of himself and his wife we made inquiries in regard to the former occupants of the house.

It had for twenty years within his memory, Mr. Grover said, belonged to a small planter, an illiterate but good sort of man, who had finally sold out in lots and purchased a better place farther south. Then the house, with a part of the land adjoining, had been taken by an Englishman, who was known as Doctor Mather and was understood to be a very learned man and a writer. Mr. Grover and the rest of the neighbors believed him to be "a little cracked." He used to go about the country gathering sea-weeds, plants and insects, but would repel all approach to acquaintance, and reply very rudely to any inquiry of the country-people as to the use or purpose of his collections. He had a wife, with whom it was said he lived on bad terms, and three sickly children, whose presence he would scarcely tolerate. The wife and two of the children died, and then Doctor Mather went away with the remaining child, leaving the place to an agent for sale. It was then rented for a time by some people, who, for reasons known only to themselves, would not remain their term out; and, finally, we had taken it, furnished as it was, for the summer. This was all that Mr. Grover knew.

Upon hearing this simple account, there instinctively formed in my mind an explanation, if such it can be called, of the mysterious circumstances which had so puzzled and disturbed us. This Doctor Mather,—this morose and unsocial man, and unkind husband and father, as he was described to be—this solitary collector of herbs,—of what deeds might he not have been guilty here in the seclusion of this lonely old country-house? "They had all three died;" and my memory reverted with a shudder to the word "*Poison!*" which I had heard uttered by that mysterious voice. Perhaps murder had been committed in this house—even in that very office-room which I had appropriated; and this impression was deepened upon being informed by Mr. Grover, in answer to my inquiries, that that room had in reality been Doctor Mather's study or library, into which no one was ever admitted; and that he would sometimes remain in it whole days and nights together without being interrupted,—having his meals brought and deposited outside the door, in the adjoining gallery.

The office and gallery were now carefully shunned by us all, with the exception of Mr. Walton, who haunted it with a persistency doubtless equal to that of the ghost itself. He was determined, he said, to learn all that could be learned of this mystery, and, if possible, to thoroughly unravel it.

One evening, after a rain, a heavy sea-fog set in upon the coast, and the atmosphere became all at once so damp and chilly as to render a fire indispensable to comfort. As I have said, the rooms were all large and airy, and were, moreover, carpetless and sparingly furnished. This was pleasant enough in warm weather, but inexpressibly dreary in this chill and damp spell. The two most comfortable apartments of the house for cool weather were undoubtedly the nursery and the office-room, which were situated at

opposite extremities of the long building. So, leaving the former to the nurses and children, Mr. Walton proposed that he and Emma and I should make ourselves comfortable for the evening in the haunted room, as he now called it, mauger the ghosts; and, as an inducement, promised us a hot oyster-supper. The oysters were to be had fresh out of the water, almost at our very door, just for the trouble of picking them up.

Certainly the room, as Emma and I rather hesitatingly entered it, looked pleasant and cheerful enough, with its blazing pine-wood fire and the tea-kettle steaming on the hearth. No one made any allusion to the ghost; Mr. Walton, indeed, seemed to have forgotten the subject in the interest of the supper, though I, and I fancied also Emma, felt a little nervous as we occasionally glanced furtively round the room. Once or twice, also, I caught myself instinctively looking over my shoulder toward the corner cupboard behind me.

Supper over, Mr. Walton, who was a fine reader, entertained us with some chapters from Dickens's latest work, and we were soon so much interested as to forget everything else. In the very midst of this, however, I was startled by feeling a faint breath of cold air upon my neck, and at the same instant saw my sister's eyes lifted with a frightened glance toward the corner closet behind me.

I instinctively started up and crossed over to the opposite side of the fire-place.

"What is it, Louisa?" said Emma, nervously; "I saw the door of the closet open."

Mr. Walton closed his book and sat looking attentively at the cupboard. And it was whilst we were all thus, perfectly silent and motionless, that a sound broke the stillness, —at first what seemed the jingling of phials and rattling of chains, and then the faint, uncertain sound of muffled voices which I had heard more than once before, all coming unmistakably from the little triangular closet in the corner.

"Oh, Richard, do you hear?" gasped Emma, seizing fast hold of her husband's arm. For myself, I came very near screaming outright.

"Hush,—be quiet!" said Mr. Walton. And taking the lamp, he advanced to the cup-board, threw wide open the door, and surveyed it minutely.

It was simply a closet built of deal boards against the naked whitewashed walls of the room. Three rickety shelves, unoccupied and much stained with ink and other liquids, were all it contained. Between the lower and middle shelves was a strip of wood nailed against the wall, as if to cover a place where, as we could see, the plaster had fallen away; and beneath this strip could be discerned part of what seemed to be a rat-hole. Besides these, not a thing was visible in the closet.

And yet, as I live, while we three stood there gazing into the empty closet, from its recesses came a hollow laugh, and a low, childish voice said, plaintively:—

"*Three—all dead—poisoned!*"

Emma sank down, half swooning. Even Mr. Walton's face, as I fancied, became a shade pale; and then we heard the voice again:—

"Bury them,—grave under the magnolia—"

I looked again at my brother-in-law, and saw his lips compress and a kind of desperation appear in his face. He advanced close to the closet, put his head almost within and shouted loudly and distinctly:—

"Who are you? Who is it that speaks?"

In answer came a shriek, loud and appalling, ringing in our very ears. Then the same breath of cold air swept past, followed by the violent shutting of a door and grating of a key in a lock. We looked at each other aghast, but before we had time to utter a word, we were again startled by a different sound,—that of children's cries, and footsteps hurrying along the gallery to the room in which we were. The next moment the door burst open, and in rushed Momma Abbey, the colored nurse, bearing baby in her arms, and followed by her assistant, Chloë, dragging the three elder children after her—all the latter pale and terrified, and, Freddy in particular, shrieking shrilly.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" screamed Emma, forgetting her own recent terror in alarm for her children.

"Oh, marster! oh, missus!" gasped Momma Abbey, piteously, her eyes rolling white in their sockets, "a ghos'! A ghos' in the nursery!"

"A ghost?"

"In the corner-closet in the nursery! I heerd it! We all heerd it! Marster Freddy was lookin' in dat closet to see if dar was any mice in de trap what he'd set, and sure's I'se alive dis minute, marster, somebody in dat 'are closet hollered out, 'Who is you? Who dat talkin' dar?' We all heerd it, we did!"

Mr. Walton turned around and once more looked into the closet. Then, taking the tongs from the hearth he inserted them be-

hind the bit of board which I have mentioned as nailed to the wall, and wrenched it away, exposing, as he did so, a small aperture surrounded by a metallic ring.

"I have discovered the mystery at last!" he said, turning to us with a smile. "It is no ghost, but simply a speaking-tube. Stay here, and when you hear the spirits, place your mouth to this and answer them."

He left the room, and in a few minutes we again heard the mysterious sepulchral voice in the closet, only much more distinct now since the board had been removed.

"*How are you all?*"

I summoned courage to answer: "Much better!" And then there came a low laugh, ghostly enough, certainly, to have caused our blood to curdle had we not been aware of the identity of the apparent ghost.

And so it was all explained, and the mystery of the haunted closet cleared up. There was, as Mr. Walton had said, a speaking-tube communicating between the office-room and the distant nursery—placed there, doubtless, by the eccentric English naturalist, Dr. Mather, for his own convenience; and he, on leaving the house, had simply carelessly boarded over the mouths of the tube, not dreaming of, or indifferent to, the consequences of this negligence. Probably it had been these very mysterious sounds which had driven away the last occupants of the house; and certain it is that, but for the fortunate discovery of their source, we ourselves might have been won over to the ranks of spiritualists and ghost-believers. Such results have, ere now, been produced by slighter causes than these.

The explanation of the various sounds heard by us in the office-room is very simple. The corresponding mouth of the tube was in a closet in the nursery, precisely similar to that in the office. Momma Abbey stored in this closet the various cups, phials, and-so-forth, used in the nursery, and, to secure these from the children, the closet was generally kept locked. It was the opening and shutting of this closet door, with the grating of the key in the rusty lock, that had so often alarmed me; and when it was open, and a search going on among its contents for some special article, the noises thus made and the words spoken in the closet could be heard, more or less distinctly, in the office. Also, when the closet-door was suddenly shut to, it would produce a current of air through the tube sufficient to slightly open the loosely-hung door of the office cupboard. Master Freddy's idea of setting a mouse-trap in the closet, baited with poisoned food, had added much to the effect of the mystery; and it was little Mary's voice which had pleaded so pathetically for the three victims of her brother's experiment, imploring that they might be buried under the magnolia-tree.

Mr. Walton used to say that it was almost a pity that the secret of the tube should have been discovered, and thereby so capital a ghost-story spoiled.

SWEETHEART.

When, first, thy winning grace I found;
When, after, grace with love was crowned;
When, later, love was marriage-bound;
I was all thine, Sweetheart.

By all the joys that love has grown;
By all the comforts home has shown;
By all the happiness we've known;
I am all thine, Sweetheart.

While love shall be our daily sun;
While hand in hand our work is done;
While life shall hold us still as one;
I'll be all thine, Sweetheart.

AT HIS GATES.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X.



IT was a relief for ten minutes, as every catastrophe is; the terrible suspense is cut short—the worst at least is known. But after those ten minutes are over, when the reality suddenly seizes upon the sufferer—when all the vague speechless terrors which he had pushed off from him, with the hope that they might never come, arrive in a flood, and place themselves in one frightful circle round him, like furies, only not merciful enough to have a Medusa among them to freeze him into stone; when every shadowy gloomy prevision of evil which ever flashed across his mind, to be put away with a shudder, returns with the right of fact, to remain; when not only that thing has happened which has been his dread by day and the horror of his dreams, but a host of other things, circumstances which penetrate to every detail of his life, and affect every creature and every thing he loves, have followed in its train—when all this rushes upon a man after the first tranquillising stupor of despair, who or what is there that can console him? Poor Drummond was helpless in the midst of this great crash of ruin; he was so helpless that the thunder-stricken shareholders and excited clerks who had fallen upon him at first as the only authority to be found, let him slip from among them, hopeless of any help from him. They had driven him wild with questions and appeals—him, a poor fellow who could explain nothing, who had never been of much use except to denude himself of everything he possessed, and pledge his humble name, and be swept into ruin; but they soon saw the uselessness of the appeal. As soon as he could disengage himself he stole away, drawing his hat over his eyes, feeling as if he were a criminal, with the sensation as of a hot fire burning in his heart, and buzzing and crackling in his ears. Was he a criminal? was it his doing? He was stunned by this terrible calamity; and yet, now that it had come, he felt that he had known it was coming, and everything about it, all his life. His whole existence had tended to this point since he was a boy; he knew it, he felt it, he even seemed to remember premonitions of it, which had come to him in his dreams from his earliest days. He went out into the streets in that dumb quiescent state which is so often the first consequence of a great calamity. He offered no remonstrance against his fate. He did not even say to himself that it was hard. He said nothing to himself, indeed, except to croon over, like a chorus, one endless refrain, "I knew this was how it would be!"

He wandered along, not knowing where he went, till he came to the river, and paused there, looking over the bridge. He did not even know what made him pause, until all at once the fancy jumped into his brain that it would be best to stop there, and cut in one moment the knotted, tangled thread which it was certain no effort of his could ever unravel. He stopped, and the suggestion flashed across him (whether out of his own mind, whether thrown at him by some mocking demon, who could tell?), and then shook his head sadly. No; it was broad day, and there would be a commotion, and he would be rescued—or if not, he, at least his body, would be rescued and carried to Helen, giving her a last association with him which it was insupportable to think of. No, no, he said to himself with a shudder, not now. Just then a hand was laid upon his shoulder; he turned round with the start of a man who feels that nothing is impossible, that everything that is terrible has become likely. Had it been a policeman to arrest him for having murdered somebody he would scarcely have been surprised. But it was not a policeman: it was Mr. Burton, fresh and clean and nicely dressed, newly come up from the country, in his light summer clothes, the image of prosperity and comfort, and cleanness, and self-satisfaction. A certain golden atmosphere surrounded the man of wealth, like the background on which

early painters set a saint; but there was nothing saintly about that apparition. Poor Drummond fell back more than he would have done had it been an arrest for murder. He gave an involuntary glance at himself, feeling, in contrast with Mr. Burton, as if he must look to the external eye the beggar he was, as if he must be dirty, tattered, miserable, with holes in his shoes and rags at his elbows. Perhaps his woebegone, excited face startled the smooth Philistine at his side as much as if those outward signs of wretchedness had been there.

"Good God, what have you been doing with yourself?" he cried.

"Nothing," said Drummond vaguely, and then by degrees his senses returned to him. "If you had been in town yesterday you might have helped us; but it does not matter. Shenken in Liverpool stopped payment yesterday," he went on, repeating drearily the dreary legend which he had heard at the bank. "And Rivers's—has stopped payment too."

"Good God!" said Mr. Burton again. It was a shock to him, as every event is when it comes. But he was not surprised. As for Robert, it did not occur to him to consider whether the other was surprised or not, or to be curious how it affected him. He turned his head away and looked at the river again. What attraction there remained for him in this world seemed to lie there.

"Drummond," said the merchant, looking at him with a certain alarm, "are you sure you know what you are saying? My God! Rivers's stopped payment! if you had said there had been an earthquake in London it would scarcely be as bad as that."

Robert did not make any reply. He nodded his head without looking round. What interested him was something black which kept appearing and disappearing in the middle of the turbid muddy stream. It was like a man's head he thought, and almost felt that he might have taken the plunge without knowing it, and that it might be himself.

"I have felt this was coming," said Burton. "I warned Golden you were going on in the wildest way. What could be expected when you fellows who know nothing about money would interfere? Good heavens! to think what a business that was; and all ruined in three years! Drummond! are you mad? Can't you turn round and speak to me? I am one of the shareholders, and I have a right to be answered how it was."

"Shall you lose much?" said Drummond dreamily, and he turned round without meaning anything and looked in his companion's face. His action was simply fantastical, one of those motiveless movements which the sick soul so often makes; but it was quite unexpected by the other, who fell a step back, and grew red all over, and faltered in his reply.

"Much? I—I—don't know—what you call much. Good heavens, Drummond! are you mad? have you been drinking? Where is Golden?—he at least must know what he is about!"

"Yes," said the painter fiercely, "Golden knows what he is about—he has gone off, out of reach of questions—and you—oh—hound!" He gave a sudden cry and made a step forward. A sudden light seemed to burst upon him. He gazed with his dilated bloodshot eyes at the flushed countenance which could not face him. The attitude of the two men was such that the bystanders took note of it; two or three lingered and looked round holding themselves in readiness to interfere. The slight figure of the painter, his ghastly pale face and trembling hand, made him no antagonist for the burly well-to-do merchant; but English sentiment is always on the side of the portly and respectable, and Mr. Burton had an unmistakable air of fright upon his face. "Now, Drummond!—now, Drummond!" he said, with a certain pleading tone. The painter stood still, feeling as if a horrible illumination had suddenly flashed upon the man before him, and the history of their intercourse. He did in that moment of his despair what he could not have done with his ordinary intelligence. He made a rapid summary of the whole and saw how it was. Had he been happy, he would have been too friendly, too charitable, too kind in his thoughts to have drawn such a conclusion. But at this moment he had no time for anything but the terrible truth.

"I see it all," he said. "I see it all! It was ruined when you gave it over to us. I see it in every line of your face. Oh, hound! hounds all of you! skulking, dastardly demons, that kill a crowd of honest men to save yourselves—your miserable selves. I see it all!"

"Drummond! I tell you you are mad!"

"Hound!" said Robert again between his clenched teeth. He stood looking at him for a moment with his hands clenched too, and a sombre fire in his eyes. Whether he might have been led into violence had he stood there a moment longer it would be impossible to say. But all the habits of his life were against it, and his very despair

restrained him. When he had stood there for a second, he turned round suddenly on his heel without any warning, and almost knocking down a man who was keeping warily behind him ready for any emergency, went away in the opposite direction without saying a word. Burton stood still gazing after him with a mixture of consternation and concern, and something very like hatred. But his face changed when the spectators drew round him to wonder and question. "Something wrong with that poor gentleman, I fear, sir," said one. Mr. Burton put on a look of regret, sighed deeply, put his hand to his forehead, shook his head, murmured—"Poor fellow!" and — walked away. What could he do? He was not his brother's keeper, much less was he responsible for his cousin's husband—the paltry painter-fellow she had preferred to *him*. What would Helen think of her bargain now? Mad or drunk, it did not matter which—a pleasant companion for a woman. He preferred to think of this for the moment, rather than of the other question, which was in reality so much more important. Rivers's! Thank heaven he was no money loser, no more than was respectable. He had seen what was coming. Even to himself, this was all that Mr. Burton said. He hurried on, however, to learn what people were saying of it, with more anxiety in his mind than seemed necessary. He went to the bank itself with the air of a man going to a funeral. "The place I have known so long!" he said to another mournful victim who had appeared on the field of the lost battle, but who was not mad like Robert. "And to think that Golden should have betrayed your confidence! A man I have known since he was *that* height—a man I could have answered for with my life!"

Meanwhile Drummond strayed on he knew not where. He went back into the City, into the depths of those lanes and narrow streets which he had left so lately, losing himself in a bewildering maze of warehouse walls and echoing traffic. Great waggons jammed him up against the side, loads dangled over his head that would have crushed him in a moment, open cellars yawned for his unsteady feet; but he walked as safe through all those perils as if he had borne a charmed life, though he neither looked nor cared where he was going. His meeting with Burton was forced out of his mind in a few minutes as if it had not been. For the moment it had startled him into mad excitement; but so strong was the stupor of his despair, that in five minutes it was as if it had never been. For hours he kept wandering round and round the scene of his ruin, coming and going in a circle, as if his feet were fast and he could not escape. It had been morning when he left his house. It was late afternoon when he got back. Oh why was it summer and the days so long? If only that scorching sun would have set and darkness fallen over the place. He stole in under cover of the lilac trees, which had grown so big and leafy, and managed to glide down the side way to the garden and get to the studio door, which he could open with his key. He had been doing nothing but think—think—all the time; but "now, at least, I shall have time to think," he said to himself, as he threw himself down on a chair close to the door—the nearest seat—it no longer mattered where he placed himself or how. He sat huddled up against the wall as sometimes a poor model did, waiting wistfully to know if he was wanted,—some poor wretch to whom a shilling was salvation. This fancy, with a thousand others equally inappropriate, flashed across his mind as he sat there, still with his hat pulled down on his brows in the sunny luxurious warmth of the afternoon. The mere atmosphere, air, and sky, and sunshine would have been paradise to the artist in the poorest time he had ever known before, but they did not affect him now. He sat there in his stupor for perhaps an hour, not even able to rouse himself so far as to shut the door of communication into the conservatory, through which he heard now and then the softened stir of the household. He might have been restored to the sense of life and its necessities, might have been brought back out of the delirium of his ruin at that moment, had any one in the house known he was there. Helen was in the drawing-room, separated from him only by that flowery passage which he had made for her, to tempt her to visit him at his work. She was writing notes, inviting some half-dozen people to dinner, as had been arranged between them, but with a heavy and anxious heart, full of misgiving. She had risen from her writing table three or four times to go to the window and look out for her husband, wondering why he should be so long of coming—while he sat so near her. Mrs. Drummond's heart was very heavy. She did not understand what he had said to her in the morning—could not imagine how it could be. It must be a temporary cloud, a failure of some speculation, something unconnected with the ordinary course of life, she said to herself. Money!—he was not a business man—it could not be money. If it

was only money, why that was nothing. Such was the course of her thoughts. And she paused over her invitations, wondering was it right to give them if Robert had been losing money. But they were old friends whom she was inviting—only half a dozen people—and it was for his birthday. She had just finished the last note, when Norah came dancing into the room, claiming her mother's promise to go out with her; and after another long gaze from her window, Helen made up her mind to go. It was her voice speaking to the maid which roused Robert. "If Mr. Drummond comes in before I return," he heard her say, "tell him I shall not be long. I am going with Miss Norah to the Gardens for an hour, and then to ask for Mr. Haldane; but I shall be back by half-past six." He heard the message—he for whom it was intended—and rose up softly and went to his studio window, and peeped stealthily out to watch them as they went away. Norah came first, with a skip and gambol, and then Helen. His wife gave a wistful look back at the house as she opened the little gate under the leafy dusty lilacs. Was it with some premonition of what she should find when she came back? He hid himself so that he could not be seen, and gazed at the two, feeling as if that moment was all that life had yet to give him. It was his farewell look. His wife and child disappeared, and he could hear their footsteps outside on the pavement going farther and farther away on their harmless, unimportant walk, while he—— He woke up as if it had been out of sleep or out of a trance. She would return by half-past six, and it was now approaching five. For all he had to do there was so little, so very little time.

So he said to himself, and yet when he said it he had no clear idea what he was going to do. He had not only to do it, whatever it was, but to make up his mind, all in an hour and a half; and for the first five minutes of that little interval he was like a man dreaming, stretching out his hands to catch any straw, trying to believe he might yet be saved. Could he leave them—those two who had just left the door—to struggle through the rest of life by themselves? Helen was just over thirty, and her daughter nearly twelve. It was a mature age for a woman; but yet for a woman who has been protected and taken care of all her life, how bitter a moment to be left alone!—the moment when life is at its fullest, demands most, feels most warmly, and has as yet given up nothing. Helen had had no training to teach her that happiness was not her right. She had felt it to be her right, and her whole soul rose up in rebellion against any infringement of that great necessity of being. How was she to live when all was taken from her, even the support of her husband's arm? Robert had never known so much of his wife's character before, but in this awful moment it became clear to him as by an inspiration. How was she to bear it? Credit, honour, money, living—and her husband, too, who could still work for her, shield her. He went to his easel and uncovered the half-finished picture on it, and gazed at it with something that was in reality a dumb appeal to the dumb canvas to help him. But it did not help him. On the contrary, it brought suddenly up before him his work of the past, his imperfect successes, and Helen's kind, veiled, hidden, but unconcealable dissatisfaction. The look of suppressed pain in her face, the subdued tone, the soft languid praise of some detail or accessory, the very look of her figure when she turned away from it, came all before him. Her habit was, when she turned away, to talk to him of other things. How clearly that oft-repeated scene came before him in his despair! She was dutiful, giving him her attention conscientiously as long as was needful; but when he fell back into the fond babble of the maker, and tried to interest her in some bit of drapery, or effect of light, or peculiarity of grouping, she would listen to him sweetly, and—change the subject as soon as possible. It all returned to him—he remembered even the trivial little words she had spoken, the languid air of half fatigue which would come over her. That—along with the meagrest poverty, the hardest homely struggles for daily bread. Could she bear to go back to it? She would lose everything, the house and all that was in it, everything that could be called his or supposed his. The only thing that could not be taken from her would be her £100 a year, her little fortune which was settled on her. "They could live on that," poor Drummond went on in his dreary miserable thoughts. "They could exist, it is possible, better without me than with me. Would they be happier to have me in prison, disgraced, and dishonoured, a drag hanging about their neck—or to hear the worst at once, to know that everything was over, that at least their pittance would be theirs, and their peace respected? Everything would be over. Nobody could have any pretext for annoying her about it. They would be sorry for her—even they would be sorry for me. My policies would

go to make up something—to clear my name a little. And they would let her alone. She could go to the country. She is so simple in her real tastes. They could live on what she has, if they were only rid of me." A sigh that was almost a sob interrupted him in his musing. He was so worn out; and was it the grave-chill that was invading him already and making him shiver? He took the canvas on the easel and held it up to the light. "The drawing is good enough," he said to himself, "it is not the drawing. She always owns that. It is—something else. And how can I tell after this that I could even draw? I could not now, if I were to try. My hand shakes like an old man's. I might fall ill like poor Haldane. Ah, my God!" The canvas fell out of his hands upon the floor—a sudden spasm contracted his heart. Haldane! It was the first time that day that he had thought of him. His ruin would be the ruin of his friend too—his friend who was helpless, sick and yet the support of others. "Oh, my God, my God!" he wailed with a cry of despair.

And there was no one near to hear him, no one to defend him from himself and from the devil, to lay hands upon him, to bid him live and hope and work, and help them to exist whom he had helped to ruin. He was left all alone in that moment of his agony. God, to whom he had appealed, was beyond the clouds, beyond that which is more unfathomable than any cloud, the serene, immeasurable, impenetrable blue, and held out no hand, sent no voice of comfort. The man fell down where his work had fallen, prone upon the ground, realising in a moment all the misery of the years that were to come. And it was his doing, his doing!—though consciously he would have given himself to be cut to pieces, would have toiled his life out, to make it up now to his friend,—how much more to his wife! What passed in his mind in that awful interval is not to be told. It was the supreme struggle between life and despair, and it was despair that won. When he rose up his face was like the face of an old man, haggard and furrowed with deep lines. He stood still for a moment, looking round him vaguely, and then made a little pilgrimage round the room, looking at everything, with a motive, without a motive, who can tell? his whole faculties absorbed in the exaltation, and bewildering, sombre excitement of such a crisis as can come but once to any man. Then he sat down at his writing-table, and sought out some letter-paper (there were so many scraps of drawing-paper that came first to hand), and slowly wrote a few lines. He had to search for a long time before he could find an envelope to enclose this, and his time was getting short. At last he put it up, and, after another pause, stole through the conservatory, walking stealthily like a thief, and placed the white envelope on a little crimson table, where it shone conspicuous to everybody who should enter. He did more than that; he went and bent over the chair which Helen had pushed away when she rose from it—the chair she always sat on—and kissed it. There was a little bright-coloured handkerchief lying on the sofa, which was Norah's. He took that up and kissed it too, and thrust it into his breast. Did he mean to carry it with him into the dark and silent country where he was going? God knows what was the thought in his mind. The pretty clock on the mantelpiece softly chimed the quarter as he did this, and he started like a thief. Then he took an old great-coat from the wall, an old travelling hat, which hung beside it, and went back to the studio. There was no more time for thought. He went out, leaving the door unlocked, brushing stealthily through the lilacs. The broad daylight played all around him, revealing him to every one, showing to the world how he stole away out of his own house. He had put up the collar of his coat, and drawn his hat down over his brows to disguise himself in case he met any one he knew. Any one he knew! It was in case he met his wife, to whom he had just said farewell for ever, and his child, whose little kerchief he was going to take with him into this dismal ruin, into the undiscovered world.

All this might have been changed had he met them; and they were crossing the next street coming home, Helen growing more and more anxious as they approached the door. Had he been going out about some simple everyday business, of course they would have met; but not now, when it might have saved one life from destruction and another from despair. He had watched for a moment to make sure they were not in sight before he went out; and the servants had caught a glimpse of a man whom they did not recognise hiding among the bushes, and were frightened; so, it turned out afterwards, had various other passers-by. But Drummond saw no one—no one. The multitudes in the noisier streets upon which he emerged after a while, were nothing to him. They pushed against him, but he did not see them; the only two figures he would have seen were henceforward to be invisible to him for ever.

For ever! for ever! Was it for ever? Would this crime he was about to commit, this last act of supreme rebellion against the will of that God to whom he seemed to have appealed in vain, would it sever him from them not only in this world, but in the world to come? Should he have to gaze upward, like poor Dives, and see, in the far serene above him, these two walking in glory and splendour, who were no longer his? perhaps surrounded by angels, stately figures of the blessed, without a thought to spare in the midst of that glory for the poor soul who perished for love of them. Could that be true? Was it damnation as well as death he was going to face? Was it farewell for ever, and ever, and ever?

So the awful strain ran on, buzzing in his ears, drowning for him the voices of the crowd—for ever, for ever, for ever. Dives forlorn and far away—and up, up high in the heavens, blazing above him, like a star——

Like that star in the soft sky of the evening which came out first and shone down direct upon him in his wretchedness. How it shone! How she shone!—was it she?—as it grew darker drawing a silver line for him upon the face of the darkening water. Was that to be the spot? But it took years to get dark that night. He lived and grew old while he was waiting thus to die. At last there was gloom enough. He got a boat, and rowed it out to that white glistening line, the line that looked like a silver arrow, shining where the spot was——

The boat drifted ashore that night as the tide fell. In that last act, at least, Nature helped him to be honest, poor soul!

CHAPTER XI.

"The studio door is open, mamma," said little Norah dancing in before her mother, through the lilac bushes. The words seemed to take a weight off Helen's heart.

"Then papa must have come in," she said, and ran up the steps to the door, which was opened before she could knock by an anxious, half-frightened maid. "Mr. Drummond has come in?" she said, in her anxiety, hasting to pass Jane, who held fast by the door.

"No, ma'am, please, ma'am; but Rebecca and me see a man about not five minutes ago, and I can't find master's topcoat as was a-hanging in the hall—Rebecca says, ma'am, as she thought she see——"

"Papa has not been home after all," Helen said to her little daughter; "perhaps Mr. Drummond wore his great-coat last night, Jane. Never mind just now; he will tell us when he comes in."

"But I see the man, and George was out, as he always is when he's wanted. Me and Rebecca—" said Jane.

"Never mind just now," said Helen languidly. She went into the drawing-room with the load heavier than ever on her heart. What could have kept him so long? What could be making him so miserable? Oh, how cruel, cruel it was not to know! She sat down with a heart like lead on that chair which poor Robert had kissed—not fifteen minutes since, and he was scarcely out of reach now.

"Oh, mamma," cried Norah, moving about with a child's curiosity; "here is a letter for you on the little red table. It is so funny, and blurred, and uneven. I can write better than that—look! isn't it from papa?"

Helen had not paid much attention to what the child said, but now she started up and stretched out her hand. The name on the outside was scarcely legible, it was blurred and uneven, as Norah said; and it was very clear to see, could only be a message of woe. But her worst fears, miserable as she felt, had not approached the very skirts of the misery that now awaited her. She tore the envelope open, with her heart beating loud in her ears, and her whole body tingling with agitation. And this was what she read:—

"My Helen, my own Helen,—I have nothing in the world to do now but to bid you good-bye. I have ruined you, and Norah more than you. If I lived I should only be a disgrace and a burden, and your little money that you have will support you by yourself. Oh, my love, to think I should leave you like this! I who have loved you so. But I have never been good enough for you. When you are an angel in heaven, if you see me among the lost, oh, bestow a little pity upon me, my Helen! I shall never see you again, but as Dives saw Lazarus. Oh, my wife, my baby, my own, you will be mine no longer; but have a little pity upon me! Give me one look, Helen, out of heaven.

"I am not mad, dear. I am doing it knowing it will be for the best. God forgive me if I take it upon me to know better than Him. It is not presumption, and perhaps He may know what I mean, though even you don't know. Oh my own, my darlings, my only ones—good-bye, good-bye!"

There was no name signed, no stops to make the sense plain. It was written as

wildly as it had been conceived; and Helen, in her terrible excitement, did not make out at first what it could mean. What could it mean? where was he going? The words about Dives and Lazarus threw no light upon it at first. He had gone away. She gave a cry, and dropped her hands upon her lap, with the letter in them, and looked round her—looked at her child, to make sure to herself that she was not dreaming. Gone away! But where, where, and why this parting? "I don't understand it—he has gone and left us," she said feebly, when Norah, in her curiosity, came rushing to her to know what it was. "I don't know what it means. O God, help us!" she said, with an outburst of miserable tears. She was confused to the very centre of her being. Where had he gone?

"May I read it, mamma?" little Norah asked, with her arms round her mother's neck.

But Helen had the feeling that it was not fit for the child. "Run and ask who brought it," she said, glad to be alone; and then read over again, with a mind slowly awakening to its reality, that outburst of love and despair. The letter shook in her hands, salt tears fell upon it as she read. "If I lived:—*I am doing it, knowing.*" God, God, what was it he had gone to do? Just then she heard a noise in the studio, and starting to her feet rushed to the conservatory door, crying, "Robert! Robert!" She was met by Jane and Norah, coming from it; the child was carrying her father's hat in her arms, with a strange look of wonder and dismay on her face.

"Mamma, no one brought the letter," she said in a subdued, horror-struck tone; "and here is papa's hat—and the picture is lying dashed down on the floor with its face against the carpet. It is all spoiled, mamma," sobbed little Norah—"papa's picture! and here is his hat. Oh, mamma, mamma!"

Norah was frightened at her mother's face. She had grown ghastly pale. "Get me a cab," she said to the maid, whose curiosity was profoundly excited. Then she sat down and took her child in her arms. "Norah, my darling," she said, making a pause between every two words, "something dreadful has happened. I don't know what. I must go—and see. I must go—and find him—O my God, where am I to go?"

"And me, too," said the child, clinging to her fast; "me, too—let us go to the City, mamma!"

"Not you, Norah. It will soon be your bedtime. Oh, my pet, go and kneel down and pray—pray for poor papa."

"I can pray just as well in the cab," said Norah; "God hears all the same. I am nearly twelve—I am almost grown up. You shall not, shall not go without me. I will never move nor say a word. I will run up and get your cloak and mine. We'll easily find him. He never would have the heart to go far away from you and me."

"He never would have the heart," Helen murmured the words over after her. Surely not. Surely, surely he would not have the heart! His resolution would fail. How could he go and leave the two whom he loved best—the two whom alone he loved in this world. "Run, then, dear, and get your cloak," she said faintly. The child seemed a kind of anchor to her, holding her to something, to some grasp of solid earth. They drove off in a few minutes, Norah holding fast her mother's hand. They overtook, if they had but known it, and passed in the crowd, the despairing man they sought; and he with his dim eyes saw the cab driving past, and wondered even who was in it—some other sufferer, in the madness of excitement or despair. How was he to know it was his wife and child? They drove to the City, but found no one there. They went to his club, to one friend's house after another, to the picture-dealers, to the railway stations. There, two or three bystanders had seen such a man, and he had gone to Brighton, to Scotland, to Paris, they said. Coming home, they drove over the very bridge where he had been standing waiting for the dark. It was dark by that time, and Helen's eye caught the line of light on the water, with that intuitive wish so common to a painter's wife, that Robert had seen it. Ah, good Lord! he had seen and more than seen. The summer night was quite dark when they got home. Those gleams of starlight were lost in clouds, and all was gloom about the pretty house. Instead of the usual kindly gleam from the windows, nothing was visible as they drew up to the door but the light of a single candle which showed its solitary flame through the bare window of the dining-room. No blind was drawn, or curtain closed, and like the taper of a watcher shone this little miserable light. It chilled Helen in her profound discouragement and fatigue, and yet it gave her a forlorn hope that perhaps he had come. Norah had fallen fast asleep leaning against her. It was all she could do to wake the child as they approached the door; and Jane came out to open the gate with a scared face. "No, ma'am, master's never been back," she answered to Helen's eager question; "but Dr. Maurice, he's here."

Mrs. Drummond put Norah into the woman's arms, and rushed into the house. Dr. Maurice met her with a face almost as white as her own, and took her hands compassionately. "You have heard from him? What have you heard? where is he?" said poor Helen.

"Hush, hush!" he said, "perhaps it is not so bad as it appears. I don't understand it. Rest a little, and I will show you what he has written to me."

"I cannot rest," she said; "how can I rest when Robert—— Let me see it. Let me see it. I am sure to understand what he means. He never had any secrets before. Oh, show it me—show it me!—am not I his wife?"

"Poor wife, poor wife!" said the compassionate doctor, and then he put her into an easy-chair and went and asked for some wine. "I will show it you only when you have drunk this," he said; "only when you have heard what I have to say. Drummond is very impulsive you know. He might not do really as he said. A hundred things would come in to stop him when he had time to think. His heart has been broken by this bank business; but when he felt that it was understood he was not to blame——"

"Give me your letter," she said, holding out her hand to him. She was capable of no more.

"He would soon find that out," said the doctor. "Who could possibly blame *him?* My dear Mrs. Drummond, you must take this into account. You must not give him up at once. I have set on foot all sorts of inquiries——"

"The letter, the letter!" she said hoarsely, holding out her hand.

He was obliged to yield to her at last, but not without the consciousness which comforted him that she had heard a great deal of what he had to say. She had not listened voluntarily; but still she had not been able to keep herself from hearing. This was not much comfort to poor Helen, but it was to him. He had made her swallow the wine too; he had done his best for her; and now he could but stand by mournfully while she read her sentence, the words which might be death.

"Maurice, I want you to go to my wife. Before you get this, or at least before you have got to her, I shall be dead. It's a curious thing to say, but it's true. There has been a great crash at the bank, and I am ruined and all I care for. If I lived I could do no good, only harm; but they will be sorry for her if I die. I have written to her, poor darling, to tell her; but I want you to go and stand by her. She'll want some one; and kiss the child for me. If they find me, bury me anywhere. I hope they will never find me, though, for Helen's sake. And poor Haldane. Tell him I knew nothing of it; nothing, nothing! I would have died sooner than let them risk his money. God help us, and God forgive me! Maurice, you are a good fellow; be kind to my poor wife."

There was a postscript which nobody read or paid any attention to: that is to say, they read it and it died from their minds for the moment as if it meant nothing. It was this, written obliquely like an after-thought—

"*The bank was ruined from the first; there was never a chance for us. I found this out only to-day. Burton and Golden have done it all.*"

These were the words that Helen read, with Dr. Maurice standing mournfully behind watching her every movement. She kept staring at the letter for a long time, and then fell back with a hysterical sob, but without any relief of tears. Dr. Maurice stood by her as his friend had asked him. He soothed her, adding every possible reason he could think of (none of which he himself believed in the smallest degree) to show that "poor Drummond" might change his mind. This was written in the first impulse of despair, but when he came to think—— Helen did not listen; but she heard what Dr. Maurice said vaguely, and she heard his account of what he had done; he had given information at once to the police; he had engaged people everywhere to search and watch. News would be heard of him to-morrow certainly, if not to-night. Helen rose while he was speaking. She collected herself and restrained herself, exerting all the strength she possessed. "Will you come with me?" she said.

"Where? where? Mrs. Drummond, I entreat you to believe I have done everything——"

"Oh, I am sure of it!" she said faintly; "but I must go. I cannot—cannot rest. I must go somewhere—anywhere—where he may have gone——"

"But, Mrs. Drummond——"

"You are going to say I have been everywhere. So we have, Norah and I—she fell asleep at last, poor child—she does not need me—I must go——"

"It is getting late," he said; "it is just ten; if news were to come you would not like to be out of the way. Stay here and rest, and I will go to-morrow; you will want all your strength."



"THE BANK WAS RUINED FROM THE FIRST."

"I want it all now," she said, with a strange smile. "Who thinks of to-morrow? it may never, never come. It may—— You are very kind—but I cannot rest."

She was in the cab again before he could say another word. But fortunately at that moment one of his messengers came in hot haste to say that they thought that they had found some trace of "the gentleman." He had come off to bring the news, and probably by this time the others were on their way bringing him home. This intelligence furnished Maurice with a weapon against Helen. She allowed herself to be led into the house again, not believing it, feeling in her heart that her husband would never be brought back, yet unable to resist the reasonable conclusion that she must stay to receive him. The short summer darkness passed over her thus; the awful dawn came and looked her in the face. One of the maids sat up, or rather dozed in her chair in the kitchen, keeping a fire alight in case anything might be wanted. And Helen sat and listened to every sound; sat at the window gazing out, hearing carriage-wheels and footsteps miles off, as it seemed to her, and now and then almost deceived into hope by the sound of some one returning from a dance or late party. How strange it seemed to her that life should be going on in its ordinary routine, and people enjoying themselves, while she sat thus frozen into desperation, listening for him who would never come again! Her mind was wandering after him through every kind of dreadful scene; and yet it was so difficult, so impossible to associate him with anything terrible. He, always so reasonable, so tender of others, so free from selfish folly. The waking of the new day stole upon the watcher before she was aware; those sounds which are so awful in their power, which show how long it is since last night, how life has gone on, casting aside old burdens, taking on new ones. It was just about ten o'clock, when the morning was at its busiest outside, and Helen, refusing

to acknowledge the needs of the new day, still sat at the window watching with eyes that were dry and hot and bloodshot, with the room all in mournful disorder round her, when Dr. Maurice's brougham drew up to the door. He sprang out of it, carrying a coat on his arm; a rough fellow in a blue Jersey and sailor's hat followed him. Maurice came in with that look so different from the look of anxiety, that fatal air, subdued and still and certain, which comes only from knowledge. Whatever might have happened he was in doubt no more.

Helen's long vigil had worn her into that extremity of emotion which can no longer avail itself of ordinary signs. She had not even risen to meet the news. She held out her hand feebly, and gave him a piteous look of inquiry, which her dry lips refused to sound. She looked as if it were possible that she had grown into an idiot as she sat there. He came forward to her and took her hand in his.

"Dear Mrs. Drummond," he said, "you will need all your courage; you must not give way; you must think of your child."

"I know," she said; her hand dropped out of his as if by its mere weight. She bowed her head as if to let this great salt bitter wave go over her—bowed it down till it sank upon her lap hidden in her clasped hands. There was nothing to be said further, not a word was necessary. She knew.

And yet there was a story to tell. It was told to her very gently, and she had to listen to it, with her face hidden in her hands. She shuddered now and then as she listened. Sometimes a long convulsive sob escaped her, and shook her whole frame; but she was far beyond the ordinary relief of weeping. It was poor Robert's coat which Dr. Maurice had brought with him, making all further doubt impossible. The gentleman had thrown it off when he took that boat at Chelsea. It was too warm, he said; "and sure enough it was mortal warm," the man added who had come to verify the mournful story. The gentleman had taken a skiff for a row. It was a clear, beautiful night, and he had been warned to keep out of the way of steamers and barges. If any harm came to him, the boatman said, it was not for want of knowing how to manage a boat. The little skiff had drifted in bottom up, and had been found that morning a mile down stream. That was all. Jane, who was the housemaid, went away crying, and drew down all the blinds except that of the room in which her mistress was. "Surely missis will have the thought to do that," she said. But poor Helen had not the thought.

And thus it all came to an end—their love, their prosperity, and that mitigated human happiness which they had enjoyed together—happiness not too perfect, and yet how sweet! Norah still slept through the bright morning, neglected by her usual attendant, and tired out by her unusual exertions on the previous night. "She ought to know," the maids said to each other, with that eagerness to make evil tidings known which is so strangely common; but the old nurse, who loved the child, would not have her disturbed. It was only when Helen rejected all their entreaties to lie down and rest that Martin consented to rouse the little girl. She came down, with her bright hair all about her shoulders, wrapped in a little white dressing-gown, flying with noiseless bare feet down the staircase, and, without a word of warning, threw herself upon her mother. It was not to console her mother, but to seek her own natural refuge in this uncomprehended calamity. "Oh, mamma!" said Norah; "oh, mamma, mamma!" She could find no other words of consolation. Torrents of youthful tears gushed from the child's eyes. She wept for both, while Helen sat tearless. And the blinds were not down nor the shutters closed in that room, as the servants recollected with horror, and the great golden light of morn shone in.

Thus they were left undisturbed in the full day, in the sweet sunshine; scarcely knowing, in the first stupor of misery, how it was the darkness had gathered in the midst of all their world of light.

(To be continued.)

THE BOY JOHN.

BACK under the shadows of that time when man was pawing himself loose from monkey realm, unsophisticated wisdom would have it that John should be trained up in the way he ought to go. We, of course, know better. In that twilight period of no steamboats, no female suffrage, no reforms, no town-meetings, no beer-gardens, how should they understand? But in these happier days when every boy can explore the mysteries of a normal school or drinking-cellar, Solomon's wisdom with respect to the very trifling matter of John's education will hardly do.

Solomon built a house. But who now would build after that old Hebrew's drafting? Do we not have modern improvements? And so should not the boy John have the benefit of modern improvements? In old time it was, "Train up a child in the way he should go," on the ground that being trained in it he would be likely to stick to it.

But in this riper age we have a deeper philosophy: "Let nature alone to work out its own way; do not restrain it." We have learned that pent-up things, such as steam and reforms, are dangerous. They should be allowed to blow off. And so the child has a steam which he should blow off. He has fires of youth which ought to be burned out, and not smothered to char on his life. Having a wayward disposition incident to youth, he should be suffered to work it off and be rid of it, so as to settle down gracefully into sober manhood.

John is an awkward, restless, fidgety fellow, whose chief end is to torture the cat and tear clothes. His parents congratulate themselves that their boy is growing up under the hallowed influences of a Christian home. What is it, then, that marks John's home as hallowed and Christian? When the toil and drive of the day are ended, and the evening hours begin to throw their hush over the household, what is there in living-room or parlor, got ready by a parent's Christian thoughtfulness, for making the closing hours of day the happy, the joyous, the loved ones of all the twenty-four? John has been in for dinner, eaten it, and gone out again. He has been in for his supper, eaten that, and now, after doing the last things of work-time (for John happens very often to be a boy who knows what work is), he comes in weary in body, yet uneasy in mind, restless, yearning for something;—some recreation, some joy, some sport, some play, laugh, frolic, unbending of some kind to relieve the hideous tedium of all tread, tread, tread in the mill of toil. The mother, having put her house in order for the night, takes some odd piece of work—sewing, knitting, or crocheting—and worries out the fag-ends of weary flesh and lamp-light. The father takes his evening paper, or his evening drowse, or both of them, rolling in an easy-chair or tipped up in one that is not easy,—himself silent, dull, dismal.

But the boy John,—what of him? What shall he do? He does not know how to knit or crochet; he does not care for the newspaper. What are politics and Congress and Tammany to him? What fun for him in Beecher's sermon or the Farmers' Club? He looks up and around. Not an eye or countenance shows one ray of sympathy with his uneasiness, pitching and rolling now to the brim. He looks up on the mantel; nothing there. He looks up to the clock; nothing there. He looks round on the walls, up at the ceiling; nothing for him there. He looks out of the window: well, he begins to see the glimmer of something for him out there; though nothing under that roof, within those walls, around that stove, which the world calls his home. So John yields up a sigh, a stretch, and a yawn, and out he goes for sympathy into the darkness. The mother works on. The father reads and dozes on. The boy is now beginning to *go* on in the way he likes to go. Other boys, fleeing out from other such Christian homes, or from homes that are not Christian, meet him on the street. They mingle their discontents and sympathies till, with the leap and dash of young life, they come together into a plot for mischief, or into the chamber where billiards are played, or into the cellar where entertainment is for man and —*beast;* or anywhere up or down where life and unbending for the restless fibers of youth can be found, and where the evening hours are not spent in the dullness of knitting and dozing.

John is young. His tastes are unformed. His feelings are very far from being refined. In fact he is a little gross in his sympathies. He wants amusement. Every bone in his body aches for recreation, for play, fun, laughter. He does not care—he has never been taught to care—what the fun is, if only it will give relief to the fidget that stings him. Not at all refined, he will go for what he wants where others go. And going where others go, he finds the hunger of his nature coarsely met—just as tainted meat will fill the hunger of a starving man—in the low revelry, vile

stories, unclean mirth of drinking-cellars and saloons. The boy does not discriminate very closely, and to the longing of his crude appetite the entertainment of these places is infinitely better than any he ever could find in that place which he has been taught to speak of as home. For eating and sleeping and getting his clothes mended, he feels that no place can be equal to a Christian home; but for a good time, for passing a dull evening hour, for learning something new, for words of cheer, for professions of sympathy, for those genial ways which a boy does love, and which any boy but a Uriah Heep must love, John will tell even the minister to his face that home is nothing to a street corner, or a billiard-room with the attachment of a beer-shop.

Well, by and by, just before the clock strikes ten, the father wakes from his doze, the spectacles falling and the paper sliding upon the floor, and, looking round with a bewildered gaze, asks, "Where is John?"

Where is he? Why, for want of better instruction, he is out practicing our modern plan of training himself up in the way he likes to go, having no thought that when he is old he will care to depart from it. But the father who has inquired for his boy rubs his eyes, looks out into the darkness, and listens; but he hears him not. He wishes that his boy would not go out so of nights; but then he does go out. He wonders that John cannot sit down at home like other boys. What other boys? And then, with a *very* feeling remark that, "If John does not do better and become steady, he will make a miserable shirk of himself," the father goes to bed. The mother waits till her boy comes. By and by he does come in,—his restlessness blown off, the uneasy fidget of the early evening spent in relaxations which, of some kind, a boy must have,—and then at last the house is quiet. Sleep and rest prepare the household for another day and evening like these.

And when that other evening comes, out goes the boy again; and the father again wonders, and wishes that John would be steady and stay at home, and very feelingly predicts that, "If he does not change his course, he will very likely come to a miserable end."

But, good father, why should your boy spend his evenings at home? What is there at home for *him?* What pleasant recreation, what happy plan for whiling away the hour, does he find inviting him *there*, or that would invite any *boy* there? What have you done to make home attractive and winsome to him as *John's* home? He would like amusements suited to his young, restless, brimming nature; how much real thought and care did you ever give in schemes, devices, plans, efforts, with a view to meeting this passionate yearning of his mind? How much do you play with him, tell stories with him, make riddles with him, talk with him of what you have done and seen, of what your father did and saw? What games, what sports, what efforts at skill with slate and pencil, with knife, saw, and gimlet, have you devised for him, while your look and action were saying, "My boy, I want you to love your home more than any other spot of earth."

But your boy is not all for sport, though in this evening hour he does want a change from the employments of the day. His eager mind is ever on the alert to learn something, and if his mind is guided he will take as much pleasure in the acquisition of useful knowledge as in that which is frivolous; he will quite as easily be led to the reading of good as to the reading of trash. Now, among the book-shelves of the old house how many shelves have you filled for your boy? What books do fill them? You buy,—for you are the father, or perhaps the kindred of that father I had a talk with a few weeks ago,—you buy for your own use the *Almanac*, *The Gazetteer*, the *Lives of the Apostles*, *Scott's Commentary*, *Emblems of Faith*, a *History of the War*, *Martin F. Tupper*, the *Speeches of Henry Clay*, and a picture of Lincoln. But what for your boy? You spend eight dollars a year for your daily paper which you go to sleep over evenings; as many dollars spent in suitable reading for him, in each of the five years past, would have given him a stock now which he would read and read over again through the twilights of summer and long evenings of winter. But, mind you, it must be suitable reading. Of the books mentioned above, you yourself do not read one, beside the *Almanac* and *Scott's Commentary*. And most certainly you do not expect your boy to read them. Here, then, are a dozen or fifteen dollars wasted. And just in the same manner you can fling away money in buying books for John; books which he will not read and which no boy will read. Books there are, more than a father will wish to buy in one year, which any boy, quick, active, hungering, restless as yours is, will sit down and read by the hour; and as he reads will loathe himself more and more at remembering that he ever cared to look into those places where man and beast are (or perhaps in strict grammar I should say *is*) entertained.

You sigh, do you? And you answer, "All

this sounds very well; but to carry out such a plan would cost something." Indeed, so it would. I did not think of that. Yet it is a matter that should be thought of. Let us look at it. Do you make use of tobacco? Pardon me, I mean no offense. Christian fathers do sometimes make use of it. Suppose then *you* do. How much does it cost you? Ten cents a day? Too much? Then say (for I will take no advantage) five cents a day. I think you would rather have it ten cents: for five leaves me to infer that you smoke very poor cigars. However, we will stick to five. But five cents a day would be $18.25 a year. Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents every year (except leap year, when you would put in one more cigar, and which for the fun of the thing you perhaps would pay ten cents for) — eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents every year turned into smoke! And you cannot afford to buy ten dollars' worth of books in a year for your boy!

"But I do not use tobacco, the vile stuff," you may possibly answer. And it is no conclusive mark against one's Christian character not to use it; though you need not speak disrespectfully of that which is the "sweet morsel" of so many a Christian. You do not use it, then. But your neighbor does. "My neighbor—what have I to do with my neighbor in the matter?" Don't be impatient; just hear me a moment. Your neighbor does use tobacco, if you do not. Now, if he can afford to burn up five or ten cents every day, twenty or forty dollars every year, of his income, and have nothing for it, how is it that you cannot afford to spend half as much money, and have a *boy* for it at home, happy, contented, and training up in the way he should go? Is the delicacy of tobacco so priceless to your neighbor, and is a good, home-loving boy of so little worth to you? I know you do not think so. You love John, and will do anything for him.

Training up a child in the way he should walk unto the end,—the wisdom of an old fogy three thousand years ago,—is very much despised in this advanced age. Many a Christian parent has a way of flinging this drudgery off from his own conscience upon the conscience of a charitable public. The family is not the school of moral and religious training it ought to be. The evening hours for home enjoyment and the Sabbath for culture are not given, it may be feared, as they should be by Christian parents. Our Sunday-schools, with all their boast of good (and they boast not in vain), have encouraged an infinite evil in just this direction. The father is weary with the toil of the week, and so, instead of training his child himself, he sends the boy, or the girl, to the Sunday-school; trusting (as if he had lost his wits) that the dear public will feel as much interest in his child as he ought to feel.

But this boy that we have been talking about (I feel a good deal of interest in John) —let us follow him a little longer. Neglected by father and mother,—to be sure his father sends him to school and his mother mends his clothes,—with no home bright, sunny, made cheerful, happy, attractive for him, he is out on the street; in saloons and cellars at last he is;—in fact, he is in any place where his brimming nature can flow over, and the uneasy, restless activities of his soul can spend themselves. He quickly feels the contrast between these places and his home. At home the care of father and mother has been given to provide him the accommodations for eating and sleeping; and John goes there to eat and sleep. Beyond these they have scarcely troubled themselves about any other wants their boy might have. They have seemed to feel that he could hardly want anything more. Yet John does want something more. He has looked the house all over to find it; but it is not there. So he goes out to seek it elsewhere. Genial companionship, amusement, recreations for the coil and spring of his boyish mettle, he does not find where his father and mother are; but he does find them where other homeless boys gather and homeless men are found,—where the story, the joke, the game, mirth, and drinking fill up the hours of evening.

After this training has been going on till the boy has got a fair start down that way he will be likely to go, the father one day rubs open his eyes to the real state of the case. He begins to feel troubled. He is really alarmed. He wonders why it is that John will act so. He inquires of himself what can be done. Assuring himself that *he* has done everything which a father can do for a loved son,—"for have I not clothed my boy, and found him a comfortable home to sleep in?" —he gives him up; what else can the poor father do?—he gives his boy up to the keeping of public benevolence. "I have done all I can do; my conscience is clear. Now," he says to public charity, "look out for your conscience." And so temperance organizations, Good Templars, Knights of What-not, take the boy into their keeping and do what they can for him. The father is easy again. He takes his evening paper, reads, and goes to sleep: for his boy—"is he not safe in the hands of public keeping?" Safe? *Is* he

safe? Can you sleep on now and take your rest? Good Templars and such things, devised to pick up the homeless, are not quite so sure as—as—well, as the laws of Nature, the rising and setting of the sun. Divisions and lodges of temperance may be faithful a thousand years or so; but then the sun has been doing his work faithfully six times as long.

After a period of years I come back where the home of this family is of which John is so important a member, and look in upon them once more. As only the last week I looked into some of those families that I knew long time ago, and learned with heart-ache of their Johns, so I come back to this family and inquire about its John. The father and mother with a lurid smile, yet with a warm grasp of the hand, welcome me. We sit down, and soon the talk wanders back into the past. God has been kind to them, though the burden of years begins to be heavy upon them. Their work will soon be done. They are finishing up the day's labor and getting ready for the long evening and the final sleep. I look about me and remember. I turn to the mother, and with a cheery voice break in, "And what has become of—of John, that I used to see?"

The mother drops her hands. Her work falls to the floor. She turns away her eyes. She cannot answer. In the mean time the father has slowly risen from his seat, and, as if to do some forgotten thing, has gone out. In a minute I follow him. I find him with downcast look, hands clasped behind him, pacing to and fro on the greensward by the door. We sit down under a maple through which the full moon is shaking her beams upon us, and there he tells me of John. "I hoped well for my boy. I did what I could for him. He was my all. But he would not stay at home like a steady boy. He spent his evenings abroad. Bad boys and worse men led him away. He learned to go with them that have done him no good. Not that John was naturally vicious: before he went with bad men he was a good boy. He learned it all. He began to drink; at first because others did. Soon he loved it; and——. I cannot go over these sad years. You can think how it has been. My boy—is—lost—to me; but if—through the infinite—mercy of God—he might not be lost to heaven———. Oh, the burden of my heart is greater than I can bear. If I could think of him in his childhood innocence and purity as safe under the sod, I should have some comfort in that. But there is not much comfort for me now. The staff that I leaned upon has broken and pierced my side. I can only think of him now and say, 'John, my boy, you do not mean to kill your father; you know not what you do; you do not think how you are crushing me down to the grave.' But enough of this. Let us go in."

In the house we do not talk much. We are not in the mood for it now. The current has been broken; and no one feels like trying to restore it. After a little while I bid the father and mother good-night, and go away. At the end of the gravel walk in the road I stop and look back to the lighted windows. It is the last look that I shall ever give them, very likely. My thought is, "Good father, you never had a home yourself, perhaps, and so you knew not what such a thing would be for a boy like John of years ago. You did not know how you could make your boy love it forever as his dear old home. You had not learned how to wind the love of it into his heart. And you did not think how there might be memories of it that would make him die rather than cast a shadow on its hallowed sunshine."

IN ABSENCE.

My love for thee is like a wingèd seed
  Blown from the heart of thy rare beauty's flower,
  And deftly guided by some breezy power
To fall and rest where I should never heed
In deepest caves of memory. There, indeed,
  With virtue rife of many a sunny hour,—
  Ev'n making cold neglect and darkness dower
Its roots with life,—swiftly it 'gan to breed,
'Till now wide-branching tendrils it outspreads
  Like circling arms, to prison its own prison,
Fretting the walls with blooms by myriads,
  And blazoning in my brain full summer-season:
Thy face, whose dearness presence had not taught,
In absence multiplies and fills all thought.

THE SILENT COLLEGE AT WASHINGTON.

A RECENT writer has brought forth an earnest "plea for silence." He tells of a school which an old French writer proposed to establish, to be called "*L'Académie Silencieuse*," wherein little writing, much thinking and no speaking was to be the rule.

Probably he was not aware that the ideal academy of the fantastic Frenchman was already *un fait accompli* at the capital of this talkative country of ours, where a silent college is yearly sending forth its alumni, pledged to an absolute, life-long observance of Carlyle's pointed injunction.

The purpose of this article is to relate the story of the foundation of this novel institution, and we shall begin by briefly showing what uneducated deaf-mutes are and what had been done for them up to the time our history properly opens.

In Bennington, Vermont, fifteen years ago, lived a character known in all the region round about as "Dumb Gray." He was an uneducated deaf-mute—tall, well-formed, with bearded and not unhandsome features. Most of his time was spent in moody isolation. Occasionally he would enter the town, and always became the center of an eager and curious group. When thus surrounded, he would come to a full stop, throw back his fine head, and look from face to face in the throng, half angry, half abashed, and altogether perplexed, as if sensible of the presence of strange *confrères*, whose affinity with himself he perceived, whose superiority he dimly recognized, but was too proud to acknowledge without the explanation for which, perhaps, he hungered. Unemulous, unambitious, utterly regardless of his personal advancement; startled by a touch, soothed by a glance; not easily provoked, but terrible when aroused; appropriating any unguarded article that tempted him, but always without effort at concealment; occasionally evincing a disposition to make an acquaintance in the town, the next hour flying in bitter revulsion to his mountain home, he was clearly a strange being, pitiably but mysteriously and impressively afflicted,—a being not only bereft of all the highest human enjoyments, but tortured by his inability to comprehend them; a being to challenge at once the sympathy of the generous, the interest of the philosophical, and the solicitude of the religious.

Almost every observant person can recollect a similar instance of an uneducated mute, and probably also the feeling of mingled pity, wonder, concern, and curiosity with which he first beheld him. Happily, the number of such unfortunates is rapidly lessening.

Until a comparatively recent period men in general, and the wisest and best of men in particular, believed this misfortune incapable of alleviation. The ancients supposed its subjects to labor under the curse of heaven, and proscribed them. Aristotle denied that mutes possess intellect. Up to the time of Justinian the Roman laws are silent respecting the deaf and dumb, and both before and after the promulgation of the Code they were ranked with idiots. St. Augustine, in the fourth century, declared it absurd to suppose that deaf-mutes can receive spiritual instruction, asserting that "deafness from birth makes faith impossible, since 'faith cometh by hearing,' and he who is born deaf can neither hear the Word nor learn to read it." And thus, for centuries, the leaders in literature, law, and theology rejected the mute as incompetent and imbecile.

But a greater error was never committed, a greater wrong never sanctioned, nor one that seems more inexcusable in the light of the present.

In 1760 the Abbé de l'Epée, a young Benedictine of Paris, first comprehended, by the mere intuition of sympathy, that the mute cannot of himself reveal and explain his misfortune; that in order to educate him, it is primarily necessary that he be understood, not that he understand. Chivalric as pious, the Abbé became deeply interested in two young mute sisters whom he accidentally encountered. He became their pupil, watched their mental processes and their method of communication with each other. Out of his observations and the earnest labors of his whole after-life was developed the system of signs,—founded upon the natural signs of the uneducated mute, and consisting of these in an improved and more or less systematized form,—which is an essential means of instruction in a majority of the existing schools for deaf-mutes, including many which do not profess to follow the system of de l'Epée.

Nearly sixty years after this discovery Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, of Hartford, visited Europe with intent to acquire and introduce into this country the art of educating the deaf and dumb. He found the English schools to be pure monopolies, and such obstacles were thrown in his way as practically to forbid his obtaining any information from them. But at Paris every facility was afforded him.

In 1818 the famous school at Hartford was



THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET.

opened under his superintendence. It was for a time supported by private contributions, and on the roll of those who thus manifested their sympathy and appreciation we find the names of William Ellery Channing, Josiah Quincy, Nathaniel Bowditch, Stephen Van Rensselaer, and many other representatives of New England and Eastern New York families celebrated in the annals of the period.

As schools multiplied, it was discovered that the deaf and dumb formed a far greater proportion of the population than had been supposed;—startling as it may seem, the recent census shows a total of over sixteen thousand mutes in the United States, and the actual number is considerably greater.

In all the manifold beneficent endeavors of education in our day, can one be found more praiseworthy than that which aims to raise this great number of human beings from the depths of utter and hopeless mental and moral ignorance; train them up to intelligent manhood and womanhood, to membership in the great army of producers; and endow them with the sublime consciousness of their present power and future immortality?

To a much greater extent than the general public may be aware of, all this is being accomplished. There are in the country thirty-three institutions and five day-schools for mutes, having in attendance during 1871 an aggregate of 4,068 pupils. All the States, except Florida, have these schools.

In a course of instruction appreciably shorter than that accorded hearing children in the public schools of the country, these institutions give the mutes a thorough "common school" education, besides initiating them into one or more of the trades producing articles in constant demand.

Of the graduates of these a fair proportion were educated only up to a standard somewhat short of that required for admission to American colleges, the institutions possessing no facilities to help them further.

The system, so far, was both unwise and cruel: unwise, since, by completing what it had undertaken, it must have secured increased material returns to the community; and cruel in that, after making these young men doubly sensitive to the trumpetings of duty, and to the alluring rewards that await all earnest endeavor, it forced them into the struggle with only the weak weapon of a partial education, and left them hopeless of intellectual advancement, except what could be wrung from weary and insufficient application in moments saved from their labors as artisans.

This great and palpable defect in the system early attracted the attention of the most advanced minds in the profession of deaf-mute instruction, prominent among whom were Rev. William W. Turner and Mr. Jared A. Ayres of Connecticut, Mr. John Carlin of New York, and Mr. J. A. Van Nostrand of Texas. To these gentlemen belongs the credit of having first pointed out the necessity for, and energetically advocated the establishment of, a National Deaf-mute College, which should supply the deficiencies of the existing system and offer its advantages to all competent mutes in the nation.

The project was a matter of discussion for several years among a number of enthusiastic instructors, who had taken the high ground that "deafness, though it be total and congenital, imposes no limits upon the intellectual development of its subjects, save in the single direction of the appreciation of acoustic phenomena." But not until within the last decennium did these discussions assume definite form; and the circumstances which led to the action then taken were wholly unexpected, and independent of the project as broached in New England.

The late Hon. Amos Kendall (whose political sins, if some of his official acts *were* sins, may be forgiven him for the sake of the good that he did subsequently in other directions), after his retirement from public life, became interested in some mute children—so deeply moved, indeed, that he founded and for a time privately supported the school,

since erected into the Columbia Institution for Deaf-mutes, at Washington.

In 1857 Mr. Kendall summoned to his aid Mr. Edward M. Gallaudet, of Hartford. Young, enthusiastic, himself the son of a mute mother and of a father whose maturity was spent entirely in the education of deaf-mutes, Mr. Gallaudet possessed keen insight into the workings of the deaf-mute mind, thorough belief in their capacity, and a warm desire for their intellectual, social, and spiritual elevation. When we add that he was personally characterized by most admirable tact, energy, and judgment, and that the broad mind of Mr. Kendall soon recognized the justice and good policy of affording the highest educational facilities to mutes of ability, it will be seen that the elements of success were all present; and that it only remained to familiarize the public mind with the matter by the presentation of facts, which in this cause are the most convincing of pleas, in order to insure the ultimate success of endeavors to found a National Deaf-mute College.

To this labor the two gentlemen devoted themselves, the one as chief actor, the other as a wise, experienced, and able adviser.

In public meetings, in private interviews with officials, and before Congress and its committees, they claimed the sanction and assistance of the national legislature in their humane and politic mission.

The central government, they argued, was the only proper authority to undertake the work. The college was to be national in its scope and in the benefits it would confer. And since one college was sufficient for the whole country, it could attain the highest position of usefulness only under the auspices and care of the supreme authority.

Moreover, they pointed out how all precedent strengthened their cause. The Government had liberally endowed agricultural colleges in many States; it had granted tracts of land to the Connecticut and Kentucky institutions for deaf-mutes; it had appropriated large sums to assist in the prosecution of scientific discoveries; it had established a department devoted exclusively to the collection of facts bearing upon the science of instruction; in fine, while the people had actually, Congress had virtually affirmed the fact that education was a condition of the continued existence of the republic, a measure of national progress, and an inalienable right of the citizens it represents. This being so, it was argued, deaf-mutes are in justice entitled to suitable and thorough education.



EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET.

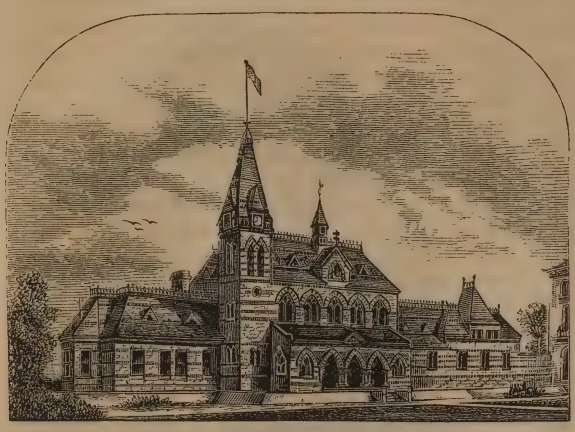
If not, or if it be denied them, where shall the line be drawn between those who inherit the right and those who do not?

Such a cause, with such advocates, could not long remain without attention and friends.

On the 28th of June, 1864 the college was publicly inaugurated, and its labors began on the 8th of September following.

In the meantime Congress had expressed its approval of the undertaking by making a liberal appropriation in its aid. Only one provision was now lacking to complete the efficiency of the college,—adequate means for the support of those students unable to pay for their education. For two years private gentlemen met this want by a gift of free scholarships to the institution.

In 1866 an incident occurred which was the means of removing this difficulty in a manner wholly providential. A young man residing in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, who had become totally deaf at the age of fifteen, learning of the establishment of the college, applied to the late Hon. Thaddeus Stevens for aid in securing admission. Upon inquiry, Mr. Stevens discovered, with no little indignation, that Congress had appropriated money to build and sustain the college, but had restricted the admission of students to only those coming from the District of Columbia and from the army and navy. By his intervention the defective legislation was soon



MAIN CENTRAL BUILDING.

righted, and in March of the following year Congress authorized the reception of a limited number of mutes, properly qualified, from any of the States or Territories.

Immediately upon the opening of the college students began to assemble within its then narrow walls. They came from States near and far, a large proportion being from the East. One young man left England in order to secure the benefits conferred by the college. Nearly all had received what instruction the several State institutions were able to give them, and had then spent more or less time in active labor as clerks and artisans.

Whoever has been held back in his pursuit of knowledge, and whoever rightly values the knowledge which he possesses, can understand how the establishment of a college for their benefit stirred the hearts of these young men.

As a whole, they have grasped the hand extended to them with an energy born of a keen consciousness of their mental incompleteness, of a realization that their chief hope of usefulness lies in securing the full benefit of the proffered advantages, and that it opens to them the only adequate means of escape from the ceaseless self-grinding effects of an unoccupied mind.

The main central building of the institution is the first prominent object to catch the eye of the traveler entering Washington by rail from the north. It is in a beautiful suburban district called Kendall Green. Being mediæval Gothic in style, the appearance of the edifice is in pleasing contrast to the severe Grecian and Doric fronts common to the public buildings of the city.

One can hardly leave the babble and clamor of the outside world and enter the precincts of the institution without strange sensations; for it is a curious place—curious in its *personnel*, its processes, and its incidents.

Perhaps the first thing to impress the visitor is the atmosphere of pervading silence in which he finds himself. He sees gathering about him, at chapel-time, a throng of youth very like those of his own college days, but they come without summons of bell, and no hilarious tones echo along the passages. The services are given in the voiceless language of pantomime. No comic songs are heard about the doorways, nor do ringing choruses enliven the evening; for the deaf-mute is a stranger, if not to the hidden soul of harmony, at least to its outer forms: whatever ideas of poetic expression exist among the students are there only as they linger in the minds of those whose ears, many a long year ago, became closed to all the concords of sweet sounds.

But the place, though silent, is far from being gloomy and expressionless. Few would think it so after seeing the students converse, debate, and declaim among themselves. They use, of course, "the sign language," which is the result of an improvement and development of that natural imitative faculty common to all the human family.

Gesture is the first and most natural means by which any passion seeks expression, and hence the developed language of signs becomes much more graphic in its delineation of the emotions than spoken language can be. It is to the latter what pictures are to written description. In this language of "action, *action*, ACTION" all the arts of oratory are cultivated and the nimble jest goes round.

Witness this group of students conversing in the hall. Two are debating the Theory of the Origin of Species. The one signing *seems* to be excited beyond bounds. His body and limbs are in energetic action, and on his countenance are portrayed the similitudes of the emotions that move earnest contestants. He is warm and cool, perturbed and calm, repellent and winning by turns. Every idea advanced by the hands is visibly sketched upon the countenance. When he has presented evidence his set face challenges disproof. The gesture of derision is accompanied by the smile of ridicule. And when at the close he has arrayed the geological record as direct proof of his opinions, he folds his arms and leans back, a smile of serene

immovability symbolizing his confidence in a theory he deems already proven.

It is hardly necessary to add that this debater has supported the biblical account of the creation. His Darwinist opponent has stood, like Roderick Dhu, unmoved beneath repeated blows; and now he answers ridicule, argument, and evidence, by stating gravely, with slow gestures and calm face, the hypotheses that compose his ingenious theory.

Yonder student is picturing to a convulsed group the melancholy tale of the gentleman of doubtful assets, whose soup was suddenly removed by a clever waiter armed with a syringe. The writer has seen this and similar anecdotes related in the sign language at exhibitions so effectively as to make certain learned doctors of divinity nearly wriggle off their seats with amusement.

A deaf-mute student commits his lessons by placing one hand under the table (under, in order to avoid disturbing his fellows), and spelling out each word rapidly by means of the manual alphabet. The motions of his hand resemble those of an expert telegraph operator. The process is precisely the same, with a change of means, as that employed by ordinary students when they con lessons aloud. Sometimes in the heat of an examination one will suddenly cease writing, ply his fingers until he has caught up the thread of an argument, or secured a necessary fact, and then proceed with his paper.

Although these youth are incapable of enjoying the phenomena of sound, many of them are exceedingly sensitive to some of the causes which excite those phenomena—such as vibration, for instance. During a late term one of them became possessed of a violin. He carried the instrument to his room and employed every leisure moment to "fill the air with barbarous dissonance" until a professor remonstrated. Some greatly enjoy the twang of a rubber string, or of the bar of a jew's-harp; and one throughout his course was accustomed to play upon a harmonicon whenever he became low-spirited.

In athletic sports and games there are few schools able to boast so large a proportion of proficients as this institution contains. Loss of hearing sharpens the sight, and the skill and success with which these students, in competitive games like "prisoner's base," make the eye and hand do the duty of the ear and voice is quite surprising.

Several can clear twenty feet at a running jump on a level, or run a hundred yards inside of ten seconds. At the recent "Carnival" in Washington, one of the students entered for the foot-race of a mile. He had scarcely any time to prepare, yet the event showed that he could "vin a cup." Clad in the buff and blue college colors, and backed enthusiastically by his fellow-students, he sped down the roaring length of the avenue from the Capitol to the Treasury, and reached the goal abreast of a "professional" runner who had come from a distance and trained expressly for the race.

Nor are the students behind in "the national game." A signal flag in the hands of the umpire serves to convey the decisions usually shouted by that much-abused and long-suffering functionary. Several students were lately passing along the avenue in company with a hearing friend, and conversing in the sign language. Naturally they attracted some attention and comment, and one ragged little contraband was heard to say, "I tell yer what, them fellers kin toss a ball."

In the lecture and recitation rooms writing and gesture are the means of communication. A system of symbols serves to illustrate the mutual relation and dependence of the several parts in grammatical structure, and as a substitute for others of the processes employed in schools for ordinary students. Through the sign language many subjects with which the instructor has to do can be far more nicely analyzed and clearly expounded than by means of spoken language. This is especially true of a study like Geology, in which description and comparison of natural objects are so largely involved.

In all the nations of Europe provision has been made for the education of deaf-mutes, but in no one of them has so advanced a step been taken as here, by the establishment of this college. Hence its progress is watched with the liveliest concern by a body of European and American instructors in



DEDICATION OF THE MAIN CENTRAL BUILDING, JAN. 29, 1871.

behalf of a population of deaf-mutes amounting to the probable number of one hundred and fifty thousand; and its exercises have been witnessed by interested visitors from France, Germany, England, Scotland, and all sections of America. Many officials of the Government, Committees and Members of Congress are among these visitors, and not a few of them have become its warm friends and sympathizers.

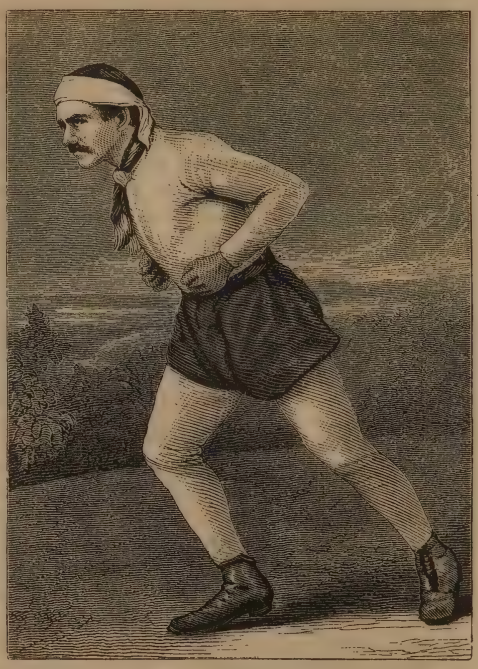
Mr. Kendall died in 1869. The last public act of his life was performed at the graduation of the class of that year,—it being the first to complete the course. At the Commencement he arose, trembling with palsy, and, from manuscript held by another hand, delivered an address marked by such eloquence and fervor as only pure and unselfish feeling could inspire.

Appropriations for the erection of the buildings and for the support of the institution have been voted by Congress from year to year, but the college is still without an endowment fund. It has often been asked, What can these young men do in the world when they have received their education? and wherewithal is the Government to be reimbursed for all its outlay?

A few, indeed, both in Congress and out of it, sneered at the project, and, lacking either the courtesy or the good-will to ask, as well as the experience necessary to answer, the question, asserted that the graduates could do nothing and that the investment would prove to be so much dead capital.

But even before the first class had finished its course this cavil was practically refuted. For some of the students became paid correspondents of newspapers; others translated publications from the French and German; one invented and received a patent for an improvement in the microscope; one was tendered a situation as editor upon an influential semi-weekly newspaper; and during the vacations nearly all became valued assistants in various directions.

Immediately upon the graduation of the first class, all doubts of the efficacy of the college in the minds of unprejudiced persons were removed. The graduates of that class, with one exception, were called to high positions as instructors; the excepted one entered the service of the Patent office, where he has since risen to the post of Assistant Examiner, having won that rank in a competitive examination with seventeen aspirants. The members of the class of 1870 have been summoned to similar fields of labor in the different States. The mutes of



"READY!"

America have made a divine return to England for its treatment of their ancient application for instruction: one of the graduates of the latter class is now a valued teacher in a Canadian institution. Another, after ably filling a position in the Census Bureau for a period of three months, accepted the situation of instructor of the most advanced class in one of the State institutions,—a duty which has never before devolved upon any mute or semi-mute.

The present aggregate annual income of the nine graduates of the college is nine thousand six hundred dollars, an average of more than one thousand dollars each. This may be taken as the market value of their services, and it will be seen to form no mean return to the community for the cost of their education when we reflect that without this higher instruction it would have been impossible for the same young men to perform any but comparatively irresponsible duties.

While collegiate training thus opens to the more intelligent deaf and dumb many other avenues of usefulness heretofore closed to them, it is true that the majority will seek to become instructors of their kind. And herein is a twofold argument in favor of the belief that their future will be one of wide and ever widening usefulness: they are best qualified to instruct a class with which they have a

common experience; and they liberate in the persons of speaking teachers of deaf-mutes, a great amount of talent competent for other spheres of labor. Said ex-Secretary Cox at the last annual Commencement:—

"It is not so essential that you rise in the outside world as that you become missionaries among you brethren in misfortune. You should devote yourselves to the task of elevating them with a zeal as assiduous, with a fidelity as enduring, as the Jesuit displays for his vows."

In a larger sense, well-educated deaf-mutes are missionaries. The community which instructs them is wise for itself. Time will exact the severest penalties from that nation which fails to awaken dormant intellectual powers among its people. As a class thus aroused, trained and equipped for duty, the deaf-mutes exert a vital reactive influence upon society, bringing ever nearer the day when Ignorance with all her train shall fly from many other realms once considered her own.

THE ONE HUMAN RACE.

THE question of the Creative Days is altogether different from the one that has been raised in respect to the origin and antiquity of man. The first has its ground of decision on the very face of Scripture. Science here is only suggestive. There are three great ideas undeniably present in the creative account, yet not assuming their due prominence in the absence of anything which might direct to them special attention. Another reason for their being overlooked is, that their presence or absence does not essentially affect the truth presented as an article of faith, namely, that the world, with all things in it, came not from chance, or from some eternal first matter working itself into form through fortuitous selections, but from the will, action, and designed arrangement of a personal intelligence. For the revelation, however, of this truth alone, a sentence would have been sufficient, such as we have in Heb. xi. 3, or John i. 2: "All things came into being through Him, and without Him was there nothing made which was made." Something more, however, was deemed necessary. The account was designed to impress as well as to instruct, to produce emotion as well as impart an idea. Hence there is unfolded to us a grand *order*, although in its barest outlines. It is to be presented in its architectonical aspect, as a κτίσις, or *building* up, and this in the only way through which we could receive it—that is, through impressions phenomenal, optical, primary, unscientific, and on this very account adapted to all minds and to all ages. The three great ideas before alluded to run through this series of paintings. They are its *perspective*, its realization. They are in the very letter, in every pictorial touch, but the tube of contemplation brings them out most distinctly. *Time*, *order*, *growth*, the latter including the idea of birth; they are there unmistakably. It is astonishing that any one can read this sublime narrative without feeling that they are as visibly, if not as grandly present as that other idea of a Divine Word announced as successively going forth. An instantaneous creation, had God so willed, would have been in perfect harmony with reason. But it is given to us in a different manner. There they are, these three conceptions, and we must give them their full, and fair, and most harmonious interpretation. There is certainly *birth* and *growth;* that is, a process through a nature, or natures. A life-giving spirit *broods* upon the waters in the first mysterious night. The waters "*bring forth;*" the earth "brings forth." There is not only a grand order but a grand succession. Nothing *per saltum;* one state of things comes out of another, though each new procession is marshaled by a Word of God. He speaks, but it is to a previous nature; it is a new power dropped into the old flow, linking it on to the one that follows in unbroken continuance. "Let the waters bring forth;" "let the earth bring forth;" "let them swarm" with life. The first things grow. But in growth there is proportion, or the idea is lost; its harmony perishes, it becomes a mere cheat or magical delusion. If there was not a real birth or a real growth in the first things, then the language misleads us; if there was, then the first cedar of Lebanon took a much longer time to grow than the fungus, or "the hyssop that cometh out of the wall."

Along with *growth* and *order* there was *time*. God takes time in creating. Six times are announced, and then at the conclusion, or summing up, it is all spoken of as one time, and all called one day; as in the language of the prophet (Isai. xliii. 13): "Yea, before *the day* (that is, before creation)

I am HE"—the Everlasting, *Vulg.*, *ab initio.* Long before science had awaked the common mind, the greater minds of the earth, like the profound Augustine, had seen that there was something vast and mysterious in these *times.* He called them *dies ineffabiles.* They were God's times, "God-divided days," in distinction from man's days, or "sun-divided days." The greatness of the work, as connected with the evident revelation of growth and succession, demanded a corresponding harmony in the scale of the time conception; and the air of a mysterious vastness, spread over the whole account, was most suggestive of the thought. What were these strange sunless days, was a question he deeply pondered; what were these wondrous evenings and mornings, opening and closing these successive epochs?

The thought thus started, language is next consulted, ancient language, and it is found that abundant support is given to it from this source. To a thoughtful mind, too, there was much to suggest a vaster scale in the solemn heraldic repetitions, and the processional grandeur with which they are made: "And there was evening and there was morning, day one"—"and there was evening and there was morning, day second"—the evenings ever coming first. It is in the great Apocalyptic style announcing the vast times of prophecy: "And the first angel sounded"—"and the second angel sounded"—"and the first seal was opened, and the second seal was opened." How strongly are we reminded of the same heraldic style, the same processional rhythm, in the repeated utterances of the Word "whose *goings forth* are of old, from *the days of eternity.*" "And God said, Let there be light,—and God said, Let there be an expanse"—"and God said, Let the seas be gathered,—let the land appear,—let the earth bring forth—let the waters swarm with life;"—last of all, "Let us make man." "And it was so—and it was so—and it was so"—ויהי־כן, became fixed, established, each thing למינהו, according to its *min*, kind or species; each word or thought of God thus starting a new epoch in nature, and then continuing its prolonged utterance therein as its unchanging idea or law.* It is strange that men can read this opening chapter of the Bible and not see how different it is from the plain, familiar, statistical, yet most touching narratives that make up the rest of Genesis. The one gives us the ineffable "Generations of the Heavens and the Earth," the other, the genealogies of Adam and his sons, coming down to the chronological history of the human race, treating it evermore as one, nowhere recognizing any other, and knowing no break in its continuance.

The creative days have been thus dwelt upon because the epochal view of them has been often used as justifying any wildness of interpretation in respect to another matter, which forms our more immediate subject. The cases differ widely. The argument for the greater antiquity of man—or, to take it in the aspect that more nearly concerns us, that which maintains that there are now upon the earth beings entitled to be called human, yet not of the blood of Adam—has to go entirely out of the Scriptures. It does, indeed, pick out here and there something which may seem to suit its purposes, but every step of the reasoning shows that Revelation is regarded as alien ground. The Bible is directly in its face. That we undertake to prove. But, previously, it may be well to advert to another difference. The question of the Days, sublime as it is, belongs to what we may call the outposts of Revelation. The origin of the heavens and the earth is simply incidental, or introductory, to what may be styled the nearer subject of the Scriptures,—certainly the nearer and the more important

* Let any one turn to the xxxviii.th chapter of Job, the viii.th of Proverbs, 22-32, Ps. civ., where these great birth periods in nature are spoken of; or Ps. xc. 2, where the earth is represented as *travailing* in the mighty throes of life. What an epochal aspect, what an air of ancientness, what an impression of vastness, comes from them! In reading them alone, who would think of short solar days as the period of these mighty parturitive labors! Such brief times would be one of the wonders of the account, and, therefore, the fact becomes most noteworthy that nowhere else in the Bible are they referred to, although the marvels of the creative work is a favorite subject of the Hebrew poetry. The Fourth Commandment may seem to be an exception to this, but the language there is merely a repetition of that in Genesis, and is to be judged in the same way. Even there, however, there is something which the thoughtful reader cannot overlook. The very passage so often brought in objection to the epochal interpretation, is itself most suggestive of the grander scale. We have there God's *work*, God's *rest* mentioned in connection with *man's work*, *man's rest.* Who can help thinking of God's days and man's days, God's week and man's week? The work, the rest, the time! Who shall say that the analogy suddenly breaks off when we come to the latter idea? If God's work, God's rest there mentioned infinitely transcend man's work, man's rest, then the respective times may be thought of, and must be thought of, in a similar manner. The harmony of thought demands that the six days of ineffable working, the seventh day of ineffable rest, should, on the same scale, transcend the short week of man's labor,—the brief day of man's rest, most precious indeed, but chiefly so as a type or symbol of the eternal.

one to us. An error in regard to the times, merely, of the world's outbuilding is not a vital one. As far as we are concerned, nature and creation present to us abstract truths. The original state, the fall and redemption of man, the history of the kingdom of grace, constitute a special epistle addressed directly in our name and to our humanity. Man created, or generated, call it by what name you will, and by whatever manner of working his physical merely may have been brought out of previous natures,—man constituted in an instant man, one *primus homo*, by the in-breathing, the inspiration, and the enstamped image of God,—man thus beginning in an instant to be who an instant before, as man, was not,—man in this his higher psychology a *new thing* upon the earth,—is the special subject of Revelation. It is to reveal him to himself, his divine origin, his spiritual character, his fearful fall, his glorious redemption, his eternal destiny, the tremendous peril, the exceeding glory of such a spiritual dignity. It is to show him this; and in this view his oneness, the oneness of humanity, the one in all, the one thing in every man as that which makes him man by connecting him with the one who first became man,—the one *life* in man coming from one fiat of the divine Word, and making the whole race one thing in the sight of God,—this is necessarily involved in such a conception and such a history. Whatever mars or confuses it takes away from the Scriptural idea. There may be beings, in some other planet, perhaps, so like men that the keenest science could not tell the difference; yet if not partakers of this common life, this generic unity, they are not men. And so, on the other hand, outward circumstances may have produced great outward differences in what are called varieties of the human species; yet, if there is preserved in each this one common generic being, then are they human, Adamic, lost in the first Adam, redeemed in the second. Both the Fall and the Redemption are without meaning when severed from this idea. Our scientific logic, too, is lost. No ground remains for the definition of species, except as it is sought in ever-varying resemblances. Everything may become everything else, throughout the physical world. Of man, however, or what we may please to call man, there is no longer any basis of classification. There remain only ever-changing generalities, mere matters of more or less in quantity, or ultimately resolvable into that; and strict scientific definition becomes an impossibility.

On the moral aspects of such a dogma we can here say but little. It would carry us too far out of the limits of the present paper. Once begin this introduction of spokes in the human ladder; once begin, in earnest, to talk of higher man, lower man, half man, quarter man, and there is no stopping until it links us on with all the animality below us. It would be utterly dehumanizing, demoralizing, dereligionizing. We must cease our talk of man's dignity and immortality. That precious thought of human brotherhood, weak enough now, would not survive a generation after the universal prevalence of a dogma in which some affect to see so little peril. The "rights of man" would disappear like a shadow. Philanthropy becomes an unmeaning word when there is once wholly lost the vital idea of a real *blood* relationship, in distinction from factitious classifications embracing just as much, or just as little, of "being in general" as the definer pleases.

On the awful havoc it would make in our Christian theology we have a little more to say. And here presents itself another great difference between this and that other question with which it claims parallelism. Our belief in regard to the length or shortness of the creative days would not affect a single article ever deemed essential to the Christian faith; but a denial of the unity of the human race cuts into the very heart of Christianity. We cannot even speculate about it without danger of losing all, and involving ourselves in total darkness. It is astonishing, the blindness of some of our theologians, even of some who take the name of Evangelical, and the most hazardous admissions which their great liberality leads them to make on this most vital point.

It should be borne in mind that there are two questions here. There have been found, it is said, however questionable the proof, remains of beings resembling the human that must have lived at some time upon this planet. They belong to the geological ages, that "long time ago" where all computation is lost. It matters but little what length of decimals we take; one estimate is as probable as another, since that important item, the rate of nature's working, its flowing differential, is all unknown. Such beings—if there were any such—may have had higher or lower faculties than we possess, or they may have presented the nearest possible resemblance, but they were not *human*, if that is a generic term, or properly used for the present Adamic family. They belong to the incalculable past; they were extinguished, or translated, or ground under the glaciers long ago. The questions they pre-

sent may make difficulties in respect to the interpretation of the creative days, whether we accept the theory of successive epochs, or that of a sudden reconstruction of the earth after unknown ages of chaotic ruin. But that is a matter by itself. With such beings, real or supposed, we have nothing to do in the treatment of this nearer, and, to us, more important question of a human race or races now existing on the earth. Are we all one? That is the matter that now concerns us. The negative cannot be maintained unless we close our Bibles, and come to the sad conclusion to consult that oracle no more. There is no proof of it outside of these venerable documents, unless we prefer that most worthless of all things, a Chinese legend, to the most authentic Greek and Hebrew literature, or the testimony of a dim figure coarsely scrawled upon an Egyptian obelisk, we know not when, we know not by whom, we know not for what purpose, to the clear teachings of that most ancient book, which contains the record of our Saviour and our Salvation.

The other idea, as we have said, instead of presenting a mere incidental point, cuts into the very heart of Christianity; even as it must eventually undermine the foundations, not now too strong, of all true philanthropy. The parallel between the first and the second Adam is the key to the whole doctrine of Redemption. Christ as a teacher merely, or Christ as a Redeemer, if we mean by this only a moral redemption arising from the belief of certain dogmas, however high and evangelical, or however low and liberal, does not satisfy the Scriptural idea. It does not account for the extreme importance which the Scriptures, old and new, attach to the Redeemer's mode of entering this world,—in other words, his human conception, birth, and genealogy. Whether we can understand its psychology or not, the basis of the redemption, thus divinely taught, is nothing less than a real kinsmanship of nature and of blood between the Redeemer and those who may be the subjects of his redeeming work. *Hence the Incarnation is the vital fact of Christianity.* We desire to be brief here, for two reasons: the subject is confessedly most mysterious, and, secondly, the full treatment of it might lead us away from the proper field of this MONTHLY, which, although intended to be moral and religious, would avoid what is commonly though very vaguely called dogmatic. To make no allusion, however, to these higher ideas in discussing the unity of the human race, would be an insult to a free and manly literature, as it is to religion itself. Let us look at it, then—this alleged mysterious kinsmanship—as a fact which, although abundantly set forth in the Bible, is to be treated philosophically, like any other fact in the history of man, be it spiritual or physical, that is attested by high evidence.

In the protevangel (Gen. iii. 15), the seed of the woman is announced as the hero, the champion, the Redeemer of the human race. To this may be traced every theanthropic idea to be found in any of the ancient mythologies. So Eve understood it, as appears from her joyful though mistaken cry at the birth of her first-born: "I have gotten a man, the Lord," or *from* the Lord, or *with* the Lord, whichever way we translate it. In her idea there was something wonderful and divine about this new man she had so strangely gotten. He was to be the Redeemer, she thought; wrong indeed in the particular expectation, but exercising a true and saving faith in the great promise. The Redeemer of man was to be from God, in some way, and yet himself a member of the human race by blood, or seminal descent. Long after, the Apostle, looking back upon this passage, doubtless, gives his interpretation of it, Gal. iv. 4: "When came the fullness of the time, God sent forth his Son *born of a woman*, made under the law (like all other men), that we might receive the adoption of sons"—the higher or divine sonship, even as in the First Adam the human had been raised above the animal and the earthly. "Born of a woman;" it was the ancient Hebrew expression to denote humanity in its generic aspect. "Man of woman born," says Job, "few of days, and full of unrest." The language is used peculiarly to describe the *human* in that frail fallen state which came from the one common calamity brought in first by the woman, and binding us together in one great brotherhood of ruin.

We may judge of the importance of this idea in the Scripture by the pains that are taken to set it forth, showing how far it is above any mere metaphor or accommodated language. We see in it the reason of the stress that is laid on genealogies throughout the Old Testament, and especially the pains taken to present one line clear and unmistakable. It is that of the promised seed. There is something very peculiar about the moral aspects of that line. Our purblind reason would have looked for one most free from sinful taint. But whilst there are some comparatively pure, there are other names in the record of very questionable character. There are among them men of lust and blood;

apostate kings are there, who "did evil in the sight of the Lord," and repented not as David did; there are representatives of dark heathen lines, like the Moabitess Ruth; there stand in the roll the Canaanitish harlot, the incestuous Thamar, the Syrian idolatress. It is full of stumbling-blocks to the idle reader; but take a deeper thought, and what at first offends we now adore. It is a picture, indeed, of the one humanity, but it was necessary that the new blood should mingle with the old stream of impurity, just as *it was*, or as for ages it had been *becoming*. It is the most striking protest against that strange heresy lately promulgated by the "infallible" Roman Pontiff (though so strongly condemned in former ages by the ablest divines of the Catholic Church), that the stream must somehow be pure before the reception of the purifying power, or that the abode must be "immaculate" before that He who came to cleanse it made His "tabernacle" there.

Again—turn to the first chapter of Matthew and the third of Luke. So important is deemed the fact of this genealogy, that it is traced from Christ to Adam through two separate yet sometimes commingling lines. One is of the human mother, the other of the legal father; so carefully guarded are even its forensic relations. Why are we told this? Why was it announced of old: "A virgin shall conceive and bear a son;" or that other prophetic strain: "A child is born *to* us (one of us), a son is given *to* us; and his name shall be called Wonderful" (פלא) *Miracle*, the miraculously *born?* Why, as a divine teacher, merely, sent from another world, did Christ come into our humanity at all? Why not assume an angelic form, or speak to us from the clouds, or send down the leaves of a book, as Gabriel bore them to Mohammed? If there is no human race; if the one humanity is a mere figure of speech, then indeed these careful records of Matthew and Luke, showing Christ's descent from Adam, lose all significance; and that transcending theanthropic declaration, "The Word became *flesh* and dwelt among *us*," would convey no intelligible idea. It would have been all "an old wives' fable," one of those "endless genealogies" which Paul cautions Timothy and Titus to avoid, had it not been believed by the Evangelists, and by the Redeemer himself, to contain the very life of our salvation. Its aim is to show that in no metaphorical or accommodated interpretation, but in the nearest and most vital sense, is Christ the kinsman, the brother of every human being whose blood, like his own, flows from the blood of the first earthly father of the race. How glows, or should glow, within us this sacred feeling of relationship, as we follow up the record with its statistical yet truly musical rhythm; especially as the heraldic line passes out of the Jewish into the patriarchal, and above the patriarchal into the primeval ancestry of the one universal humanity!—

> "Who was the son of Mary,
> Who was the wife of Joseph,
> Who was the son of Eli,
> Who was the son of Matthat . . .
> Who was the son of David . . .
> Who was the son of Noah . . .
> Who was the son of Seth,
> Who was the son of ADAM,
> Who was the Son of GOD."

All this must go with the idle legends; it is of no moral value, it is a breeder of false ideas, of superstitious regards for things of no consequence, or it enters into the core of our Christian theology. He who hung upon the cross was the brother, the true brother, of all men. Of the Christian it is superlatively said (Ephes. v. 30), but in a lower yet still most real sense may it be said of every member of the human race, that they are "sharers in His body, His flesh, and His bones." The mystical union with the glorified humanity is, indeed, a truth that transcends this, but it has its basis in that generic oneness which alone gives meaning to the incarnation.

Instead of being a mere incident of his mission, the Saviour's birth of a human mother is a most vital and central doctrine. So thought those holy men of old who made that early Apostolical Creed which has ever since been held sacred in the Church, and which, by its undogmatic character, its simple statement of what is deemed most vital fact, promises to be yet the symbol of union for the one visible Christian Church of the future. The two ideas, Son of God, Son of *man*, are there so presented that whatever takes away the reality of the one becomes an obscurer of the other: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary." Why born of the Virgin Mary? Why thus miraculously conceived in *human flesh*, though by a divine *o'ershadowing* power, analogous to that quickening breath, that enstamped image, which raised our first ancestor out of earth and nature, and made him *man?*

Unless we keep a firm hold upon this idea of unbroken descent, to which the Scripture seems to attach so much importance, there is no telling who is akin to Christ. We know not who is to be reckoned in the line so ennobled, and in which he was born for the express purpose of saving it, or who is to be thrust out as belonging to alien tribes, under whatever name of degradation — Negroes, Mongolians, Fenni, Batavi, Laps, or Celts— we choose to describe them. It is all arbitrary; or if we adopt ancient rank as the criterion, then those old Cushites, the "heaven-favored" Aithiopes, as Homer describes them, have certainly a better claim to be reckoned in this nobler line than the Northern peoples *then* living such a brute-like life in caves and dens, feeding with the wild beasts, or seeking protection from them in the rudest lake-built huts. If we will take Herodotus's description of the Caucasians of his day, living in ways so beastly that the passage will not bear translation,—or the account Tacitus gives us of tribes on the Baltic, very near the home of the Angles, then it may be *we* who have reason to fear lest *our* names should not be in this generic roll of life, except by way of some fancied metaphorical, unscriptural transfer that, for this purpose, takes us out of the unadamic and the Christless lines. It is beyond all controversy that the oldest human greatness known to history at all was in the Shemitic, the Mediterranean, and the North African lines, with some faint reflections from the early East. It is also equally clear that, whatever may have been their better ancient affinities, the tribes who lost themselves in the dense wilds of Middle and Northern Europe most rapidly degenerated, and earliest reached a state of degradation, the lowest, and apparently the farthest from all recovery.

"God hath made of *one blood* all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth;" Acts xvii. 26. This declaration ought to be conclusive with all who revere the Scriptures and their inspiration. For surely if the Apostle was ever inspired, or divinely guarded in his words, it must have been on a question so high as this. We have seen nothing so futile in criticism as the attempt to get away from the fair import of terms so emphatic. "*Of one blood;*" there is no definiteness in language surpassing that which had become fixed and inherent in this expression. Philologically, the proof is most abundant. There are no exceptions in its significance when so used. In Homer everywhere it is equivalent to γένος. See Odyss. viii. 583, αἷμα τε καὶ γένος; Soph. Ajax, 1305, τοὺς πρὸς αἵματος — *kinsman, those of the same blood;* the same idea Œd. Col. 245; Odyss. iv. 611, "of good blood," that is, of high descent; see also Iliad xix. 111; and the places cited by Robinson in his Lexicon. The Latin word *sanguis* is used in exactly the same way. See Virg. Æn. viii. 142.

"Scindit se sanguine ab uno."

Also a remarkable declaration of Cicero, which would seem to imply a religious sacredness in the idea: Magnam possidet religionem paternus maternusque *sanguis*. Equally strong is the argument from the surrounding circumstances. This announcement Paul made to a people distinguished for their proud contempt of other men whom they regarded as of a different blood or race. He uses their own favorite phrase to denote kindred, or men descended, nearly or remotely, from the same ancestor. He meant to tell them that they were all one, — Greek, Scythian, Barbarian; all one in Adam, as the ground of a still higher unity in Christ. Take away this and his argument loses all its emphasis. A "general unity of mankind," grounded on general resemblances, as some suppose him to have meant, is the idlest of all interpretations. Why, the Athenians acknowledged that as well as Paul. They would have graciously recognized the Apostle himself as in some sense a man, though a Barbarian, and therefore inferior to themselves. Again: as used by Paul, the idea is intensified by the Jewish belief, or, we may rather say, the well-known Old Testament doctrine, that the life was in the blood, giving it, and the kinsmanship it constituted, something of that sacred aspect which even Cicero recognizes. It is one of the earliest ideas we meet with in the Scriptures. It gives its most terrific significance to the language in which God addresses Cain: "The voice of thy brother's blood" (thy brother's life, the seat of his still-existing soul) "crieth unto me from the ground."

Paul's preaching on Mars hill was the first great exhibition of Christianity coming directly in conflict with that anti-Christian and anti-human idea of different races which some would revive again, with all the mischiefs it threatens to morals, to religion, to philanthropy, to our best earthly interests as well as our highest and holiest well-being. Paul preached it in the name of Christ, who had taken to himself humanity that he might restore its ancient honor. The "flesh"

which the Eternal Word "became" was one flesh; not, as the Athenians thought, one flesh of Greeks, another flesh of Barbarians, another of Scythians, another of Troglodytes, or creatures resembling men, but who dwelt with beasts and reptiles in the dens and holes of the earth.

On this idea the Bible is founded from beginning to end. It is not a question of single words, of an article inserted or omitted, of obscure or doubtful etymologies. It does not rest on single passages. It is everywhere assumed, everywhere implied. "Let us make man" is the sublime announcement, after the great roll of the previous preparations had been brought to its sixth epoch. "Let us make him in *our* image, and let him have dominion." It was to be the crowning work—the final chorus of the grand anthem of Creation:—

> "From harmony to harmony,
> Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
> The diapason closing full in man."

It was the harmony of the Eternal Word, "whose outgoings are of old,—ab initio—a diebus æternitatis." Do we wish to lose this grandest of human conceptions? There are two modes of doing so: one by holding tenaciously the narrow, disproportioned, inharmonious view of six solar days in creation; the other by adopting the Darwinian theory of an everlasting, uninterrupted physical evolution in which no divine voice was ever heard.

"Let us make man." Had nothing more appeared on the record, multitudinous creations, or "different sporadic centers," as they are styled, might have been thought of. It would not, indeed, have been a very natural or a very easy hypothesis. It would have been the most remote from the *idea of law*, about which so much is said,—especially that great law of generation which we see now established. It would seem like an unnecessary waste of causation, or an unnecessary display of the miraculous. For these reasons it may be pronounced the most unscientific, as it certainly is the most antibiblical of all theories. A development scheme, in some form, is more easily reconcilable with the Scripture language; and, at all events, we need not hesitate to say that to this must we come at last if we forsake the Bible as our only trusty guide in these science-transcending regions. The Scriptural creation doctrine is clear in ascribing all *specific being* to the divine Word. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was there nothing made that was made." It is not so much any mechanical creation of the matter, as the making each thing to be what IT IS. This SPECIFIC being, as the true being, is something "that stands." The outward manifestation of it in matter may suffer mutation from outward influences *within certain limits*, which science may, perhaps, explore. But the Darwinian development takes away all limits. Nothing stands. There is nothing to prevent everything becoming everything. There is nothing which constitutes the being of a thing, making it a thing, —a *res*—a reality. There is no such thing as species, or making things after their kind, according to the idea on which the Scriptures lay so much stress. In this extreme Nominalism individuals are the only existences. Even individual things must be excluded, for they have some fixed entity beside the matter, making them what they *are*. Individual atoms alone remain. They are the only realities; all other seeming things are but *their* ever-varying forms of number, site, and arrangement. Talk they of law? There is no such entity. It has gone with everything else of the kind. Ideas are no longer thinkable. Of course there is no human race. The question about its being one or many becomes altogether idle and unmeaning. Plants, animals, men, are all one species. The word has lost its significance. All such super-atomic entities depart with the metaphysics and theology which "the positive" school boasts of having utterly exploded.

But this leads us too far away. Nothing is gained by pursuing it, for its end is "the blackness of darkness forever." To this other view, then, of a multitudinous creation, to which we return, there are two answers. One would insist upon its unscientific, the other upon its anti-biblical character. The latter we will pursue. There was a *primus homo*, a single man first constituted *man*, whatever may have been the decisive final constituting act. All talk of the Hebrew article here, as denoting race in distinction from individuality, is idle. Nothing is more natural than that in the course of time—for there is no evidence that the Hebrew language was the earliest speech —the proper name of the first man should become generic. We could easily dispose of this objection on more special linguistic grounds, but there is no need of it. The whole tenor of the early narrative is the other way. Even the allegoric interpretation of the Edenic transactions cannot help the matter; for there begins, immediately after that, the soberest account of this one individual man's posterity. He is commanded to mul-

tiply and fill the earth. He begets two sons in his human likeness, one of whom slays the other. Then he begets other sons and daughters. The chronology may have been extensive, but it is most rapidly and concisely detailed. His posterity divide into two tribes, a virtuous and an evil one. Through gross sensual alliances they are in danger of "corrupting *all flesh*," of turning the human nature not into that of beasts, but into something worse, a bestial demonism. A flood is sent which sweeps them all away, "except eight persons"—one righteous man and his family, from whom the Seed of the Woman is to come. The Bible history, after this most universal aspect, soon leaves the world at large, but the race in its widest range is never out of sight. The last great act of universal intervention is most significant. A gregarious tendency had hitherto distinguished men,—postdiluvians as well as antediluvians. There was a strong desire to keep together. Like Cain, they dreaded the idea of being driven out of the Adamah, the native soil, the fatherland,—the large yet comparatively limited portion of the whole earth on which they dwelt, between the Mediterranean and the Indus, the Southern Arabian Sea and the mountains of Armenia. It was a most natural feeling, but one which our present accurate knowledge makes us fail to realize. They dreaded going forth into the vast unknown of mountains, desert wilds, and ocean wastes. But God "meant that the earth should be inhabited," and so there came that new superhuman spirit of enterprise, discovery, and far migration which, in a short historical period, produced such wonderful effects, and so greatly changed the aspects and conditions of the human family,—even as similar starting impulses, and similarly superhuman, have since left their marks upon history. "He sent them forth;" and Scripture seems to bid them farewell for a season in that remarkable genealogical chart, Gen. x., which was certainly intended to represent the ethnological germs and branches of all the peoples then supposed to be on the earth.

After this the Bible history withdraws itself to the Shemitic branch mainly, then to the Abrahamic division of it, then to one chosen people, with the briefest mention, now and then, of other nations in their necessary historical intercourse with these. But all along the eye of Revelation keeps itself upon that promised Seed,—"the desire of all nations," the near kinsman of all who belong to the human race. Clearer and clearer it grows; higher and higher rises the Messianic sun of prophecy; until the Conception and the Incarnation give us the second great creative fact—the greatest, we may rather style it—in the wondrous human evolution. In view of this, how trifling, we may say, how profanely trifling, the attempt to limit to some general resemblance (in which there may be all degrees, down to that undistinguishable line that shades off into the irrational animal) Paul's great declaration on Mars hill: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth."

In arguing this question great stress is sometimes laid upon a view which we can only characterize as a sheer assumption. It is that of the primitive low, savage state of man. The word savage, however, falls short of describing it. It was a condition hardly, if any, above that of the brute animal. Indeed, it might as well have assumed the animal state at once, or one still lower, for there is, logically, no separating this view from that theory of Huxley and others which allows no specific creation of man at all; and our religious men, who set out in these matters without knowing how far they have to go, and where they are to land, had better take their position promptly in the start. These early men, then, if they could be called men, were in the lowest conceivable condition. Far from being monotheists, as the Bible represents them, they were below polytheism and idolatry; they had no religion at all, not even Fetishism. Superstition was too high for them. Its lowest elements transcended their faculties. They had no language; they only uttered inarticulate cries, which it took ages to fashion into some sort of customary or conventional significance. Now, we need not say how utterly antibiblical this is. Is it in any better harmony with what we know, from every source, of the world's early history?—for beyond that we know nothing. We think, however, that if we will follow up the converging lines of our later knowledge to the sources in which they terminate, we shall find in them data for one or the other of two almost certain conclusions. It is true that the materials of history grow scant as we ascend Some early ages are very dark. It is no less true, however, that the very earliest, where history seems suddenly to open and to end, presents more light, shows man more distinctly as he was, than some which followed. We regret that we cannot here trace this out more fully; but the general position may be stated, and it challenges scrutiny. History stops suddenly. Its last gleams show us two powerful States distinguished for an earthly greatness, and a

strange early people presenting a grand religious aspect. From the latter there goes up a little farther a narrow line of light, but that soon ceases, and then all is voiceless and dark. Thus we say history opens with man great in position, and doing great things. There are two inferences: either men were created, came into being as men, not very far from that time, or else there was a sudden emergence to a higher life which can be deemed hardly less miraculous.

The first we know of men, they were doing great things, we say. They were building cities, pyramids, heaven-reaching Babel towers. These were grand conceptions, however little science they may have manifested. They were founding empires; they were beginning to explore the world; they were starting off in great migrations; they were speaking languages which, for grammatical structure, for logical, poetical, and rhetorical power, stood highest in their earliest state, whatever improvements in respect to copiousness and business adaptation they may afterwards have received. In these parts of the world, and about this time,—making allowance for what some chronologists would regard as the merest trifles,—is the beginning of all we really know. Thence have gone forth the streams as outlined in that wondrous table, the x.th of Genesis. The rank in the scale of humanity is to be reckoned from the nearness to and the connection maintained with this primitive region and this earliest season of human greatness. These men of the historic dawn were not scientific; they were not civilized, in our modern effete sense of the word. But they were great as specimens of humanity,—great in bodily powers and in spiritual vigor,—possessed of vast enterprise and a high ambition. They were *Nephilim*—giants, it is wrongly rendered,—men distinguished, men of name, men of renown. The name is as applicable to Nimrod and others after the deluge as to any who lived before. We may regard them as presenting four main aspects: There were the great builders, the Assyrians and the Egyptians; the great navigators and explorers, the Phœnicians; the men great in devotion and religious belief, the Shemitic families; the men great in contemplation, like those who kindled the earliest lights beyond the Indus.

Some branches from these primitive streams were early lost in degeneracy. Some rose suddenly, became stagnant, and then declined, falling slowly to positions whence they have not emerged to this day. The Mediterranean stream had the most of what may be called enterprise. They, too, like the Assyrians and Egyptians, were higher, as men, in an earlier than in a later stage of their history. The Greek of the ante-Homeric time was a loftier being than the Greek of the days of Pericles, though below him in what is called civilization. For this Javanic line, too, it should be remembered, there was always kept up, through the facilities of the Mediterranean, a connection with the old religious home-land of the race. In later times their anthropological greatness took the form of art, literature, and philosophy, but we know how very transient was this seemingly golden period. A century or two, and its glory had departed. It was followed by its Roman shadow; but that, too, was fast fading out. Philosophy and ethics were dead; heroic and dramatic poetry were turning into satire; the world was sinking rapidly into sensuality and atheism. Then came a new light from Heaven rekindling the old. This has been carried to our Christian Europe and America, and all we have of any true human light and greatness is connected with it.

This is a rapid sketch, but sufficient to show how false is the theory maintained by Lubbock and others. Wherever there is found this low savagism of which he speaks as the primitive condition of man, it is always a degradation. It is never the higher man coming of the lower by any spontaneous, unaided effort; it is never the savage man rising, *of himself*, either swiftly or slowly. It is, on the contrary, always the lower man coming out of the higher, and sinking lower and lower in proportion as he has departed farther and farther, in time and space, from those early central influences, and that Heaven-renewed line of light of which we speak. Savagism is ever the remains of a once higher people; it is ever a light going out, a setting instead of a rising sun. Thus is it now; thus has it ever been within known historical periods; why then, without a particle of evidence, assume the reverse to have been the rule before? What would the world have been? What would we have been without a Heaven-sent Christianity? Aside from this, and certain periods of spasmodic literature and civilization which, in themselves, have been suicidal rather than permanent in their effects, the greatness of man, *as man*, appears generally in the earlier times of a nation's history. Compare the people now on the Nile, or even the Egyptians of the days of Cleopatra, with the early Pharaohs, and the builders of the pyramids;

compare the wretched tribes who have long roamed upon the banks of the Euphrates, with Nimrod and the mighty Cushites who went forth so soon after the flood, and "builded those great cities, Nineveh, Rehoboth, and Calah," whose long-buried grandeur we are now bringing forth to light. Compare the modern Greek with the old Hellenians, whether of the days of Solon, of Homer, or of the bold Argonautic sailors. Compare the present dwellers on the Ganges, notwithstanding all the help they have had from British culture, with the early Brahmans, and the men who sang the Vedas. Above all, call up the picture of the squalid Bedouins of the Jordan, and contrast it with the grand patriarchal figures that look out upon us from the remote antiquity, or even with the enterprising Canaanites of whom Melchizedek was king and priest. What support will this give to Lubbock's theory of the higher man ever coming out of the lower, and which he adopts because such rising may be counted long, whilst the reverse course is ever rapid: *facilis descensus Averni.* But look at the Anglo-Saxons, he may say, or the course of "the world in general;" *there*, surely, has been progress. The "world in general" owes something to Christianity as an extraneous force,—a fact which Mr. Lubbock should deign to remember, although he seems to make so little account of it. As for the Anglo-Saxons, let them "look to the hole of the pit whence they were digged." Let them consult Tacitus's description of their near ancestral kindred, the Peucini, the Venedi, and the Fenni (*Germ.*, xlvi.). Let them consider the awful abyss of squalid savageness into which their Gomeric race had so rapidly descended when cut off, by the peculiar course of their long migration, from the supporting power of the old unspent creative energy which yet remained, in something of its pristine vigor, among their Japhetan, Shemitic, and Hamitic brethren who dwelt upon, or near, the ancient Adamah.

There is another query to be put to those who maintain this theory of primitive savageness, or lowest animality. Where can they now find a people actually rising out of a lower into a higher condition, *of themselves*, —that is, without aid from a foreign source, which aid may, in every case, be traced to this early stream, and this early religious light coeval with the first dawn of human history? They can point to no such people in Europe, Asia, or Africa. If they turn to this continent, every vestige that we find shows that a higher class of men must have preceded the wretched tribes found here at the settlement of America, and then in a declining state. The history of the Mexicans and Peruvians, when carefully studied, shows the same thing. The men whom Cortez and Pizarro found do themselves testify, both by traditional and monumental evidence, to a higher people who preceded them, and who must have come from some of the older, and even then declining nations of the Asiatic continent. If they cannot produce such a rising people, — rising of themselves, be it remembered, and without outward aid,—what reason have they to believe in the exhibition of such a miracle, such a miraculous ascent, by those exceedingly low, speechless creatures in whom they find the *origin* of humanity,—if there ever was any such distinct severance of man from the natures below him as is indicated by that word? And how did man ever get out of the animal, unless we ascribe to the latter that attribute of progression which is contradicted by all we know of the animal races? No; man's progress is divine; it is none the less valuable because coming from above, although it has had to struggle hard, and often, seemingly, made little headway,—yea, been often turned back by some evil thing that had somehow early found its way into the one humanity. The Bible explains it all. It alone reconciles the fact of an early greatness, both spiritual and physical, with a degeneracy having but spasmodic gleams of culture even when supernaturally stayed, but showing no turn in its general downward course wherever man is *left wholly to himself.*

We regret that a proper regard to space prevents our giving much attention to two or three Biblical arguments that have been ventured on the other side of the question. The Bible recognizes but one human race. It were better to acknowledge it, and make the reply which we sometimes hear, that the Scriptures were not designed to teach us all truth. Attempts, however, are made to get it out of the Bible itself. Two of these we will notice. One is derived from the language of Cain, Gen. iv. 14: "Every one that findeth me shall slay me." He recognizes other men, it is said, as then existing upon the earth. Some attempt to explain this of other descendants of Adam who had rapidly multiplied. That may be so, but there is no need of it. The whole force of the opposing argument is from the utterly unfounded supposition that Cain was a well-informed ethnologist, and well acquainted with the extent

and geography of the earth. What if he did think that there might be other men somewhere? His imagination may easily have peopled the vast unknown, into which he was so afraid of being "driven out," with all sorts of beings, human, superhuman, demonic. It would only show how it had been excited and set at work, perhaps, by his haunted conscience. The Hebrew here might just as well have been rendered "everything" as "every one" — *whatever it might be*, wild beasts, monsters, satyrs, or the Furies, such as the murderer's conscience among the Greeks afterwards invented; "whatever finds me shall slay me." The language is, in fact, one of the strongest evidences of the artless truthfulness of the early Bible narrations. To use it in proof of the existence of extra-Adamic races is sheer trifling with the consistency of the Scriptural account.

There is also pressed into this service the passage Gen. vi. 2. The words rendered "sons of God" are asserted to mean "sons of the false gods," or "idolaters." The wonder about this is that it should have been deemed worth citing by such a writer as the Duke of Argyle. Without wasting time by explaining how this form *elohim* comes to be used in the singular, with not more than three or four exceptions in the whole Bible (or one out of four thousand or more, and these made perfectly clear by the context), it is enough to say that it is employed for the one true God in all places before this, and in all places after this, throughout the book of Genesis. What, then, can be more startlingly absurd than the forcing upon it an idea so utterly foreign in this one place? In regard to the whole compound expression, all that one need to do is to take a Hebrew Concordance and trace it throughout the Old Testament. That settles the matter. It is everywhere used either for angelic beings or for pious men. In showing the folly of laying stress upon the article, it is sufficient to say that a Concordance gives more than seven hundred places where *ha-elohim*, just like *elohim*, is used solely of the one true God of the universe.

Let those who say that there are beings, seemingly human, now upon the earth (for that is the point) who are not of Adam's race, prove their assertion. Let them tell us *who* they are and *where* they are. Instead of this they deal in inferences. There must have been men older than Adam, they say, because the chronology of the Scriptures is too short for the great events narrated, whether we take the longer Septuagint or the lesser Hebrew scale. Here, too, we have to regret our want of space. We cannot, however, leave the subject without saying, and that, too, very confidently, that to this there is an answer, a full and satisfactory answer, derived from facts in the Bible narratives which cannot be gainsayed, and these confirmed by other facts, equally clear and equally marvelous, in the subsequent well-known history of mankind.

COMMON THINGS.

THE bee from the clover bloom
Is ready to lift his wings;
I found him gathering honey
Out of the common things.

The bird to the maple bough
The twigs and the stubble brings;
He is building his love a cottage
Out of the common things.

The poet sits by himself—
What do you think he sings?
Nothing! He gets no music
Out of the common things!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A HERESY OF ART.

More than fifty years ago Wordsworth said, in one of his most carefully prepared utterances, that "poetry is most just to its divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion." It was no new proposition, either to him or to the world. The connections in which he placed it showed that he regarded it as soundly established and universally accepted. Of course, poetry can only "administer the comforts" of religion by direct design; and, by necessity, the design to fulfill this function is not only legitimate, but laudable in the exercise of poetic art. A recent writer, discoursing of poetry, speaks of an exceptionally successful poem, whose title and authorship he does not give us, as originating in a moral rather than a poetic inspiration. If he had been more explicit, and said all that he intended to convey, he would have said that no true poem can spring from a purely moral inspiration. If he had gone still further, and revealed to us the fully rounded heresy of his school, he would have said that there can be no true poem and no true work of art that by original and carefully executed design is framed and armed to produce a moral result upon the souls of men. If this school is to be believed, the poetic muse is never to be either teacher or preacher; and a poem with a moral is a work of art with that one fatal blot, or taint, or weakness, or unseemly superfluity which destroys its genuineness.

During our recent civil war, a gifted woman of New England gave utterance to the overflowing religious and patriotic sentiments of her section by writing a hymn which was sung by the Union armies wherever they bore their banners, or whitened the hills with their camps. It was one of the grandest and most stirring of all the tuneful utterances of the time. Suppose some man, speaking of this, were to say that the most successful army hymn or song that had been given to the world within the last ten years was the offspring of a patriotic rather than a poetic inspiration! Suppose he should sneer at Burns's *Highland Mary* because those immortally sweet verses were born of a boy's pure love, that only sought expression in them! What should we think of such a man? What ought to be thought of such a man? Simply, that he is so utterly misled by a false theory of art as to be incapable of saying any worthy and valuable thing about it.

But the critic does not say this, and he will not say it. It is not that a poem may not be inspired by the love of a woman, or by the love of country, or by the love of fame, or by the love of beauty; it is that it cannot be inspired by the love of God—Himself the Great Inspirer! So long as the poet deals with the flowers of the field, that rise to his eye and beat with soft wings at the bars of all his senses for admission to his soul, he writes poetry; but when he touches those sentiments of the religious spirit which open themselves to The Divine, and rise with aspiration, adoration, love, and praise, he strikes prose, and writes stuff! We declare this to be a heresy so degrading to art, so belittling to the minds entertaining it, so subversive and perversive of all sound criticism, that until it shall be overthrown there can be no such thing as progress in literary art among those who entertain it. Even our beloved Whittier, singing away his beautiful life, and soaring while he sings, is impatiently accused of "preaching" because his songs are less and less of the earth from which he retires and more and more of the heaven into which he rises!

If art may convey one lesson, it may another. If it is legitimate for art to bear one burden, it may bear a hundred; and the heresy of which we speak, in condemning all art that springs from a moral inspiration, condemns the best, nay, the only worthy things that have been created in every department of art. If George MacDonald is not a true artist, there is no true artist writing the English language to-day; yet he literally writes nothing that is not the offspring of a moral or a religious aspiration. The lady who writes over the *nom de plume* of George Eliot is the greatest living Englishwoman,—a woman who, since Mrs. Browning died, has had no peer as a literary artist among her sex; but she carefully elaborates in her best work a high moral purpose, and, lest some fool may possibly miss or mistake it, she works it all into the last page of *Romola*. "It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. . . . . There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking about pleasures and rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful." What is *Aurora Leigh*, by the greatest poetess of our century, if not of all time, but one long and carefully elaborated lesson of life? Every book that comes from the pens of Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Whitney, our best living female writers in America, is thoroughly charged with moral purpose; and Hawthorne, than whom no writer of English stands higher as an artist, was not content in his best book—*The Scarlet Letter*—to permit his lesson to be inferred, but he put it into words: "Be true, be true, be true!" The simple fact is that every work of art of every sort is really and permanently valuable in proportion to the value of the truth which it fittingly enshrines. Art is not a master, but a minister. All that is written about beauty being its own apology and art its own justification—about "truth to art for art's sake"—is the baldest nonsense. Art has no "sake." Truth to art—as the phrase is generally used—is simply truth to self-conceit. Indeed, the phrase is used mainly to justify the artist in working from no motive but a selfish one. All art that has

its end in itself or in its author is a monstrosity. All art that bears no lesson and brings no gift of beauty or love, or life or power, to men and women, ought to be hooted and howled out of self-complacency and out of sight; yet it is precisely this art, and no other, that receives the unqualified approbation of the critics whose doctrines we condemn. With these insufferable dogmatists it is entirely legitimate for a heathen to embody his religion in his poetry, and to use his religion as material of poetry; but when a Christian undertakes to do the same thing he is warned off, and informed that no poetry can come of a purely moral or religious inspiration.

There is a noteworthy coincidence in the fact that the theories of the nature and province of art upon which we have animadverted exist only or mainly in association with infidel opinions. It is not to be denied that there is in America a large circle of literary men and women from whom all sincere faith in Christianity and in the interest of God in the affairs of men has gone out. They are just as fond of preaching in and through art as they are of preaching in the pulpit. They regard with pitying contempt those whose faith still stands by the revelations of The Great Book, and read with impatience all those utterances of literary art which are inspired by it. That their lack of faith in the grand, central truths of their own nature, relations, and history should lead them into absurd and inconsistent theories of art, is not strange; but it is strange that Christian men and women have not more openly protested against those theories, and strange that many have not only been puzzled by them, but have been half inclined to accept them. It is well that Heaven takes care of its own, and impels each man whom it moves to artistic utterance to speak forth that which is in him in his own best way, and, regardless of theories, to go on doing so while he lives. More than this: it is well that the world has a sense of its own needs, and gratefully recognizes the heavenly credentials of that art which comes to it with gifts and deeds of ministry.

HEPWORTH AND HETERODOXY.

One after another, Huntington, Osgood and Hepworth have come out from the Unitarian Church, and joined the ranks of those who believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, as the Trinitarians believe in it. One needs not to seek far to find the reason. Mr. Hepworth gave it very naturally at the Congregational Conference, on the 18th of January, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Taking himself to represent the average man in moral weakness, wickedness, and need, he had said to himself: "A man cannot save me, I don't care how big he is. I cannot be saved by a Hebrew philosopher. He must be more than that." That little statement covers, or suggests, the whole philosophy of the matter. Earnest men who believe in anything believe that Jesus Christ was only man, or truly God, according to their views of their own natures and needs. A man who believes that his nature is wholly good, that he bears within himself no hereditary depravity and no dominant principle of selfishness, feels, necessarily, that he does not need to be saved. Jesus Christ the man—the great human teacher—is enough for him. In his opinion, all he needs is to be led and taught. He apprehends and feels no need of a divine Saviour. On the other hand, the man who believes his nature to be depraved, and realizes that he needs something more than instruction,—that he needs and must have help, inspiration, salvation,—must believe in a Jesus Christ armed with divine power, and "mighty to save." He sees himself to be lost; and he believes that the being who came "to seek and to save that which was lost," came to that office of purpose, from some realm and form of pre-existence, divinely ordained, divinely informed, and divinely endowed. He must believe this, or conclude that Christianity is a powerless scheme, so far as he is concerned.

We suppose it must be a matter of common observation that as soon as a Unitarian clergyman really begins in earnest the work of saving men, he begins to drift toward the evangelical view of Christ. So long as Unitarianism works among the refined and the highly educated, even if they are politely selfish, it gets along very well, but the moment it is called upon to present the motives of reformation to the wicked, the brutal, the degraded, it finds itself inexpressibly weak. The man who preaches nurture and culture and development to a congregation of brutal men and vicious women, preaches that which every man and woman before him knows to be nonsense. There is not one of them who does not need to be saved, and who does not know that the process of salvation involves a revolution, or a reformation, or a regeneration—a change, possibly, that combines all these processes. They are weak, and need help; they are sinful, and need pardon; they are lost, and need to be saved. To tell such people that a "Hebrew philosopher" who pretended to be inspired and to teach with authority, but who was in reality only a good man, can save them, is to feed starving men with chaff. The wicked, selfish, degraded world we live in can never be under very great obligation to a religious teacher who laughs at the phrase: "a change of heart." As soon as a man realizes the necessity of such a change for himself and the world, he realizes the necessity of holding as the central figure of his religious system something more than a "Hebrew philosopher." Only his God can be his Saviour, and his Saviour must be his God.

Those who have commented on Mr. Hepworth's conversion to the evangelical view of Christ have praised or blamed according to their own views of the nature and needs of men. "Warrington," the well-known correspondent of *The Springfield Republican*, has spoken with his usual fullness upon the matter, though, of course, with that gentle forbearance which

is his distinguishing characteristic. He only calls Mr. Hepworth "a humbug," when it would have been so easy to have called him a villain, or a scalawag, or an incendiary, and to have done it with no greater sacrifice of truth. But "Warrington" is unfitted by his nature and his needs to comprehend Mr. Hepworth's position. A man who does not need to be saved has no right to criticise one whose need is overwhelming. If Mr. Hepworth possessed "Warrington's" religious—nay, his angelic—temperament, his sweet and tender ways, his broad charity, his white innocence of soul, his exquisite delicacy of sensibility, his transcendent loveliness of character; if his brow and his form had been impressed at birth with those insignia of saintliness and kingliness which enable "Warrington" to present so grand and gracious a front to mankind; if his life had been, like "Warrington's," an unbroken series of personal sacrifices for the public good; if he had labored single-handed like him for the delight, the comfort, the consolation, the purification and the spiritual upbuilding of his race; if, in short, he had, like "Warrington," "been sanctified in the womb" (to use the impressive phrase of our Puritan great-grandmothers), then he would have felt no need to be saved, either from the devil at whom good people throw ink-stands, or the devil who throws his inkstand at good people.

The most ordinary observer cannot have failed to notice two diverging drifts of belief in the Unitarian Church; and these will make their deposits in the future as they have made them in the past. One has borne Huntington, Osgood and Hepworth out of the Church into Trinitarianism; the other ought long ago to have carried out of the Church, in the opposite direction, others as well known as those whose names we have mentioned. One can hardly understand the motive which induces a certain class of rationalists to cling to a church which calls itself Christian. If they were as candid and conscientious as those from whom they have so widely separated, they would cut loose from the body whose strength they so sadly weaken. Another fact is just as evident as that these drifts of opinion exist within the Unitarian Church, viz.: that the mightier the Christ of a Church is, the mightier the church, as an influence for good in the world. Christ disarmed of divine power, shorn of divine authority, stripped of His infinite loveliness, and despoiled of those glories which He shared "with the Father before the world was," is only a milder Mahomet or a finer Joseph Smith. We can say so much without pushing any partisan view of the subject. If any proposition can be more nearly self-evident than that the power of a religion depends upon the power of its inspiring source, we have never met with it.

THE ILLINOIS TEMPERANCE LAW.

THE General Assembly of the State of Illinois passed, and the Governor approved, in January of the present year, a law for the regulation of the sale of ardent spirits, which seems to us to be so eminently wise that we regret that a lack of space forbids us to present more than an abstract of it. The essential provisions are these: (1.) No man may sell liquor without a license, and no man shall have a license who will not give a bond in the penal sum of $3,000, with two good securities, to repay all damages that may arise from either selling or giving away such liquor. (2.) No liquor shall be sold to minors or to persons either intoxicated or in the habit of becoming intoxicated. (3.) All places where intoxicating liquors are sold contrary to law shall be shut up and abated as public nuisances. (4.) Any man who causes the intoxication of another, with or without a license, shall pay a reasonable compensation to the person who takes care of the inebriate, to be recovered in an action of debt. (5.) Every person who is injured, *in any way*, by any intoxicated person, shall have a right of action against any man who caused the intoxication in whole *or in part*, and against the owner or owners of the building in which the sale took place; a married woman having the same right to bring suits, and to control the same and the amount recovered, as a *feme-sole*. The remaining provisions relate mainly to the operation of those we have given, and need not be alluded to beyond the fact that one of them declares the giving away of liquors to evade the provisions of the act shall be held to be an unlawful selling.

There is in this law the fullest recognition of the right of men to sell ardent spirits, and of other men to buy and drink them. The law insists, however, that only the proper persons shall drink, and that they shall drink only in moderate quantities. No minor shall have the privilege of buying an article whose dangers he does not understand, and no man who has proved, by getting drunk, that he cannot take liquors with safety to himself and others, shall have the privilege of buying again. Ardent spirits are fully recognized as dangerous articles whose sale cannot be intrusted to irresponsible parties; and as those who sell them make all the money there is made on them, and as all experience has proved that they will sell, unless restricted, without reference to the damage they inflict upon the community, the law declares that not only they, but the owners of the buildings they occupy with their traffic, shall be held responsible for all the evil consequences that follow a disregard of its requirements; and that they may be proceeded against by any "husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer, or other person who shall be injured in person or property, or means of support."

We are not sufficiently familiar with the temperance legislation of the different States to know whether this law is a transcript of others already in existence, though we believe a law like this has been enacted in Ohio. It is, however, worthy of a fair and full trial. Of course, all the low elements of society will go against it, as they would against the Maine law; but it

ought to command the firm support of every respectable and responsible member of society, of all political parties. The good people, and the people who do not even pretend to be good, but who do pretend to be lovers of order and of the public prosperity, ought to agree to leave this question out of politics entirely, and unite upon it for an experiment that shall last at least ten years. Let no obstacles be thrown in the way of its fullest execution. There is no oppression in it. No man for whom two good men are not willing to be responsible has any right to deal out intoxicating liquors. It oppresses nobody to keep such men out of business; and it oppresses no landlord to deprive him of tenants who are pests in the community. "The People of the State of Illinois" simply say to dealers: "We will license you to sell liquors, but you shall not sell to our boys, or our unfortunates whom you have already ruined; and you shall make no man drunk. If you do, we will hold you and your landlords responsible for all the damages, of every possible kind; and if you cannot find bondsmen who will be responsible for your loyalty to the law, then you are not good enough to sell liquors at all. We trample on no man's rights, and we purpose to maintain our own."

Let the people of Illinois stand squarely up to the position they have assumed in this case, and it will drive liquor out of every small town in the State, and confine its sale in large towns to quarters that will give very little inconvenience to the public. It will take pluck and persistence to do this, but the law is thoroughly defensible on every ground, and ought to be maintained. If the good and respectable people of the State unite to stand by it, it will be maintained.

THE GENERAL AND HIS FRIENDS.

THERE was once a brave and patriotic general who risked his life in his country's cause, and so successfully led his country's armies and fought his country's battles, that a great political party saw that it could retain power by making him President of the United States. This party availed itself of the General's popularity, and achieved its object. Nobody in the country ever supposed that he was a great statesman, or a great politician, or that he was remarkably wise in any respect, except in matters relating to leather and war. We do not know that he ever pretended to be wise in anything but leather and war. He thought, as greater men have thought, that it would be a nice thing to be President of the United States; and he has done as well in that office, we doubt not, as he has known how to do. On the whole, he has done pretty well. The country is fairly prosperous, and both home and foreign affairs have been managed wisely. If he has shown any weakness, he has done exactly what every rational man expected he would do. The men who used him to advance their party interests knew his faults just as well four years ago as they do now, and are morally responsible for every impolitic and unstatesmanlike act of his administration, if any such act has been committed. Indeed, they cannot fail to know that the experience of the last three years has done more to fit him for the place he holds than all his life had done previously.

Now, some of the politicians who were so ready to use the General (who was entirely ready to be used) are coming to entertain a very contemptuous opinion of him, when, in order to secure a second term of office, and to serve his own interests, he proposes to use them! To these very virtuous and high-minded persons the General is now no better than an heathen man and a publican. Such a corrupt, weak, unwise, incompetent, horse-loving, gift-receiving, undignified, stupid man as the General has become! We believe it was the elder Adams who was called "a hoary-headed incendiary" in his last political days, and Abraham Lincoln, who was almost apotheosized amid the slanders of mankind.

It is possible that the fame of General Grant, the soldier, will outlast his political associations, but it seems a pity that our heroes must for party purposes be forced into false positions, and have their good names dragged through the mire of political strife. Let us at least admit that the motive of the President in using the party which elected him for securing a re-election is as good as that which induced that party to use him at first, to advance its own interests, when no study or experience of his life had helped to prepare him for the duties of his high office. Still, his friends follow the way of the world; and the man who consents to be a tool, must expect to be tossed aside when no longer needed for use, or when a change of tools may seem desirable.

THE OLD CABINET.

"IT'S all such bosh," said Mrs. Whitney's Kenneth Kincaid, in *Real Folks*, flinging down a handful of papers. "I've no right, I solemnly think, to help such stuff out into the world! A man can't take hold anywhere, it seems, without smutting his fingers."

He was correcting the proof of the first chapters of a flimsy novel. "It isn't even confectionery," said Kenneth. "It's terra alba and cochineal. And when it comes to the sensation, it will be benzine for whisky. Real things are bad enough, for the most part, in this world; but when it comes to sham fictions and adulterated poisons, Dorris, I'd rather help bake bread, if it were an honest loaf, or make strong shoes for laboring-men! . . . I was so deter-

mined not to do anything but genuine work: work that the world wanted; and to have it come down to this! . . . Yes; people must eat while they are waiting; that's the—devil of it! I'm not swearing, Dorris, dear; it came truly into my head, that minute, about the Temptation in the Wilderness! . . . There's hardly a true business carried on, and if there is, you don't know where or which. . . . I'm only twenty-six years old, Dorris, and I'm getting ashamed of the world!"

By and by Kenneth got at real work—'architecting' houses and surveying and laying out new streets and avenues. He refused to "pick up dollars" as a broker, and gave up "helping stuff" into the world, and now "he felt the harmony and the illustration between his week and his Sunday, and the one strengthening the other, as all true outward work does harmonize with and show forth, and help the spiritual doing. It could not have been so with that gold work, or any little feverish hitching on to other men's business; producing nothing, advancing nothing, only standing between to snatch what will fall, or to keep a premium for passing from hand to hand."

Kenneth built at last a little paradise of a Horseshoe—and everything was smooth and beautiful.

But I hope Mrs. Whitney will tell in her next story what happens to some other Kenneth who hates to read proofs of flimsy novels, yet loves the very smell of printer's ink, and every crispy leaf and shiny binding of every new book beautiful—(nor less the musty fragrance of the old); who not only dotes on the processes of printing and manufacture and the bodily shapes of books, but rejoices in all the graces and purposes of pure literature; unto whom speaks his fairy god-mother: "Kenneth, child of my affections, thou shalt be a PUBLISHER thyself! Thou shalt print and bind and send forth the literature thou lovest; thou shalt live the life thou wouldst choose above all others; and the world shall be happier and better because of thy life's work!"

So Kenneth & Co. begin business in a halo of high purpose and delight.

Now comes the real battle! It may be that Kenneth resists every subtle temptation to lower the standard of his publications—it may be that no proof-reader's tender conscience is ever pricked over his work on sheets from Kenneth & Co. But O! the books he dare not print; O! the thousand and one mean little doings as others do; the shams of advertising; the compromises with manliness and downright honesty.

I should like to know if Kenneth himself, after he got at genuine and congenial labor, actually had such an easy-going time of it as he seems to have had. I don't mean that some rascal wanted to "go in" with him on a contract swindle. That kind of thing is put aside without a pang. But didn't his own familiar friend ever do anything to unsettle his foundations—didn't his parson ask him to build a sham church?

Did he never smut his fingers in taking hold of "real work?"

OUR traveled friend brought in quite early last evening his portfolio of photographs from original pictures of the old masters, and we made together the grand tour of the European galleries.

I remember the first photograph I ever saw, produced directly from an old master. It was one of Murillo's Madonnas. The painting had been lifted out of doors while the church was being repaired, and some fortunate photographer had taken its soul in gracious robbery. I confess it gave me a clearer idea than ever I had had before of what it was in these old pictures that had won the ages. There was a certain something,—as one of my artist-friends nebulously names it,—in the face, in the eyes especially, heart-compelling and indescribable. But a photograph must be very successful to convey what we may call the fragrance of a painting—alas for the false rendering of color and the accidents of impression.

. . . If people, by the way, would only make allowance for accidents in mental as well as photographic impressions. One says this Madonna is the greatest of all; the next man can't imagine what any one sees to admire in that picture;—and it may only be a chance difference as to acid and gun-cotton—pleasant letters by the last mail, or a villainous dinner.

. . . The thing that impresses you most deeply in these old pictures is the pervading spirit of sincerity,—in face, attitude, drapery,—to say nothing of the mere mechanical methods. Here is a "Madonna and Child" by Cimabue (A.D. 1280),—what a worshipful, real look in the Virgin's wooden face; what motherhood in those cast-iron hands. There is genuine sympathy expressed in at least some of the ill-proportioned forms grouped around that pigeon-toed but awful figure on the cross, in Giotto's "Crucifixion." In these glorious angels of Fra Angelico, in these Raphaels, and Razzis, and Michael Angelos—everywhere you find the same intense, unconscious earnestness. Everywhere—except in this Sassoferato (1650),—"Do you call the sentimental creature here 'Our Lady of Sorrows'?"

"Ah! now you see the decadence of art," said our friend of the portfolio. "But turn the page for a glimpse of daylight in a dark age." It is Cignano's Madonna,—and the old sincere look again. Is there not worship in the crossed hands that tenderly press the divine child to her bosom?

"And she doesn't look as if she thought some one was watching her," said Theodosia. "That's the trouble with our modern figure-paintings and portraits. Perhaps it's as much the fault of the telegraph, subjective novel, and Delsarte, as it is of the artists. They can't find the right kind of models."

"But what about Boughton, and Wittkamp and Gerome, and a score or two of other nineteenth century figure-painters?" said our friend of the portfolio. "If a man feels sincerely, he will paint sincerely."

"Pshaw," said the critic, "a thorough artist can do anything he chooses to do. He don't have to *feel*."

At this point the poet happened in very opportunely, and I asked him if he wouldn't throw some light on the subject by telling us, honestly, how much he felt that last ballad of his, which came out in the *Prolific* for February, traveled the rounds of the country weeklies, and was called "exceedingly touching" in nearly all the newspaper notices.

"On my honor," said the poet, "I didn't feel a word of it! What is more, I don't believe anybody feels that kind of thing strongly—or he couldn't write. An artist must learn to play with the passions," he said, with a flourish of the hand, as if he were running his fingers over invisible keys.

I looked up to catch Theodosia's expression. I knew she had had a tearful time over that ballad. It was so simple and tender and true. She cut it out of a newspaper into which it had been copied, to put it away with her treasured scraps. It was a queer, hard, surprised expression that I caught on Theodosia's face. I didn't exactly understand it.

The painter did not agree with the poet. He believed in feeling. He believed too, very thoroughly, in individuality.

A true picture, he maintained, represents the man—and a painting is of value so far as it does represent the man and convey his opinion of the subject. He thought he had generally been able to judge quite correctly of a contemporary artist's character from his pictures. No one but Gerome, he said, could have painted "The Last of the Janitsharen" as he painted it. It was evident that the fact of death did not affect him at all, except as a curiosity; he had no excitement except the excitement of having found a good subject. So every severed head is painted in severest detail—no minutest trace of agony is omitted—and you know well with what defiance, or terror, or stolidity each grim conspirator met his fate. The picture is a triumph of cynicism. Though he delights in the ghastly, it was like him to omit the central figures from his picture of the Crucifixion;—it was not a mere desire for novel effect—that effective substitution of the shadows. The face of the Crucified would be a difficult theme for one who had little sympathy with its tenderer and holier meanings.

. . . . After they had gone, Theodosia sat some time with her feet on the fender, looking steadily into the flames.

"Do you believe THAT?" she said at last, with a snap.

"Believe what?"

"That he didn't feel a word of it!"

"Yes—no: no—yes!"

"What do you mean?"

I meant that I didn't exactly know what I believed; that I didn't think he would tell a story; that it was half true and half was not true.

"It isn't one BIT true," said Theodosia, with another snap.

Then I reminded her of my reminiscence of Ristori—how, one "Elizabeth" night, I was standing behind the scenes, when she brushed past me to take her station near the center door of the scenery, and await the signal for her entrance. There she stood, tall, erect, flashing indignant Italian at her attendants, (some little thing seemed to have gone wrong,) when, in a twinkling, the canvas door flew open, and I saw,—in amazement at the sudden transformation,—the bent form of the old Queen go tottering down the stage to her death—with that querulous, muttering monotone that has mumbled in my memory ever since.

"I don't care," said Theodosia; "she became the queen in that twinkling!"

. . . I was inclined to agree with Theodosia, and to believe that no true poem was ever written without true feeling. Of course,—I said,—

> "The anguish of In Memoriam was less keen
> Than of the silent days that lay between
> The death-news and the passionate harp-sweep;
> Byron's last look on the Athenian maid
> Had more of meaning than his 'Αγαπῶ':"

—for, as wise Wordsworth says, poetry "takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity." But with what great scorn the Browning writes of the company of false poets:—

> "To give our hearts up! fie!—that rage
> Barbaric antedates the age!
> It is not done on any stage.
> . . . . . .
> We are not pilgrims, by your leave,
> No, nor yet martyrs! if we grieve,
> It is to rhyme to . . . summer eve."

I was loth to count our poet one of these—and I held that his miserable disclaimer was in love's shame.

. . . Albeit, when I came into the library this morning, I found two or three scraps of newspaper, about the width of a column, lying just inside the fender. I pushed them into the blaze, whither had already gone the other verses of the ballad; there was a crisp and a crinkle, and—"ashes to ashes."

WHEN I write my psychological novels, I intend to work out certain studies which I hope will be not without interest and instruction. In the first place, I shall take a white-complexioned, white-eyed boy, with a talent for, let me say, playing the penny-whistle. But he is so shy and shrinking in his soul, that when a stranger looks at him the blood flashes to the roots of his hair; and if any one inadvertently alludes, in his presence, to his knack at penny-whistling, the poor fellow almost faints with embarrassment. He practices with his whistle only in distant and desert places, and it is merely by accident that any one ever hears him at it.

I shall carry this thin-skinned and modest youth through the ordinary vicissitudes of life, showing his gradual development into a manhood of such overweening and sublime self-conceit, that his name

passes into a synonym for all that is pompous, absurd, and unendurable in personal vanity.

"Gottschalk could play the 'Last Hope' well enough—but did you never listen to my variations on 'Yankee Doodle.'" "Patti is clever at a *roulade*, but have you heard me toot?" Nor is a musical cue necessary to bring his penny-whistle upon the stage—he can dexterously incline the conversation from the sources of the Nile, or the properties of Vril, to the subject that is nearest his heart and lips. Moreover, he spends all his spare time and money in sitting for his photograph. From reticence he blossoms into garrulity, from modesty into shamelessness; instead of fulfilling his former part of the wayside-violet, he becomes a thorn in the flesh of all who know him.

The other study is of a person who starts in life with a realizing sense of his own unworthiness. He always selects the hardest corner of the hardest chair to sit upon; at parties hands around the boned-turkey and Neapolitan till there is none of either left for himself (although he particularly affects boned-turkey and Neapolitan), and at the railroad depot asks the agent for a "ticket to New York?" with the rising inflection and a deprecatory hesitancy of speech, as if hoping the agent would take the request kindly, and (the conductor outside shouting, "All aboard!") he could quite as easily call around for it in the afternoon, were it at all inconvenient to attend to the matter just at this moment—a person who by degrees gets into such a frame of mind that he is never happy unless he is miserable; it is his pet theory that he is a lone one, who pines on his stem; that always his toast is either burned, or drops with the buttered side down. By and by he falls to pitying and sympathizing with himself; and hardens at last into bitter and remorseless selfishness.

At Mrs. A.'s reception, the other night, I was very much interested in watching the famous sculptor Q., when confronted with a statuette group by one of our younger artists. The Critic would have glanced at it, and tossed it off with a nod, or a "pretty good," as one should say, this is hardly worth my serious attention. But the famous sculptor approached the group closely, examined it with intensity in every part; took it at this angle and then at that; now near, now from a little distance; puffed off some grains of dust tenderly, as if the piece were of his own modeling. Then slowly—like a judge announcing in court an important and well-considered opinion—he presented a careful, correct, and cordial estimate of its merits and defects: "The relation of expression is good; this piece of drapery is nicely managed; the arms are delicately modeled; a little crudeness in the extremities;—the girl has a good deal to learn,—but she'll do, she'll do!"

A little knowledge in a critic is a dangerous thing for the artist. Your old families, you know, can associate with whom they please. Shoddy must be select.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

SICK-ROOM PAPERS.—NO. I.

The first canon of nursing, according to that woman who, of all women in our time, knows best the subject of which she treats, is "to keep the air a patient breathes as pure as the external air, without chilling him."

The defects of our modern house-building render this no easy thing to do, but neither is it impossible. Given a chimney, and a window or windows which open at bottom *and* top, and satisfactory ventilation becomes at once feasible. The chimney must of course have a fire in it, the patient must be warmly wrapped, for it will not do to let him get cold; but, to quote Miss Nightingale once more, "People don't catch cold in bed. This is a popular fallacy. With proper bed-clothes, and hot bottles if necessary, you can always keep a patient warm and well ventilate him at the same time."

This primary principle of pure air cannot be too strongly insisted upon. When we consider how rapidly the atmosphere of a room becomes vitiated by the continual presence of but one healthy human body, and reflect that part of that reparative process which we call disease consists in throwing off effete particles which embarrass and clog Nature's effort to recover her balance, it is easily seen that *without* ventilation a sick-room must become a laboratory of poisons, the more deadly because invisible, and which involve in common destruction not the patient only, but his nurses.

Second to this primary canon of pure air, we should incline to put, as the next essential, perfect and orderly cleanliness.

Not that cleanliness only which sweeps, dusts, rinses, scours; which scrubs the invalid at stated intervals with as much indifference as if he were a huckabuck towel, and does not forget to carry off the dirty cups and spoons *once a day*. There is a higher and more exalted phase of the virtue, a fine art of neatness, which brings a balm of healing in its very presence. This cleanliness makes disorder, so to speak, as if it were not. Dirt has been defined as "matter out of place:" touched by this fairy spell, matter is never out of place, or at least never stays so. Does the sick man toss and tumble in his bed? A quiet movement, a few skillful touches, and rumples

and displacements give way to smoothness and comfort. Has a spoon, a glass served its turn? It vanishes, and a fresh one stands ready on the spotless napkin. No exigency of illness, no sudden call, no rapid change of symptom can long disturb this refined system. Instinctively, it would seem, the rectifying touches are given, and after each temporary confusion the apartment resumes, as of its own will, that look of bright order, unaccompanied by stiffness, which it is the province of a woman—of some women—to bestow. Would there were more of them!

For there is refreshment, not fanciful, but real, in that delicate finish which omits no smallest point in the adjustment of an invalid. Appetite wakens at the dainty setting forth of food; sleep is wooed by the fresh pillow, the carefully straightened bed; and through every stage of weakness and weariness something of alleviation is communicated by the sense of oversight, system, and spotless cleanness.

A sick-room should have a pleasant aspect. Light is essential. Blinds and curtains may be provided to screen the eyes too weak to bear full day, but what substitute makes up for the absence of that blessed sunshine without which life languishes? The walls should be of a cheerful tint; if possible, some sort of out-door glimpse should be visible from the bed or chair where the invalid lies, if it is but the top of a tree and a bit of sky. Eyes which have been traveling for long, dull days over the pattern of the paper-hangings, till each bud and leaf and quirl is familiar—and hateful,—brighten with pleasure as the blind is raised. The mind, wearied of the grinding battle with pain and self, finds unconscious refreshment in the new interest. Ah, there is a bird's shadow flitting across the pane. The tree-top sways and trembles with soft rustlings—a white cloud floats dreamily over the blue,—and now, oh delight and wonder, the bird himself comes in sight and perches visibly on the bough, dressing his feathers and quivering forth a few notes of song. All the world, then, is not lying in bed because we are, is not tired of its surroundings—has not the back-ache! What a refreshing thought! And though this glimpse of another life, the fresh natural life from which we are shut out—that life which has nothing to do with pills and potions, tip-toe movements, whispers, and doctor's boots creaking in the entry—may cause the hot tears to rush suddenly into our eyes, it does us good, and we begin to say with a certain tremulous thrill of hope: "When I go out again, I shall do"—so and so.

Ah, if nurses, if friends knew how irksome, how positively harmful, is the *sameness* of a sick-room, surely love and skill would devise remedies. If it were only bringing in a blue flower to-day and a pink one to-morrow; hanging a fresh picture to vary the monotony of the wall, or even an old one in a new place—something, anything—it is such infinite relief. Small things and single things suffice. To see many of his surroundings changed at once confuses an invalid; to have one little novelty at a time to vary the point of observation, stimulates and cheers. Give him that, and you do more and better than if you filled the apartment with fresh objects.

It is supposed by many that flowers should be carefully kept away from sick people,—that they exhaust the air or communicate to it some harmful quality. This may, in a degree, be true of such strong, fragrant blossoms as lilacs or garden lilies, but of the more delicately-scented ones no such effect need be apprehended. A well-aired room will never be made close or unwholesome by a nosegay of roses, mignonette, or violets, and the subtile cheer which they bring with them is infinitely reviving to weary eyes and depressed spirits. Many a sigh has been changed to a smile by the fresh face of a rose looking over the edge of its glass. Many a heavy burden has shifted itself momentarily to the slender stem of fringed gentian or sweet-pea, and, best of all, when it returned, as return it must, to the long-accustomed shoulders, it was never exactly to the same spot or with the same pressure. For it is part of Nature's law of adjustment that relief, however temporary, produces a shifting and redistribution of pain, which in itself is helpful, and under the workings of this beautiful law, the little influences which break the heavy strain of bodily illness work far beyond their own value or knowledge in bringing about Nature's other law—the law of health.

EASTER EGGS.

THE good old days are past when everybody, everywhere, all the Christian world over, prepared, ate, and exchanged "Pasque" eggs on an Easter morning. Far up in the North-English Counties the youngsters still run to and fro singing the old "Pace-Egger's Song":—

> "Here are two or three jolly boys all of one mind,
> We've come a pace-egging, and hope you'll be kind.
> We hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and your beer,
> And we'll come no more near you until the New Year."

And in the remote East, amid the followers of the Greek Church, gayly decorated eggs with shells of red-and-gold, are still exchanged between friends with the salutation, "*Christos voskres*," and the accompaniment of a kiss. But even there the centuries with their inexorable sumptuary law have interfered to abate the practice. Easter week is shorn of half its glories, the gifts and the osculations are limited to a single morning, and no longer, as of yore, do "Men and women continue in kissing and exchanging of eggs for four days together."

Here, in our own country, little is known of these ancient customs. In farm-house kitchens and over nursery fires, little people with smuggled-in saucepans, bits of "unreliable" calico and the assistance of the bluing-bag, still produce various spotted and oddly-colored spheres for the enchantment of Mamma on Easter morning. Here and there a "Church" bakery displays a nestful of red or purple shells

couched in green moss; and occasionally some youthful artist, using for her canvas that white surface which walls in such mystery of life, contrives to produce a pretty effect with paint-brush or pencil. But the perfection, the high art of Easter egging is known no more among us. It has gone out with wassail, with the may-pole, with Yule-logs—and that work-a-day creature, the hen, is finally deposed from her place in the heart of Christendom.

For the benefit, however, of those same little people with saucepans and bluing-bags, we propose to revive two or three of the old recipes for ornamenting Pace (or Paschal) eggs. The process is not very difficult, nor the material expensive: so it may be that Mamma would permit, and the nursery wights enjoy the experiment.

First, then, you select your dyes—vegetable or wood dyes they should be, blue, crimson, yellow, according to fancy—and, procuring a small portion of each from a druggist, you place them in separate vessels. Then dropping the eggs into hot water for a few moments, you draw on the shell with a bit of tallow any design you please,—names, dates, leaves, crosses. The tallow prevents any discoloration in the spot it covers, so when the egg has been submitted to the boiling dye, the pattern appears in white on a tinted ground with very pretty effect.

Another method, more laborious but infinitely more artistic, is to dye the whole egg, and afterward scrape out the pattern with a sharp pen-knife. This way admits of a greater range of taste and skill than the other. The egg may be divided into compartments, each holding some tiny vignette, a landscape perhaps, or an angel, or cupid, or a line of verse, with the date, all framed in solid, bright color. In old days, eggs treated after this fashion did duty as Valentines, and were frequently preserved in the after-homes of the happy pairs, each egg carefully enshrined in a deep, long-stemmed wine-glass, through which the inscription could be read without removing it.

"Golden" eggs, which are covered with thin sheets of leaf gold, are beautiful things when mixed with others. A cheap way of making them is to use the dye of the furze-blossom, which is said to communicate a fine yellow color.

Any boy or girl, clever at drawing, can produce, with little trouble, a variety of designs which shall have the added merit of originality. What could be prettier than a knot of Easter-flowers, snow-drops, violets, or lilies of the valley, painted in water color on the white shell, or sketched gracefully and lightly in sepia or India-ink. Pencil drawings are singularly soft and pretty on the same pure background, and, set with boiling water, are not easily defaced. A monogram in bright, illuminated tints and gold is also effective; in short, there are a dozen charming fancies which will at once suggest themselves to the mind of any young artist who begins to think upon the subject, and we advise such by all means to try.

PITCHER PLANT.

WE cordially recommend everybody who, next autumn, shall be regretfully searching amid nature's treasure-house for the wherewithal to cheer and enliven a long city winter, to do as we did last November, and fill a large pot with the common pitcher plant.

Who does not know it, standing ankle-deep in cool yellow mosses, and holding up to the sun its *amphoræ*-shaped leaves of maroon and green, each with its tiny reservoir of pellucid water? Who ever watched it without picturing Scarlet Tanager, or swamp blackbird, with orange-slashed velvet coat, lighting to drink, curving a glossy neck over the edge of the verdurous fountain, and making a picture vivid and fascinating? And the blossom—what is its charm? Is it a leaf in romantic mood seeking to be flower, or a flower of sedate disposition, longing for the prose and repose of leaf-dom? Who knows—but who does not seek to guess?

It was with doubts and misgivings that we essayed the experiment of transplanting this free forester. "It can but perish if it go," we said, and we took its life in our hands and turned cityward. But soon we found that it had no idea of dying; in fact, and the testimony of others confirms the observation, it is the most satisfactory of wood-plants to bring to a fire and gas atmosphere. Water it demands and must have; water at the roots, standing water in its saucer, and a spoonful daily renewed in each cup, but given that, it is content. Nothing can be prettier or more interesting than to watch the unfolding of the new leaves, from the tiny shoot to the slender spikes of bright green, and finally the full pitcher, with its streaks and mottlings of claret red. In some favored hands it has even been known to blossom! to blossom in early spring, three months before its time! And if that is not doing handsomely and as a vegetable should, we should like to know what is? To live is much. It is a favor which many a pet geranium, a beloved ivy, has refused us, turning their faces to the wall and perishing in our very sight. To grow—to actually bring out leaves for us—is more, and earns a gratitude which no watering-pot, or syringing, or smoking with tobacco, or subsoil-ploughing with the blade of a paper-knife can fitly express. But when it comes to blossoming—to an absolute flower, fetched from nowhere, and given to ourselves personally by the parent plant, language fails! We can only lay our hands upon our heart in silent gratitude, and redouble attention, lest green fly or insidious scale creep in to harm or vex our benefactors.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

An exhibition of photographic works recently opened in London reminds us of the progress made in the past few years in this charming—art, we were going to say, but adjunct to art would be better to express its exact position: for of progress in art proper, as it affects photography, there is very little,—perhaps not so much as in the earlier days when its mechanical excellence was much less remarkable. In the days when the paper process was in vogue, and that wonderful microscopic power, which present processes have, was unknown, the objects sought were much those which an artist's sketches aim at, motives of nature, bits and passages in which she was nearly perfect—for in her great scenes she only points to completion of art, like a kind and thoughtful teacher who gives the pupil a little evidence, and then tells him to go on and complete the ideal; while now, the mechanical and technical processes and appliances are so fully developed that there is an irresistible temptation to see how perfect in truth to sticks and stones we may be. In England photography has become an amusement of the leisurely; and in that paradise of shopkeepers the shopmen furnish everything one may want, while the technical photographers render such assistance that almost the blind may see and make photographs. You can get an apparatus weighing six or eight pounds complete, which will go in the corner of your portmanteau, and sensitive plates, which are prepared and sold at specified prices; these you may carry in good condition round the world, in all your walks and abidings, and have the power of taking away with you, at little expense and labor, a record of what you see, such as photography will give; and if you do not excel in chemical manipulations you can, when you return, send your plates to a photographer to be developed and printed. Even ladies have distinguished themselves in this now lady-like amusement, and some of the finest examples of taste and perception of the happy chance manifestations of the design of nature in this London exhibition are from the hands of amateurs, with records of wanderings in all parts of the world, groups of friends, contributions to scientific knowledge, etc., etc., all of which, a few years ago, would have required long training and experience in difficult technical operations. Now with a little camera, which you may carry in one hand, a few dozen dry plates, only needing to be kept from the light and damp to last for years, you can walk out, wait a few minutes while the sun does his work on the sensitive film, and when you have leisure in the evening develop your picture over your wash-bowl in your chamber, without a stain on your fingers. If everybody knew how easy it is, there would be a hundred practicing it where now there is one.

But the progress in reproduction of the negative is much greater than in any other respect. In place of the old silver print with its evanescent beauty, we have now the carbon print—sun-wrought—as perfect and absolutely permanent, with its marvelous imitations of the drawings of the old artists; and what promises still more in the aid of progress and culture, the collographic print,—a sun lithograph with which in some cases perfect results have been attained, but which, for want of absolute knowledge of the conditions of success, is still in the penumbra of science, and sometimes succeeds and sometimes fails, without failure or success giving a clear *raison d'être*. When this process is fully perfected and all its results are what the best now are, or rather when an equal and certain mechanical result is assured, we shall have, so far as reproduction of works of art is concerned, and illustration of travels, works on taste, science, etc., etc., a method of elucidation and instruction, in which perfection of result equals the reliability of illustration.

In this exhibition are some specimens of photo-engraving by a new process, in which a copper-plate is obtained, the results of which resemble a fine mezzotint.

There are some superb photographs of skies, which all landscape painters should possess, and some renderings of that lovely English landscape,—the fullest of human sentiment and interest, the sweetest in all the homely shapes and forms of Mother Nature's outer face the elements have moulded together,—which are so near like art that one may well be pardoned for calling the sun-work art-work. *But why isn't it?* Because art lies in the artist, and is but the expression in visible form of his passion, his tenderness, his sympathy, his insight and memory,—the brood of his imagination moving over the formless and void face of the uninformed creation. If there is not some one of these qualities there is no art; if there is one, then the work is removed from the sphere of photography, as law is from the sphere of accident: for the photographer's work is merely that of a choice between many things which nature presents to us, all equally far removed from our control or shaping. We may watch the moment when the shadows fall most impressively and the sunbeam rests on the point fullest of meaning, and catch with quick lens the happy instant; but it is only a simulation of art, for we cannot bring the shade where we will, or the sunlight where it is wanted: all is still under a mechanical law, and neither love nor insight nor poetic feeling can stand with softening influence between the sun and his work. We may choose for our subject what an artist would have chosen—that is only taste; but we cannot make one hair black or white by any thought over the camera, which will not be an artist, coax, caress, and humor it as we will. Art may direct and employ photography—thence artistic photography; but photography can no more become art than stones can become sunbeams.

The Literary Sensation of the hour in Germany is a revelation regarding the "mysterious abdication" of Ferdinand the Fifth, in Austria, during the revolutionary troubles of 1848. Baron Helfert, who seems to have been in the secret, now gives it to

the world in his history of recent Austria, and it seems to have been a mystery from the very beginning. The Emperor had fled from Vienna to Olmütz to avoid the dangers of the rebellion. Early one morning a mysterious excitement pervaded the old town. Ladies and gentlemen were hastening, on foot and in carriages, to the Archbishop's palace; mounted orderlies were flying hither and thither, and troops of every grade were hastening to a common rendezvous. It was soon discovered that nearly all the members of the Imperial household had arrived in the night, and that the ministers and all the high officers of State were present. No one could divine the cause of this unusual activity—neither the actors nor the spectators. The most influential men of the realm simply knew that they were ordered to assemble in gala dress in the palace at Olmütz, a little after daylight of a December morning. The company represented nearly every department of the government, in all varieties of dress, even to the priestly robes of the high officials of the Church. Anxiety and consternation were on every countenance. Even the Archduke Ferdinand approached the master of ceremonies, begging to know why they were thus mysteriously called together at so unseasonable an hour. His only answer was, that his lips were sealed until events should tell their own story. And thus the fairest princesses of the Imperial Court were kept in the agony of suspense.

The incubus on the company was shown by the ominous silence or painful whispers, and the waiting minutes seemed to be hours. At last, at 8 o'clock, the folding-doors were thrown open, and their majesties, the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Archdukes Francis Charles and the present Emperor, Francis Joseph, solemnly entered and took the seats assigned to them. A breathless suspense controlled the assemblage as the Emperor arose, and taking a document from his breast, read as follows: "Weighty reasons have brought me to the irrevocable determination to lay down the imperial crown, which I do in favor of my beloved nephew; his father, my dear brother, renouncing all his rights to the throne in favor of his cherished son."

The Emperor then bade the Minister of State lay before him the necessary documents for signature and ratification by witnesses, after which the youthful successor approached his uncle and knelt before him, in such a state of mental agitation that he could not command his words of gratitude. The abdicating monarch bent over him with his benediction, and then embracing him, uttered the only free words heard during the entire scene: "God bless thee; be honest and God will protect thee. I have acted freely and willingly." Women burst into violent sobs, and the eyes of strong men became fountains of tears.

The Divine Comedy has found still another translator in Germany, in the well-known poet and lover of Italian literature, Dr. Rotter. He would seem to have taken his inspiration from our Longfellow, for he has closely followed the system and spirit of this most recent English rendering. The critics award to it the same meed of praise that was so generally accorded to the American poet's labors, and declare it the truest and most conscientious rendering of Dante that has yet appeared in Germany. While it is remarkably true in the selection of words, it carefully avoids all violence to the genius of the German idiom, and still retains in large degree the rhythm and measure of the original. But above all it seems to have preserved the spirit—the divine afflatus of the Italian—so successfully as to transplant the choicest thoughts without destroying their fragrance. The general verdict is that Dr. Rotter has robbed the royal translator, King John of Saxony, of his laurels.

The French Academy seems to have absorbed more than its usual share of the attention of the nation since political matters have become sufficiently quiet to permit any regard to literary progress. There have been, lately, several famous elections to fill vacant chairs; the most noted of these, perhaps, is that of Jules Janin—the world-renowned *feuilletoniste* of the French press. The assumption of these much coveted positions is always accompanied by addresses eulogistic of their previous occupants, and these efforts are often the most remarkable orations of the epoch. This has especially been the case of late, partly for the want of any other forum where one could gain a hearing from the nation. The legitimate subjects of these oratorical efforts are the literary productions and deeds of the departed academician; but they have recently been largely interspersed with wise reflections drawn from the painful school of experience, and thus the orations before the Academy have become interesting mirrors of the minds of some of the most influential men of France. And in almost every instance they show a gratifying appreciation of the true state of the nation, and an anxious desire to imbue it with a sounder philosophy in regard to its own position in the European family. This laudable effort is being nobly supplemented by the general course of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, nearly every issue of which contains some leading article characterized by what the Apostle would certainly have called "holy boldness." We rejoice in its censure of Victor Hugo, whom it criticises most sharply for his recent political letters to *The Rappel*. It fitly designates him as a crazy dabbler in meaningless and dangerous phrases, who has outlived his time. Every few months he announces that he is about to withdraw from public life in disgust; and yet he reappears on the stage whenever he can find the least chance of stirring up the turbid and angry waters. All sensible Frenchmen must be delighted with his recent defeat in the endeavor to obtain the votes of Paris for the Assembly by an honest and life-long republican. It is greatly to be hoped that this will put a final quietus on Hugo.

Italian Literature has recently experienced a great loss in the death of the Marchioness Florenzi.

She belonged to the long line of Italian women who have made themselves so famous as teachers and authors. In her earliest years she showed a predilection for philosophical studies, and became known to the principal savans of her native land. She gained her brightest laurels in endeavoring to introduce to her countrymen the rigors of German philosophy, and her numerous translations from the language gave a new impulse in that line to the studious youth of Italy. She became the personal friend of Gioberti, Cousin, and Bunsen, and was for years in correspondence with the kings of Bavaria. At the time of her death she was in Florence, editing for publication the numerous letters which had passed between her and King Louis of Bavaria. Among her own works we may mention one on Socialism and Communism, and an essay on psychology and logic. She also treated of Dante as the philosopher of thought, of the philosophy of the mind, and the immortality of the soul. She was a striking example of that spirit of earnest investigation which marked some of the Italian women of the Middle Ages, and is not entirely extinct in the present generation.

THE BOHEMIANS are becoming fearfully agitated on the question of pan-Slavism, and have carried the matter so far as to establish a Russian journal at Prague, the initial number of which appeared on the first of January last. It bears the title of *Slavonic World*, and in consideration of the fact that the Slavonians of Bohemia do not understand the Russian, it is printed in parallel columns of Russian and German. This is indicative of the bitterness of the feud between the Czechs among the Bohemians and their Austrian rulers. These Czechs would rather become Russian than German, and are thus ever accepting the advances of Russia, which very evidently supplies the means for this strange enterprise, as it not long ago established a Russian Church in Prague, ostensibly for the use of the Russian Consulate, but in reality to draw over the Czechs to the Russian worship, or at least accustom them to it. The bell alone cost six thousand rubles in Moscow, which city bought and gave it to the church at Prague.

AND THE POLES are making the Austrians about as much trouble in Galicia. They are very bitter at the Germans since the recent war, probably in the fear that they may be entirely swallowed up by German progress. Their civil and political condition is said to be deplorable, and they seem to have made up their mind to bring about a social chaos. In one province of ten thousand souls there is but one small and miserable school, and there are scarcely any roads by which this can be reached. There are three different prominent religious castes in the country,—the Poles, the Slavonians, and the Jews,—and between them they manage to have church holidays about one day in three, which keeps up a continual friction and excitement among the sects. There is a studied indifference to all industrial progress, and it is with much effort that even a railroad can be introduced into the country, as the ignorant masses oppose its construction.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PEASANTS have been demoralized by the great success of their Passion Play last year. They are about being led into a temptation that will be perilous to the future of that undertaking. It has been the custom to present their famous play but once in ten years, and that in the intent to keep alive the religious interest of their region. But the strangers brought them a goodly sum of money last season,—62,000 florins,—about half of which was divided among the actors, after paying expenses; and now they have voted some 10,000 florins for the erection of a permanent theater in which to give annual representations. Even if these are successful, the simplicity and innocence of the peasant-life will be materially affected by a yearly influx of pleasure-seeking strangers. The charm of this play depends, however, so greatly upon its freshness and rarity that both actors and visitors will lose much of the zest of its enjoyment if it is to become a fixed business of the Oberammergau.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S popularity in the Fatherland is a proof that there are plenty of boys and girls yet in Germany, though the race seems to have disappeared in France, and is in danger of dying out in this country. A beautiful German edition of his "Collected Tales," with over a hundred illustrations, was the great attraction of the Christmas trees last December. This was indeed the seventh complete edition, and was more than ever popular because of some genial illustrations of Oscar Pletsch, whose drawings are unrivaled for the skill with which they delineate the playful innocence of childhood.

MILES O'REILLY found his counterpart during the German war in the person of the brave fusileer Kutschke. This redoubtable soldier and minstrel sang the deeds of the German warriors with so much gusto and humor that he soon conquered all hearts, and his songs went up from almost every camp and from every fireside of the Fatherland. Of course, everybody wanted to know the veritable Kutschke, but this favor was not then to be granted to common mortals, and the mystery only enhanced the desire. Pretenders by scores presented themselves, but their claims were soon found to be spurious, and the public took to guessing everybody, even Bismarck. At last the enigma was said to be solved. Dr. Grieben, one of the editors of *The Cologne Gazette*, has just published in Berlin a work entitled "The Songs of Kutschke before the Bar." His investigation is very thorough and circumstantial, and his decision is that the famous lays are the productions of a pastor of Mecklenburg, by the name of Pistorius. But the editors of *Daheim* still claim that the secret is with them, and that in due time they will bring the soldier-poet from his obscurity, and introduce him to his numerous friends.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE ART MUSEUM.

THE ART MUSEUM opens bravely.

The somewhat hurried examination which we have been able to devote to the gallery convinces us that the management, by "nicking the moment with a happy tact," have, in commercial phrase, done a remarkably good stroke of business. To secure so many and so good pictures at such a price was a splendid bit of financiering, only to be explained by the depression in the market for all articles of luxury or art which then prevailed in Europe. The wonder, after all, is less that the pictures could be bought so low, than that they could be bought at all. When it is considered what an averred work of an old master means to European dealers and gallery directors, how eagerly any such specimens are bought up by the agents of governments, or great potentates or nobles in their private capacity, and how rarely, having once got into good galleries, they ever get out again—all this considered, it is clear that there must be an immense balance of probabilities against any given American purchaser, in the face of such competition, securing any work of importance of artists above the third rank, not to mention a collection like the present. Of course, if it were possible to command Fate and circumstance, it would have been well, for the educational intent of the Museum, to get even a much smaller set of old Italian masters, with their loftier ideal and religious tone, than a collection almost exclusively Netherlandish, and in so far limited to the lower range of *genre*, still life, and a somewhat ignoble realism.

But for evident reasons, chiefly the more modern epoch of the artists, and the immense productivity of the patient and minute Flemish industry, it was a great deal easier to get the pictures we have.

And with this hasty glance into the mouth of the gift-horse, let us pass to some of the works themselves. With a few exceptions of very old or foreign work, they fall, as we have said, almost exclusively under the head of the Flemish or Dutch schools of the seventeenth century—at a time when religious idealism was nearly extinct, and the chief energies of the craft were bent on technical excellence of color, light, and texture, only relieved at intervals by broad humor, or warmth and richness of sensuous effect.

Without touching, except in the most cursory way, upon questions of authenticity, etc., which would call for the testimony of skillful technicists, and lead us far beyond our present limits, it may be confidently stated that the pictures are, in all but the rarest exceptions, second or third class works at best, of artists not bearing first rank in the History of Art. They are, nevertheless, not only interesting and often masterly productions, but well fitted to subserve the main purpose—the historical and educational design of the collection. It does not, perhaps, greatly invalidate this design, though it materially interferes with the enjoyment of the critic or connoisseur, that many of the pictures have been heavily retouched, and almost all varnished with coarse and indiscreet liberality.

First in order of time, and of the catalogue, come the curious old works (Nos. 1 and 2) of the very early Flemish school. The first, "The Adoration," by a scholar of Van Eyck, has much of the quiet but earnest devotional element of the time, and its primitive hardness and simplicity of style as well. The second, a "Descent from the Cross," by Van der Weyden, is a type of an immense class of such subjects by the early Dutch, Flemish, and German painters, with their counterparts among the early Italians. A marked difference between the two is the tendency of the gentler Italians to emphasize the affectionate, aspiring, and devotional elements in the scenes of Scripture history, while the ruder Northlanders seem to revel in the hardest delineation of all sterner emotion. The minute and unimaginative way in which the artist gloats over every physical feature of pain or despair, gives these pictures a certain ghastly attractiveness. His *naïf* fidelity in insisting on the unpleasant details of suffering,—drawn and quivering muscles, big dropping tears, blood-shot eyes, pinched and inflamed noses,—all the sad material side and tragi-comedy of sorrow, is very curiously noticeable in this picture, and is, as we have said, typical of the whole class.

Historically, the most interesting picture in the room is the large painting (No. 3) by Rubens, "The Return into Egypt," taken from the Jesuit Church at Antwerp. The picture is very noble in the large and simple relations of the drawing, and dignity of attitude and expression in the figures. The coloring is not inharmonious, but somewhat somber, or even muddy—decidedly less brilliant and pure in tone than usual with this master. A certain artificial and confused handling of some of the drapery of the Virgin, a trace of hardness in the modeling of her face, and, more than all, the rather sweety sentimentalism in the features of the child, would suggest, were it not for the imposing pedigree given in the catalogue, that the picture might be an excellent bit of school-work rather than an original. Certain traits of tone and handling, however, in the head of the Father, and the surrounding aureole and clouds, point decidedly to the master's own hand.

One of his most distinguished followers, Jacob Jordaens, is admirably represented by the large "Visit of St. John" (No. 118). The coarse but vigorous drawing, excellent grouping, and skillful handling of light and shadow, illustrate some of the artist's chief merits. Equally characteristic of that general incapacity of the Netherlandish school for the ideal—their usual inability to imagine or paint anything more beautiful than the blowzy, coarse-fibred, and sodden humanity about them—is the figure of the child Jesus,

which, as it is the central element at once in drawing, scale of light, and the *thought* of the composition, should have struck the key-note of the feeling by its refined loveliness and subtle significance. Instead of this, it is painted directly, and with painful fidelity, from a very earthly model indeed,—one of the fattest, scrubbiest, and, alas! grimiest of the broad-timbered little *gamins* whom the painter could pick up in the streets of Antwerp.

De Crayer's large painting, "Alexander Visiting Diogenes," is good in composition and color, and there is a fine dignity in one or two of the figures at the left. The traditional and impossible horse of the Flemish school figures largely in the picture, and casts discredit on the equine race in general.

Of the two Teniers, the younger is represented by the "Marriage Festival" (No. 10), an excellent specimen of his best manner. It is less vigorous and broad in drawing and conception than much of his work, but admirable for spirit and humor, and for the accuracy and finish of details. Here, too, we may notice how conventionally, and often stupidly, the school painted such objects as trees, landscape distance, clouds, and the like, which they didn't care about, and what loving minuteness they expended on the minutiæ of petticoats and breeches, and tipsy faces, pots and pans, and beer-jugs, which they cared for a great deal. But they did it well. The crisp yet juicy and mellow touches with which the mischievous old Fleming has given life to his drunken, dancing, roistering, romping boors and peasant women is a wonderful study of method as such.

Of the two Van Dycks (Nos. 5 and 6) we should have had some suspicions but for the authority of the catalogue and the documents. Neither, it seems to us, can be viewed as excellent specimens of his manner. In the "St. Martha" there is a strong hint of the master in the composition and shadows about the central parts of the picture, but the texture is not very characteristic, and the face of the Saint is rather wooden and insipid. The "Portrait of Miss De Christyn" is an excellent bit, but the tone is colder, less mellow and transparent than usual with his portraits, and the handling of details about the costume a little careless. The face, not in itself remarkable for beauty, has still great strength of quiet characterization.

De Vries' "Portrait of a Dutch Gentleman" (No. 172) is rich in color and strong in treatment, though it has not the blended delicacy and transparency of Rembrandt's tone. The observer will see some reason for the assertion in the catalogue that De Vries' pictures were seized by dealers, and sold, with signature erased, as Rembrandt's first style. Another noble work is Gerard Terburg's portrait of himself (No. 50); and still another, Greuze's beautiful sketch of a girl's head, afterwards used in a larger picture. It is, as the catalogue hints, decidedly more bold in treatment and vigorous in character than his more delicate but less powerful completed works.

Of the supposed Velazquez (No. 171) we say the less, that it does not seem to us a very remarkable work, even of still life, and can in no case well represent a master mainly distinguished for large figure-pieces and for strong and broad effects.

But we have left ourselves no space to do more than allude to much interesting and valuable work; landscapes by Huysmans, Both, Ryckaert, and others; Game by Fyt; Still Life by De Heem, and other pictures good in themselves, or important as affording hints at least of masters who must be seen in their perfection beyond seas. We have said enough to show that the Metropolitan Museum contains the nucleus of a most valuable and interesting collection, illustrating very creditably an important epoch of art, and one from which the student will pass to his broader field of European observation with faculties sharpened and taste enlightened for further study.

A PICTURE AT GOUPIL'S.

BRION'S "Sixth Day of Creation," now on exhibition at Goupil's, is a work of exceptional aim and scope. The artist proposes to indicate with brush and color the solemn moment when the Creator, having brought forth the earth from night and chaos, and peopled it with all animal and vegetable life, "saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good." In such a work, it might have been anticipated that the literal element would be of slight moment, the inventive and imaginative everything. The case, however, is exactly reversed. The part of the picture for which the painter must rely mainly on his invention is as nearly as possible an utter failure; the realistic portion singularly noble and beautiful.

Whatever may have been the case with art and artists in the much-talked-of age of childlike faith, religious anthropomorphism—the attempt to typify in finite human semblance the awful attributes of the infinite Creator—is hopelessly out of date. Admitting the experiment, in merely artistic regards, successful, it can hardly fail to displease either of the two main classes of observers. To the devout and conservative believer it must savor of irreverence; to the pantheist it presents only a childish and superstitious symbolism. The only feasible way of contemplating such a picture would be to look at it in the light of a sort of æsthetic paganism—as we accept the Phidian Juno or Neptune. It must be interpreted as a myth, purely and simply—a chapter of Hesiod, not of Moses, and read in the light of poetic abstraction, without relation to our own religious conviction or historic tradition. But even in this aspect the work should, of course, be æsthetically good. Brion's delineation of the Creator is just the contrary. It ingeniously combines all possible disadvantages, and shocks at once the reverence of the believer, the intellect of the rationalist, and the taste of the artist. It fails perceptibly in dignity, creative ingenuity, or poetic grandeur. It represents

simply—we speak with all reverence—a very old man, white of hair and beard and robe, seated in an awkward attitude on a pile of clouds, propping himself in a very solid fashion against other clouds, and, so to speak, *pawing* away the vapor from about him, while the high wind, which for mechanical reasons we must conjecture, though the clouds give no sign of it, causes his long robe to swell and float off in a sort of umbrella-like canopy behind him.

We do not propose to waste comment in pointing out, what the taste of most observers will recognize without effort, the inaptness of the symbolism or the weakness of the execution. Neither is it exactly the critic's part to prescribe minutely what the artist *should have* done. Still, the very shadowy and vaporous nature of the background and surroundings might have seemed to offer, ready to his hand, the material for a more poetic conception—a finer and more subtle suggestion. In the awkward literalness of this unpleasant bit of realism we are tempted to regret the dim cloud-wreaths and vague outlines of mist and shadow which Martin has so nobly used in his treatment of a similar subject.

But when, leaving the realm of pure invention, the artist comes down to nature and fact, he is superb. His realism is far more imaginative than his unreality. We do not remember to have seen any cloud-painting better. Perhaps, indeed, no great power of invention, pure and simple, was required—nothing but a quick eye for natural beauty—a true feeling for the inherent grandeur and solemnity of aërial phenomena. Many of our readers, probably, have at some time stood on a high mountain-peak at early morning, and seen the landscape draped and covered in with mist-banks in boundless silvery immensity, one vast horizonless ocean of snowy cloud, with only a black hill-top peering out here and there, or some casual glimpse of emerald lake or meadow or glittering streamlet to vaguely hint at the varied and familiar landscape beneath. Then, as the sun came slowly up, stirring the sluggish masses with its warmth, permeating them with tones of amber and amethyst, and silvering the crests of the vapory billows to blinding brightness, they have seen the vast ocean rent and moved as by internal winds, the great cloud-wreaths drifting and fusing and parting away, letting the sight penetrate deep down to the cool, dark, green earth far below; heaping in fantastic likeness over the contour of the mountain crests; casting rich transparent shadows over the neighboring masses, and clotting in long and level lines of strata-like cumuli, in endless perspective to the horizon. Just such a wondrous morning almost every mountain tourist has at some time experienced. In painting such a scene, as he has done, with literal accuracy, yet with imaginative feeling and the most admirable technical skill, Brion has deserved well of the lovers both of art and nature. He might well have stopped here. His Creation, unaided, would have done better without his theatrical yet ignoble attempt at delineating the Creator. The superb scene he has so ably rendered would have amply recalled the morning tide of the infant universe, with no extraneous aid to enforce its profound lesson and sublime significance.

THE CHURCH MUSIC ASSOCIATION.

THE Church Music Association is doing excellent work, in a somewhat exclusive manner. At its last concert in this city it gave Mozart's Requiem Mass in its entirety, with a large and efficient orchestra and a well-disciplined chorus. This, we believe, is the first time that the whole work has been heard by a New York audience. Of the performance much that is commendatory may justly be said. It was an intelligent, spirited, and equable presentation of one of the most difficult, and at the same time most elevated and symmetrical of the compositions that belong to the ecclesiastical *répertoire*. The programme included the "Struensee" overture of Meyerbeer, and selections from Wallace's opera of "Lurline." Greater contrast could not have offered than was here presented. The Mass had engaged the severest attention of conductor and performers, and was without doubt the musical feature of the entertainment; but the orchestra and chorus were sufficiently interested in the two other and less meritorious works to insure a careful and even brilliant performance.

The Church Music Association occupies a distinct and exceptional position among the art organizations of the country. It is not, as its name implies, restricted to the performance of church music, but makes its selections with the most catholic taste from all worthy sources. Originally conceived in a proprietary if not an exclusive spirit, it has, with success, outgrown the limits set, and taken its place as a popular and vigorous conserver of musical culture.

While the older Philharmonic Society appears to be retrograding, and with each season isolates itself more thoroughly in German Classicism, and the choral societies are torn by internal dissensions, or inoperative from a want of the enterprising and public-spirited leadership which is so essential in all organizations of this character,—the Church Music Association has risen quietly in the estimation of the musical public as a new, liberal, and generous power, competent to furnish the best symphonic and choral works with conscientious fidelity and artistic skill. It must not be understood from this that the Church Music Association has as yet depended upon the public for encouragement and support. We wish we could say that such was the case. It is supported by a wealthy and refined constituency, who subscribe enough money at the commencement of each season to form a guarantee fund. The concerts are thus free from the risks, the hurry, the anxiety, and but too common disappointments of most musical enterprises. The impulse, however, thus given to good music has been sufficient, we think, to carry the enterprise beyond the original confines, and we should

not be surprised if the Association ere long made an appeal to the public which has shown so much interest in its concerts. There is a very large class of cultivated people in this city to whom the opera does not cater, and who are therefore deprived of the pleasure of hearing such works as Weber's "Preciosa" and "Oberon," and Wallace's "Lurline." It seems to have been the Church Music Association's mission to furnish these delightful compositions without the usual adjuncts of costume and scenery, and in doing so it has opened up a vast field of popular secular music to that portion of the community virtually debarred from its enjoyment anywhere else. Dr. Pech, the indefatigable conductor, is deserving of great praise for his tact and energy in the supervision, no less than in the conception of these entertainments. As a conductor, he lacks the magnetism and strong will that we have lately seen exhibited in Dr. Damrosch, a new acquisition. But he is reliable, and possesses the fine instincts and the experience of a thorough maestro, and he has shown by his management of the chorus and orchestra under him that he has a wholesome sense of discipline.

SANTLEY IN OPERA.

SINCE our last musical chronicle Mr. Santley has sung for us in English opera, "Zampa" having been resuscitated by the Parepa-Rosa management especially for him. He made his *début* with all the honors of a star, and with many of the perquisites, flowers included, of a prima donna. "Zampa" is an old opera, with a brilliant overture and sparkling instrumentation throughout, but its story is weak and its concerted music *bizarre*. The *rôle* of *Zampa* was originally written for M. Chollet, a French tenor with an exceptional voice running with facility into falsetto. It was transposed some years ago to enable Mr. Santley to sing it, and it may be said that the beauty of his voice and the purity of his style won for the work its first genuine success in England. The same qualities insured for it a triumph here. Probably no opera was ever presented at the Academy of Music which rested so completely upon the vocalism of its chief singer as did this. Acting there was none which merited even the cursory analysis usually bestowed by the morning journals. Mrs. Van Zandt, the prima donna, seemed indifferent, and did not exert herself. She fell off in tone as the opera proceeded, and in the latter scenes sang out of tune even more continuously than usual. Tom Carl, the tenor, whose abilities at the best are of the amateur kind, lent little assistance. His voice is weak and undeveloped, and his method lacking in the suavity and repose of the finished artist. It was upon Mr. Santley, therefore, that the plentiful laurels provided for the occasion all fell. Nothing more chastely elegant and artistic than his singing of the cantabile and cabaletta passages in "Zampa" has ever been heard on the Academy boards. One is to take into account the wonderful charm of his voice, the English beauty of his face and manner, no doubt, to account for the unanimous praise bestowed upon an artist who brought to the lyric stage only half the merits usually exacted of successful operatic stars. Certain it is that while Mr. Santley is a singer of the most unexceptionable school, he lacks the power of dramatic utterance, and following in the footsteps of the passionate Wachtel—that Fechter of opera—we cannot help expressing our astonishment, mingled with some satisfaction, at the success of his vocalism, unaided as it was by any brilliant declamatory effects.

JUDGED OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH.

THERE can be no reasonable doubt either of the sincerity or of the piety of multitudes of the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, whether clergy or laity. And the attacks which are directed against that Church, and which assume for their first premise either the knavishness or the foolishness of all Roman Catholics, are sure to injure the over-zealous Protestantism which originates them rather than the strong and well-defended antagonist against whom they are urged. Of the anti-popery artillery of the last half century much has been managed by unskillful gunners, and has been found to be more dangerous to those who stood behind it than to those who received its point-blank discharge. The time has gone by (or is going) when a raw-head and bloody-bones outcry was effective against the Scarlet Woman; when secret societies, with pass-words and oaths and "regalia" (why regalia we could never understand), were thought to be mighty to the pulling down of strongholds of Jesuitic iniquity; and when the infant minds of Protestant Sunday-school children were duly put upon their guard against the Jesuits in disguise, the Spies in the Family, whose wicked ways were set forth (with illustrations) in highly wrought and sensational library books. The fact that a man like Hyacinthe, for example, of whose eloquent fervor, of whose disinterested love for truth and right the whole religious world is the admiring witness, still claims the Roman Catholic Church as his own church, and protests only against its errors and abuses, not against its historic unity and its divine sanctity,—this fact of itself has opened the eyes of many people; and it begins to be seen that there is still within that church so much of piety and of ability, so much of honesty and of religious faith and zeal, that the Protestant world cannot afford to treat it either with undiscriminating abuse or even with unqualified aversion. The attitude of the assailants of this great ecclesiasticism should be critical, not denunciatory; and, so far as possible, the church should be represented by its own acts and documents, and judged out of its own mouth.

If this is wisely and manfully done, the danger of any mischievous reaction from the old blood-and thunder hatred of the Pope and all his ways and works, will be prevented. So long as the true character of the Roman Catholic system is fairly and

temperately kept before the people, there will be no danger of any indifferentism on their part with regard to its encroachments on our rights and liberties. One recent instance of its enormous power over the human conscience, of its perilous and amazing ability to silence honest conviction and to repress free speech, has just been brought to the notice of the American people, and deserves a timely word of mention in our pages.

The Archbishop of St. Louis is widely and honorably known, not only within the Roman Catholic Church, but also throughout Protestant America. Of venerable age, of thorough scholarship, of admirable eloquence, and apparently of manly courage and honest goodness, there were not many of the members of the late Vatican Council who could claim in these respects superiority to him. It was well understood that Kenrick was the earnest and consistent opponent of the dogma of infallibility, during the time occupied by the Council in reaching the enunciation of that dogma as the conclusion for which it was convoked, and to which it was carefully manipulated. How earnest the Archbishop's opposition was; with what arguments it was maintained, and to what length it went in its defiance of the proposed dogma, could not, of course, be known. It now appears, however, that the speech which he had intended to make was fully prepared, but was refused a hearing in consequence of the sudden and arbitrary close of the debate, and that it was privately printed at Naples and circulated among the members of the Council. Fortunately, "by some roundabout way," a copy of it reached the hands of a Protestant minister (the Rev. L. W. Bacon, of Baltimore), who took the pains to translate it from the original Latin, for the benefit of the Archbishop's flock and of American readers generally, prefacing and supplementing it with a brief historical narrative, and with certain other documents which throw light upon the character and achievements of the famous, and, as it would seem, the well-nigh fatal, Council.

The Archbishop's speech is every way admirable. The oratorical elegance and force which it must have had in the Latin is well reproduced in the English version. The theological learning and truthfulness of some portions of the argument might well be instructive to many of the Protestant clergy. The exposure of the inconsistencies in which the acceptance of the obnoxious dogma will involve the church; the warning of the intolerable burden which it will put upon the conscience and the common sense of the faithful, is clearly and skillfully uttered. But, what is most extraordinary of all, the statement is frankly made that "the opinion of the infallibility of the Pope in the sense of the *schema*, whether true or false, is not a doctrine of faith, and *cannot be propounded as such to the faithful, even by the definition of a council.*"

And yet, when, notwithstanding the Archbishop's protest, and his eloquent argument, at times defiant and at times almost plaintive in its tone, the "opinion" was propounded, with the usual anathema upon all dissenting heretics, this voice, so earnest, so true, so fearless, is silent. There is a story of a lawyer who was sent for by a client in extreme distress, and who, responding to the summons, found his man in prison. "How do you come here?" was his indignant question. "By such and such a process, upon such and such a charge."—"But they *can't* imprison you on such a charge," was the rejoinder of the man of law. To which the victim plaintively made answer, "But here I am."

And here is the Archbishop! What the Council would not do, what it should not do, nay, what it *could* not do, it has done; and, worst of all, it has done it to the Archbishop himself, as it has done it to Dupanloup, to Gratry, and to so many others who deserve in some honorable and Christian sense the name of "faithful." To put the Archbishop's speech by the side of the Archbishop's silence is to demonstrate that the making of "bulls" (at least in the Celtic sense of the word) is not the exclusive privilege of his holiness the successor of St. Peter.

As we write, two items of news stand almost side by side in the columns of the newspaper—the death of the Abbé Gratry and the proposed reconvocation of the Council, which was popularly considered to have been some time dead. Public interest, thus attracted anew to a matter which had begun to be forgotten, will find much to ponder in this speech of Archbishop Kenrick, and will see how much power there is still left in the Roman Catholic Church when it can thus perform impossibilities upon the very men who demonstrated that they were impossible.

"BITS OF TRAVEL, BY H. H."

YOUR true traveler, like your true poet, is born, not made. A. goes from Dan to Beersheba, and cries out that it is all barren. B. follows him, observes with calm approbation all Nature's scenic effects for the entertainment of intelligent tourists, feels the proper emotions in the proper places, comes home and writes about them with a conscientious exactness which fixes in the hearts of his readers a stern resolye to avoid him, his works, and his haunts forevermore. Then comes C., whose quick eyes see with hearty interest the palms on the Dan-ese plains and the porringers in the Dan-ese kitchens; the rivers of Beersheba and the romance that looks from the dark eyes of the Beersheban hostess; and whose quick tongue tells their story with less care for the illustration of C. than for the illustration of all these delightful experiences which C. has been so fortunate as to have. When we hear C.'s tale we cannot believe that it concerns the same dull waste which we shut our eyes upon with A., and toiled miserably over under B.

The true traveler's outfit must contain modesty, honesty, perception, patience, kindliness, culture, and a quick sense of fun. H. H. took with her not only these, but the most exquisite and prankish humor, a

fine wit, a marvelous impressibility, a sharp apprehension of the ludicrous, odd, and grotesque, and the tenderest and sweetest humanity. What wonder, then, that the familiar places, whose charm has been so rubbed away by the iteration of dull innumerable tourists that they had long ceased not only to be places, but even pictures, and hung in memory like dim and dusty maps upon a wall, should suddenly shine forth real cities, palaces, ruins, valleys, fountains, where real men and women gladly or sadly bear their burden of to-day, or where the ghosts of dead men and women seem hardly less to possess the earth? What wonder if the unfamiliar places and persons which only such sharp and kindly eyes would ever have found, seem worth crossing the ocean to know better?

In her verse H. H. is grave, pensive, introspective, sometimes oppressed a little with the weight and gravity of her thought. In her prose, a laugh like a child's ripples not seldom down the page. Every window of her soul is flung wide open to sunshine, wind,—the simple joyousness of living. In her verse the quaint seriousness of a by-gone time moulds her phrase. In her prose the nineteenth century American treads dizzily on the dangerous edge of slang; harmless, perhaps, but unmistakable slang. In her verse the words cannot always contain the heaped-up thoughts that are poured into them, and the expression is obscure. In her prose the crowding thoughts find words which are their very mirror. Her verse is often almost bodiless, so ethereal is its spirituality. And for her prose, taken as a whole, beautiful, clear, and admirable, it is so flushed with heartiness, that one is tempted to borrow a comprehensive epithet from her own pages, and pronounce it "jolly."

No woman in America promises so much as H. H.; for no woman whom we remember is so many-sided. And she has not only the gift of genius, but the power, which so seldom comes with it, of application and hard work. Therefore we hope that she may come again, and yet again, with tales "that shall hold children from play and old men from the chimney-corner."

"WONDERS OF VEGETATION."

THE second of the new series of the Illustrated Library of Wonders (Chas. Scribner & Co.) reviews in a popular way some hundreds of the more striking and interesting marvels of vegetation, and many of the more remarkable phenomena of plant life and growth. Sixty-one well-cut illustrations—the most of them full-page—bring before the young reader the likenesses of many of the trees and plants that have won distinction for historic, commercial, or scientific interest. The range of the volume is wide, and the selection of subjects judicious. The bulk of the descriptions are culled from the works of botanic explorers, whose names and fames are a sufficient guarantee that they "o'erstep not the modesty of nature," however marvelous their accounts may be. Few readers will close the book without a desire to pursue the delightful study further under the guidance of the entertaining writers thus introduced; and that, we take it, was not the least of the objects the author—Fulgence Marion—had in view.

"OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES." *

IT is a pleasure to find Mrs. Stowe again in her own especial field.

In these Oldtown Stories she deals with that type of life which she thoroughly comprehends; not even Lowell himself has ever more perfectly caught and reproduced the peculiar flavor of the homely New England dialect; the comical pathos and the pathetic comicality of the hearts and lives of those people, who say "sot" for "sat," omit final g's but learn the commandments, break all Murray's rules but keep most of God's, and are at once as cold, and as quick to melt, as hard, and as full of solid worth, as unadorned, and as full of fresh beauties, as their own snows and quarries and meadows.

The stories are ten in number, all told by Sam Lawson, whom nobody that read *Oldtown Folks* has forgotten. He is, to our thinking, the best drawn Yankee in print. The perfection of the characterization shown in his portrait is in danger of being overlooked in consequence of regarding him too exclusively as the story-teller. But in every tale that he tells he really reveals himself. His shrewdness, his humor, his patience, his tenderness, his uncouthness, his simplicity, all are revealed in every sentence he speaks.

"It's relly affectin' to think how little these ere folks is missed that's so much sot by. There ain't nobody, ef they's ever so important, but what the world gets to goin' on without em putty much as it did with 'em, though there's some little flurry at fust."

"A roarin' fire is jest so much company."

"Ye see, the General was a dreffal worldly old critter, and was all for the pomps and the vanities. Lordy massy! I wonder what the poor old critter thinks about it all now, when his body's all gone to dust and ashes in the graveyard, and his soul's gone to 'tarnity."

"This ere young wintergreen, boys, is jest like a feller's thoughts o' things that happened when he was young; it comes up jest so fresh and tender every year, the longest time you have to live; and you can't help chawin' on't, though 'tis sort o' stingin'. I don't never get over likin' young wintergreen."

"So ye see it goes, boys, gettin' yer bread by the sweat o' your brow, and sometimes sweatin' and not gettin' yer bread. That ere's what I call the *cuss*, the 'riginal cuss that come on man for hearking to the voice o' his wife; that 'ere was what did it."

"Marriage is allus kind o' venturesome."

"Folks allus preaches better on the vanity o' riches when they's in tol'able easy circumstances."

"You look at the folks that's allus tellin' you what

* *Oldtown Fireside Stories.* J. R. Osgood & Co.

they don't believe,—they don't believe this, and they don't believe that,—and what sort o' folks is they? Why, like yer Aunt Lois, sort o' stringy and dry. There *ain't no 'sorption got out o' not believin' nothin'*."

The best of the stories is "The Minister's Housekeeper." We will close our notice of the book with some extracts from it. It is as quaint and picturesque a bit of life as Mrs. Stowe has ever painted; the humor in it is delicious and the pathos touching. The minister is a simple-hearted, unworldly man, like him in the *Minister's Wooing*. The minister's wife is ill, and "Huldy," Sam Lawson's cousin, a brisk and energetic little tailoress, goes to take care of her. The wife dies, and Huldy "stays on a spell" to keep the minister's house. The women of the parish talk, and the minister marries Huldy. That is all there is of the story, but it is wrought into an idyl. As for the episode of the tom turkey, it ought to be printed as a tract. It is a far better satire than all the story of Dacia Dangereyes and Miss Ida, in *My Wife and I*:—

Just as Huldy had made all her preparations for raising a fine brood of young turkeys, the parson's hen turkey was killed.

"Oh, dear," said Huldy, "I don't know what to do. I was just ready to set her."

"Do, Huldy?" says the parson; "why there's the other turkey out there by the door, and a fine bird he is too."

Sure enough there was the old tom-turkey, a struttin' and a sidlin', and a quitterin', and a floutin' his tail-feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower all ready to begin life over again.

"But," says Huldy, "you know he can't set on eggs."

"He can't? I'd like to know why," says the parson; "he *shall* set on eggs, and hatch 'em too."

"O Doctor!" says Huldy, all in a tremble; 'cause you know she didn't want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh. "I never heard that a tom-turkey would set on eggs."

"Why, they ought to," said the parson, getting quite arnest; "what else be they good for? You just bring out the eggs now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make him set on 'em."

Then follows the story of the contest between the parson and the tom-turkey. It is funny beyond description. We defy the combined Presidents of all the Women's Rights Associations to refrain from shouting with laughter over it.

After several apparent successes the parson was worsted, the eggs all broken, and the tom-turkey "struttin' and gobblin' as if he'd come through the Red Sea and got the victory."

"I'll have him killed," said the parson; "we won't have such a critter round."

"But the parson he slep on't, and then didn't do it; he only came out next Sunday with a tip-top sermon on the 'Riginal Cuss' that was pronounced on things in gineral when Adam fell, and showed how everything was allowed to go contrary ever since. There was pig-weed and pusly, and Canady thistles, cut-worms and bag-worms and cankerworms, to say nothin' of rattle-snakes. The Doctor made it very impressive, and sort o' improvin', but Huldy she told me, goin' home, that she hardly could keep from laughin' two or three times in the sermon, when she thought of old Tom a standin' up with the corn basket on his back."

MR. ANDREWS'S BOOK.*

It is not often in these days that a man seriously proposes to reconstruct the intellectual system of the world. Such an attempt, however, is made in the work before us. Mr. Andrews undertakes nothing less than a re-statement of the underlying principles of all thought. He believes in the existence of a Science of Sciences. The whole mass of our thought, the whole body of the arts, every phase of human feeling or endeavor or accomplishment, these form the material which Mr. Andrews proposes to re-arrange in accordance with the principles of what he calls Universology. This attempt, which would seem sufficiently startling to throw grave doubts upon the possibility of its accomplishment, has occupied twenty years of study and thought on the part of the author. Its basis is the claimed discovery of a law of analogy which unifies all knowledge. The principles into which this law is subdivided are respectively named Unism, Duism, and Trinism. It is difficult to express in ordinary English the classification which Mr. Andrews has taken pains to express in what we may call a language of his own. Whatever may be the merits of this volume, that of plain speech is certainly not among them. It is encumbered with a nomenclature more elaborate and ponderous than any that has been propounded by any recent writer upon philosophy. Without following its intricacies we may say, however, that Unism is intended to signify the natural, or "simplistic" methods of thought and of investigation. Duism is the ordinary philosophic and scientific method of inquiry, in which the law is perceived to be something greater than the fact. Modern science, according to Mr. Andrews, is duismal in its conception and methods. The perfected science, however, concerns itself with Trinism, and discusses the completed harmony between mind and matter, force and spirit, phenomena and law. The remotest analogies are summoned to prove the unity of things. Mr. Andrews claims to have succeeded in "hitching his wagon to a star." We have indeed serious doubts as to the possibility of utilizing the stars as a tractive force. It seems to us that the time is not ripe for a completed science of principles, nor for the erection of a scheme of analogy into a completed temple of law. Mr. Andrews's effort, however, will interest curious thinkers; and they will find in this work at least a carefully prepared volume, with all the aids that

* *The Basic Outline of Universology.* By Stephen Pearl Andrews. New York: Dion Thomas.

clear type, accurate printing, full and elaborate indexes, and thorough proof-reading can give. Whether it will prove to contain a permanent addition to philosophical thought is a doubtful question. The book is a suggestive one; but we are hardly disposed to admit that Mr. Andrews, in his painful labors, has caught for us that secret of the universe which has defied the study of philosophers since the beginning of the world. But his labors, although they are not the last word upon the mysterious themes of life, of force, of thought, of matter, and though they may not solve the questions which human thought will still continue to propound, are perhaps not the less interesting that they have been produced by a writer who is at variance with the older philosophical methods. Mr. Andrews's book, even though it should fail to win general recognition, will yet prove a storehouse of ideas to such readers as are not deterred from perusing it by the formidable terminology that it employs.

A NEW BOOK OF ARCTIC TRAVEL.

IT is almost a matter of course for every voyage within the arctic circle, whatever else it may result in, to bring forth a book of travel more or less valuable, more or less entertaining. But voyages to that dreary wilderness of snow and ice are not so frequent, that the multitude of books resulting can be regarded as in any way a grievance. On the contrary, the stories of such voyagings have almost always a peculiar charm, and, when read amid the comforts and luxuries of our peaceful homes, beside the blazing cheer of merry fires, or amid the languid heats of summer, they inspire some congratulatory satisfaction, on the reader's part, that there are voyagers who have such stories to relate.

Of books of this sort we have not for many years —perhaps not since Lord Dufferin's *Letters from High Latitudes* of fifteen years ago—had one so readable and entertaining as that which Dr. Hayes has given us in *The Land of Desolation* (New York: Harper & Brothers). We say this in spite of obvious defects of style, and affectations of difficult pleasantry. And we do not mean that the book has any very great value as a record of exploration or discovery. It is simply the narrative of a somewhat adventurous pleasure-trip, pushed far enough toward the North Pole to be enlivened with danger, and not prolonged so far as to become monotonous and wearisome. The description of the ruins of the old Norse settlements, and the *résumé* of the history of the early expeditions of the Northmen to America, eight hundred or a thousand years ago, will be read with great delight even by those to whom the history was not unfamiliar: for, the illustration which is given to the history by the sight of the authentic vestiges of that extinct civilization is wonderfully fresh and impressive. So too the account of the glacier of Sermitsialik is admirably graphic and entertaining, and gives the best possible popular exposition of the formation and movement of the ice-masses, by which such vast geologic consequences have been wrought and are still being produced. To see a glacier actually in motion; to see an ice-berg in the very moment of its birth, is to come in very close contact with the elemental forces by which, in pre-historic times, the face of the earth was fashioned to its present form and outline.

We commend the book as full of entertainment, and by no means deficient in permanent value for popular instruction. And, as the growth of the ice-fields seems to make such voyagings as those of Dr. Hayes more and more difficult and perilous each year, it is quite likely that we may not have again a story of arctic adventure so bright and lively, which, at the same time, shall take us so near to the unattained ambition of explorers in high latitudes,—the North Pole.

THE SOUTHERN STATES SINCE THE WAR.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. (London and New York) have published, in a volume of about three hundred pages, the notes and observations of a five months' tour through the Southern States (during the winter of 1870–1) by an English gentleman, Mr. Robert Somers. It is not a book of travel, in the ordinary understanding of that phrase. The writer is not on the lookout for the beautiful, or the picturesque, or the amusing. He would seem to have not an ounce of sentiment or of prejudice. His sole, steadfast purpose is to ascertain and report such facts concerning the condition of the Southern States since the war as will be useful from a commercial and industrial point of view. It is difficult to see how such a work could have been done better than he has done it. Of course the book will not be widely popular, but it is thoroughly valuable. With the utmost sobriety and exactness, with prosaic plainness and condensation, and yet with the most readable distinctness, Mr. Somers records such facts as he discovers which have any bearing on the main purpose of his journey. He records them, apparently, on the spot, though not in the form of a journal, adding at the close a few words of general summary. It is quite wonderful to see how perfectly the book is free from all traces of English prejudice and ignorance, and inability to comprehend and to appreciate American affairs.

A NEW EDITION OF "AMERICANISMS"

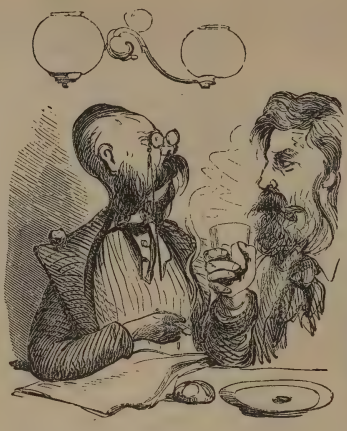
has just come from the press of Charles Scribner & Co. Prof. Schele De Vere has revised the work, and, "profiting by the criticisms from friend and foe, he has corrected all the errors that have come to his knowledge." As it now stands, the work is a unique and most valuable contribution to the study of what Mr. Marcy called the American Language.

ETCHINGS.

PETER GREEN EMULATES THE GRAND DUKE.



1. Peter Green prepares to follow in the footsteps of the Grand Duke.



2. To save his scalp he gets his head shaved, but is informed by his friend that Indians only respect long hair.



3. Waits till his hair grows again. —Sleep on the peaceful prairies disturbed by coyotes.



4. Shoots an elk and undertakes to put the poor thing out of its misery.



5. Getting ready for the buffalo hunt;—putting on the pad.



6. Horse catches sight of the game before he is fairly mounted.



7. Tries it again at the peril of his friends.



8. Horse shies.



9. Succeeds in killing his buffalo.